

T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. X.

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the TENTH.

CONTAINING

ROMEO AND JULIET.

HAMLET.

OTHELLO.

LONDON,

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MDCC LXXXV.

R O M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.

VOL. X.

B

P R O L O G U E.

TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrow
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend*.

* This prologue, after the first copy was published in 1597, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and versification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants*.

In the first of K. James I. was made an act of parliament for some restraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their sanction. STEEVENS.

Persons Represented.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *Kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with*
Capulet, } *each other.*

Romeo, *Son to Montague.*

Mercutio, } *Friends of Romeo,*
Benvolio, }

Tybalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

An old Man, his Cousin.

Friar Lawrence, a Franciscan,

Friar John, of the same order,

Balthasar, Servant to Romeo.

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet,*
Gregory, }

Abram, Servant to Montague.

Three Musicians.

Peter,

Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.

Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.

Juliet, Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo,

Nurse to Juliet.

CHORUS, — *Page, Boy to Paris, an officer, an*
Apothecary.

Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, relations
to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watch and other
Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth act, is in
Mantua; during all the rest of the play, at Verona.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A STREET.

Enter Sampson, and Gregory, two servants of Capulet.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, ² we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam.

¹ The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bando's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596; but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had

² *we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary to subjoin the following:

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, says: "We will bear no coles; I warrant you." So, Skelton:

"———You, I say, Julian,

"Wyll you beare no coles?"

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602: "He has had wrong; and if I were he, I would bear no coles." So, in *Law Tricks, or, Who would have thought it?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608: "I'll carry coals and you will, no horns." Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1610: "You must swear by no man's beard but your own, for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must carry no coals." And again, in the same play: "Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit, &c." Again, in B. Jonson's

6 ROMEO AND JULIET.

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

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam.

had found its way abroad ; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, and published in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romcus and Juliet: It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtile Counsels and Practises of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robynson."* Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582. "M. Tottel] *Romco and Julietta.*" Again Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romco and Juliett.*" The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed), from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval in his *Travels* tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

Breval says in his *Travels*, that, on a strict enquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of his play.

I be-

Every Man out of his Humour: "Here comes one that will carry coals; ergo, will hold my dog." And, lastly in the poet's own *Hen. V*: "At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals." Again, in the *Malcontent*, 1604,

"Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally for a coal-basket." STEEVENS.

— carry coals,]

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, "Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Church-yard, &c." published after the death of K. Cha. I. N^o 22. page 50, is inserted "*Fire, Fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselidge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chaldron of scripture, that *John Lillburn* will not carry coals." By Dr. Gouge. PERCY.

R O M E O A N D J U L I E T. 7

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

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

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

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

I believe that Shakspeare formed his drama on the poem entitled *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, (which very rare piece the reader will find at the end of the notes on this tragedy,) rather than on Painter's Novel, for these reasons :

1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus* ; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*, and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*. In the poem, and in the play, fryar *John* is employed in this business. 3. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter. 4. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, and some expressions are borrowed from thence.

With respect to the name of *Romeo*, this also Shakspeare might have had from the poem ; for in one place that name is given to him. MALONE.

It is plain, from many circumstances, that Shakspeare had read this novel, both in its prosaick and metrical form. He might likewise have met with other poetical pieces on the same subject. We are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramatic pieces. STEEVENS.

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakspeare. In an old collection of poems, called "*A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578," I find it mentioned :

" Sir Romeus' annoy but trifle seems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasures*, 1579."

I quote these passages for the sake of observing, that, if Shakspeare had not read Painter's translation, it is not likely that he would have altered the name to *Romeo*. There was another novel on the subject by L. de Porto ; which has been lately printed at Venice. FARMER.

The two entries which I have quoted from the books at Stationers' Hall, may possibly dispose Dr. Farmer to retract his observation concerning Shakspeare's changing the names.

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

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

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

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

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

Greg. The heads of the maids?

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

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

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

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

Enter

³ civil *with the maids*;] So both the folios and the 4to 1609. Modern editors have altered the word *civil* to *cruel*, I think without necessity. EDITOR.

⁴ *Here comes of the house of the Montagues.*] I believe the author wrote:

Here comes *two* of the house of the Montagues.

The word *two* was inadvertently omitted in the quarto of 1599, from which the subsequent impressions were printed; but in the first edition of 1597, the passage stands thus:

“ Here comes *two* of the Montagues — ”

which confirms the emendation. The disregard of concord is in character, and was probably intended.

It should be observed, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gai-
coign

Enter Abram, and Balthasar

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

Greg. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry; I fear thee!

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

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

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

Abr.

coigne, in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the right honourable viscount Mountacute, 1575:

“And for a further prooffe he shewed in hys hat

“Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that

“They covet to be known from *Capels*, where they pass,

“For ancient grutch whych long ago ’twecene these houses was.” MALONE.

5 *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.*] So it signifies in Randolph’s *Muses Looking-Glass*, act iii. sc. 3. p. 45.

Orgylus. “To bite his thumb at me.

Argus. “Why should not a man bite his thumb;

Orgylus. “At me? were I scorn’d to see men bite their thumbs;

“Rapiers and daggers, &c.” DR. GREY.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie, &c.* 1596, has this passage- “Behold next I see Contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fico* with his thumbe in his mouth.” In a translation from Stephens’s *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142, I meet with these words: “It is said of the Italians, if they once bite their fingers’ ends in a threatening manner, God knows, if they set upon their enemies face to face, it is because they cannot assail them behind their backs.” Perhaps Ben Jonson ridicules this scene of Romeo and Juliet, in his *New Inn*:

“*Huff.* How, spill it?

Spill it at me?

“*Tip.* I reck not, but I spill it.” STEEVENS.

The

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

Sam. I do bite my thumb, fir.

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

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

Greg. No.

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

Greg. Do you quarrel, fir ?

Abr. Quarrel, fir ? no, fir.

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

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, fir.

⁶ *Enter Benvolio.*

Greg. Say—better ; here comes one of my master's kinsmen ⁷.

Sam. Yes, better, fir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow ⁸.

[*They fight.*
Ben.

This mode of quarrelling appears to have been common in our author's time. "What swearing is there (says Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what shouldering, what justling, what jecring, what *byting of thumbs to beget quarrels!*" THE DEAD TERM, 1608. MALONE.

⁶ *Enter Benvolio,*] Much of this scene is added since the first edition ; but probably by Shakspeare, since we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

⁷ "Here comes one of my *Master's* kinsmen." Some mistake has happened in this place : *Gregory* is a servant of the *Capulets* ; and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no mistake. *Gregory* may mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time, *Benvolio* enters on the opposite side. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*thy swashing blow.*] Ben Jonson uses this expression in his

R O M E O A N D J U L I E T. 11

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

Enter Tybalt.

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

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

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

Tyb. What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate
the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee;
Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four citizens, with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them
down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet, in his gown; and lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this?— Give me my long
sword, ho!

Staple for News: "I do confess a *swashing* blow." In the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, *Fraud* says:

"I will flaunt it and brave it after the lusty *Swash*."

To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. So, Green, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608, "— in spending and spoiling, in swearing and *swashing*." Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, says, that "to *swash* is to make a noise with swordes against tergats." See vol. iii. p. 303. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Give me my long sword.*] The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON.

This *long sword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the justice says:

"Take their confessions, and my *long sword*;

"I cannot tell what danger we may meet with."

It appears that it was once the fashion to wear two swords of different sizes at the same time.

So in *Decker's Satiromastix*:

"Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little sword*."

STEEVENS.

L. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Montague, and lady Montague.

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

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

Enter Prince, with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you
beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.——
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave besecming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,

* —mis-temper'd weapons, are angry weapons.] So in *K. John*:
“This inundation of mis-temper'd humour, &c.” STEEVENS.

To old Free-town, ¹ our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, Capulet, &c.*

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

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

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

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east²,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where—underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from the city's side—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,——
³ That most are busied when they are most alone,——
Pursu'd

¹ *To old Freetown, our common judgment-place,]* This name the poet found in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets. MALONE.

² *Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.]* The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. ii. C. 10.

“Early before the morn with cremosin ray
“The windows of bright heaven opened had,
“Through which into the world the dawning day
“Might looke, &c.” STEEVENS.

³ *That most are busied, &c.]* Edition 1597. Instead of which it is in the other edition thus:

————— by

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
³ And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself;
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
 And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

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

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

⁵ *Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
⁶ Or dedicate his beauty to the same.

Could

—————by my own,
 Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
 Being one too many by my weary self,
 Pursu'd my humour, &c. POPE.

⁴ *And gladly shunn'd, &c.*] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

⁵ *Ben. Have you importun'd, &c.*] These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599. POPE.

⁶ *Or dedicate his beauty to the same.*] When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote,

Or dedicate his beauty to the *Sun*.

Or, according to the more obsolete spelling, *Sunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. THEOBALD.

I cannot

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?⁷

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

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

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of love?

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

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

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways⁸ to his will!

Where

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

I suspect no loss of connecting lines. The same expression occurs in *Timon*, act iv. sc. 2:

“A dedicated beggar to the air.” STEEVENS.

⁷ Is the day so young?] i. e. is it so early in the day? The same expression (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “It is yet young nyghte, or there is yet moche of the nyghte to come.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —to his will!] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

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

O any thing, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

read, to his *ill*. The present reading has some obscurity; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to pursue his *desire*. That the *blind* should find paths to *ill* is no great wonder. JOHNSON.

I see no obscurity in the text. It is not unusual for those who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that opposes their pursuit. NICHOLS.

The quarto 1597, reads

Should, without *larus*, give path-ways to our will!

This reading is the most intelligible. STEEVENS.

'Why then, O brawling love, &c.] Every sonneteer characterises Love by contrarities. Watson begins one of his canzonets:

"Love is a fowre delight, a sugred grieve,

"A living death, an ever-dying life, &c."

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner:

"A fierie frost, a flame that frozen is with ice!

"A heavie burden light to beare! A vertue fraughte with

"vice! &c."

Immediately from the *Romaunt of the Rose*:

"Love it is an hatefull pees,

"A free aquitaunce without reles—

"An heavie burthen light to beare,

"A wicked wawe awaie to weare:

"And health full of maladie,

"And charitie full of envie—

"A laughter that in weeping aie,

"Rest that trauaileth night and daie, &c."

This kind of antithesis was very much the taste of the Provençal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preserved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

"Pace non trovo, e non hó da far guerra,

"E temo, e spero, e ardo, e son un ghiaccio,

"E volo sopra'l ciel, e ghiaccio in terra,

"E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio, &c." *Son.* 105.

Sir Tho. Wyat gives a translation of this sonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of, *Description of the contrarious Passions in a Louer*, amongst the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy-good heart's oppression.

Rom. ² Why, such is love's transgression. —
 Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
 With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
³ Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
⁴ Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewel, my coz. [*Going,*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

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

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

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

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

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

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

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

³ *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;*] The author may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire sparkling*. Being excited and inforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Tell me in sadness,*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*. JOHNSON.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair
I love.

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

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
⁵ And, ⁶ in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to faint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, ⁷ with beauty dies her store.

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

⁵ *And in strong proof &c.*] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeas'd at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried increases the probability of the present supposition. STEEVENS.

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

⁷ —*with beauty dies her store.*] Mr. Theobald reads, “*With her dies beauty's store;*” and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich, says he, in beauty, and only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store, or riches, can be destroyed by death, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty.* JOHNSON.

Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Sweatnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620:

“ Nature now shall boast no more
“ Of the riches of her store;
“ Since, in this her chiefest prize,
“ All the stock of beauty dies.”

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare:

“ Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.”

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin-Martyr*:

“ ——— with her dies

“ The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman.” STEEVENS.

Rom.

³ *Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity⁹.
She is too fair, too wise ; ' wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair :
She hath forsworn to love ; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

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

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

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

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more² :
These happy masks³, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost :
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?

³ *Rom.* *She hath, and in that sparing, &c.*] None of the following speeches of this scene are in the first edition of 1597. POPE.

⁹ *For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.*]

So in our author's Third Sonnet.

“ Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

“ Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

“ Seeming to bury that posterity,

“ Which by the rights of time thou need'st must have.”

MALONE.

² *—too wisely fair.*] HANMER. For *wisely too fair*. JOHNSON.

² *To call hers, exquisite, in question more :*] That is, to call hers, which is exquisite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation. It is in this sense, and not in that of doubt, or dispute, that the word *question* is here used. REVISAL.

³ *These happy masks, &c.*] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play. Former editors print *those* instead of *these*, but without authority. STEEVENS.

Farewel ; thou canst not teach me to forget⁴.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A S T R E E T.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

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

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

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

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. ⁵ And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
⁶ She is the hopeful lady of my earth :

But

⁴ *Thou canst not teach me to forget.*]

“ Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

“ 'Tis sure the hardest science, to forget.”—Pope's *Eloisa*.
STEEVENS.

⁵ *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*] The 4to, 1597,
reads :—And too soon *marr'd* are those so early *married*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, uses this expression,
which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he
calls the *Rebound* :

“ The maid that *soon married* is, *soon marred* is.”

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among
the old writers. So Sidney :

“ Oh ! he is *marr'd* that is for others *made* !”

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems. STEEVENS.

⁶ *She is the hopeful lady of my earth.*] This line is not in the
first edition. POPE.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part ;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 7 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
 Such comfort, as ⁸ do lusty young men feel

When

*She is the hopeful lady of my earth,—*This is a Gallicism : *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an *heirefs*.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth* :

“ Feed not thy soveraign's foc, my gentle *earth*.”

Again,

“ So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*.”

Earth, in other old plays is likewise put for *lands*, i. e. landed estate. So in a *Trick to catch the old one*, 1619 :

“ A rich widow and four hundred a year in good *earth*.”

STEEVENS.

7 *Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :*] This nonsense should be reformed thus :

Earth-treading stars that make dark *even* light :

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

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. WARBURTON.

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

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

“ And op'd those eyes that must *eclipse the day*.”

Both the old and the new reading are philosophical nonsense ; but they are both, and both equally, poetical sense. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*do lusty young men feel*] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, as *young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read :

Such comfort as do lusty *yeomen* feel.

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

When well-apparel'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
 'Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come,

The author of THE REMARKS observes, that *young men* "are perpetually used for *yeomen* in old writings. See particularly the Legends of Robin Hood and Adam Bell. So in a subsequent scene of this very play, *yeu trees* are in the old editions called *yong trees.*" EDITOR.

The following passage from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, will support the present reading, and shew the propriety of Shakspeare's comparison: for to tell *Paris* that he should feel the same sort of pleasure in an assembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that season when they are most *gay and amorous*, was surely as much as the old man ought to say:

"That it was May, thus dremid me,
 "In time of love and jolite,
 "That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.—
 "Then *yonge folke* entendin aye,
 "For to ben gaie and amorous,
 "The time is then so favourable."

Romaunt of the Rose, v. 51, &c."

STEEVENS.

Our author's 98th *Sonnet* may also serve to confirm the reading of the text:

"From you have I been absent in the spring,
 "When *proud-piced April* dress'd in all his trim,
 "Hath put a spirit of *youth* in ev'ry thing."

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:

"Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,
 "Then in the *April* of her *springing age* —"

MALONE.

'Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.]

The first of these lines I do not understand. The old folio gives no help; the passage is there, *Which one more view*. I can offer nothing better than this:

Within your view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, &c. JOHNSON.

A very slight alteration will restore the clearest sense to this passage. Shakspeare might have written the lines thus:

Search

Come, go with me :—Go, firrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there ; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt, Capulet and Paris.*

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here?
It is written,— that the shoemaker should meddle
with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher

Search among view of many : mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Amongst the many you will view there, search for one that will please you. Chuse out of the multitude.* This agrees exactly with what he had already said to him :

“ ——— Hear all, all see,

“ And like her most, whose merit most shall be.”

My daughter (he proceeds) *will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning* (i. e. estimation) *among those whom you will see here. Reckoning for estimation,* is used before in this very scene :

“ Of honourable *reckoning* you are both.” STEEVENS.

The reading of the text, on which Mr. Steevens has founded a very probable conjecture, is that of the first quarto. And his interpretation is fully supported by a passage in *Measure for Measure* :

“ ——— our compell'd sins

“ Stand more for *number* than *account*” i. e. estimation.

There is also, I believe, an allusion to an old proverbial expression, that “ *one is no number.*” So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, Part II :

“ ——— to fall to *one*,

“ ——— is to fall to *none*,

“ For *one no number is.*” MALONE.

Find them out, whose names are written here?] The quarto, 1597, adds: “ And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the learned to learn of them ; that's as much as to say, the tailor, &c.” STEEVENS.

—— find those persons out,

Whose names are written there.] Shakspeare has here closely followed the poem already mentioned :

“ No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,

“ No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,

“ But Capulet himself hath bid unto his feast,

“ Or by his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest.”

MALONE.

with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—
In good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. ² Tut, man! one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish;
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. ³ Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

² *Tut man! one fire burns out another's burning—
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.]* Thus, in the same
poem:

“ Ere long the townish dames together will resort;
“ Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely
port,
“ With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou may'st behold,
“ That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past
of old.
“ As out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
“ So novel love out of the mind the ancient love doth
rive.” MALONE.

³ *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.]* Tacitus tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. DR. GREY.

The same thought occurs in *Albumazar*, in the following lines:

“ Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:
“ Bring a fresh plantain leaf, I've broke my shin.”

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, says: “ 'Tis nothing, a fillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a plantain.”

The plantain leaf is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. STEEVENS.

Ben.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

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

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

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

Serv. You say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[He reads the list.]

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

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

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My Master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben.

⁴ —to supper?] Surely these words, *to supper*, must belong to the servant's answer in the next speech:

To supper, to our house. STEEVENS.

⁵ —crush a cup of wine.] This cant expression seems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ Fill the pot, hostess. &c. and we'll crush it.”

Again,

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

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—

Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her inatch, since first the world begun.

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

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

S C E N E III.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter lady Capulet, and Nurse.

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

Again, in Hoffman's *Tragedy*, 1631:

“—we'll *crush* a cup of thine own country wine.”

Again, in the *Pinder of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cobler says:

“Come, George, we'll *crush* a pot before we part.”

We still say, in cant language—to *crack* a bottle. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *let there be weigh'd*

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

Your lady-love against some other maid. WARBURTON,

Your lady's love is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself. REVISAL.

Nurse's

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl? what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here; what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—*Nurse*, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—*Nurse*, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

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

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,——
And yet, ⁷ to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen. Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!— Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me: But, as I said, On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake⁸ now eleven years;

And

⁷ —to my teen—] To my sorrow. JOHNSON.

This old word is introduced by Shakspeare for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. See vol. i. p. 13.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *It is since the earthquake now eleven years;*] But how comes the nurse to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it;—
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day :
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall,
 My lord and you were then at Mantua :—
 Nay, I do bear a brain¹ :—but, as I said,
 When it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool !
 To see it teachy, and fall out with the dug.
 Shake, quoth the dove-house : 'twas no need, I trow,
 'To bid me trudge.
 And since that time it is eleven years :
 For then she could stand alone² ; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about.
 For even the day before, she broke her brow ;
 And then my husband—God be with his soul !
³A was a merry man ;—took up the child ;

therefore it seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See *Stowe's Chronicle*, and *Gabriel Harvey's* letter in the preface to *Spenser's works*, ed. 1679.] If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591 ; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed ; and not later than the middle of July, a fortnight and odd days before *Lanmas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

¹ Well, I do *bear a brain*.] That is, I have a perfect remembrance or recollection. So in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51. “ When these wordes of command are rotten, wee will sow some other military feedes ; you *bear a braine* and memory.” EDITOR.

So, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ *Dash*, we must *bear some brain*.”

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604 :

“ —nay an I *bear not a brain*,”

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611 :

“ As I can bear a pack, so I can *bear a brain*.”

STEEVENS.

² —*could stand alone*.] The 4to, 1597, reads : “ could stand *high lone*, i. e. quite alone, completely alone. So in another of our author's plays, *high fantastical* means *entirely fantastical*.

STEEVENS,

Yea,

*Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not Jule?* and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wench left crying, and said—*Ay:*
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:
And, pretty fool, ⁹ it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

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

¹ *Nurse.* Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chuse but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay.*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.

*Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not Jule?* it stinted, and said,—*Ay.*

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

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

Thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme

⁹ —*it stinted,*] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So, Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Antony received, says: “for the blood *stinted* a little when he was laid.”

Again, in *Cynthia's Revells*, by Ben Jonson:

“*Stint* thy babbling tongue.”

Again, in *What you will*, by Marston, 1607:

“Pish! for shame *stint* thy idle chat.”

Again, in the *Misfortunes of King Arthur*, an ancient drama, 1587:

“—Fame's but a blast that sounds a while,

“And quickly *stints*, and then is quite forgot.”

Spenser uses this word frequently in his *Faerie Queen*. STEEVENS.

¹ *Nurse.* *Yes, madam; yet I cannot chuse, &c.*] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. POPE.

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

Jul. ² It is an honour that I dream not of.

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

³ *La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage, now ; younger
than you,

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

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax ⁴.

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

⁵ *Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

² *It is an honour*] The first quarto reads *honour* ; the folio *hour*.
I have chosen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw from
the Nurse that applause which she immediately bestows. The
word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very
elegant and discreet word for the occasion. STEEVENS.

³ Instead of this speech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line :

Well, girl, the noble County Paris seeks thee for his wife.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——*a man of wax.*] So, in *Wily Beguiled* :

“ Why, he's a man as one should picture him in wax.”

STEEVENS.

——*a man of wax.*——] Well made, as if he had been modelled
in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it.
“ When you, Lydia, praise the waxen arms of Telephus,” (says,
Horace.) Waxen, well shaped, finely turned :

“ With passion swells my fervid breast,

“ With passion hard to be suppress.”

Dr. Bently changes *cerea* into *lactea*, little understanding that
the praise was given to the shape, and not the colour. S. W.

⁵ *Nurse.*] After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet in the
old quarto says only :

“ Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love ?”

She answers, “ I'll look to like, &c.” and so concludes the scene,
without the intervention of that stuff to be found in the later quartos
and the folio. STEEVENS.

6 *La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :

7 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;

8 Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content ;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes 9.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover :

1 The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide :

That book in many eyes doth share the glory,

2 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;

So

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

7 *Read o'er the volume, &c.*] The same thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre* :

“ Her face the book of praises, where is read
“ Nothing but curious pleasures.” STEEVENS.

8 *Examine ev'ry several lineament,*] The quarto, 1599, reads, every *married* lineament.—Shakspeare meant by this last phrase, Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in *content*.—In *Troilus and Cressida*, he speaks of “ the *married* calm of states ;” and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion :

“ If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
“ By unions *married*, do offend thine ear.” STEEVENS.

9 —*the margin of his eyes.*] The comments on the ancient books were always printed in the margin. So *Horatio* in *Hamlet* says :
“ —I knew you must be edify'd by the *margin*, &c. STEEVENS.

1 *The fish lives in the sea ;*] i. e. is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this passage, and it may receive some support from what *Ænobarbus* says in *Antony and Cleopatra* :
“ The tears *live in an onion*, that should water this sorrow.”

STEEVENS.

2 *That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;*] The *golden story* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the dark ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which

Canus,

So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

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

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye³,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

⁴ *Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A S T R E E T.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio⁵, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or

Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis* JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embellished by as *valuable binding*. STEEVENS.

³ —endart *mine eye*,] The quarto, 1597, reads: “engage mine eye.” STEEVENS.

⁴ To this speech there have been likewise additions since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be quoted. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Mercutio*.] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original story: “—another gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very well

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. ⁸ The date is out of such prolixity :
 We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies ⁹ like a crow-keeper ;
¹ Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our enterance :
 But, let them measure us by what they will,

well beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and courteous behavior was in all companies well entertained." *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 221. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The date is out of such prolixity.*] i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion: That Shakspeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable. But in James's time, that reign of false taste as well as false politics, they came again in fashion; and a deluge of this affected nonsense overflowed the court and country. WARBURTON.

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque* but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the *maskers* enter without any compliment:

"What come they in so blunt, *without device*?"

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has written a *masque* which the reader will find introduced in the 4th act of the *Tempest*. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were discontinued during any period of Shakspeare's life. PERCY.

⁹ *—like a crow-keeper;*] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *K. Lear*, act iv. sc. 6. JOHNSON.

¹ *Nor no without-book prologue, &c.*] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition. POPE.

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. ² Give me a torch,—I am not for this
ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

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

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

³ *Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and ⁴ so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love?
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing; it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

² *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his
resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *West-*
ward Ho, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just like a
torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in
good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* seems to
have been a constant attendant on every troop of masks. So, in
the second part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" ——— As on a masque; but for our *torch-bearers*,
" Hell cannot rake so mad a crew as I."

Again, in the same play:

" ——— a gallant crew,
" Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs;
" Before whom, unintreated, I am come,
" And here prevented, I believe, their page,
" Who, with his *torch* is enter'd." STEEVENS.

³ *Mer.* *You are a lover, &c.*] The twelve following lines are
not to be found in the first edition. POPE.

⁴ ——— *so bound*,

I cannot bound, &c.] Let Milton's example, on this occasion,
keep Shakspeare in countenance:

" ——— in contempt
" At one flight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*
" Of hill, &c." Par. Lost, book iv. l. 180. STEEVENS.

Mer.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in :

[*Putting on a mask.*

A visor for a visor !———what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities ² ?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

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

Rom. A torch for me: ³ let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ⁴ ;
⁵ For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase,—
⁶ I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

² —doth quote deformities ?] To quote is to observe, See vol. i. p. 168. STEEVENS.

³ Let wantons light of heart, &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Master-Constable*, 1602 :

“ — bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,
“ Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,
“ I have too much lead at mine.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. See vol. v. p. 378. So *Hentzner* in his *Itinerary*, speaking of *Q. Elizabeth's* presence-chamber at Greenwich, says : The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hay*,” meaning *rushes*. So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633 :

“ Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,
“ Even as upon these *rushes* which thou treadest.”

The *stage* was anciently strewn with *rushes*. So, in *Decker's Gul's Hornbook*, 1609 : “ — on the very *rushes* when the comedy is to daunce.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —a grandfire phrase,—] The proverb which *Romeo* means, is contain'd in the line immediately following : *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being an *idle spectator*. Among *Ray's* proverbial sentences, is this,—“ A good *candle-holder* proves a good gamester.” STEEVENS.

⁶ I'll be a candle-holder, &c.] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest. REMARKS.

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

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

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

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;—*and*
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (says Romeo) *and look on.* It is true, If I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done.* I have nothing to play with: I have lost my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats son gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And because Romeo had introduced his observations with,

I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,

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

A proverbial saying, used by Mr. Tho. Heywood, in his play, intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, act iii.

“A rope for Bishop Bonner, Clunce run,

“Call help, a rope, or we are all undone.

“Draw *dun* out of the *ditch*.” DR. GREY.

Draw dun out of the mire, seems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes:

“At shove-groate, venter-point, or crosse and pile,

“At leaping o'er a Midsummer bone-fier,

“Or at the *drawing dun out of the myer*.”

Dun's the mouse is a proverbial phrase, which I have likewise met with frequently in the old comedies. So in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

“If my host say the word, the *mouse shall be dun*.”

It is also found among Ray's proverbial families.

Again

⁸ Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light⁹, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, fir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, ¹ like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgement fits
Five times in that², ere once in our fine wits.

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

Mer.

Again, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620 :

“ Why then 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the
courtiers.”

Of this cant expression I cannot determine the precise meaning.
It is used again in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607,
but apparently in a sense different from that which Dr. Warbur-
ton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

⁷ Or (save your reverence) love,—] The word *or* obscures the
sentence; we should read O! for *or love*. Mercutio having called
the affectation with which Romeo was entangled by so disrespectful
a word as *mire*, cries out,

O! save your reverence, love. JOHNSON.

Mercutio's meaning is lost if we dismiss the word *or*. “ We'll
draw thee from the mire (says he) *or rather* from this love wherein
thou stick'st.”

Dr. Johnson has imputed a greater share of politeness to Mer-
cutio than he is found to be possessed of in the quarto, 1597.
Mercutio, as he passes through different editions,

“ Works himself clear, and as he runs refines.”

STEEVENS.

I have omitted the lines from the 4to as it does not seem ma-
terial either to quote, explain, or excuse them. EDITOR.

⁸ —we *burn day-light*, ho.] To *burn daylight* is a proverbial
expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day time.
See vol. i. p. 285. STEEVENS.

⁹ —like *lamps by day*.] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldest
quarto. The folio and subsequent quartos read *lights, lights by day*.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Five times in that*.] The quarto 1597, reads: “ *Three times
a day* ;” and *right wits*, instead of *fine wits*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare is on every occasion so fond of antithesis, that I am
persuaded he wrote :

Five times in that ere once in our *five* wits.

We meet in *K. Lear* :

“ Bless thy *five* wits !”

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed asleep; while they do dream things true².

Mer. ³ O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She

So, in a subsequent scene in this play: "Thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits, than I am sure I have in my whole *five*."

The same mistake happened in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, where in all the old copies we meet:

"Of all these *fine* the sense ——"

instead of —— "all these *five* ——"

In the first quarto the line stands:

"*Three* times in that, ere once in our *right* wits."

When the poet altered "*three* times" to "*five* times," he probably for the sake of the jingle, discarded the word *right*, and substituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, seems to have been made merely to obtain the antithesis. MALONE.

Fine wits may be the true reading. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "They would whip me with their *fine* wits 'till I were as crest fall'n as a dry'd pear. STEEVENS.

² In the quarto 1597, after the first line of Mercutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she?* and the printer by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the same character.

STEEVENS.

³ O, then, I see, *Queen Mab* hath been with you.

She is the FAIRIES' midwife,] Thus begins that admirable speech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams. But, *Queen Mab* the fairies' mid-wife? What is she then *Queen* of? Why, the fairies. What! and their *midwife* too? but this is not the greatest of the absurdities. Let us see upon what occasion she is introduced, and under what quality. It is as a being that has great power over human imagination. But then the title given her must have reference to the employment she is put upon: First then, she is called *Queen*; which is very pertinent, for that designs her power: then she is called the *fairies' midwife*; but what has that to do with the point in hand? If we would think that Shakspeare wrote sense, we must say, he wrote —— *the FANCY'S midwife*; and this is a proper title, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *vagaries*. Besides, it exactly quadrates with these lines:

—— I talk

She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
 + On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies ⁵
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :

Her

————— I talk of *dreams*,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain *fantasie*.

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

All the copies (three of which were published in our author's life-time) concur in reading *fairies' midwife*, and Dr. Warburton's alteration appears to be quite unnecessary. The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that she was the person *among* the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*. When we say the *king's judges*, we do not mean persons who are to judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects. STEEVENS.

+ *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto. 1597, reads, *of a burgo-master*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599 : but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger ; and from a passage in *The First Part of Henry IV.* we may suppose the citizens in Shakspeare's time to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

“ ——— and an *alderman*,
 “ As I may say to you, he has no more
 “ Wit than the rest o' the bench ; and that lies in his
 “ *thumb-ring*” STEEVENS.

⁵ —*of atomies*] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*. So, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620 :

“ —I can tear thee
 “ As small as *atomies*, and throw thee off
 “ Like dust before the wind.”

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“ I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*
 “ Than in the summer play before the sun.”

In Drayton's *Nymphidia* there is likewise a description of Queen Mab's chariot :

“ Four nimble Gnats the Horses were,
 “ Their Harnesses of Gossamere,

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams :
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ies straight :
 O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And

“ Fly Cranion, her Chariotcer,
 “ Upon the coach-box getting :
 “ Her Chariot of a Snail's fine Shell,
 “ Which for the Colours did excell,
 “ The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 “ So lively was the limning :
 “ The Seat, the soft Wool of the Bee,
 “ The cover (gallantly to see)
 “ The Wing of a py'd Butterflee,
 “ I trow, 'twas simple trimming :
 “ The wheels compos'd of Cricket's Bones,
 “ And daintily made for the nonce,
 “ For Fear of rattling on the Stones,
 “ With Thistle-down they shod it.” STEEVENS.

“ Sometime she gallops o'er a LAWYER's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :] The old editions
 have it, COURTIER's nose ; and this undoubtedly is the true read-
 ing : and for these reasons : First, In the present reading there is
 a vicious repetition in this fine speech ; the same thought having
 been given in the foregoing line :

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

Nor

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tick-

Nor can it be objected that there will be the same fault if we read *courtiers*', it having been said before :

On *courtiers*' knees, that dream on curtsies strait ;
 because they are shewn in two places under different views : in the first, their *foppery* ; in the second, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, in our author's time, a court-solicitation was called, simply, a *suit*, and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. "The King" (says an anonymous cotemporary writer of the life of sir William Cecil) "called him [sir William Cecil] and "after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, "willed his father to FIND [i. e. to *smell out*] A SUIT for him. "Whereupon he became SUITER for the reversion of the Custos-
 "brevium office in the Common Pleas : which the king willingly
 "granted, it being the first SUIT he had in his life." Indeed our poet has very rarely turned his satire against *lawyers* and *law proceedings*, the common topic of later writers : for, to observe it to the honour of the English judicatures, they preserved the purity and simplicity of their first institution, long after chicanery had overrun all the other laws of Europe. WARBURTON.

The following passage in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by T. Decker, 1609, still more strongly supports the old reading : "If you be a *courtier*, discourse of the obtaining of *suits*. MALONE.

In these lines Dr. Warburton has very justly restored the old reading *courtier's nose*, and has explained the passage with his usual learning ; but I do not think he is so happy in his endeavour to justify Shakspeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition* in introducing the *courtier* twice. The second folio, I observe, reads :

On COUNTRIES knees —

which has led me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus :

On COUNTIES knees, that dream on courties strait :—

Counties I understand to signify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *earl*, is most commonly stiled the *countie* in this play.

And so in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv. we find :

"Princes and *counties*."

And in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act iii :

"A ring the *County* wears."

The *Countie Egmond* is so called more than once in Holinshed, p. 1150, and in the Burleigh papers, vol. i. p. 204. See also p. 7. The *Countie Palatine Lowys*. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *Courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing (not to any error of the press, but) to
the

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, ⁷ Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,

the players having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play.

TYRWHITT.

At the first entry of the characters in the History of *Orlando Furioso*, played before queen Elizabeth, and published in 1594 and 1599, *Sacripant* is called the *Countie Sacripant*.

Again, *Orlando*, speaking of himself :

“ Surnam'd Orlando, the *Countie Palatine*.”

Countie is at least repeated twenty times in the same play.

This speech at different times received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in question, stands thus in the quarto 1597 :

And in this sort she gallops up and down
 Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love :
 O'er courtiers knees, who strait on curfies dreame :
 O'er ladies lips, who dream on kisses strait ;
 Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
 And then dreames he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a a tithe-pigs taile,
 Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleepe,
 And then dreames he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a souldier's nose,
 And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,
 Of healths five fadome deepe, &c.

Shakspeare, as I have observed before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Spanish blades,*] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius :

“ — Ensis Toletanus

“ Unda Tagi non est alio celebranda metallo,

“ Utilis in cives est ibi lamna suos.” JOHNSON.

The quarto 1597, instead of *Spanish blades*, reads *countermines*.

STEEVENS.

And

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
⁸ And bakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs⁹,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she——

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

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence¹,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

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

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,

⁸ *And bakes the elf-locks, &c.]* This was a common superstition ; and seems to have had it's rise from the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

⁹ *—when maids, &c.]* So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia* :
And Mab, his merry Queen, by Night
Bestrides young Folks that lie upright
(In elder Times the Mare that bight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

So, in *Gervase of Tilbury*, Dec. i. C. 17. Vidimus quosdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, mirâ mole eas opprimunt, nec ab aliis videntur.

—of good carriage.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 2.
“ —let them be men of good repute and carriage.”

Moth. Sampson, master ; he was a man of good carriage ; great carriage ; for he carried the town-gates, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ *—from thence.]* The quarto 1597, reads : —“ in haste.”
STEEVENS.

Shall

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my fail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum³. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants.

1 Serv. ⁴ Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
 take away? he shift a trencher⁵! he scrape a trencher!

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

1 Serv. Away with the joint stools, remove the
 court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou,
 save

² *Direct my fail!*] I have restored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

Direct my suit!] Guide the sequel of the adventure. JOHNSON.

³ *Strike drum.*] Here the folio adds: *They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.* STEEVENS.

⁴ This scene is added since the first copy. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *he shift a trencher, &c.*] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the household book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility. PERCY.

They continued common much longer in many public societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn. NICHOLS.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, payd for x dofyn of trenchers. xxi d. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *court-cupboard,*] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it is what we call at present the *side-board*. It is however frequently mentioned in the
 old

“save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lov’st me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell. —Antony! and Potpan!

old plays: so, in a *Humorous Day’s Mirth*, 1599: “—shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard*.”

Again, in *Monsieur D’Olive*, 1606, by Chapman:

“Here shall stand my *court-cupboard* with its furniture of plate.”

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“Place that in the *court-cupboard*.”

Again, in Decker’s *Honest Whore*, 1635:

“—they are together on the *cupboard of the court*, or the *court-cupboard*.”

Again, in Chapman’s *May-Day*, 1611:

“*Court-cupboards* planted with Flaggons, Cans, Cups, Beakers, &c.”

Two of these *court-cupboards* are still in Stationers’ Hall.

STEEVENS.

The use which to this day is made of those *cupboards* is exactly described in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to display at public festivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers*, and other antique silver vessels of the company, some of which (with the names of the donors inscribed on them) are remarkably large. NICHOLS.

7 *Save me a piece of march-pane*;] *March-pane* was a confection made of pistacho-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare’s time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth’s entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *march-pane*, and two sugar-loaves.

Peck’s Desiderata Curiosa, vol. ii. p. 29. GREY.

March-pane was a kind of sweet bread or biscuit; called by some almond-cake. *Hermolaus barbarus* terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis* G. *macepain* and *massepain*, It. *marzapane*, il *macapan*. B. *marcepyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But, as few understood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally though corruptly called *massepyn*, *marcepyn*, *martsepyn*; and in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*.

HAWKINS.

March-pane was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “—seeing that the issue of the table, fruits and cheese, or wafers hypocras, and *marchpanes* or comfytures, be brought in.” See Dugdale’s *Orig. Jurid.* p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers’ Company: “Item, payd for ix *marsh paynes*, xxvjs. viiij d. STEEVENS.

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she, I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day, That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

8 You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play.

9 A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

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

9 *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room.* So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

“Room! room! *a ball! a ball!*”

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

“—Then cry, *a ball! a ball!*”

Again, in an *Epithalamium*, by Christopher Brooke, published at the end of *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“Cry not, *a ball, a ball*; but chamber-roome;

“Dancing is lame, &c.” And numberless other passages. STEEVENS.

Nay, •

Nay, fit, nay, fit ¹ good cousin Capulet ;
 For you and I are past ² our dancing days :
 How long is't now, since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask ?

² *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

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

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

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

¹ *Cap.* ³ Will you tell me that ?
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

² —*good cousin Capulet,*] This *cousin* Capulet is *unlike* in the paper of invitation ; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate ; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

Cousin was a common expression from one kinsman to another, out of the degree of parent and child, brother and sister. Thus in *Hamlet*, the King his uncle and stepfather addresses him with

" But now my *cousin* Hamlet and my *son*."

And in this very play, act iii. lady Capulet says :

" Tybalt my *cousin* !—O my brother's *child*."

So, in *As you Like It* :

" *Ros.* Me *uncle* ?

" *Duke.* You *cousin* !"

And Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, constantly calls her uncle Toby *cousin*. REMARKS.

² —*our dancing days :*] Thus the folio : the quarto reads, " our *standing* days." STEEVENS.

³ —*will you tell me, &c.*] This speech stands thus in the first copy :

Will you tell me that it cannot be so ?

His son was but a ward three years ago ;

Good youths i'faith !—Oh, youth's a jolly thing !"

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this play ; but when they are of little consequence I have foreborn to encumber the page by the insertion of them. The last, however, of these three lines is natural, and worth preserving. STEEVENS.

Rom. ⁴ What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night ⁵

⁶ Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, fight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night ⁷.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,

To flear and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

⁴ *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*

Of yonder knight?] Here is another proof that our author had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the latter we are told—"A certain *lord* of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance."

In the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a *knight*:

"With torch in hand a comely *knight* did fetch her forth to dance." MALONE.

⁵ — *cheek of night.*] Shakspeare has the same thought in his 27th sonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,

"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

The quartos 1597, 1599, 1609, 1637, and the folio 1623, read:

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night.

It is to the folio 1632, that we are indebted for the present reading; but I know not that it is the true one. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:*] So, in Lilly's *Euphues*:

"A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." T. H. W.

⁷ *For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.*] Thus *K. Henry VIII.*

"—o beauty,

"Till now I never knew thee!" STEEVENS.

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

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

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

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

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

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;
What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you^s;—I know what.
You must contrary me⁹! marry, 'tis time——

^s *To scathe you,*] i. e. to do you an injury. See vol. iv. p. 276. v. 26. vii. 37. STEEVENS.

⁹ *You must contrary me.*] The use of this verb is common to our old writers. So, in *Tully's Love* by Greene, 1616: “—rather wishing to die than to *contrary* her resolution.” Many instances more might be selected from *Sidney's Arcadia*.

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602. B. 10. Chap. 59.

“——his countermand should have *contraried* so.”

The same verb is used in Sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Well said, my hearts :—¹ You are a princox ; go :—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame !—
I'll make you quiet ; What !—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. ²Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.

Rom. ³If I profane with my unworthy hand
[To Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this —
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

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

Which mannerly devotion shews in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

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

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

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

¹ You are a princox, go :—] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person.

The word is used by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609 ; by Chapman in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610 ; in the *Return from Paruassus*, 1606 : “ Your proud university *Princox* ;” again, in *Invincus Troes*, 1633 : “ That *Princox* proud ;” and indeed by most of the old dramattick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune esjoudeau superbe*—a young *princox* boy. STEEVENS.

² *Patience perforce*,] This expression is in part proverbial : the old adage is,

“ *Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog.”

STEEVENS.

³ *If I profane with my unworthy hand*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.] All profanations are supposed to be expiated either by some meritorious action, or by some penance undergone, and punishment submitted to. So Romeo would here say, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stand ready, as two blushing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a sweet penance. Our poet therefore must have wrote,

———— the gentle *fine* is this. WARBURTON.

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

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

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

[*Kissing her.*]

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

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

Jul. 4 You kiss by the book.

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

Rom. What is her mother?

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

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

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

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

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

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards².—

Is

4 *You kiss by the book.*] In *As you Like It*, we find it was usual to quarrel by the book, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced. HENLEY.

² *We have a foolish trifling banquet towards.*] *Towards* is ready, at hand. So, in *Hamlet*:

“What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste

“Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?”

Again, in the *Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607:

“—— here's a voyage *towards* will make us all.”

STEEVENS.

It appears from the former part of this scene that Capulet's company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered,

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
 I thank you, honest gentlemen³; good night:
 More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
 Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
 I'll to my rest. [Exeunt.]

Jul. Come hither, nurse⁴: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

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

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

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

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

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]

often meant in old times, nothing more than a collation of fruit,
 wine, &c. So, in *the Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“ Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner*.”

Again, in Howel's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662:

“ After dinner, he was served with a *banquet*.” MALONE.

³ — *honest gentlemen*;] Here the quarto, 1597, adds:

“ I promise you, but for your company,

“ I would have been in bed an hour ago:

“ Light to my chamber, ho!” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?*] This and the
 following questions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter ^s C H O R U S.

Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;
 That fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would die,
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved any where:
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
 Temp'ring extremities with extream sweet.

[*Exit Chorus.*]

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

The S T R E E T.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

^s CHORUS.] This chorus added since the first edition. POPE.
Chorus. The use of this chorus is not easily discovered; it con-
 duces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already
 known, or what the next scene will shew; and relates it without
 adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

Mer. He is wife;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too,—
Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove⁶;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,
⁷ Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
⁸ When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He

⁶ *Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove.*] The quarto, 1597, reads *pronounce*, the two succeeding quartos and the first folio, *provant*: the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios *couply*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the last of these, formed the present reading. *Provant*, in ancient language, signifies *provision*. So, in “The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, called Joan Cromwell, the wife of the late usurper, truly described and represented,” 1664, p. 14. “—carrying some dainty *provant* for her own and her daughter's repast.” To *provant* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furnish*. “*Provant* but love and dove,” may therefore mean *furnish*, but such hackney'd rhimes as these are, the trite effusions of lovers.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Young Adam Cupid,*] All the old copies read, Abraham Cupid. The alteration was proposed originally by Mr. Upton. (See *Observations*, p. 243.) It evidently alludes to the famous archer, Adam Bell. EDITOR.

⁸ *When king Cophetua, &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad preserved in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

“ ——— her *pur-blind* son and heir,
“ Young *Adam Cupid*, he that shot so *trim*,
“ When, &c.”

This word *trim*, the first editors consulting the general sense of the passage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by Mercutio. PERCY.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldest copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In *Decker's Satiromastix*, is a reference to the same archer;

“ ——— He

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
 ' The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demelines that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

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

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

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
 To be comforted with the humorous night¹:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,

“ — He shoots his bolt but seldom; but when *Adam* lets go,
 he hits:”

“ He shoots at thee too, *Adam Bell*; and his arrows stick
 here.” STEEVENS.

² *The ape is dead,*—] This was a term of endearment in our
 author's time. So, in Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593:
 “ EUPHUES I read, when I was a little *ape* at Cambridge.”

MALONE.

¹ —*the humorous night.*] I suppose *Shakspeare* means humid;
 the moist dewy night. *Chapman* uses the word in that sense in
 his translation of *Homer*, book II. edit. 1598:

“ The other gods and knights at arms slept all the *humorous*
 night.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 3:

“ Such matter as she takes from the gross *humorous* earth,”

Again, song 13th:

“ —which late the *humorous* night

“ Bespangled had with pearl—”

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto I:

“ The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.” STEEVENS.

² As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. ³ He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]

² *As maids, &c.*] After this line in the quarto, 1597, I find two other verses, containing such ribaldry, that I cannot venture to insert them in the text, though I exhibit them here as a proof that either the poet or his friends knew sometimes how to blot:

O Romeo that she were, O that she were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a *Poprin* Pear!

This pear is mentioned in the *Wife Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638:

“What needed I to have grafted in the stock of such a choke-pear, and such a goodly *Poprin* as this to escape me?”

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

“—I requested him to pull me
“A Katherine Pear, and had I not look'd to him
“He would have mistook and given me a *Popperin*.”

In the *Atheist's Tragedy*, by Cyril Turner, 1611, there is much conceit about this Pear. I am unable to explain it, nor does it appear indeed to deserve explanation.

Thus much may safely be said; viz. that our Pear might have been of French extraction, as *Popering* was the name of a parish in the Marches of Calais. So, Chaucer's *Rime of Sire Thopas*, edit. 1775, ver. 13650:

“In Flandres, al beyonde the see
“At *Popering* in the place.” STEEVENS.

³ *He jests at scars,*] That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

“He

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she :
 4 Be not her maid, since she is envious ;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—
 5 It is my lady ; O, it is my love :
 O, that she knew she were !—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing ; What of that ?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me it speaks :
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As day-light doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
 6 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek ? !

Jul. Ay me !

Rom. She speaks : ———

“ He (that person) jests, is merely an allusion to his having conceived himself so armed with the love of Rosalind, that no other beauty could make any impression on him. This is clear from the conversation he has with Mercutio, just before they go to Capulet's. REMARKS.

4 *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana. JOHNSON.

5 *It is my lady ;*] This line and half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

6 *O that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This passage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637 :

“ Oh that I were a flea upon that lip,” &c. STEEVENS.

7 —touch *that cheek !*] The quarto, 1597, reads ; “ *kiss that cheek.*” STEEVENS.

O, speak

8 O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides 9 the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

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

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
 1 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's

8 *Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night,*] Though all the printed copies
 concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the simile seems to
 require,

As glorious to this *sight*; —
 and therefore I have ventured to alter the text so. THEOBALD.

I have restored the old reading, for surely the change was un-
 necessary. The plain sense is, that Juliet appeared as splendid
 an object in the vault of heaven obscured by darkness, as an
 angel could seem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back
 to gaze upon him.

As glorious to this night, means *as glorious an appearance in this
 dark night, &c.* It should be observed, however, that the simile
 agrees precisely with Theobald's alteration, and not so well
 with the old reading. STEEVENS.

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

1 *Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.*] *i. e.* you would
 be just what you are, although you were not of the House of
 Montague. WAREURTON.

I think the true reading is,
 Thou art thyself, *then* not a Montague.
 Thou art a being of peculiar excellence, and hast none of the
 malignity of the family from which thou hast thy name.—
 Hammer reads:

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

This

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

This line is wanting in the elder quarto; all the other editions concur in one reading. I think the passage will support Dr. Johnson's sense without his proposed alteration. Thou art thyself (i. e. a being of distinguished excellence) though thou art not what thou appearest to others, akin to thy family in malice. STEPHENS.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.] A slight change of punctuation would give an easy sense:

Thou art thyself, though; not a Montague.
So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. last:

“ My legs are longer *though*, to run away.”

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Massinger, 1632:

“ Would you have him your husband that you love,

“ And can it not be?—He is your servant, *though*,

“ And may perform the office of a husband.”

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preserved*:

“ I thank thee for thy labour, *though*, and him too.”

MALONE.

There is certainly some obscurity in this passage, which might possibly be removed by reading

Thou art thyself, though *yet* a Montague.

Or thus:

Thou art thyself, *although* a Montague.

At least Juliet's meaning seems to be, that though he was a Montague by name, and therefore her enemy, yet, for his person and mind, i. e. as a man, she might still be allowed to love him.

The following lines are in the folio thus:

What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, O be some other name

Belonging to a man.

What's in a name, &c.

and should, perhaps, be thus regulated:

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, (nor any other part)

Belonging to a man. O be some other name.

What's in a name, &c.

The words, *nor any other part*, which are in the quarto editions, seem to have been omitted in the folio by inadvertency.

REMARKS.

Without

Without that title :—Romeo, doff thy name ;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
² Take all myself.

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

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

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

Jul. ³ My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound ;
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair-faint, if either thee dislike.

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

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

Rom. ⁴ With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
 these walls ;
 For stony limits cannot hold love out :

And

² *Take all myself.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.*
 STEEVENS.

³ *My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's uttering.*—] We meet with almost the
 same words in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596 :

“ I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
 “ *His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.*”

MALONE.

⁴ *With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls ;*] Here
 also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the author of *The
 History of Romcus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Approaching near the place from whence his heart
 had life.

“ Se

And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

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

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

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

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
fight ;

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

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

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

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

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

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ; But farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say—Ay ;
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,

“ So light he wox, he leap'd the wall, and there he
spy'd his wife,

“ Who in the window watch'd [the coming of her
lord——” MALONE.

3 ——— *there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ;*]

Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid
in the Mill* :

“ The lady may command, sir ;

“ She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.”

STEEVENS.

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more ^s cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heardst, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

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

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

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

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well do not swear ; although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night :
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,

^s —*coying to be strange.*] For *coying* the modern editions have *cunning*. JOHNSON.

Cunning is the reading of the elder quarto, and I have restored it. To *coy* is nevertheless an old verb. So, in *A Woman never wear'd*, 1632 :

“ Love is so young, it *coys* but cannot speak.”

To *be strange*, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593 : “ —It is fashion in Padua to be so *strange* with your friends ?” STEEVENS.

Etc

Ere one can say—It lightens °. ⁷ Sweet, good night?
 'This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

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

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

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

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

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

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

Re-enter Juliet, above.

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

⁶ *Ere one can say,—It lightens,]* So, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

“ — lightning ceasselsly to burn,
 “ Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,
 “ And being gone, doth suddenly return
 “ *Ere you could say precisely what it was.*”

The same thought occurs in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Sweet, good night.]* All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night*, to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the first copy. STEEVENS.

If

³ If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at your feet I'll lay,
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[*Within*: Madam.

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

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

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

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

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
 books;

But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Re-enter Juliet again, above.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift!--O, for a falconer's voice,

³ [*If that thy bent of love be honourable, &c.*] In *The Tragical
 History* already quoted Juliet uses nearly the same expressions:

“ ——— if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue
 ground,

“ If wedlock be the end and *mark* which your desire hath
 found,

“ Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,

“ The quarrel eke that long between our households
 grew,

“ *Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,*

“ *And following you where so you go, my father's house
 forsake;*

“ But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit

“ You think in ripeſt years to pluck my maidenhood's
 dainty fruit,

“ You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you beſeeks,

“ *To ceaſe your ſuit, and ſuffer her to live among her
 likes.*” MALONE.

To

‡ To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
 Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
 How silver-sweet found lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet ?

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

Rom. By the hour of nine.

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

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

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
 Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

‡ *To lure this tassel-gentle back again !*] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *gosshawk* ; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In the *Booke of Falcourye*, by George Turbervile, gent. printed in 1575; I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger :

“ ———then for an evening flight
 “ A tiercel-gentle.”

Taylor the water poet uses the same expression, “ ———By casting
 “ out the lure, she makes the *tassel-gentle* come to her fist.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 4 :

“ Having far off espyde a *tassel-gentle*
 “ Which after her his nimble wings doth straine.”

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

“ Your *tassel-gentle*, she's lur'd off and gone.”

This species of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it; from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. STEEVENS.

That the *tassel* is of a distinct species appears from the following quotation from the *Russe Commonwealth*, by G. Fletcher, 1591,
 “ ———great store of hawks, the eagle, the girfaulcon, the flight
 faulcon, the gosshawk, the *tassel*, the spurhawke. &c.

HENDERSON.

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

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

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, 'till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

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

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

S C E N E III.
A MONASTERY.

Enter friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. ¹The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
And flecked darkness ²like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :
Now

¹ *The grey-ey'd morn, &c.*] These four first lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress.

POPE.

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

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637. STEEVENS.

² *And flecked darkness*] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours ³
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
⁴ The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the ⁵ powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live ⁶ ;
 But to the earth some special good doth give ;

variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Tho. Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*. Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says :

“ All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,
 “ They swear, they curse, and drink till they be *fleck'd*.”

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the 4th *Æneid* :

“ Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly staine.”

The same image occurs in *Much ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. iii :

“ *Dapples* the drowsy east with spots of grey.” STEEVENS.

³ *I must up-fill this osier cage of ours, &c.*] So, in the 13th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ His happy time he spends the works of God to see,
 “ In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow,
 “ Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.
 “ And in a little *maund*, being made of *osiers* small,
 “ Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,
 “ He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.”

Drayton is speaking of a hermit. STEEVENS.

⁴ *The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb ;*]

“ *Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.*”

Lucretius.

“ The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.” *Milton.*

STEEVENS.

⁵ —powerful grace,] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

⁶ *For nought so vile that on the earth doth live.*] The quarto, 1597, reads :

For nought so vile that *vile* on earth doth live. STEEVENS.

Nor ought so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometimes by action dignify'd.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 7 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 8 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'rature ;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

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

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

7 *Two such oppos'd FOES—*] *Foes* is the reading of the oldest copy ; *kings* of that in 1609. Shakspeare might have remembered the following passage in the old play of *Misfortunes of King Arthur*, 1587 :

“ Peace hath three *foes encamped* in our breasts,

“ Ambition, wrath, and envie.—” STEEVENS.

8 *—with unstuff'd brain, &c.*] The copy, 1597, reads :

“ ——— with unstuff'd brain

“ Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleep remaines.”

STEEVENS.

Rom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fri. Holy faint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
^s Holy faint Francis! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;

^s *Holy Saint Francis!*] Old copy, *Jesu Maria!* STEEVENS.

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

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

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

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

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

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

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The S T R E E T.

Enter Benvolio, and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

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

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

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

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

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

9 The two following lines were added since the first copy of this play. STEEVENS.

Ben.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

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

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

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, shot thorough the ear with a love-song; ¹ the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. ²More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the ³courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance⁴,

¹ *The very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shaft;*] The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows was directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

“ They have shot two arrows without heads,
 “ They cannot stick i' the but yet: hold out knight,
 “ And I'll cleave the black *pin* i' the midst of the *white*.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591:

“ For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
 “ Our crown the *pin* that thousands seek to cleave.”

MALONE

² *More than prince of cats,*—] *Tybert*, the name given to the *Cat*, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“ —tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of Rats.”

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1598:

“ —not *Tibault* prince of Cats, &c.” STEEVENS.

³ —*courageous captain of compliments:*] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

“ A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

“ Have chose as umpire;”

says our author of *Don Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*keeps time, distance, and proportion.*] So Jonson's *Bobadil*:

“ Note your *distance*, keep your due *proportion of time*.”

STEEVENS.

and proportion; he rests his minim, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button⁵, a duellist, a duellist; 'a gentleman of the very first house;—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! ' the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By*—*a very good blade!*—*a very tall man!*—*a very good whore!*—' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mon-

⁵ —*the very butcher of a silk button,*] So, in the *Return from Parnassus*:

“Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *A gentleman of the very first house;—of the first and second cause:*] i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As you like it*, act v. sc. 6.

WARBURTON.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barr'd his claim to that elevation. “A gentleman of the *first house*;—of the *first and second cause*,” is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!* JOHNSON.

⁸ —*affecting fantasticoes.*] Thus the old copies, and rightly. Modern editors and the folios read, *phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says—“Follow some of these new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantastico's,” &c. Again, in Decker's *Comedy of Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—“I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen *fantastico's*, convers'd with humorists,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,*] Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

gers,

gers, ¹ these Pardonnez-moy's, who stand so much on the new form ², that they cannot fit at ease on the old bench? ³ O, their *bon's* their *bon's*!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thibbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French flop⁴. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

¹ —*these pardonnez-moy's,*] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

² —[stand so much on the *new form*, that they cannot fit at ease on the old bench?] This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 1: —“sitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following.” STEEVENS.

³ O, *their bones, their bones!*] Mercutio is here ridiculing those frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*: and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!*

i. e. how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out, *good*, and being in ecstasies with every trifle; as he had just described them before.

“——a very good blade!” &c. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a passage in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon jour* was the common salutation of those who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our author's time: “No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has.” MALONE.

⁴ *Your French flop.*] See vol. ii. p. 323. 471. STEEVENS.

Rom.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit⁴ did I give you?

Mer. The slip, fir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

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

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

Rom. Meaning—to curt'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

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

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why,⁵ then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, 'till thou hast worn out thy pump; that when the single sole

⁴ ———What counterfeit, &c.?

Mer. The slip, the slip fir;] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. This will appear in the following instances: “And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*.” *Thieves falling out, True men come by their Goods*; by Robert Greene.

Again,

“I had like t' have been

“Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* flur'd on me,

“A counterfeit.” *Magnetick Lady*, act iii. sc. 6.

Other instances may be seen in Doddsley's *Old Plays*, vol. v. p. 396. edit. 1780. EDITOR.

⁵ —then is my pump well flower'd.] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wrote *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

See the shoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the conclusion of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So Middleton, in the *Masque*, by the Gent. of Gray's-Inn, 1614: “Every masker's pump was fasten'd with a flower suitable to his cap.” STEEVENS.

of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

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

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

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

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

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

Mer. ⁶ I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not ⁷.

Mer. Thy wit is ⁸ a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp fauce.

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

Mer. O, here's ⁹ a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom.

⁶ I will bite thine ear——] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Jonson's *Alchymist*:

“ Slave, I could bite thine ear.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —Good goose, bite not,] Is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

⁸ —a very bitter sweeting;] A bitter sweeting, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“ —as well crabs as sweetings for his summer fruits.”

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

“ —what, in displeasure gone!

And left me such a bitter sweet to gnaw upon?”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. 8. fol. 174. b:

“ For all such tyme of love is lore,

“ And like unto the bitter swete

“ For though it thinke a man fyrst swete

“ He shall well selen at lasse

“ That it is sower, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —a wit of cheverel,] Cheverel is soft leather for gloves.

JOHNSON.

So,

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

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now thou art sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole¹.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair².

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

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

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

So, in the *Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609:

“Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,
“Not *cheveril* stretching to such prophanation.”

From *Chevreau, a Kid*, Fr. See vol. iv. p. 231. vol. vii. p. 238.

STEEVENS.

Cheveril is from *chevreuil*, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

¹ —to hide his bauble in a hole.] It has been already observed by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. vol. iv. p. 129. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albion*, 1629: “For such rich widows there, love court fools, and use to play with their *Baubies*.”

Again, in *The longer thou livest, the greater Fool thou art*, 1570:

“And as stark an idiot as ever bare *bauble*.”

See the plate at the end of *K. Henry IV. P. I.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

² —against the hair.] *A contrepoil*: Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use —“against the grain.” See vol. iii. p. 317. vol. v. p. 408. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Nurse, and Peter.

Mer. A fail, a fail, a fail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. *Peter!*

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, *Peter*¹.

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

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,² fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand³ of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

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

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

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

Rom. I can tell you; but young *Romeo* will be

¹ *My fan, Peter.*] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's* fan, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called "*The Serving-man's Comfort*," 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

To see him walk before a lady, and to *bear her fan*.

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman usher, &c. who can hide his face with *her fan*, &c." STEEVENS.

² *God ye good den,*] i. e. God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comic writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

"God you good even, sir." STEEVENS.

³ — *the hand of the dial*—] In the *Puritan Widow*, 1605, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression: "—the feskewe of the diale is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon."

STEEVENS.

older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith ; wisely, wisely.

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

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. ⁴No hare, fir ; unless a hare, fir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old bare hoar ⁵,
And an old bare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent :
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

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

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady ; farewel, lady, lady, lady ⁶.
[*Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.*

⁴ *No hare, fir ;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare ; Romeo asks *what he has found.* And Mercutio answers, *No hare, &c.* The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

⁵ *An old bare hoar,*] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennyles's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595 : “—as *hoary* as Dutch butter.” Again, in F. Beaumont's letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602 : “Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vinew'd and *hoarie* with over long lying.” Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* : “—mice and rats

“ Eat up his grain ; or else that it might rot

“ Within the *hoary* ricks e'en as it stands.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —*lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old song. See Dr. Farmer's note on *Twelfth Night*, vol. iv. p. 202. STEEVENS.

Nurse.

Nurse. I pray you, fir, what faucy merchant ⁷ was this, that was so full ⁸ of his ropery ?

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

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me; I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am ⁹ none of his skains-mates :--And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

Pet.

⁷ — *what faucy merchant was this, &c.]* The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person shewed by his behavior he was a low fellow. The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *of his ropery ?]* *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584 :
“ Thou art very pleasant and full of thy roperye.”

Rope tricks are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

⁹ *None of his skains-mates.]* A *skein* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599.

“ Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,

“ And in my skin bare tokens of their *skeins*.”

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1607. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is represented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things — having “ a little *skene* tied in “ a purple scarf.”

Green, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, describes “ an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his side a *skeine* like a brewer's “ bung-knife.”

Skein is the Irish word for a *knife*.

Again, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626 :

“ —with this frantic and untamed passion,

“ To whet their *skeins*.”

Again,

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

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

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

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

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

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest¹ ; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon ;

And there she shall at friar Laurence's cell

Be shriv'd, and marry'd. ² Here is for thy pains.

Nurse.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book v. chap. 26 :

“ And hidden *skaines* from underneath their forged garments drew.” STEEVENS.

Swift has the word in his description of an Irish feast :

“ A cubit at least the length of their *skains*.” NICHOLS.

¹ — *protest* ;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comic to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined. The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of sir *Giles Goosecap*, 1606 :

“ There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one and thirty years old at least ; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before.” STEEVENS.

² ——— *Here is for thy pains.*] So, in *The Tragical History of Romæus and Juliet*, 1562 :

Nurse. No, truly, fir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to ; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, fir ? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abby-wall :
Within this hour my man shall be with thee ;
And bring thee cords made ² like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewel !—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewel !—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven blefs thee !—Hark
you, fir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

Nurse. Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear
say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

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

Nurse. Well, fir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady⁴—
Lord, lord !—when 'twas a little prating thing ;—

“ Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,

“ And gave them her—a slight reward, quoth he ;—and
so adieu.” MALONE.

² — *like a tackled stair,*] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a
ship. JOHNSON:

³ — *top-gallant of my joy.*]

The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

The expression is common to many writers ; among the rest, to
Markham, in his *English Arcadia*, 1607 :

“ — beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour.”

Again, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606 :

“ — that, vailing *top-gallant*, she returned, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Well, fir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady :*

Lord, lord ! *when 'twas a little prating thing,*—] So, in
the poem :

“ And how she gave her suck in youth, she leaveth not to
tell.

“ A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young,

“ Lord, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its
tongue, &c.”

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Romeo and Julietta*.

MALONE.

O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varfal world. Doth not rosemary and Romco begin both with a letter?

⁵ *Rom.* Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name⁶. R is

⁵ *Rom.* Ay, Nurse; what of that? both with an R.

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

“ ——— spissis indigna theatris

“ Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus.”

The *Nurse* is represented as a prating filly creature; she says, she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him, whether Rosemary and Romeo do not begin both with a letter: He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and says, No, sure, I know better: our dog's name is R, yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. R put her in mind of that sound which is made by dogs when they snarl; and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the dog's name. R in the schools, being called *The dog's letter*. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says *R is the dog's letter, and birreth in the sound*.

“ Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat.” *Lucil.*

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads:—R. is for *Thee*? STEEVENS.

⁶ *Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the No, &c.]* I believe we should read, R is for the *dog*. No; I know it begins with some other letter. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this emendation, though Dr. Farmer has since recommended another which should seem equally to deserve attention. He would either omit *name* or insert *letter*. The dog's letter, as the same gentleman observes, is pleasantly exemplified in *Barclay's Ship of Fools*, 1578:

“ This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,

“ Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter R.

“ Though all be well yet he none answer hath

“ Save the *dogges letter* glowming with nar, nar.”

is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sentiments of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse.

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds⁶ should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Again, in *Lloid's Jubilee of Britaine, 1607*, "R is *canina litera*."
HENDERSON.

The author of THE REMARKS proposes to regulate the text thus:

Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the——no; I know it begins with some other letter. EDITOR.

⁶ —*should be thoughts, &c.*] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

——should be thoughts,

And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,

Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.

Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle Nurse,

What says my love?—

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition.
STEEVENS.

Of this day's journey ; and from nine 'till twelve.
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me :
But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?
Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

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

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,— O lord ! why
look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while ;—
7 Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. What haste ? can you not stay a while ?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath ?

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

To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;

7 *Fie how my bones ache !—What a jaunt have I had ?* This
is the reading of the folio. The quartos read :

—what a *jaunce* have I had ?

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous. See
K. Rich. II. vol. v. p. 255 :

“ Spur-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke.”

MALONE:

Say

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

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

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know not how to chuse a man : Romeo ! no, not he ; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, — though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare : He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. — Go thy ways, wench ; serve God : — What, have you din'd at home ?

Jul. ⁷ No, no : But all this did I know before ; What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

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

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' the other side, — O, my back, my back ! —

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well :

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

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

Jul. Where is my mother ? — why, she is within ; Where should she be ? How oddly thou reply'st ?

Your love says like an honest gentleman, —

Where is your mother ?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !

Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;

⁷ *No, no : but all this did I know before ;*

What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?] So, in *The Tragicall History of Romcus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Tell me else what, quoth she, this evermore I thought,

“ But of our marriage, say at once, what answer have you brought ?” MALONE.

Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

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

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

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell,
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Romeo^s.

Friar. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom.

^s This scene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleased to have it as it was at first written:

Rom. Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and Juliet.

Friar. Without more words, I will do all I may
To make you happy, if in me it lie.

Rom. This morning here she 'pointed we should meet,
And consummate those never-parting bands,
Witness of our hearts' love, by joining hands;
And come she will.

Friar. I guess she will indeed:

Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter

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

Friar. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph, die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

¹ Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot

Will

Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes!—
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
(Clos'd in night's mists) attend the frolick day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
And thou art come.

Jul. I am (if I be day)

Come to my sun; shine forth, and make me fair.

Rom. All beautiful fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

Friar. Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass;
Defer embracements to some fitter time;
Part for a time, "you shall not be alone,
" 'Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."

Rom. Lead, holy father, all delay seems long:

Jul. Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth us wrong.

Friar. O, soft and fair makes sweetest work they say;
Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way. *[Exeunt.]*

STEEVENS.

² *Too swift arrives]* He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.

³ *Here come s the lady, &c.]* However the poet might think the alteration

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
 A lover may bestride the gossamour⁵
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

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

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

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

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament :
 They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
 But my true love is grown to such excess,
 I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth³.

Friar. Come, come with me, and we will make
 short work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
²Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid, in respect of the passage before us, he has not been very successful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlasting flint* appears to me not only more reprehensible, but even less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

² *A lover may bestride the gossamour.*] The *Gossamer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by Nabbes :

“ Fine as Arachne's web, or *gossamer*

“ Whose curls when garnish'd by their dressing, shew

“ Like that spun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew?”

STEEVENS.

³ *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*] The old copies read :

I cannot sum up *sum of half* my wealth,

and,

I cannot sum up *some* of half my wealth. STEEVENS.

The following would be nearer the original reading :

I cannot sum up *th'* sum of half my wealth. REMARKS

A C T

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

A S T R E E T.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

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

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

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

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

Ben. And what too ?

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

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

his

his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

⁵ *Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-fimble of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-fimble? O fimble!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

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

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

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

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

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

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

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

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

⁵ These two speeches have been added since the first quarto, together with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Romeo.

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

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, fir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

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

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

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

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

⁶ *A la stoccata* carries it away.—

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. ⁷ Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher

⁶ *A la stoccata*—] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“ He makes a thrust; I with a swift passado

“ Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?*] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication*, 1595, speaks

cher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about
your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing,

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up,

Mer. Come, fir, your passado. [They fight,

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[Exit Tybalt,

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o'both the houses!—I am sped;—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

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

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

[Exit Page,

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as
a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for
me to-morrow, and you shall find me ^s a grave man.
I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague
o' both

speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in *Decker's Satiro-*
masix:

“ I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*.”

Again,

“ Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pilch*, by a
play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to
get service among the mimics.”

It appears from this passage, that *Ben Jonson* acted the part of
Hieronimo in the Spanish tragedy, the speech being addressed to
Horace, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed. STEEVENS.

^s —a grave man.] After this, the quarto 1597, continues Mer-
cutio's speech as follows:

—A pox o' both your houses! I shall be fairly
mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the
Montague's and the Capulets: and then some peasantly
rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epi-
taph

o' both your houses!—What! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me: I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate; And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds^s,
Which

taph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

Boy. He's come, sir.

Mer. Now he'll keep a murthering in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses! STEEVENS.

“You will find me *a grave man.*” This jest was better in old language, than it is at present; Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

“My master *Chaucer* now is *grave.*” FARMER.

I meet with the same quibble in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608; where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's *skull*, and observes:

“—she has a somewhat *grave* look with her.” STEEVENS.

^s —*hath aspir'd the clouds.*] So, in *Greene's Card of Fancy*, 1608:

“Her haughty-mind is too lofty for me to *aspire.*”

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. ⁹ This day's black fate on more days doth depend ;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !

Away to heaven, respective lenity,

¹ And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !—

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again ,

That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company ;

Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, begone !

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :—

Stand not amaz'd :—the prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !

We never use this verb at present without some particle, as, *to* and *after*. STEEVENS.

Middleton, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, 1657, uses this word as our author has done :

“ Why 'tis not possible, madam, that man's happiness

“ Should take a greater height than mine *aspires*.”

So also, Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1591 :

“ Until our bodies turn to elements,

“ And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.” MALONE.

⁹ *This day's black fate on more days does depend ;*] This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief. JOHNSON.

¹ *And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. See vol. i. p. 125. MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. ² O! I am fortune's fool!

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

Enter Citizens, &c.

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

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit. Up, fir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

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

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

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

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

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

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

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

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
⁴ How nice the quarrel was, ⁵ and urg'd withal

Your

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

In the first copy, O! I am *fortune's slave*. STEEVENS.

³ —*as thou art true.*] As thou art *just* and *upright*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *How nice the quarrel—*] How *slight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. So in the last act,

The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge

Of dear import. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*and urg'd withal—*] The rest of this speech was new writ.

Your high displeasure : all this—uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd;—
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside; and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it : Romeo, he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and swifter than his
 tongue,

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

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

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

ten by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same scene. STEEVENS.

^s *Affection makes him false,*] The charge of falshood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to shew, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are distorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

La. Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;

His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
I will be deaf to pleadings and excuscs ;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses ⁸,
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill ⁹.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer saw that this line gave no sense, and therefore put, by a very easy change,

I have an interest in your *heats* proceeding :
which is undoubtedly better than the old reading which Dr. Warburton has followed ; but the sense yet seems to be weak, and perhaps a more licentious correction is necessary. I read therefore,

I had no interest in your heats preceding.
This, says the prince, is no quarrel of mine, *I had no interest in your former discord* ; I suffer merely by your private animosity. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1597, reads *hates' proceeding*. This renders all emendation unnecessary. I have followed it. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Nor tears nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses ;*] This was probably designed as a stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*] So, in *Hale's Memorials* : "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

MALONE.

S C E N E II.

*An apartment in Capulet's house.**Enter Juliet.*

Jul. ¹ Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards ² Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately ³.——

² Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That

¹ Gallop apace, *you fiery-footed steeds,*
Towards Phœbus' mansion, &c.] Our author probably remembered Marlow's *King Edward II.* which was performed before, 1593:

“ Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the skie,
“ And dusky *night* in rusty iron car;
“ Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,
“ That I may see that most desired day.” MALONE.

² —*Phœbus' mansion*;] The second quarto and folio read, *lodging.* STEEVENS.

³ —*immediately.*] Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,*
That run-aways eyes may wink;] What run-aways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain:

“ ——Come, feeling night,
“ Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,” &c.

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* steeds, and *posting* through the heavens, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“ For the close night doth play the *run-away*.” WARBURTON.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows:

May that run-away's eyes wink!

Or, *That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!*

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and *that for oh! that* is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene

That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—^s Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
 Hood my ⁶ unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks

scene of the *Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 6.

That ever I should call thee cast-away !

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world ;

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !

next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakspeare terms *the night* a *run-away* in the *Merchant of Venice* : and in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character :

“ The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*.”

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night ; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus* ;

“ — *night bath many eyes,*

“ Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies.”

STEEVENS.

That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night ; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures :

“ That run-away eyes *may* wink, and Romeo

“ Leap to those arms, untalked of and unseen.”

BLACKSTONE.

^s *Come, civil night,*] *Civil* is *grave, decently solemn*, JOHNSON.

⁶ — *unmann'd blood*—] Blood yet unacquainted with man.

JOHNSON.

Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been

H a

printed

Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in
night,

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,⁷
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the ^s garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night⁸ before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter

printed) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*:

“A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmann'd*.”

Again, in an old ballad intitled *Prettie Comparisons wittily grounded*, &c:

“Or like a *hawk* that's never *man'd*,

“Or like a *hide* before 'tis *tan'd*.”

Again, in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: “It is called *bating*, for she *bateth* with herselfe most often causelesse.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Take him and cut him into little stars, &c*] The same childish thought occurs in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypole*, which was acted before the year 1596:

“The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,

“Take them and joine them in the heavenly spheres;

“And fixe them there as an eternal light,

“For lovers to adore and wonder at.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *the garish sun.*] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso*:

“— *Civil* night,

“Thou sober suited matron.”—*Shakspeare*.

“Till *civil*-suited morn appear.”—*Milton*.

“Pay no worship to the *garish* sun.”—*Shakspeare*.

“Hide me from day's *garish* eye.”—*Milton*. JOHNSON.

Garish

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
cords,

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

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

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

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

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

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

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than

Garish is gaudy, showy. So, in *Richard III*:

“A dream of what thou wast, a *garish* flag.

Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II*, 1622:

“—march'd like players

“With *garish* robes.”

It sometimes signifies wild, flighty. So, in the following in-
stance: “—starting up and *gairishly* staring about, especially
on the face of *Eliosto*.” Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606.

STEEVENS.

And that bare vowel *ay* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.] I question much
whether the grammarians will take this new *vowel* on trust from
Mr. Pope, without suspecting it rather for a *diphthong*. In short,
we must restore the spelling of the old books, or we lose the poet's
conceit. At this time of day, the affirmative adverb *ay* was gene-
rally written *I*: and by this means it both becomes a *vowel*, and
answers in sound to *eye*, upon which the conceit turns in the
second line. THEOBALD.

Than the death darting eye of cockatrice :
 I am not I, if there be such an I ;
 Or those eyes shut, that make the answer, I.
 If he be slain say—I; or if not, no :
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
 God save the mark !—here on his manly breast ;
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore blood ;—I fownded at the fight.

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

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

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

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

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ;
 Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

—*death-darting eye of cockatrice.*] The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The strange lines are these :

I am not I, if there be such an I,
 Or these eyes shot, that makes thee answer I ;
 If he be slain, say I ; or if not, no :
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

These lines hardly deserve emendation ; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune the first two of them being evidently transposed ; we should read :

—That one vowel I shall poison more,
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
 Or those eyes *shot*, that make the answer, I.
 I am not I, &c. JOHNSON.

I think

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

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

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

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

^s Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisb-ravening lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned faint, an honourable villain!—

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *shot* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

Shot, however, may be the same as *shot*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, late edit. ver. 3358:

“And dressed him up by a *shot* window.” STEEVENS.

^s *Dove-feather'd raven!* &c.] In old editions,

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

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,

Wolvisb-ravening lamb!] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ra-*

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;⁹
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

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

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
¹ Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
 But, wherefore, villain didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
 Back, foolish tears², back to your native spring;
 Your

venous was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verie, and a proper contrast of epithets and images:

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-rav'ning lamb! THEOBALD.

⁹ Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 223: "Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelinese, disloyaltie and treason may have their sledge and lodging?" This sentiment is not in the poem.

STEEVENS.

¹ Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?] So, in the poem already quoted:

"Ah cruel *murdring tongue*, murderer of other's fame,
 "How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his
name?"

"Whose deadly foes do yield him due and earned praise,
 "For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.

"Why blam'st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt?"

"Since he is guiltless quite, and Tybalt bears the fault.

"Whither shall he, alas! poor banish'd man, now fly?"

"What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry
 sky?"

"Since fire pursueth him, and him defames of wrong,

"That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire
 strong." MALONE.

² Back foolish tears, &c.] So, in the *Tempest*:

— I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

I think, in this speech of Juliet, the words *woe* and *joy* should change places; otherwise, her reasoning is inconclusive.

STEEVENS.

— Juliet's

Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
 And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband:
 All this is comfort ; Wherefore weep I then ?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;
 But, O ! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ;
That—banished, that one word—banished,
² Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
 Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
³ Which modern lamentation might have mov'd ?
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

Romeo

—Juliet's reasoning, as the text now stands, appears to me perfectly correct.—*Back* (says she) *to your native source, you foolish tears ! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occasions ; but now you erroneously shed your tributary drops for an event [the death of Tybalt and the subsequent escape of my beloved Romeo] which is in fact to me a subject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have slain my husband ; but my husband is alive, and has slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow : wherefore then do I weep ?* MALONE.

Again, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure* : “ Where from henceforth shall be his refuge ? sith she which ought to be the only bulwarke and assured repaire of his distresse doth persue and defame him.” HENDERSON.

² *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.]* Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is “ I am more affected by Romeo's banishment than I should be by the death of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt. REMARKS.]

³ *Which modern lamentation, &c.]* This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakspeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight* : I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

JOHNSON.

14

Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead :—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death ; no words can that woe found.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

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

When their's are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd :
He made you for a highway to my bed ;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding bed ;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo
To comfort you ;—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;
I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful
man ;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

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

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

It means only *trite, common*. So, in *As you Like it* :
Full of wise saws and *modern* instances. STEEVENS.

Fri.

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such four company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What lets than dooms-day is the prince's
doom ?

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

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

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

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death ; then banishment
Is death mis-term'd : calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

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

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is
here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not,—^s More validity,

More

^s ———More validity,

More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion flies, than Romeo.] *Validity* seems here to mean
worth or dignity : and *courtship* the state of a *courtier* permitted to
approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.

By *courtship*, the author seems rather to have meant the state of
lover ; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or woos a lady is
some-

More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;
⁶ Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin :
 Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;
 They are free men, but I am banished .
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
 But Romeo may not ; he is banished ⁷.
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me ? banished ?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
 Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess't,
 To mangle me with that word—banishment ?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a
 word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

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

Rom. Yet banished ?—Hang up philosophy !

sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines :

“ ——— They may seize
 “ On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 “ And steal immortal blessings from her lips——
 “ ——*Flies* may do this.” MALONE.

⁶ *Who, even in pure and vestal modesty——*] This and the next line were not in the first copy. MALONE.

⁷ *But Romeo may not, he is banished.*] This line is very awkwardly introduced here, and might better be inserted after—*their own kisses sin*. STEEVENS.

—It ought, without doubt, to be placed there. In the first edition it is inserted immediately before—*Flies may do this*.

MALONE.

Unless

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

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

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

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

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

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

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo hide thy-
self. [Knock within.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knock.

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;
[Knock.

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulness is this? I—come, I come.

[Knock.

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

Nurse. [within.] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

‡ What wilfulness] The folio reads—What simpleness.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

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

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah fir! ah fir!—death is the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our² cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, fir, but weeps and
weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

¹ O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!] One may wonder the editors did not see that this language must necessarily belong to the *Friar*.

FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may justly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it. STEEVENS.

² Why should you fall into so deep an ob?] Hammer reads:

Why should you full into so deep an—

Rom. Ob nurse! JOHNSON.

² —cancell'd love?] The folio reads *conceal'd love*. JOHNSON.
The quarto, *cancell'd love*. STEEVENS.

Rom.

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

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
3 Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art?
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
4 Unfeeming woman, in a seeming man !
Or ill befeeming beast, in seeming both !
Thou haft amaz'd me : by my holy order,
I thought thy difpofition better temper'd.
Hast thou flain Tybalt? wilt thou flay thyfelf?
And flay thy lady too that lives in thee,

3 *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ;*] Shakspeare has here closely fol-
lowed his original :

“ *Art thou, quoth he, a man? thy fhape faith, fo thou art ;*

“ *Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*

“ For manly reason is quite from off thy mind outchafed,

“ And in her ftead affections lewd, and fancies highly
placed ;

“ So that I flood in doubt this hour at the leaft

“ *If thou a man or woman wert, or elfe a brutifh beaft.*”

Tragicall Hiftory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.

MALONE.

4 *Unfeemly woman, &c.*] This ftrange nonfence Mr. Pope threw
out of his edition for desperate. But it is eafily reftored as Shak-
fpeare wrote it into good pertinent fense.

Unfeemly woman in a seeming man !

An ill-befeeming beaft in seeming groth.

i. e. you have the *ill-befeeming* paffions of a brute beaft in the well-
feeming fhape of a rational creature. For having in the *firft* line
faid he was a woman in the fhape of a man, he aggravates the
thought in the *fecond*, and fays, he was even a brute in the
fhape of a rational creature. *Seeming* is ufed in both places for
feemly. WARBURTON.

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

By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 5 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
 Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
 Which like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man:
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask⁶,
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,

5 *Why railst thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?*] Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the friar as described in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, he is made to do so:

- “ First *Nature* did he blame the author of his life,
- “ In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye
so rife;
- “ The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove,
- “ He cryed out with open mouth against the *stars above*.
- “ ——— On Fortune eke he *rail'd* ———”

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the friar, without reviewing the former part of his scene. MALONE.

6 *Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask, &c.*] To understand the force of this allusion, it would be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humour's Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams:

- “ When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,
- “ And till this hour the burning is not out.” STEEVENS.

7 *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. JOHNSON.

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
 There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou flew'st Tybalt ; there too art thou happy :
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 But like a mis-hav'd and a fullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
 But, look, thou stay not, 'till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming ^s.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
 night,

To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. ⁹ Go hence. Good night :—and ' here stands
 all your state.—

^s *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this speech has likewise been added since the first edition. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Go hence. Good night, &c.*] These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

¹ —*here stands all your state ;*] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence :
 Sojourn in Mantua : I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here :
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewel ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
 Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

² S C E N E IV.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, fir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter :
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I ;—Well, we were born to die.—
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :—
 Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
 morrow ;

To-night she's mew'd up³ to her heaviness.

Cap. ⁴ Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

² SCENE IV. Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions. POPE.

These verses are such as will by no means connect with the last and most improved copy of the play. STEEVENS.

³ *mew'd up.*] This is a phrase from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender*

Of my child's love.—] *Desperate* means only *bold, advent'rous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1618 :

“ Witness this *desperate tender* of mine honour. STEEVENS.

Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd
 In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.—
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
 Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love ;
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
 But, soft ; What day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too
 soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,
 She shall be married to this noble earl :—
 Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
 We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-
 morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :—o' Thursday be it
 then :—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
 Farewel, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !
 'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by :—Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

5 S C E N E V.

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Romeo, and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That

⁵ SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first
 edition is—“*Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.*” In the
 second

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings ⁶ on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die,

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I ;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the ⁷ pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
⁸ I have more care to stay, than will to go ;—
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

second quarto—“ *Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*” They appeared probably in the balcony which appears to have been erected on the old English stage. See the *Account of the Ancient Theatres.* MALONE.

⁶ *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :*] This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *the pale reflex*—] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

⁸ *I have more care to stay, than will to go.*] Would it not be better thus, *I have more will to stay, than care to go ?*] JOHNSON.

Some

Some say, the lark makes sweet division¹ ;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us :
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
¹ O, now I would they had changed voices too !
² Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
³ Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now

¹ —sweet *division* ;] *Division* seems to have been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. 1 :

“ Sung by a fair queen in a summer’s bower,
 “ With ravishing *division* to her lute.” STEEVENS.

⁵ O, now I would they had chang’d voices too ?] The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes. But sure she need not have wished that *they had changed voices too*. The lark appeared to her untunable enough in all conscience ; as appears by what she said just before,

*It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.*

This directs us to the right reading. For how natural was it for her after this to add,

*Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
 O, now I wot they have chang’d voices too.*

i. e., the lark sings so harshly, that now perceive the toad and she have changed *voices* as well as *eyes*. WARBURTON.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustic rhyme,

“ — To heav’n I’d fly,
 But that the toad beguil’d me of mine eye.” JOHNSON.

² Since arm from arm, &c.] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may shew the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton’s change of *I would* to *I wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this, *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers*. JOHNSON.

³ Hunting thee up with hunts-up to the day.] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599 :

“ To play him *huntsup* with a point of war,
 “ I’ll be his minstrell with my drum and fife.”

Again, in *Westward Ho*, 1607 :

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell! one kifs, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband!
friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

* O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

“—Make a noise, its no matter; any *buntsup* to waken vice.”
Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 13th:

“But *bunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing.”

STEEVENS.

Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, “what good estimation did he grow into with king Henry (the Eighth) and afterwards with the duke of Somerset protectour for making certain merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The hunte is up, the hunte is up*. REMARKS.

* O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.]

“Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,

“Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.” *Ovid Epist. 1.*

STEEVENS.

Jul.

Jul. ⁵ O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood ⁶. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit Romeo.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause ⁷ procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ⁸?
What

⁵ *O God! I have an ill-divining soul, &c.]* This miserable pre-science of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:

“ — my mind misgives,
“ Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
“ Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
“ From this night's revels.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Dry sorrow drinks our blood.]* This is an allusion to the proverb—“Sorrow's dry.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —procures her hither?] *Procures for brings.* WARBURTON.

⁸ *Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? &c.]* So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ —time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget;
“ Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
 And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
 Therefore, have done : Some grief shews much of
 love ;

But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
 friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
 his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him ! I do with all my heart ;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
 lives.

Jul. ⁹ Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
 hands :

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
 not :

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
 Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—

“ He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus la-
 ment :

“ *You cannot call him back with tears and shriekings shrill ;*

“ *It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will.*”

MALONE.

So full as appositely in *Painter's Novel*, “ *Thinke no more
 upon the death of your cousin Thibault, whome do you thinke to
 revoke with teares, &c.*” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Ay, madam, from—*] Juliet's equivocations are rather too art-
 ful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

That

That shall bestow on him so sure a draught¹,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext :
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him.—
To wreck the love I bore my cousin Tybalt,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

*La. Cap.*² Find thou the means, and I'll find such
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sort'd out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam,³ in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry my child, early next Thursday
morn,

¹ *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly,

“ Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram.” STEEVENS.

—*unaccustom'd dram,*] In vulgar language, Shall give him a dram which he is not used to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*. JOHNSON.

² *Find thou, &c.*] This line in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.

³ —*in happy time,*—] *A la bonne heure*. This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris ⁴, at faint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by faint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

⁴ *The County Paris*,—] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in
" one place called *Earle*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in
" this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason
" or other, the *Italian Compt* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it
" from the old English novel, from which he is said to have
" taken his plot."—He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled
" a *young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*; ac-
" cording to the unfettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers;
particularly in Fairfax:

" As when a captaine doth besiege some hold,
" Set in a marish or high on a hill,
" And trieth waies and wiles a thousand fold,
" To bring the place subjected to his will;
" So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.

Godfrey of Bulloigne, Book vii. Stanza 90.

FARMER.

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overfet
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife ?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, fir ; but she will none, she gives
you thanks :

I would, the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks !
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have ; but thankful, that
you have :

Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now ! chop logick ? What
is this ?

Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not—
And yet not proud—Mistress's minion, you⁵,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to faint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion !⁶ out, you baggage !
You tallow-face !

La.

⁵ *And yet not proud, &c.]* This line is wanting in the folio.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —*Out, you baggage !*

You tallow-face !] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakspeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurst, the trans-
lator

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God hath sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her!—
You are to blame, by lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; sinatter with your goffips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a goffip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided⁷
A gentle-

lator of Virgil in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas——*Hedgebrat,*
collion, and *tar-breech,* in the course of one speech.

Nay, in the Interlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene,*
1567, *Mary Magdalen* says to one of her attendants;

Horejon, I beihrowe your heart, are you here? STEEVENS.

⁷ ———— and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage——

—— And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A cobling mammet, in her fortune's tender,

Answer

A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;—
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity fitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief ?—
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies⁸.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
 word ;

To answer—I'll not wed—I cannot love——] So, in *Romeus
 and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Such care thy mother had, so dear thou wert to me,
 “ That I with long and earnest suit *provided* have for thee
 “ One of the greatest lords that wonnes about this town,
 “ And for his many virtues' sake a man of great renown ;—
 “ —————— and yet thou playest in this case
 “ The *dainty fool* and stubborn girl ; for want of skill.
 “ Thou dost refuse thy offer'd weal, and disobey my will.”

MALONE.

⁸ *In that dim monument, &c.*] The modern editors read *dim*
 monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto, 1597, and
 the folio. STEEVENS.

Do

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O! he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,

9 Faith, here it is:—] The character of the nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562; the Nurse exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture:

“ The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,
 “ And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will;
 “ She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
 “ And eke she praiseth much to her *the second marriage*;
 “ *And County Paris now she praises ten times more*
 “ *By wrong, than she herself by right had Romeus prais'd before*;
 “ Paris shall dwell there still: *Romeus shall not return*;
 “ What shall it boot her all her life to languish still and mourn?” MALONE.

Sir John Vanburgh, in the *Relapse*, has copied in this respect the character of his Nurse from Shakspeare.

BLACKSTONE.

Hath

Hath not ¹ so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first : or if it did not,
Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,
² As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my fowl too ;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen !

Nurse. What ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation ! ³ O most wicked fiend !
Is it more sin — to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—

¹ — *so green,*—] So the first editions. *Hammer* reads, — *so keen.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in the *Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour :

“ His nose was high, his eyin bright *citryn* :”

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, Act v. sc. 1 :

“ — oh vouchsafe,

“ With that thy rare *green* eye, &c.—” STEEVENS.

² *As living here,*—] Sir T. *Hammer* reads, *as living hence* ; that is, at a distance, in banishment ; but *here* may signify, *in this world.* JOHNSON.

³ *Ancient damnation !*] This term of reproach occurs in the *Malcontent*, 1604 :

“ —out, you *ancient damnation* !” STEEVENS.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

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

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Paris.

Fri. On Thursday, fir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;
⁴ And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind ;
 Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 And therefore little have I talk'd of love ;
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, fir, her father counts it dangerous,
 That she do give her sorrow so much sway ;
 And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears ;
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society :
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd ⁵.
 [Aside.

⁴ *And I am, &c.] His haste shall not be abated by my slowness.*
 It might be read :

And I am nothing slow to *back* his haste :
 that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haste. JOHNSON.
Slack was certainly the author's word, for, in the first edition,
 the line ran——

“ For I am nothing *slack* to slow his haste.”
Back could not have stood there. MALONE.
⁵—be *slow'd.*] So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the second
 book of Lucan :

“ ——will you overflow
 “ The fields, thereby my march to *slow*?” STEEVENS.
 Look

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

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, ⁶ my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, fir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Friar. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, fir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter now:—
My lord, we most entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouze you:
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit Paris.]

⁶ —my lady and my, wife!] As these four first lines seem intended to rhyme, perhaps the author wrote thus:

——my lady and my life! JOHNSON.

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past help !

Friar. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the ^s commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

⁷ *Shall play the umpire ;—*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. JOHNSON.

² *— commission of thy years and art*] Commission is for authority or power. JOHNSON.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower⁹;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks; and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me
 tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this phial², being then in bed,

And

⁹ —of yonder tower;] Thus the quarto 1597. All other ancient copies—of any tower. STEEVENS.

¹ Or chain me, &c.]

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
 Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy seems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,

Where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have inserted the lines which Pope omitted; for which I must offer this short apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are these:

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
 Or shut me — STEEVENS.

² Take thou this phial, &c.] Thus *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 237. "Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feele a certaine kinde of pleasant sleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the

And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowfy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat :
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 4 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death ;
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then (as the manner of our country is)

parts of your body, wil constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable they shal remaine : and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall loose their natural feelings, and you abide in such extasie the space of xl houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our citie, you shall be caried to the churchyard hard by our church, when you shall be entombed in the common monument of the Capellets your ancestors, &c." STEEVENS.

3 —through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowfy humour,] The first edition in 1597, has in general been here followed, except only, that instead of *a cold and drowfy humour*, we there find—*a dull and heavy slumber.*

MALONE.

4 *To paly ashes*,] The first folio, by an evident error of the press, reads,—*To many ashes.* The second—*mealy* ; which might have been the author's word, on a revision of his play. *Paly* is the reading of the quarto ; and occurs again in *King Henry V* :

“ ———— and through their *paly* flames,

“ Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.”

We have had too already in a former scene—*“ Pale, pale, as ashes.”*

MALONE.

5 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; 6 and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 7 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in thy acting it.

Jul.

5 *In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,*] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet very probably had struck out on his revival, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

“ At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit;

“ Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu.”

The awkward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it. STEEVENS.

Then (as the manner of our country is)

In thy best robes, uncover'd on the bier—] The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face *uncovered*, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our author found particularly described in *The Tragical History of Romulus and Juliet*:

“ Another use there is, that whosoever dies,

“ Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier he lies,*

“ In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-sheet—”

MALONE.

6 ——— and he and I

Will watch thy waking,—] These words are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

7 *If no unconstant toy,*—] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear

Abate thy valour in the acting it] These expressions are borrowed from the poem:

“ Cast off from thee at once the weed of *womanish dread,*

“ With manly courage arm thyself from heel unto the head—

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewel, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if
they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick
his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fin-
gers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift^s with
merry look,

Cap.

“ God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,
“ That no *inconstant* toy thee let thy promise to fulfill!”

MALONE,

^s —from shrift, i. e. from confession.] So, in the *Merry Devil*
of *Edmonton*, 1626:

“ Ay, like a wench comes roundly to her *shrift*.”

In

Cap. How now, my head-strong ? where have you
been gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests ; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon :—Pardon, I beseech you !
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county ; go tell him of this ;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell ;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is well, stand up :
This is as't should be.——Let me see the county ;
Ay marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday ; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her :—we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet, and Nurse.*]

In the old Morality of *Every Man*, bl. 1. no date, confession is personified :

“ Now I pray you *briste*, mother of salvacyon.”

STEEVENS.

9 *All our whole city is much bound to him.*] Thus the folio and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically :

All our whole city is much bound unto. STEEVENS.

So, in *Romeus and Juliet*; 1562 :

“ ———this is not, wife, the friar's first desert,

“ In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found

“ But is, for some good turn, unto this *holy father bound.*”

MALONE.

La. Cap. ¹ We shall be short in our provision :
² 'Tis now near night ².

Cap. Tush ! I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife ;
 Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;
 I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;
 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !—
 They are all forth : Well, I will walk myself
 To county Paris, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet, and lady Capulet.*]

S C E N E III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet, and Nurse ³.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best ;—But, gentle nurse,
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
⁴ For I have need of many orisons

¹ *We shall be short*—] That is, we shall be *defective*. JOHNSON.

² *'Tis now near night.*] It appears in a foregoing scene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tuesday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* she went to Friar Lawrence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week, [*Wednesday is to-morrow.*"] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and she is just now returned from shrift ;—yet lady Capulet says, “ 'tis near *night*,” and this same night is ascertained to be *Tuesday*. This is one out of the many instances of our author's inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

³ *Enter Juliet and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto 1597, supplies the following short dialogue :

Nurse. Come, come, what need you anie thing else ?

Juliet. Nothing, good nurse, but leave me to my selfe.

Nurse. Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, and so good night. STEEVENS.

⁴ *For I have need, &c.*] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion : perhaps Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my
help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady, and Nurse.*

Jul. ^s Farewel!—God knows, when we shall
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all⁶?

Shall

^s *Farewel! &c.*] This speech received considerable additions after the elder copy was published. STEEVENS.

⁶ *What if this mixture do not work at all?*] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 239. “—but what know I (said she) whether the operation of this powder will be to soone or to late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that my faulte being discovered, I shall remayne a jesting stocke and fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me thinkyng that I am dead? But how shall I indure the stinche, of so many carions and bones of myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me? And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she thought

7 Shall I of force be married to the count?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it: lie thou there⁸.—

[Laying down a dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will

thought that she sawe a certaine vision or fansie of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as she sawe him wounded and imbrued with blood; &c." STEEVENS.

—Shakspere, appears however, to have followed the poem:

“ —to the end I may my name and conscience save,
“ I must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have;
“ Whose *working* and whose force as yet I do not know;—
“ And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow—
“ What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall
“ Sooner or latter than it should, or else *not work at all?*
“ — Or how shall I that always have in so fresh air been
bred,

“ Endure the loathsome stink of such a heaped store
“ Of carcases not yet consum'd, and bones that long before
“ Intomb'd were, where I my sleeping place shall have,
“ Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred's common
grave.

“ Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,
“ Find me, if I awake before *y-stified in the tomb?*”

MALONE.

7 *Shall I of force be married to the count?*] Thus the eldest quarto. Succeeding quartos and the folio read:

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? STEEVENS.

8 —*lie thou there. Laying down a dagger.*] This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: “ — *Knife, lie thou there.*” It appears from several passages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet's state had just been left with her. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1632:

“ See at my girdle hang my *wedding knives!*”

Again, in *King Edward III*, 1599:

“ Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives:*

“ Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,

“ And with the other, I'll dispatch my love.” STEEVENS.

⁸ I will not entertain so bad a thought— —
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place, —
¹ As in the vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth²,
Lies

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have recourse to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris.

“ If all fail else, myself have power to die.”

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the count) she says:

“ Give me some present counsel, or behold,

“ ’Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*

“ Shall play the umpire.” MALONE.

⁹ *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

¹ *As in a vault, &c.*] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world.

STEEVENS.

² —*green in earth,*] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ —of

Lies festring³ in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—
 Alack, alack ! ⁴ is it not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them⁵, run mad—
 O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught⁶,
 Environed with all these hideous fears ?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?

“ —of our dear brother's death,

“ The memory be *green*.”

Again, in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley :

“ —I am but

Green in my honours.” STEVENS.

³ Lies *festring* —] To *feſter* is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1599 :

“ Lillies that *feſter* ſmell far worſe than weeds.”

This line likewiſe occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been aſcribed to him. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*is it not like, that I*] This ſpeech is confuſed, and inconſequential, according to the diſorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*run mad*—] So, in Webſter's *Dutchefs of Malſy*, 1623 :

“ I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,

“ And am grown mad with't.”

So, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, 1611 :

“ The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear

“ With more ſad horror, than that voice does mine.”

Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612 :

“ I'll rather give an ear to the black ſhrieks

“ Of *mandrakes*,” &c.

Again, in *Ariſtippus*, or the Jovial Philoſopher :

“ This is the *mandrake's* voice that undoes me.”

The *mandrake* (ſays Thomas Newton in his *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo, 1587) has been ſuppoſed to be a creature having life and engendered under the earth of the ſeed of ſome dead perſon that hath been convicted and put to death for ſome felonie or murder ; and that they had the ſame in ſuch dampiſh and funerall places where the ſaid convicted perſons were buried, &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*be distraught*.] *Distraught* is diſtracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10 :

“ Is, for that river's ſake, near of his wits *diſtraught*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. 1. C. 9 :

“ What frantic fit, quoth he, hath thus *diſtraught*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

And

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

S C E N E I V.

Capulet's hall.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

Nurse. ⁷ They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
 crow'd,

⁸ The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot quean, go,
 Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching.

⁷ They call for *dates*, &c. in the pastry.] On the books of the Stationer's Company in the year 1560, are the following entries:

“ Item payd for iiii. pound of datts iiiij s.

“ Item payd for xxiiii. pounde of prunys iii s. viii d.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *The curfew bell*—] I know not that the morning-bell is called the *curfew* in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening as appears from a passage the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:

“ — well 'tis nine o'clock, tis time to ring *curfew*.”

STEEVENS.

Cap.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere
now

All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt⁹ in your
time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter three or four, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier
logs;

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mafs, and well said; A merry whorefon! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with musick straight,

[*Musick within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken, Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie make haste,
Maste haste! the bridgroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

⁹ —a mouse-hunt—] It appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, that *mouse* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman:

“ Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouse*.”

STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

*Juliet's Chamber ; Juliet on the Bed.**Enter Nurse.*

Nurse. Mistrefs !—what, mistrefs !—Juliet !—fast,
I warrant her :—

Why, lamb !—why, lady ;—fie, you slug-a-bed !—

Why, love, I say !——madam ! sweet-heart !—

why, bride !——

What, not a word ?——you take your pennyworths
now ;

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,

'The county Paris hath ' set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen !) how sound is she asleep !

I must needs wake her :—Madam ! madam ! madam !

* —*set up his rest,*] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramattick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuis. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600 : “ —let your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not.” The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother* :

“ ——— *My rest is up,*

“ Nor will I go less——”

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611 :

“ Like a musket on a *rest*.”

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Françoise*, tom. v. plate 48.

STEEVENS.

The above expression may probably be sometimes used in the sense already explained, it is however oftener employed with a reference to the *game at primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in use. In the second instance above quoted it is certainly so. To avoid loading the page with examples, I shall refer to *Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays*, vol. x. p. 364, edit. 1780, where several are brought together. EDITOR.

Ay, let the county take you in your bed²;
 He'll fright you up, i'faith—Will it not be?
 What, drest! and in your cloaths! and down again!
 I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—My lord!—my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only life!
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
 Help, help!—call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
 come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the
 day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
 she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
 Life and these lips have long been separated;
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

² *Ay, let the county take you in your bed;]* So, in *The Tragicall History of Romcus and Juliet*:

“First softly did she call, then louder she did cry,

“Lady, you sleep too long; the earl will raise you by and by.” MALONE.

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride?—See, there she lies
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him⁴.

¹ *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,*

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.] Our author has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In

The Tragicall History of Romcus and Juliet Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word:

“But more than all the rest the father's heart was so

“Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden woe.

“That he ne had the pow'r his daughter to beweepe,

“Ne yet to speak, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep. MALONE.

² *O son, the night before thy wedding day.*

Hath death lain with thy wife.—] Euripides has sported with this thought in the same manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

“Τὴνδ' αὖ τάλαιναν παρθέρον (τί παρθερον;

“ἄδης νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, συμφύσει τάχα.)” Sir W. RAWLINSON.

³ *Hath death lain with thy bride:]* Perhaps this line is coarsely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiricall Masques*:

“Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead.”

STEVENS.

Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

“—— I'll to my wedding bed,

“And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.”

MALONE.

⁴ *Flower as she was, deflowered now by him.]* This jingle was common to other writers; and among the rest, to Greene, in his *Greene in Conceit*, 1598: “—— a garden-house having round about it many flowers, and within it much *deflowering*.” COLLINS.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir ;
My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,
And leave him all ; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face⁵,

And doth it give me such a fight as this ?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day !

Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my fight.

Nurse. ⁶ O woe ! O woeful, woeful, woeful day !
Most lamentable day ! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold !
O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
Never was seen so black a day as this :
O woeful day, O woeful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain !
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !——
O love ! O life !——not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd !——
Uncomfortable time ! why can'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity ?——
O child ! O child !——my soul, and not my child !——

⁵ —*morning's face*,] The quarto, 1597, continues the speech of Paris thus :

And doth it now present such prodigies ?
Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am ;
Born to the world to be a slave in it :
Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

O heavens ! Oh nature ! wherefore did you make me.
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall ? STEEVENS.

⁶ O woe ! oh woeful, &c.] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited. Several other parts unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition ; which occasions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. ⁷ Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you fought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
⁸ For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, ⁹ that we ordained festival,
Turn

⁷ *Peace, ho, for shame, confusions: care lives not*

In these confusions.] This speech, though it contains good Christian doctrine, though it is perfectly in character for the Friar, Mr. Pope has curtailed to little or nothing, because it has not the sanction of the first old copy. But there was another reason: certain corruptions started, which should have required the *indulging* his *private sense* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreasonable labour. As I have reformed the passage above-quoted, I dare warrant I have restored our poet's text; and a fine sensible reproof it contains against immoderate grief. THEOBALD.

⁸ *For though some nature bids us all lament,*] *Some nature?* Sure, it is the *general* rule of nature, or she could not bid us *all* lament. I have ventured to substitute an epithet, which, I suspect, was lost in the idle corrupted word *some*; and which admirably quadrates with the verse succeeding this. THEOBALD.

⁹ *All things, &c.*] Instead of this and the following speeches, the eldest quarto has only a couplet:

L. 2.

Cap.

Turn from their office to black funeral :
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—
 And go, fir Paris ;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
 The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill ;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
 gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter '.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's
 ease ;*

O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

Cap. Let it be so, come woeful sorrow-mates,

Let us together taste this bitter fate. STEEVENS

[*All things that we ordained festival, &c.*] So, in the poem al-
 ready quoted :

“ Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,

“ And now to sorrow is return'd the joy of every one ;

“ And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they
 change,

“ And *Hymen* to a *dirge* :—alas ! it seemeth strange.

“ Instead of marriage gloves, now funeral gowns they have,

“ And, whom they should see married, they follow to the
 grave ;

“ The *feast*, that should have been of pleasure and of joy,

“ Hath every dish and cup fill'd full of sorrow and annoy.”

MALONE.

[*Enter Peter.*] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the
 part of *Peter* was originally performed by *William Kempe*. MALONE.

Mus.

Mus. Why heart's ease?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
² *My heart is full of woe:* ³ O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

Mus. ⁴ Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you foundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek ⁵: I will give you the minstrel ⁶.

Mus.

² *My heart is full of woe:*] This is the burthen of the first stanza of *A pleasant new Ballad of Two Lovers*, yet, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare:

“Hey hoe! *my heart is full of woe.*” STEEVENS.

³ *O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.*] This is not in the folio, but the answer plainly requires it. JOHNSON.

It was omitted in the folio by mistake, for it is found in the quarto 1609, from which the folio was manifestly printed. MALONE.

⁴ *A dump* anciently signified *some kind of dance*, as well as *sorrow*. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

“He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,
 “Or a *French brawl.*”

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of Colin, *Venus* says to *Paris*:

“—How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

“*Paris.* Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove.” STEEVENS.

Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; possibly indeed *any sort* of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page, and in the less ancient ballad of *Chevy Chase*. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the dumps. REMARKS.

⁵ — *the gleek*:] So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occasion.”

To *gleek* is to scoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*. STEEVENS.

The game is mentioned in the beginning of the present century, by Dr. King of the Commons, in his *Art of Love*:

“But whether we diversion seek

“In these, in Comet, or in *Gleek*,

“Or Ombre, &c.” NICHOLS.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:— Answer me like men:

*When griping grief⁷ the heart doth wound,
⁸ And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
 Then musick, with her silver sound,
 Why silver sound? why, musick with her silver sound?
 What*

The use of this cant term is no where explained; and in all probability cannot, at this distance of time, be recovered. *To gleeke* however signified to put a joke or trick upon a person, perhaps to *jest* according to the coarse humour of that age. See *Midsommer Night's Dream*, above quoted. REMARKS.

⁶ — *the minstrel.*] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a *parson* was cheaper than that of a *minstrel* or a *cook*.

“ Item, payd to the preacher vi s. iij d.

“ Item, payd to the minstrell xii s.

“ Item, payd to the coke xv s.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *When griping grief, &c.*] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surry, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*, makes the hero say:

“ New gripes of dread then pearse our trembling brestes.”

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of *Peter* are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

In Commendation of Musicke,

Where griping grief y^e hart would wōūd, (& doleful domps y^e
 mind oppresse,
 There musick with her silver sound, is wont with spede to geue
 redresse,
 Of troubled minds for every sore, swete musick hath a saluc in
 store,

What say you, Simon Catling⁹ ?

1 *Mus.* Marry, fir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty ! What say you, Hugh Rebeck ?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians found for silver.

In ioy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy
sprights,

The carefull head releaf hath found, by musicks pleasant swete
delights,

Our senses, what should I saie more, are subject unto musicks
lore.

The Gods by musick hath their pray, the soul therein doth ioye,
For as the Romaine poets saie, in seas whom pirats would destroye
A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe, Arion playing on his
harp.

Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, like as the sterne doth
rule the ship,

Of musick whom y^c Gods assignde to comfort mā, whom cares
would nip,

Sith thou both man, & beast doest moue, what wisemā thē will
thee reprove ?

From the Paradise of Daintie

Richard Edwards.

Deuises, Fol. 31. b.

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca*. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*] This line I have recovered from the old copy. It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated. STEEVENS.

⁹ Simon *Catling* ?] A *catling* was a small lute-string made of *catgut*. STEEVENS.

¹ *Hugh Rebeck* ?] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquin*. See Menage, in v. *Rebec*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: “ — 'Tis present death for these fiddlers to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace.” In *England's Helicon*, 1614, is *The Shepherd Arsilus, his Song to his REBECK*, by Bar. Yong. STEEVENS.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth :

“ When the merry bells ring round,

“ And the jocond *rebecks* found — ” MALONE.

L 4

Pet.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I will say for you². It is—*musick with her silver sound*³, because such fellows as you have no gold for founding:—

Then musick with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress. [Exit, singing.]

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

M A N T U A.

A S T R E E T.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. ⁵ If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My

³ —*because such fellows as you,*—] Thus the quarto 1597. The others read—*because musicians.* I should suspect that a fidler made the alteration. STEEVENS.

³ —*silver sound,*] So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“Faith, fellow fiders, here’s no *silver sound* in this place.”

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“—what harmony is this

“With *silver sound* that glutteth Sophos’ ears?”

Spenser perhaps is the first who used this phrase:

“A *silver sound* that heav’nly music seem’d to make.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Act V.*] The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the perusal of this play; yet, it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the acts, and there-

fore

6 My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;
 And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
 7 I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;

fore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. JOHNSON.

5 *If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep.*] The sense is, *If I may only trust the honesty of sleep*, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise flattery. JOHNSON.

The oldest copy reads—*the flattering eye of sleep*. Whether this reading ought to supersede the more modern one, I shall not pretend to determine: it appears to me, however, the most easily intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

6 *My bosom's lord*—] So, in *King Arthur*, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601:

“ That neither Uter nor his councill knew

“ How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutche's thwarted.”

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord*, he means—*Cupid*. Thus too, Shakspeare (as Mr. Malone observes to me) in *Twelfth Night* and *Othello*:

It gives a very echo to the feat

Where *love* is throu'd. —

Again,

Yield up, o *Love*, thy crown and *hearted throne*. STEEVENS.

My bosom's lord—] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on:

“ How oft, when men are at the point of death,

“ Have they been merry? which their keepers call

“ A lightning before death.”

Again, in G. Warton's *Cattle of Delight*, 1576:

“ —a lightning delight against his sudden destruction.”

STEEVENS.

7 *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead*, —

And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,

That I revived—] Shakspeare seems here to have remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As you Like It*:

“ By this sad Hero ———

“ Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;

“ He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips, &c.”

MALONE.

(Strange

(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar?
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives;
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you:
 O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!^s —
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
 And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus:
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

^s —in Capulet's monument.] The old copies read in *Capel's* monument; and thus Galcoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

“Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beate alwaies, so
 that

“They covet to be knowne from *Capels* where they passe,

“For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two
 houses was.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —I defy you, stars!] The folio reads—*deny* you, stars.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus.*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read:

“I do beseech you, sir, have patience.” STEEVENS.

Balth.

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : Get thee gone,
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means :—O, mischief ! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !

I do remember an apothecary,——

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples ; meager were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones ;

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves

² A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green

² *A beggarly account of empty boxes ;*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account ; but *beggarly* is probably right : if the boxes were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is likewise found in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 241. “ — beholdyng an apoticaries shoppe of lytle furniture, and lesse store of boxes and other thynges requisite for that science, thought that the verie povertie of the mayster apothecarye woulde make him wyllingly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde.” STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him ; for he has borrowed an expression from thence :

“ An apothecary sat unbufied at his door,

“ Whom by his heavy countenance he guessed to be poor ;

“ And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,

“ And in his window of his wares there was so small a
shew,

“ Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,

“ What by no friendship could be got, with money
should be bought ;

“ For needy lack is like the poor man to compel

“ To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to
sell——

“ Take fifty crowns of gold (quoth he)———

“ —— Fair

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty feeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew,
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need ;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house :
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor ;
Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes³,

Upon

“ —Fair Sir, (quoth he) be sure this is the *feeding*
geer,

“ And more there is than you shall need ; for half of that
is there

“ Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour

“ To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's
pow'r.” MALONE,

³ *Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,*] The first quarto
reads :

“ And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.”

The

⁴ Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewel ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio :

“ Need and oppression *starveth* in thine eyes.”

Our modern editors, without authority,

Need and oppression *stare* within thine eyes. STEEVENS.

The passage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus :

Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes.

For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes ; though *starved famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy* not *thine* is the reading of the folio, and those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation.

REMARKS.

⁴ *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions :

“ Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.”

Enter Friar Laurence.

Lau. This fame should be the voice of friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
5 One of our order, to associate me,

Here

In the *First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling this of Shakspeare :

“ Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,
“ Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594 :

“ Upon thy back where misery doth sit,
“ O Rome, &c.” MALONE.

5 *One of our order to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretto, they are a check upon each other.

STEEVENS.

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town

Suspecting; &c.] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies ;

“ And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise

“ That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,

“ But of their convent aye should be accompanied with one

“ Of his profession, straight a house he findeth out

“ In mind to take some friar with him, to walk the town
about.”

Our author having occasion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Perhaps the third and fourth lines are misplaced, and that this passage ought to be regulated thus :

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

And finding him, the searchers of the town

Here in the city visiting the sick,

Suspecting, &c.

Friar

Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,
 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lat. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
 So fearful were they of infection.

Lat. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
 The letter ⁺ was not nice, but full of charge
 Of dear import; and the neglecting it

May

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; whereas, on the other hand, it was the business of the *searchers* to visit the sick, and to mark those houses in which the pestilence raged.

The phrase of *visiting the sick* might have deceived the transcriber, and perhaps induced him to misplace this line, in order that it might apply to the friar. The error however (if it be one) is in the quarto, from which the folio is manifestly printed.

If however the words — “to associate me” be included in a parenthesis, the line, “Here in the city visiting the sick,” will refer to the brother whom friar John sought as a companion; and all will be right. MALONE.

⁺ — *was not nice*, —] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

Nice signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer. So, in the second book *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. 37:

“My sonne, eschewe thilke vice. —”

“My father elles were I *nice*.”

So, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the Lordes*, &c.

“—the most complaint of all,

“Is to thinkin that I have be so *nice*,

“That I ne would in vertues to me call, &c.”

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“You must appeare to be straunge and *nyce*.”

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonymes of *fool*. Apol. Herod. l. i c. 4.

STEEVENS.

A line

May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

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

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*A church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the
Capulets.*

Enter Paris, and his Page with a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; Hence, and stand
aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along.
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,

A line in *King Richard III.* fully supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

“My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are *nice* and *trivial*.”

MALONE.

[*Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;*] Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the speech, the quarto, 1597, reads *only*:

“Left that the lady should before I come

“Be wak'd from sleep, I will hie

“To free her from the tombe of miserie.” STEEVENS.

As

As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers: Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed: [*Strewing flowers.*

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;

° Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,

Accept this latest favour at my hands;

That living honour'd thee, and being dead,

With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[*The boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning; something doth approach.

What curied foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?

What with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.

Enter Romeo, and Balthasar with a torch, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,

° *Fair Juliet, that with angels, &c.]* These four lines from the
old edition. POPE.

The folio has these lines:

“ Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew;

“ O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,

“ Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

“ Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.

“ The obsequies which I for thee will keep,

“ Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.”

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactness; but took the
first and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two inter-
mediate verses, which I have restored. STEEVENS.

And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
⁷ In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 On what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ⁸ ;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take
 thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout ;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit Balth.*]

Rom. Thou detestable ⁹ maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open.

[*Breaking up the monument.*]

⁷ —*dear employment* ;] That is, *action of importance*. Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same sense :

“ Put your known talents on so *dear* a business.”

Catiline, act i.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 10th book of the *Odyssey* :

“ ——— full pitching on

“ The *dearest* joint his head was plac'd upon.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —*savage-wild* ;] Here the speech concludes in the old copy.
 STEEVENS.

⁹ —*detestable*—] This word, which is now accented on the second syllable, was once accented on the first ; therefore this line did not originally seem to be inharmonious. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604 :

“ Court with vain words and *detestable* lyes.”

Again, in Shakspeare's *K. John*, act iii. sc. 3 :

“ And I will kiss thy *detestable* bones.” STEEVENS.

And.

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin; with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd;—

And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:

Obeys, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,

Pull not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself;

For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. ² I do defy thy conjuration,

And

¹ *Pull not &c.*] The quarto, 1597, reads:—*heap* not. The quartos 1599 and 1609, and all the folios:—*Put* not.—Mr. Rowe first made the change, which may be discontinued at the reader's pleasure. STEEVENS.

² *I do defy, &c.*] The quarto 1597, reads, *I do defy thy conjuration*, Paris conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do *some villainous shame* on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magic arts which he suspects he is preparing to use. So, in Painter's translation of the novel, tom. ii. p. 244. “—the watch of the city by chance passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs *to abuse the dead bodies* for aide of their arte.

The folio reads:

I do *defy* thy commiseration.

To *defy*, anciently meant to *refuse* or *deny*. See vol. ii. p. 90. v. 81. 306.

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee,
boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Page. O lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

Par. O, I am slain ! — If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will : — Let me peruse this face ; —
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris : —
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet :
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so ? — O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book !
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave, —
A grave ? O, no ; a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting³ presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry ? which their keepers call
A lightning before death : * O, how may I

Call

Paris may, however, mean — I refuse to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, *i. e.* to depart. STEEVENS.

³ — *presence* —] A *presence* is a public room. JOHNSON.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602 :

“ The darkest dungeon which spite can devise
“ To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes
“ Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber
“ In Paris Louvre.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — O, how may I

Call this a lightning ? —] I think we should read,

— O, now may I

Call this a lightning ? — JOHNSON.

How is certainly right and proper. Romeo had just before, been in high spirits, a symptom, which he observes, was some-
times

Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there⁵.—
 Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet⁶?

O, what

times called a *lightning* before death: but how says he (for no situation can exempt Shakspeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term term this *sad* and *gloomy* prospect a *lightning*.

REMARKS.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramatic pieces. So in the second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“ I thought it was a *lightning* before death,
 “ Too sudden to be certain.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 15th Iliad:

“ — since after this he had not long to live,
 “ This *lightning* flew before his death.”

Again, in his translation of the 18th Odyssey:

“ — extend their cheer
 “ To th' utmost *lightning* that still ushers death.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *And death's pale flag, &c.*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“ And nought-respecting death (the last of paines)
 “ Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' ensign of his might)
 “ Upon his new-got spoil; &c.”

In the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare is less florid in his account of the lady's beauty; and only says:

“ — ah, dear Juliet,

“ How well thy beauty doth become the grave!”

The speech, as it now stands, is first found in the quarto, 1599:

STEEVENS.

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.] An ingenious friend some time ago pointed out to me a passage of *Marini*, which bears a very strong resemblance to this:

Morte la'nfegna sua pallida e bianca

Vincitrice spiego su'l volto mio.

Rime lugubri, p. 149, ed. Venet. 1605.

TYRWHITT.

⁶ *Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?*] So, in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 242. “ — “ what greater or more cruel satisfaction canste thou desyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than

O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To funder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, coufin!—Ah dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe—
⁷ I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
⁸ And never from this palace of dim night

Depart

to see hym which murdered thee, to be empoysoned wyth hys owne handes, and buryed by thy syde?" STEEVENS.

⁷ *I will believe*—

That unsubstantial death is amorous;] So in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

“ Ah now, methinks, I see *Death dallying seekes* .

“ *To entertain itselfe in Love's sweet place;*

“ *Decayed roses of discoloured cheekes* .

“ *Do yet retaine deere notes of former grace,*

“ *And uglie death fits faire within her face.*”

MALONE.

⁸ *And never from this palace of dim night*

Depart again: (Come lie thou in my arms;

Here's to thy health. O true apothecary!

[Thy drugs are quick).] Mr. Pope's; and some other of the worser editions acknowledge absurdly the lines which I have put into parenthesis here; and which I have expunged from the text, for this reason: Romeo is made to confess the effect of the poison before ever he has tasted it. I suppose, it hardly was so savoury that the patient should choose to make two draughts of it. And, eight lines after these, we find him taking the poison in his hands, and making an apostrophe to it; inviting it to perform its office at once; and then, and not till then, does he clap it to his lips, or can with any probability speak of its instant force and effects. Besides, Shakipeare would hardly have made Romeo drink to the *health* of his *dead* mistress. Though the first quarto in 1599, and the two old folios, acknowledge this absurd stuff, I find it left out in several later quarto impressions. I ought to take notice, that though Mr. Pope has thought fit to stick to the old copies in this addition, yet he is no fair transcriber; for he has sunk upon us an hemistich of most profound absurdity, which possesses all those copies.

— Come,

Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
 Will

— Come, lie thou in my arms :
 Here's to thy health, where-e'er thou tumblest in.
 O true apothecary ! &c. THEOBALD.

I am sorry to say, that the foregoing note is an instance of disingenuousness, as well as inattention in Mr. Theobald, who, relying on the scarcity of the old quartos, very frequently makes them answerable for any thing he thinks proper to assert.

The quarto in 1599, was not the first. It was preceded by one in 1597 ; and though Mr. Theobald declares, *he found the passage left out in several of the later quarto impressions*, yet in the list of those he pretends to have collated for the use of his edition, he mentions but one of a later date, and had never seen either that published in 1609, or another without any date at all ; for in the former of these, the passage in question is preserved (the latter I have no copy of), and he has placed that in 1637, on the single faith of which his rejection is founded, among those quartos of middling authority : so that what he so roundly affirms of several, can with justice be said of only one ; for there are in reality no later quarto editions of this play than I have here enumerated, and two of those (by his own confession) he had never met with.

The hemistich, which Mr. Theobald pronounces *to be of most profound absurdity*, may deserve a somewhat better character ; but being misplaced, could not be connected with that part of that speech where he found it ; yet, being introduced a few lines lower, seems to make very good sense.

“ Come bitter conduct ! come unfav'ry guide !
 “ Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 “ The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary bark !
 “ *Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in.*
 “ Here's to my love ! O true apothecary !
 “ Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.”

To tumble into port in a storm, I believe to be a sea-phrase, as is *a tumbling sea*, and agrees with the allusion to the pilot or the tempest-beaten bark. *Here's success*, says he (continuing the allusion) *to thy vessel wherever it tumbles in*, or perhaps, *to the pilot who is to conduct, or tumble it in* ; meaning, *I wish it may succeed in ridding me of life, whatever may betide me after it, or wherever it may carry me*. He then drinks to the memory of Juliet's love, adding (as he feels the poison work) a short apostrophe to the apothecary, the effect of whose drugs he can doubt no longer ; and turning his thoughts back again to the object most beloved, he dies (like Othello) on a kiss.

Will I set up my everlasting rest⁹;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From

The other hemistich (not disposed of) may yet be introduced; how naturally, must be left to the reader to determine. The quarto of 1609, exhibits the passage thus:

“ — Ah, dear Juliet!

“ Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe;

“ Shall I believe? that unsubstantial death is amorous,

“ And that the lean,” &c.

If such an idea could have any foundation in nature, or be allowed in poetry, and Romeo, in consequence of having raised it to his imagination, was jealous of death, it would follow, that in his first frenzy, he might address himself to his mistress, and take her in his arms for the greater security. That being granted, with a slight transposition (one verse already exceeding the measure by two feet) the passage might be read thus:

“ — Ah, dear Juliet!

“ Why art thou yet so fair? *Shall* I believe—

“ I *will* believe (*come lie thou in my arms*)

“ That unsubstantial death is amorous,

“ And that the lean,” &c.

The object of dispute may perhaps be such as hardly to deserve this toil of transposition, but one critick has just as good a right to attempt the insertion of what he thinks he understands, as another has to omit a passage, because he can make no use of it at all. The whole of the conjecture is offered with the least degree of confidence, and from no other motive than a desire of preserving every line of Shakspeare, when any reason, tolerably plausible, can be given in its favour.

Mr. Theobald has not dealt very fairly in his account of this speech, as the absurdity is apparently owing to the repetition of some of the lines by a blunder of the printer, who had thereby made Romeo confess the effects of the poison before he had tasted it.

On second thoughts, it is not improbable, that Shakspeare had written—*I will believe*, and afterwards corrected it to—*Shall I believe*, without erasing the former: by which means it has happened that the printer has given us both. Thus, in what follows—*Come lie thou in my arms*, &c. might have been the poet's first sketch of the conclusion of Romeo's speech, which he forebore to obliterate, when he substituted—*here, here will I remain*, &c. This seems indeed to be evident from the edition of 1599, and the other old editions after that, in all which—*Depart again*, as the catch word, from which his amendment was to begin, is repeated. Let some future editor decide. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*my everlasting rest*;] See a note on scene 5th of the preceding

From this world-wearied flesh.--' Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
 Come, bitter conduct; come, unfavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in:
 Here's to my love!—[*Drinks*] O, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

ceding act, p. 143. So, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“ ——— could I *set up my rest*
 “ That he were lost, or taken prisoner,
 “ I could hold truce with sorrow.”

To *set up one's rest* is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind. Again, in the same play:

“ *Set up thy rest*; her marriest thou, or none.”

S T R E E V E N S.

1 ———— *Eyes, look your last!*
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!] So, in Daniel's *Com-
 plaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“ Pitiful mouth, said he, that living gavest
 “ The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish,
 “ O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou havest
 “ The sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss!
 “ And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
 “ Motives of love, born to be matched never,
 “ Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever!”

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other passages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the last act of the present tragedy. MALONE.

2 *A dateless bargain to engrossing death!*] *Engrossing* seems to be used here in its clerical sense. MALONE.

3 *Come bitter conduct.*] Marston also in his satires, 1599, uses *conduct* for *conductor*:

“ Be thou my *conduct* and my genius.”

So, in a former scene in this play:

“ And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now.” See vol. i. p. 125. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Friar Laurence, with a lanthorn, crow, and spade.

Lau. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves⁴?—Who's
there?

Enter Balthasar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Lau. Blifs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
⁵ It burneth in the Capel's monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy fir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Lau. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Lau. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Lau. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, fir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Lau. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon
me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

⁴ —*how oft to-night*

Have my old feet stumbled at graves?] This accident was reckoned ominous. So, in *K. Henry VI.* p. 3.

“For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,

“Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.* Hastings, going to execution, says:

“Three times to-day my footcloth horse did *stumble*.”

—STEEVENS.

⁵ *It burneth in the Capulets' monument.*] Both the folio and the quarto read:

“It burneth in the *Capels'* monument. MALONE.

Balth.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
 6 I dreamt my master and another fought,
 And that my master flew him.

Lau. Romeo?—

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
 What mean these masterless and gory swords
 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?—
 Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
 And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
 The lady stirs.

Jul. [*waking.*] O, comfortable friar! where is my
 lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
 And there I am :---Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Lau. I hear some noise.---Lady, come from that
 nest

Of death, contagion, ⁷ and unnatural sleep;
 A greater Power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
 And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

⁶ *I dreamt my master and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. STEEVENS.

⁷ *—and unnatural sleep;*] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs.

STEEVENS.

Stay

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet, — [*Noise again.*] I dare stay
no longer. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [*within*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger*].
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and let
me die⁹.

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there where the torch doth
burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the
church-yard;
Go, some of you, whome'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,

⁸ [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's translation of *Pierre Boisteou*, tom. ii. p. 244.—Drawing out the dagger which Romeo wore by his side, she pricked herself with many blowes against the heart." STEEVENS.

⁹ —*there rust and let me die.*] Is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus;

"I, noise? then must I be resolute.

"Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear,

"Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

"This is thy sheath." STEEVENS.

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
 Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets—
 ' Raife up the Montagues,—some others fearch:—
 We fee the ground whereon these woes do lie;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
 We cannot without circumstance defcry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in
 the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, 'till the prince come
 hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, fighs, and
 weeps:

We took this mattock and this fpade from him,
 As he was coming from this church-yard fide.

1 Watch. A great fufpicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What mifadventure is fo early up,
 That calls our perfon from our morning's reft?

Enter Capulet, and lady Capulet, &c.

Cap. What fhould it be, that they fo fhriek abroad?

' Raife up the Montagues.—Some others fearch:—] Here
 feems to be a rhyme intended, which may be eafily reftored;

“ Raife up the Montagues. Some others, go.

“ We fee the ground whereon these woes do lie,

“ But the true ground of all *this* piteous woe

“ We cannot without circumstance defcry.” JOHNSON.

It was often thought fufficient, in the time of Shakspeare, for
 the fecond and fourth lines in a ftanza, to rhyme with each other.

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris ; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.

Prince. ⁷ What fear is this, which startles in our
ears ?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul mur-
der comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
man ;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven !—O, wife ! look how our daugh-
ter bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en, for, ⁸ lo ! his house
Lies

⁷ *What fear is this, which startles in your ears ?*] Read,
“ What fear is this, which startles in *our* ears ?” JOHNSON.

⁸ —*lo ! his house, &c.*] The modern editors (contrary to the
authority of all the ancient copies, and without attention to the
disagreeable assonance of *sheath* and *sheathed*, which was first in-
troduced by Mr. Pope) read,

“ This dagger hath mista'en ; for, lo ! *the sheath*
“ *Lies* empty on the back of Montague,
“ *The point* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.”

The quarto, 1597, erroneously,

“ ——— this dagger hath mistook,
“ For (loe) the backe is empty of yong Montague,
“ And its sheathed in our daughter's breast.”

The quarto, 1599, affords the true reading,

“ This dagger hath mistane, for, loe ! his house
“ Is emptie on the back of Mountague,
“ And *it* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosome.”

If we do not read *it* instead of *is*, Capulet will be made to say—
The scabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and sheathed
in Juliet's bosom. The construction even with this emendation
will be irregular.

The quartos, 1609, 1637, and the folio 1623, offer the same
reading, except that they concur in giving *is* instead of *it*.

Lies empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O, me! this fight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague, and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. ¹ Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! ² what manners is in this,

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*.
So, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“Thou must weare thy sword by thy side,
“And thy *dagger* handsomly at thy backe.”

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie, &c.* an ancient collection of satires,
no date:

“See you the huge bum *dagger* at his backe?”

STEEVENS.

The passage, as it stands in the quarto of 1609, and in the first
folio, if regulated thus, is perfectly grammatical:

“This dagger hath mista'en, (for lo! his house
“Lies empty on the back of Montague)
“And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.”

MALONE.

⁹ — *for thou art early up, &c.*] This speech (as appears from
the following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert
Earl of Huntington*, 1601) has something proverbial in it:

“In you i'faith the proverb's verified,
“*You are early up, and yet are ne'er the near.*”

STEEVENS.

¹ *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;*] After this line the
quarto, 1597, adds,

“And young Benvolio is deceased too.”

But this I suppose the poet rejected on his revision of the play, as
unnecessary slaughter. STEEVENS.

² *O, thou untaught! &c.*] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

“Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:
“Who came first to the world, should first depart.
“It not becomes the old t'o'er-live the young;
“This dealing is prepostrous and o'er-thwart”

STEEVENS.

To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
 "Till we can clear these ambiguities,
 And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
 And then will I be general of your woes,
 And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
 And let mischance be slave to patience.—
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Lau. I am the greatest, able to do least,
 Yet most suspected, as the time and place
 Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
 Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Lau. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
 I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
 You—to remove that siege of grief from her—
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was staid by accident; and yesternight

Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know ; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this
 Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
 Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say to this ?

Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;
 And then in post he came from Mantua,
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
 Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch ?—
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
 grave ;
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
 And, by and by, my master drew on him ;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter does make good the friar's
 words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death :

And here he writes — that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. —
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! —
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen :---all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace ⁴ this morning with it
brings ;

The sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head :
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;

⁵ Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
For

⁴ *Have lost a brace of kinsmen,*] i. e. as the author of THE REMARKS supposes, Mercutio and Benvolio. The line therefore, says, he which communicated the tidings of the latter's death to the audience, p. 175, should be restored to the text.

EDITOR.

³ *A glooming peace, &c.*] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is the old reading, may be the true one. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605 :

“ Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night.”

To *gloom* is an ancient verb used by Spenser ; and I meet with it likewise in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661 :

“ If either he gaspeth or gloometh.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Some shall be pardon'd and some punished :*] This seems to be not a resolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence ; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law ? EDWARDS'S MSS.

This

For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo⁶. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned and hang'd; while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his satires, 1598, says :

“ Luscus, what's play'd to-day ?—faith, now I know

“ I set thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow

“ Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.” STEEVENS.

THIS play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires. *not*

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his fallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.* JOHNSON.

In the preliminary observations on this play it has been mentioned, that our author seems to have been more indebted to the poem entitled *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, printed at London in 1562, than to Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. That piece being extremely rare, it is here reprinted entire. From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the Death of Maister Arthur Brooke drownde in passing to New Haven*, by George Tuberville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes, &c.* 1567,] we learn that the former was the author of this poem :

“ Apollo lent him lute, for solace sake,
 “ To sound his verse by touch of stately string,
 “ And of the never-fading baye did make
 “ A lawrell crowne, about his browes tocling.
 “ In proufe that he for myter did excell,
 “ As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate*;
 “ For there he shewde his cunning passing well,
 “ When he the tale to English did translate.
 “ But what ? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
 “ With others moe his soveraigne queene to serve,
 “ Amid the seas unluckie youth was drownd,
 “ More speedie death than such one did deserve—”

MALONE.

THE TRAGICALL HYSTORY

OF

ROMEUS AND JULIET:

Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie;

With the subtill Counsels and practises of an old Fryer,
and their ill Event.

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.

T O T H E R E A D E R .

Amid the desert rockes the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge,
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare ;
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on ; or, when one dogge doth shake
With moofed mouth the joyntes too weak to fight,
Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creast !) or wylde in savage wood
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth and stayned jawes with blood ;
Oreles, when from the farthest heavens, they
The lode starres are, the wery pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke ; —

Right so my muse

Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,
Such as they are, are nought, or little woorth
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle

May better shape. The eldest of them loe
 I offer to the stake; my youthfull woorke,
 Which one reprochfull mouth might overthrowe:
 The rest, unlickt as yet, a while shall lurke,
 Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight
 With Slaunders whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,
 Of noble trympthes, and deedes of martial might;
 And shall geve rules of chaste and honest lyfe,
 The while, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
 Or rather not reprove the laughing game
 Of this my muse.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Love hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight,
 And both to graunt the thing doth both desyre;
 They wed in shrift, by counsell of a frier;
 Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliet's bower by night.
 Three monthes he doth enjoy his chief delight:
 By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,
 He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
 A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight:
 New mariage is offred to his wyfe;
 She drinckes a drinke that seemes to reve her breath;
 They bury her, that sleeping yet hath lyfe.
 Her husband heares the tydinges of her death,
 He drinckes his bane; and she with Romeus' knyfe,
 When she awakes, herselfe, alas! she sleath.

ROMEOUS AND JULIET*.

THERE is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,
Where bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile foyle,
Mayntained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.
The fruitfull hilles above, the pleafant vales belowe,
The filver ftreames with chanel depe, that through the towne doth
flow ;

The

* The original relater of this ftory was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till fome years after his death ; being firft printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A fecond edition was published in 1539. And it was again reprinted at the fame place in 1553, (without the author's name) with the following title : *Historia nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietofa morte ; intervenuta gia nella Citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala. Nuovamente Stampata.*---There are fome variations in the editions. In an epiftle prefixed to this work, which is addreffed *Alla belliffima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account of the manner in which he became acquainted with the ftory :

“ Siccome voi ftelfa vedefte, mentre il cielo verfo me in tutto ogni fuo fdegno rivolto non ebbe, nel bel principio di mia giovanezza al meftier dell'arme mi diedi, e in quella molti grandi et valorofi nomini fequendo, nella dilettevole voftro patria del Frioli alcun anno mi effercitai ; per la quale, fecondo i cafi, quando privatamente or quinci or quindi fervendo, m'era bifogno di andare. Aveva io per continuo ufo cavalcando di menar meco uno mio arciero, uomo di forse cinquanta anni, pratico nell' arte e piacevoliffimo, e come quafti tutti que' di Verona (ov' egli nacque) fono, parlante molto, et chiamato Peregrino. Quefti oltra che animofa et esperto foldate fueffe, leggiadro & forse più di quello che agli anni fuoi fi faria convenuto, innamorato fempre fi ritrovava, il che al fuo valore doppio valore aggiugneva : onde le più belle novelle & con miglior ordine e grazia fi diletta va di raccontare ; e maffimamente quelle che di amore parlavano, che alcun altro ch' io udi ffi giammai. Per la qual cofa partendo io da Gradifca, ove in alloggiamenti mi ftava, & con coftui e due altri miei, forse d' amore fofpinto, verfo Udine venendo ; la quale ftroda molto folinga, e tutta per la guerra arfa e diftrutta in quel tempo era, e molto dal pensiero foppreffo e lontano dagli altri venendomi, accoftatomifi il detto Peregrino, come quello che i miei pensieri indovinava, così mi diffe : Volete voi fempre in trifta vita vivere, perchè una bella crudele, altramente moftando, poco vi ami ? E benchè contro a me ftelfo dica, pure perchè meglio sì danno, che non fi ritengono, i configli, vi dirò,

The store of springes that serue for use, and eke for ease,
 And other moe commodities, which profit may and please ;
 Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,
 To fyll the houngrы eyes of those that curiously beholde ;
 Doe make this towne to be preferde above the rest
 Of Lombard townes, or, at the least, compared with the best.
 In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raygne,
 To reache rewarde unto the good, to pay the lewde with payne,
 Alas ! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,
 Which Boccace skant, not my rude tonge, were able fourth to
 tell.

Within my trembling hande my penne doth shake for feare,
 And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth stand my heare.
 But sith sice doeth commaunde, whose hest I must obeye,
 In moorning verse a woeful chaunce to tell I will assaye.
 Helpe learned Pallas, helpe ye Muses with your art,
 Help all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes ietourn'd to smart :
 Help eke, ye sisters three, my skilleffe pen tindyte,
 For you it caus'd which I alas ! unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient stocks, which Fortune hygh did place
 Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race ;
 Lov'd of the common sort, lov'd of the prince alike,
 And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune list to stryke ;
 Whose prayse with equal blast Fame in her trumpet blew ;
 The one was clyped Capolet, and thother Mountague.
 A wonted use it is, that men of likely forte,
 (I wot not by what furye fors'd) envye cache others porte.
 So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,
 And then of grudging envie's roote blacke hate and rancor grew ;
 As of a littel sparke oft ryseth mighty fyre,
 So, of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flash oute their eyre :
 And then theyr deadly foode, first hatch'd of trifling stryfe,
 Did bath in bloud of smarring woundes,—it reved breth and lyfe.
 No legend lye I tell ; scarce yet their eyes be drye,
 That did behold the grisly sight with wet and weeping eye.
 But when the prudent prince who there the scepter helde,
 So great a new disorder in his commonweale behelde,
 By jentyl meane he sought their choler to asswage,
 And by perswasion to appease their blameful furious rage ;

Patron mio, che oltra, che a voi nell' esercizio, che siete, lo star molto nella prigion d' amore si disdica ; sì tristi son quasi tutti i fini, a' quali egli ci conduce, ch' è uno pericolo il seguirlo : E in testimonianza di ciò, quando a voi piaceffe, potrete io una novella nella mia città avvenuta, che la strada men solitaria, e men rincrescevole ci faria, raccontarvi ; nella quale sentireste come due nobili amanti a misera e piatosa morte guidati fossero. E già avendo io fatto segno di udirlo volontieri, egli così comincio."

But

But both his woords and tyme the prince hath spent in vayne
 So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buyfy payne,
 When friendly sage advise ne gentyll woords avayle,
 By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he
 quayle ;

In hope that when he had the wasting flame supprest,
 In time he should quyte quench the spark that boornd within
 their brest.

Now whylll these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,
 And eche with outward frendly shew doth hyde his inward hate,
 One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,
 Upon whose tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
 Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest dyd stayne,
 That from the cheef of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,
 Hath found a mayde so fayre (he founde so foule his happe)
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, dyd so his heart entrappe,
 That from his own affayres his thought she did remove ;
 Onely he sought to honor her, to serve her and to love.
 To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
 At length, in hope of better spede, himselfe the lover went ;
 Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,
 And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
 But she that from her youth was fostred evermore
 With vertue's foode, and taught in schole of wisdome's skilfull
 lore,

By aunswere did cutte off thaffections of his love,
 That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move :
 So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
 That in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke ;
 And yet how much she did with constant mind retyre,
 Somuch the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by desyre.
 But when he, many monthes hopelese of his recure,
 Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,
 At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
 If chaunge of place might chaunge away his ill-bestowed love ;
 And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone :
 " What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,
 Sith that my humble sute, and labour sowde in vayne,
 Can reape none other fruite at all but scorn and proud disdayne ?
 What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne,
 But she the path wherein I treade with speedy flight doth shunne.
 I cannot live except that nere to her I be ;
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me.
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight ;
 Perhaps, mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,
 This tyre of mine, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded."

o

But

But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,
 A contrary repugnant thought fanke in his brest so depe,
 That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best.
 In syghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorow and unrest,
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and werey night ;
 So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygrav'd her bewty bright
 Within his brest, and hath so mastred quyte his hart,
 That he of force must yelde as thrall ;—no way is left to start.
 He cannot stay his steppe, but forth styll must he ronne.
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snowe agaynst the sonne.
 His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
 And eche of them in frendly wyse his heavy hap bewayles.
 But one among the rest, the trustiest of his feeses,
 Farre more than he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,
 Gan sharply him rebuke ; such love to him he bare,
 That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.
 “ What meanst thou Romeus, quoth he, what dotting rage
 Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of thine age,
 In seeking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,
 Not forling all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted truth,
 Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruthe?
 Now, for our friendship's sake, and for thy health, I pray
 That thou hencefoorth become thine owne ;—O give no more away
 Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free estate :
 In that that thou lovest such a one thou seemst thyself to hate.
 For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne ;
 Or els (what booteth thee to sue?) Love's court she hath forsworne.
 Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortune's grace :
 What man is better shapd than thou? who hath a sweeter face?
 By painful studie's meane great learning hast thou wonne,
 Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.
 What greater greefe, trowst thou, what woeful dedly smart,
 Should so be able to distraine thy feely father's hart,
 As in his age to see thee plunged deepe in vice,
 When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertue's fame arise?
 What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe?
 Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth.
 Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth beginne
 To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedst in.
 Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,
 That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
 But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,
 Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.
 Choose out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,
 Who will give care to thy complaint, and pittie ere thou sterve.
 But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine soyle
 As yelds in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.

Ere long the townish dames together will resort,
Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,
With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,
That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde.”

The yong man's listning eare receiv'd the holsome founde,
And reason's truth y-planted so, within his head had grounde ;
That now with healthy cool y-tempred is the heate,
And picce meale weares away the greefe that crist his heart did
freate.

To his approved frend a solcmne othe he plight,
At every feast y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,
At pardons in the churche, at games in open streate,
And every where he would resort where ladies went to mete ;
Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,
For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.
How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne !
But twice as happy had he beene, had he been never borne.
For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,
Faisse Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischief newe to
brewe.

The very winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.
And fyrst in Capel's house, the chiefe of all the kyn
Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.
No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne,
But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a geast.
Yong damfels thither flocke, or bachelers a rowte,
Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to serche out,
But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
(For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)
Save Romeus, and he in maske, with hydden face,
The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.
When they had maskd a while with dames in courtly wise,
All did unmaske ; the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes ;
But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forsooke
The open prease, and him withdrew into the chamber's nooke.
But brighter than the funne the waxen torches shone,
That, maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one,
But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe,
To woonder at his sightly shape, and bewtie's spotles hewe ;
With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,
That ladies, thought the fayrest dames, were fowle in his respect.
And in theyr head besyde an other woonder rose,
How he durst put himselfe in throng among so many foes :
Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede.
And women love an hardy hart, as I in stories rede.

The

The Capilets disdayne the presence of thyer foe,
 Yet they suppress the styred yre; the cause I doe not knowe;
 Perhaps to offend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth;
 Perhaps they stay from sharp revenge, dreading the prince's
 wroth;

Perhaps for that they shand to exercise theyr rage
 Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.
 They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyr deede,
 They neyther say, what makst thou here? ne yet they say, God
 speede.

So that he freely might the ladies view at ease,
 And they also beholding him their chaunge of fancies please;
 Which Nature had hym taught to doe with such a grace,
 That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
 With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,
 And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in na-
 ture's frame.

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,
 (Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their rape)
 Whom erst he never sawe; of all she pleasde him most;
 Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly may'st thee boaste
 Of perfect shape's renowne and beautie's sounding prayse,
 Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene, ne liveth in our dayes.
 And whilst he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
 His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
 Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:
 The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unseene.
 And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
 So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
 This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,
 That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery
 heate.

When Romeo saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,
 Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost,
 He doubtfull skafely knew what countenance to keepe;
 In Lethie's floud his wonted flames were quenched and drenched
 deepe.

Yea he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde
 To ask her name that without force hath him in bondage folde;
 Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,
 But onely seeketh by her sight to feede his houngrny eyes;
 Through them he swalloweth downe Love's sweete empysonde
 baite:

How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte;
 So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and vaines,
 That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines.
 Whilst Juliet, for so this gentle damsell hight,
 From syde to syde on every one dyd cast about her sight,

At last her floting eyes were anchored fast on him,
Who for her sake dyd banish health and freedome from eche
limme.

He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest, as farre
As Phœbus' shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre.
In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and shaft,
And to his eare with steady hand the bowstring up he raft:
Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte,
Till now he listd not assaulte her yong and tender hart.
His whetted arrow loosde, so touchd her to the quicke
That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did
sticke.

It booted not to strive. For why?—she wanted strength;
The weaker eye unto the strong, of force, must yeld at length.
The pomps now of the feast her heart gins to dispyse:
And onely joyeth when her eyes meete with her lover's eyes.
When theyr new smitten heartes had fed on loving gleames,
Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were thyerbeames,
Eche of these lovers gan by other's lookes to knowe,
That friendship in theyr brest had roote, and both would have it
grow.

When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,
And eche of them had fought the meane to end the warre by
speech,

Dame Fortune did assent, theyr purpose to advaunce.
With torche in hand a comely knight did fetch her foorth to
daunce;

She quit herself so well and with so trim a grace
That she the chiefe prayse wan that night from all Verona race:
The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng donne.
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere,
And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere,
At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio;
A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,
For he was coorteous of his speeche, and pleasant of devise.
Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
Such was emong the bashfull maydes Mercutio to beholde.
With friendly gripe he ceasd fayre Juliet's snowish hand:
A gyft he had, that nature gave him in his swathing band,
That frosen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold,
As were his handes, though nere so near the fire he did them
hold.

As soon as had the knight the virgin's right hand raught,
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught,
For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne,
And well he wist she lov'd him best, unless she list to fayne.

Then

Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest ;
 What joy, trow you, was graffed so in Romeus' cloven brest ?
 The sodayne sweet delight hath stopped quite his tong,
 Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.
 But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe
 From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe,
 That vehment love was cause why so his tong did stay,
 And so much more she longd to heare what Love could teach him
 faye.

When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,
 And her desyre of hearing him by sylence did increase,
 At last, with trembling voyce and shamefast chere. the mayde
 Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she sayde :

“ O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here ! ——— ”

But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love drewe so nere,
 And so within her mouth her tonguc he glewed fast,
 That no one woord could scape her more then what already past.
 In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt :
 What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt :
 That geves you worthy cause my cunning here to blesse ?
 Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this ;
 Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smyling chere :
 “ Mervayle no whit, my hearte's delight, my only knight and
 feere,

Mercutio's yfy hand had all to-frosen myne,
 And of thy goodnes thou againe hast warmed it with thync.”
 Whereto with stayed brow gan Romeus replye :
 “ If so the Gods have graunted me suche favor from the skye,
 That by my being here some service I have donne
 That pleaseth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.
 O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,
 Which I woulde wish if I might have my withed hart's desire !
 For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,
 To serve, obey, and honor you, so long as lyfe shall last :
 As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye
 His faltles truth, that nill for ought unto his lady lye.
 But if my touched hand have warmed yours some dele,
 Assure your selfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,
 Compar'd to suche quicke sparks and glowing furious gleade,
 As from your bewtie's pleasant eyne Love caused to proceade ;
 Which have so set on fyre eche feling part of myne,
 That lo ! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my outward parts do pync.
 And, but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne ;
 Wherefore, alas ! have ruth on him, whom you do force to
 boorne.”

Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,
 And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen friend.

His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,
When layfureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunfwer
make :

“ You are no more your owne, deare friend, then I am yours ;
My honour savd, prest tobey your will, while life endures.”
Lo! here the lucky lot that fild true lovers finde,
Each takes away the other's hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
A happy life is love, if God graunt from above
That hart with hart by even waight do make exchange of love.
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde ;
He hath forgot to ask her name, that hath his hart in holde.
With forged careles chere, of one he seekes to knowe,
Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him enchaunt-
ed so. .

So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,
Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
Thus hath his foe in choyce to geve him life or death,
That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.
Wherefore with piteous plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,
That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing
game.

And he reproveth love cheefe cause of his unrest,
Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull brest :
Twise hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde :
Of both the ylles to choose the lesle, I weene, the choyse were
harde.

Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,
And now with spurre he forceth him to runne an endles race.
Amid these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,
He serveth not a cruel one, as he had done of olde ;
And therefore is content and chooseth still to serve,
Though hap should sweare that guerdonles the wretched wight
should sterve.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine ;
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pyne.

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,
To learne his name that entertaind her in so gentle wise ;
Of whom her heart receivd so depe, so wyde, a wound.
An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde :
(This old dame in her youth had nurst her with her mylke,
With slender needle taught her sow, and how to spyn with fylke.)
What twayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the doore,
Whose pages in their hand do beare two torches light before ?
And then, as each of them had of his household name,
So she him nam'd.— Yet once again the young and wyly dame—
“ And tell me who is he with vyfor in his hand,
That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the window stand.”

His

His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montegewe,
Whose father's pryde first styrde the stryfe which both your house
holds rewe.

The word of Montegew her joyes did overthrow,
And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.
What hap have I, quoth she, to love my father's foe?
What am I weary of my wele? what, doe I wish my woe?
But though her grevous paynes diltraind her tender hart,
Yet with an outward show of joye she cloked inward smart;
And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtely tooke.
That none did gesse the sodein change by changing of her looke,
Then at her mother's hest to chamber she her hyed,
So wel she faynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme descride.
But when she shoulde have slept as wont she was in bed,
Not half a wynké of quyete slepe could harbor in her hed;
For loe an hugy heape of divers thoughtes arise,
That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.
And now from syde to syde she tosseth and she turnes.
And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes.
And now she lyketh her choyce, and now her choyce she blames,
And now eche houre within her head a thousand fanfyes frames,
Sometime in mynde to stop amyde her course begonne,
Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, that attempted race to runne.
Thus danger's dred and love within the maiden fought;
The fight was feerfe, continuing long by their contrary thought.
In touning mase of love she wandereth too and fro,
Then standeth doubtful what to doo; last, overprest with woe,
How so her fanfies cease, her teares did never blin,
With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.
" Ah silly foole, quoth she, y-cought in foottill snare!
Ah wretched wench, be warpt in woe! ah caytife clad with
care!

Whence come these wandring thoughts to thy unconstant brest,
By straying thus from raifon's lore, that reve thy wonted rest?
What if his suttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong?
What if with friendly speache the traitor lye in wayte,
As oft the poyfond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte?
Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood serv'd her lust;
And toorn'd their honor into shame, that did so slightly trust.
What was not Dido so, a crowned queene, defamd?
And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus
blamd?

A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,
In Boccace and in Ovid's bookes too plainely written are.
Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot worke by strength,
By suttel sleight (my honour staynd), he hopes to worke at length.

So shall I seeke to find my father's foe, his game ;
 So (I desylde) Report shall take her trompe of black defame,
 Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill
 Of my dispraise, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.
 Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becommē,
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollow toombe.”
 Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust.
 Her troublesom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond distrust,
 “ No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,
 Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,
 That where such perfet shape with pleasant bewty restes,
 There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted gesses;
 Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne ;
 Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is mine.
 The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd ;
 So that I see he loveth me :—shall I then be unkynd ?
 His face's rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke ;
 And straight again it flashed forth, and spred in cyther cheeke.
 His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
 His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei seemed to rehearce,
 What ment his soltring tunge in telling of his tale ?
 The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale ?
 And whilst I talk with him, himself he hath exylde
 Out of himself, as seemed me ; ne was I sure begylde.
 Those arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,
 But Nature's hand, when all deceyte was banishd out of place,
 What other certayne signes seeke I of his good wil ?
 These doo suffice ; and stedfast I will love and serve him styll,
 Till Attropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
 So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe,
 For so perchaunce this new alliance may procure
 Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall indure.”

Oh how can we perswade ourself to what we like !
 And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mind mislyke ?
 Weake arguments are stronge, our fancies streight to frame
 To pleasing things, and eke to shonne; if we mislyke the same.
 The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre;
 Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining starre
 Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus spred in skies
 His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.
 And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,
 Where restless he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed,
 And while with lingring step by Juliet's house he past,
 And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did cast,
 His love that lookd for him there gan he straight espye.
 With pleasant cheere eche greeted is ; she followeth with her eye
 His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
 But not so oft as he desyres ; warely he doth refrayne.

What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
 Y-fowred not the sweete ; if love were free from jelosy !
 But she more sure within, unseene of any wight,
 When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.
 In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,
 That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
 In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,
 From which, except he warely walke, men may his love deserye :
 For lo ! it fronted full upon her leaning place,
 Where she is wont to shew her heart by cheerefull frendly face,
 And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,
 He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by daye ;
 But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spred,
 Well-armde he walketh soorth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.
 Whom maketh love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde ?
 He driverh daungers dread oft times out of the lover's minde.
 By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne ;
 And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye slaine.
 And Juliet that now doth lacke her heart's releefe,—
 Her Romeus' pleasant eyen I mean—is almost dead for greefe.
 Eche day she chaungeth howrs, for lovers keepe an howre,
 When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by their bowre.
 Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
 Within her windowe, and anon the moone did shine so bright
 That she espyde her loove ; her hart revived sprang ;
 And now for joy she claps her handes, which erst for wo she
 wrang.

Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desyred sight,
 His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight.
 Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more :
 His care was great, hers twice as great was, all the time before ;
 For whilst she knew not why he did himselfe absent,
 In douting both his health and life, his death she did lament.
 For love is fearful oft where is no cause of feare,
 And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced
 weare.

Of greater cause alway is greater woorke y-bred ;
 While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.
 When onely absence is the cause of Romeus' smart,
 By happy hope of sight againe he feedes his fainting hart.
 What wonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoy ?
 What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joye ?
 His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove ;
 Ne, for she passed him in both, did she him passe in love :
 But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
 The wel-beloved knight and eke the wel-beloyed dame.
 Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronnc,
 With whispering voyce, y-broke with sobs, thus is her tale begonne.

“ Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas sure you are,
That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazzard it you darr.
What if your dedly foes, my kinsmen, saw you here ?
Lyke Lyons wylde, your tender parts asonder would they teare.
In ruth and in disdayne, I, wery of my life,
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloudy
knyfe.

For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare ?
And eke my honor staynd, which I then lyfe do holde more deare.”

“ Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall filters three.
They may in spyte of foes draw fourth my lively threed ;
And they also (who so sayth nay) asonder may it shreed.
But who, to reave my lyfe, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps should try unto his payne how I it could defende.
Ne yet I love it so, but always, for your sake,
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my mishappe were such, that here, before your sight,
I should restore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,
This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,
That part he should before that you by certain trial knew
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,
And how I dread to loose the gayne which I do hope to win ;
And how I wish for lyfe, not for my proper ease,
But that in it you might I love, you honor, serve and please,
Till dedly pang the sprite out of the corps shall send :”
And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pittie boyle in Juliet's ruthfull breast ;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest ;
Her bosome bath'd in teares (to witnes inward payne),
With drery chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne :
“ Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in these words, (quod she)
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me
For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath ;
In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.
For so my heart is knit, yea made one selfe with yours,
That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynd en-
dures,

But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part
(Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.
But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne
You have respect, or pity ought my tear-y-weeping eyen,
In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfolde,
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you do intende my honor to defile,
In error shall you wander still, as you have done this while :
But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desyre hath found,

Obedience set asyde, unto my parents dewe,
 The quarrel eke that long agoe betwene our householdes grewe,
 Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
 And following you where so you goe, my father's house forsake.
 But if by wanton love and by unlawfull fute
 You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke my maydenhood's dainty frute,
 You are begylde ; and now your Juliet you beseeke
 To cease your fute, and suffer her to live emong her likes."
 Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,
 And to the top of vertue's haight did worthely aspyre,
 Was fild with greater joy than can my pen expresse,
 Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearer's hart can gesse*.
 And then with joynd hands, heav'd up into the skies,
 He thankes the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down
 he cries,

If he have other thought but as his Lady spake ;
 And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did answere make :
 " Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much
 As to accept me for your spouse, I yeld myselfe for such.
 In true witnes whereof, because I must depart,
 Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart.
 Tomorrow eke betimes, before the sunne arise,
 To fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.
 He is my gostly fyre, and oft he hath me taught
 What I should do in things of waight, when I his ayde have
 fought.

And at this selfe same houre, I plyte you here my fayth,
 I will be here, if you thinke good, to tell you what he sayth."
 She was contented well ; els favour found he none
 That night, at lady Juliet's hand, save pleasant woords alone.
 This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,
 For he of Francis' order was a fryer, as I reede.
 Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,
 But doctor of divinetie proceded he in schoole.
 The secrets eke he knew in Nature's woorks that loorke ;
 By magick's arte most men supposed that he could wonders woorke.
 Ne doth it ill beseme devines those skils to know,
 If on no harmfull deede they do such skilfulnes bestow ;
 For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,
 But right and reason's lore crye out against the lewd abuse.
 The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne
 The towne's folk's harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence runne,
 To snive themselfe ; the olde, the young, the great and small ;
 Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.

* ---the hearer's hart can gesse.] From these words it should seem that this poem was formerly sung or recited to casual passengers in the streets. See also p. 199. l. 34. "If any man be here, &c."

And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,
 The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.
 Betwixt the Capilets, and him great trendship grew,
 A secret and assured frend unto the Montague.
 Lovd of this yong man more than any other geste,
 The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best ;
 For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,
 As erst you heard, by skilfull love found out his harme's redresse.
 To him is Romeus gone, ne stayeth he till the morrowe ;
 To him he painteth all his case, his passed joy and sorrow.
 How he hath her espide with other dames in daunce,
 And how that fyrst to talke with her him selfe he dyd advaunce ;
 Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
 And how so fast by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,
 That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,
 Shall make him false his faith to her, while lyfe shall lend him
 breath.

And then with weeping eyes he prayes his gostly fyre
 To further and accomplish all their honest hartes' desyre.
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold man's hed arose,
 A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,
 And from the spoufall rites he readeth him refrayne,
 Perhaps he shall be bet advise within a week or twayne.
 Advise is banisht quite from those that folowe love,
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynde do move.
 As well the father might have counfeld him, to stav
 That from a mountaine's top thrown downe is falling halfe the waye,
 As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth foorth to ronnc,
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the fryer doth grant at last ;
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,
 Of both the households wrath, this marriage might appease ;
 So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever cease.
 The respite of a day he asketh to devise
 What way were best, unknown, to end so great an enterprise.
 The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
 Scarce patient tarieth whilst his lecche doth make the salve to cure :
 So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,
 Yet nedes he must, - els must he want his oncly harte's delight.

You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare ;
 Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap
 Into the frier's brest ;—but where shall Juliet unwrap
 The secrets of her hart ; to whom shall she unfold
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care so colde.
 The nurse of whom I spake, within her chamber laye,
 Upon the mayde she wayteth still ;—to her she doth bewray
 Her new-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
 In her, she saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.

Not easily she made the froward nurce to bowe,
 But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne vowe
 To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her hest;
 Her mistres' secrets hide she will, within her covert brest.

To Romeus she goes, of him she doth desyre
 To know the meane of marriage, by counsell of the fryre.
 On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to shrift,
 She shall be shuived and married:—howlyke you, noorse, this drift?
 Now by my truth, (quod she) God's blessing have your hart,
 For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part,
 Lord, how you yong men can such crafty wiles devise,
 If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mother's eyes!
 An easy thing it is with cloke of holines
 To mock the fely mother, that suspecteth nothing lesse.
 But that it pleaseth you to tell me of the case,
 For all my many yeres perhaps I should have found it scarce.
 Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone;
 To get her leave, some feate excuse I will devise anone;
 For that her golden lockes by sloth have been unkempt,
 Or for unawares some wanton dreame the youthfull damfelle
 drempt,

Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time she spent,
 Or otherwise within her hart deserved to be shent.
 I know her mother will in no case say her nay;
 I warrant you, she shall not fayle to come on Saterdag.
 And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her well;
 And how she gave her sucke in youth, she leaveth not to tell.
 A prety babe (quod she) it was when it was yong;
 Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong!
 A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
 And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I did clappe.
 And gladder than I was of such a kisse forsooth,
 Than I had been to have a kisse of some old letcher's mouth.
 And thus of Juliet's youth began this prating noorse,
 And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.
 For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,
 The message' aunswer seemed him to be of more behove.
 But when these beldames sit at ease upon theyr tayle,
 The day and eke the candle light before ther talke shall fayle.
 And part they say is true, and part they do devise,
 Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.
 Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
 And gave them her;—a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.
 In seven yeres twice tolde she had not bowd so lowe
 Her crooked knees, as now they bowe; she sweares she will be
 stowe

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,
 To help him to his hoped blisse; and, cowering downe agayne,
 She

She takes her leave, and home she hies with speedy pace ;
The chamber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling
face :

Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tydings I thee bring,
Leave of thy wonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,
That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast wonne :
The best y-shapde is he and hath the fayrest face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace ;
So gentle of his speeche, and of his counsell wise :
And still with many prayfes more she heaved him to the skies.
Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought ;
But of our marriage, say at once, what aunswere have you brought ?
Nay, soft, (quod she) I feare your hurt by sodain joye ;
I list not play (quod Juliet), although thou list to roye.
How glad, trow you, was she, when she had heard her say,
No farther of than Saturday, differred was the day.
Again the auncient nurce doth speake of Romeus,
And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.
Nothing was done or sayd that she hath left untold,
Save only one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.
“ There is no losse (quod she) sweete wench, to losse of time,
Ne in thine age shall thou repent so much of any crime.
For when I call to minde my former passed youth,
One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endless ruth,
At sixteene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,
And I was fully ripe before, I dare well say, a yere.
The pleasures that I lost, that year so overpast,
A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, whyle life doth last.
In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were, I wisse,
When thou maist live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse.”
She that this morning could her mistres mynd disswade,
Is now become an oratresse, her lady to perswade.
If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
To him I speake ; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not
spare.

Two sorts of men there are, feeld welcome in at doore,
The welthy sparing nigard, and the sutor that is poore.
For glittering gold is wont by kynd to move the hart ;
And oftentimes a slight rewarde doth cause a more defart.
Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,
There is no better way to fishe than with a golden hooke.
Of Romeus these two do fitte and chat awhyle,
And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle,
A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,
And leave for her to go to shrift on Saterdag, she got.
So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
Her mother's angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.

The Saterday betimes, in sober weed y-clad,
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad,
 With her the nurce is sent, as brydle of her lust,
 With her the mother sends a mayd almost of equall trust,
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cought,
 So warely eke the virgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.
 She gaseth not in church on yong men of the towne,
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneeleth
 downe

Upon an altar's step, where she devoutly prayes
 And there upon her tender knees the wery lady staves;
 Whilst she doth send her mayd the certayn truth to know,
 If fryer Lawrence layfure had to heare her shrift, or no.
 Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant cheere;
 The shamefast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth neere,
 Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,
 Perhaps you have displeas'd your friend by geving him a mate.
 Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
 Go heare a masse or two, (quod he) which straightway shall be
 sayde.

For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne
 The charge that I received of you restore to you agayne.
 What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,
 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungd her yong mistrusting
 mayde?

I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,
 But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.
 Thus to the fryer's cell they both forth walked byn;
 He shuts the doore as soon as he and Juliet were in.
 But Romeus, her friend, was entered in before,
 And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.
 Eche minute seemd an houre, and every howre a day,
 Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.
 Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,
 For what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe delight.
 And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,
 For now the rest of all her parts have found her straying hart.
 Both their confessions fyrst the fryer hath heard make:
 And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake:
 Payre lady Juliet, my gostly daughter deere,
 As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you stondest here,
 Twixt you it is agreed, that you shall be his wyfe,
 And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your life.
 Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest?
 And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely hart's request.
 When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,
 When in the prayse of wedlock's state somme skilfull talke was past,
 When

When he had told at length the wife what was her due,
 His duty eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew ;
 How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,
 What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay, —
 The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde
 Appoynted hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde
 Received of Romeus ; and then they both arose.
 To whom the frier then said : Perchaunce apart you will disclose,
 Betwixt your selfe alone, the bottom of your hart ;
 Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should depart.
 Then Romeus said to her, (both loath to part so soone)
 “ Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurce this afternoone.
 Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time ;
 By which, this night while others sleepe, I will your windowe
 clyme.

Then will we talke of love and of our old dispayres,
 And then with longer layfure had dispose our great affayres.”

These sayd, they kisse, and then part to theyr father's house,
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke go'th the spouse ;
 Contented both, and yet both discontented still,
 Till Night and Venus' child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
 The painfull souldiour, fore y-bet with wery warre,
 The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from
 farre,

The plowman that, for doute of fcerce invading foes,
 Rather to sit in ydle ease than sowe his tilt hath chose,
 Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace ;
 Not pleasurd with the sound so much, but, when the warrs do
 cease,

Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre brings foorth :
 The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth ;
 Dredeles the husbandman doth till his fertile feeld.
 For welth, her mate, not for her selfe, his peace so precious held ;
 So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unrest,
 And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their brest ;
 But wedlocke is the peace whereby his freedom wonne
 To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne.
 The newes of ended warre these two have heard with joy,
 But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.
 In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,
 Thy stearles ship, O Romeus, hath been long while betost ;
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,
 Art come in sight of quiet haven ; and, now the wrackfull barre
 Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort
 Unto thy wedded ladie's bed, thy long-desyred port !
 God graunt, no follie's mist so dymme thy inward sight,
 That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight !

God

God graunt, no daunger's rocke; y-lurking in the darke,
 Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke,
 A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,
 That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maister would him trust,
 His faithfulness had oft our Romeus proved of olde ;
 And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
 Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
 To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes,
 The bryde to send the nurse at twylyght fayleth not,
 To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.
 And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,
 For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,
 He will not misse to come to hys appoynted place,
 Where wont he was to take by stelth the view of Juliet's face.
 How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,
 Let others judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay :
 For my part, I do gesse eche howre scemes twenty yere ;
 So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
 The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
 Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all over-
 hyde.

Thappoynted howre is comme ; he, clad in riche araye,
 Walkes toward his desyred home :—good fortune gyde his way !
 Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,
 So light he wox, he leapt the wall, and there he spyde his wyfe,
 Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord ;
 Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,
 That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,
 Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand times.
 The windowes close are shut ; els looke they for no gest ;
 To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurse is prest,
 Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
 That she at pleasure might behold her husband's bewty bright.
 A carchef white as snowe ware Juliet on her hed,
 Such as she wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.
 As soon as she him spide, about his necke she clong,
 And by her long and slender armes a great while there she hong.
 A thousand times she kist, and him unkist againe,
 Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere so
 fayne.

And like betwixt his armes to faynt his lady is ;
 She fets a sigh and clapping close her closed mouth to his :
 And ready then to fownde, she looked ruthfully,
 That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
 These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,
 And she unto herselfe agayne returned home at last.
 Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,
 An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.

O Romeus, (quod she) in whom all vertues shine,
 Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of mine
 Such teary streames did flowe, that I suppose wel ny
 The source of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.
 Absence so pynde my hart, which on thy presence fed,
 And of thy safety and thy health so much I stood in dred.
 But now what is decreed by fatall destiny,
 I force it not; let Fortune do and death their worst to me.
 Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,
 In that the Gods have graunted me to claspe thee in mine armes.
 The chrystal teares began to stand in Romeus' eyes,
 When he unto his ladie's woordes gan aunswere in this wise:
 " Though cruell Fortune be so much my dedly foe,
 That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee, fayre dame, to know
 How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
 Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert on me,
 Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
 Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well assure;
 The least of many paines which of thy absence sproong,
 More painfully than death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong,
 Ere this, one death had rest a thousand deathes away,
 But life prolonged was by hope of this desyred day;
 Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,
 That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone
 Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Ynde.
 Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde;
 For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,
 So is it skill behind our backe the cursed care to cast.
 Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assinde,
 Where we with pleasure may content our discontented mynde,
 In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,
 Whilst we do bathe in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
 And, for the time to comme, let be our busy care
 So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;
 Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,
 And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight."
 Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,
 But forth in hast the old nurce stept, and so her aunswere stayde.
 Who takes not time (quoth she) when time well offred is,
 An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse.
 And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,
 Is worthy sure, if I might judge, of lashes with a whippe.
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmede the other so,
 And eche of you hath ben the cause of other's wayled woe,
 Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight.
 Wherto these lovers both gan easely assent,
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they went.
Where

Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to rest),
 How can this be? they restless lye, ne yet they feele unrest.
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in ;
 O that I might have found the like ! I wish it for no sin,
 But that I might as well with pen their joys depaynt,
 As heretofore I have displayd their secer hidden playnt.
 Of shyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
 But Fortune such delight as theyrs did never graunt me yet.
 By prooffe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
 But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.
 The blindfold goddesse that with frowning face doth fraye,
 And from theyr seat the mighty kinges throwes down with hed,
 long sway,

Begynneth now to turne to these her snyking face :
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortune's grace.
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselve envies thy happy sort.
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.

Thus passe they foorth the night, in sport, in jolly game ;
 The hastines of Phoebus' steeds in great dispyte they blame.
 And now the vyrgin's fort hath warlike Romeus got,
 In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,
 And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place :
 How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers' parts embrace.
 The marriage thus made up, and both the parties' pleas'd,
 The nigh approche of daye's retoorne these sely soles discaid.
 And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,
 Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty morning's crime.
 With frendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,
 And every other night, to come, a solemn othe he makes,
 By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre :
 And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawse his sweete with sowre.
 But who is he that can his present state assure ?
 And say unto himselve, thy joyes shall yet a day endure ?
 So wavering Fortune's wheles, her chaunges be so straunge ;
 And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her change :
 Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,
 Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleasure and of smart.
 For after many joyes some feele but little paine,
 And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.
 But other some there are, that living long in woe,
 At length they be in quiet case, but long abide not so ;
 Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,
 Because the sodayne change of thinges doth make it soeme the
 more.

Of this unlucky fort our Romeus is one,
 For all this hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.
 And

And joyfull Juliet another leafe must toorne :

As wont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.

The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twaine,
But winter's blast with speddy foote doth bring the fall agayne.

Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,
By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.

She payd theyr former greefe with pleasure's doubled gayne,

But now, for pleasure's usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cause those houtholds so agree,

But that some sparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee ;

Which lye this while raked up in ashes pale and ded,

Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spred.

At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne ;

The morrowe after Easter-day the mischiefe new begonne.

A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)

Within the walles, by Purser's gate, a band of Montagewes.

The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,

Best exercisd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,

Our Juliet's unkle's sonne, that cleped was Tibalt ;

He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.

They need noe trumpet sounde to byd him geve the charge,

So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth out-stretched

large :

“ Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,

That of this daye's revenge and us our children's heyres may

speake.

Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage ;

Let none of them escape alive.”—Then he with furious rage,

And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,

And then forthwith a skirmish great upon this fray arose.

For loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,

And rather than to live with shame, with prayse did choose to

dye.

The words that Tybalt usd to styrre his folke to yre,

Have in the brests of Montegewes kindled a furious fyre.

With Lyons harts they fight, warely them selfe defend ;

To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.

This furious fraye is long on each side stoutly fought,

That whether part had got the woorst, full doutfull were the

thought.

The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,

And parts are taken on every side ; both kindreds thether hys.

Here one doth gaspe for breth, his frend bestrydeth him ;

And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lyn :

His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,

And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his

cracked skul.

Theyr

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foot to geve the grounde ;
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutfull
wounde.

Thus foote by foote long while, and shyld to shyld set fast,
One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agast,
And whilst this noyse is ryfe in every townesman's eare,
Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus
heare.

With spedy foot he ronnes unto the fray apace ;
With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.
They pity much to see the slaughter made so greate,
That wet shod they might stand in blood on eyther side the streate.
Part frendes, said he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,
And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.
God's farther wrath you styrre, beside the hurt you feele,
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.
But they so busy are in fight, so eager, fierce,
That through theyr cares his sage advise no leyfure had to pearce.
Then leapt he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
As well of those that were his frendes, as of his dedly foes.
As soon as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,
He threw a thrust at him, that would have past from side to side ;
But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,
So that the swerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus
harnde.

Thou dost me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye ;
Not dread, but other waighty cause my hasty hand doth stay.
Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,
Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to part.
Many are hurt; some slayne, and some are like to dye :—
No, coward, traytor boy, quoth he, straight way I mind to trye,
Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smoothly fylde,
Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for a shyld.
And then at Romeus' hed a blow he strake so hard,
That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.
It was but lent to him that could repay againe,
And geve him deth for interest, a well-forborne gayne.
Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,
Pinched with dog, or els with speare y-pricked to the quicke,
His bristles styffe upright upon his backe doth set,
And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet ;
Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,
His whelpes bereft, whose fury can ne weaker beast asswage ;—
Such seemed Romeus in every other's fight,
When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himsele by fight.
Even as two thunderboltes throwne downe out of the skye,
That though the ayre, the massy earth, and seas have powre to
flye ;

So met these two, and whyle they chaunge a blowe or twayne,
Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt
slayne.

Loe here the end of those that styrre a dedly stryfe!
Who thrysteth after other's death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.
The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalt's overthrowe,
The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus' fight doth growe.
The townesmen waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force;
The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce
Before the prince, and crave that dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath theyr kinsman slayne.
The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt;
The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
The Prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,
That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.
His foes would have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong;
His frends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.
Both housholds straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,
Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to cease the styrred stryfe.
This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,
From side to side the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.
For Tybalt's hasty death bewayled was of somme,
Both for his skill and feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
He should, had not this chaunced, been riche and of great powre,
To helpe his frends, and serve the state; which hope within an
howre

Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
More than he holpe, the towne in lyfe, hath harmede it by his
death.

And other some bewayle, but ladies most of all,
The lookeles lot by Fortune's gylt that is so late befall,
Without his fault, unto the feely Romeus;
For whilst that he from naife land shall live exyled thus,
From heavenly bewtie's light and his well shaped parts,
The sight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youth-
full harts,

Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne?
This Romeus was borne so much in heaven's grace,
Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face
(Beside the heavenly bewty glistering ay so bright,
And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seer's sight)
A certain charme was graved by Nature's secret arte,
That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.

So every one doth wisli to beare a part of payne,
That he released of exyle might straight retoorne agayne.

But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet!

How doth she bath her brest in teares! what depe sighs doth she
fet!

How doth she teare her heare! her weede how doth she rent!
 How fares the lover hearing of her lover's banishment!
 How wayles she Tybalt's death, whom she had loved so well!
 Her heary greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
 For delving depely now in depth of depe dyspayre,
 With wretched sorrowe's cruell found she fills the empty ayre;
 And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,
 And up unto the heaven's haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
 The waters and the woodes of sighes and sobs resounde,
 And from the hard resounding rockes her sorrowes do rebounde.
 Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,
 That in the garden where she walkde might water herbe and flowre,
 But when at length she saw herself outraged so,
 Unto her chaumber straight she hide; there overcharged with woe,
 Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,
 And in so wondrous wise began her sorrowes to renewe,
 That sure no hart so hard (but it of flynt had byn,)
 But would have rude the piteous playnt that she did languishe in.
 Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side
 Did cast her restless eye, at length the window she espide,
 Through which she had with joy seene Romeus many a time,
 Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliet's sake to
 clyme.

She cryde, O cursed window! acurst be every pane,
 Through which, alas! to sone I raught the cause of life and bane.
 If by thy meane I have some slight delight receaved,
 Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,
 Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous
 Of heaped greefe and lasting care, and sorrowes dolorous?
 That these my tender parts, which nedeful strength do lacke
 To bear so great unweldy lode upon so weake a backe,
 Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorrowes rise,
 At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;
 That so my very sprite may somme where els unlode
 His deadly loade, and free from thrall may seeke els where abode;
 For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,
 Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest?
 O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,
 When to thy painted promises I lent my listning care,
 Which to the brinckes you sild with many a solemn othe,
 And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,
 I thought you rather would continue our good will,
 And seeke appease our fathers strife, which daily groweth still.
 I little wend you would have sought occasion how
 By such an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;
 Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipsed is,
 And I unhappy husbandles, of cumfort robbed and blisse.

But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,
Why have you often spared myne? myne might have quencht it
fyrst.

Synce that so many times and in so secret place,
Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatred's
face,

My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand
In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloody hand.
What! seemde the conquest which you got of me so small?
What! seemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made your
thrall?

But that you must increase it with that kinsman's blood,
Which for his woorth and love to me, most in my favour stood?
Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other whyle
Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.

And, where I comme, see that you shonne to shew your face,
For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting place.

And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
Will so the rest of wery life with many teares lament,
That soon my joyceles corps shall yeld up banishd breath,
And where on earth it restles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.

These sayd, her tender hart, by payne oppressed sore,
Restrayned her teares, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in store;
And then as still she was, as if in fownd she lay,

And then againe, wroth with herselfe, with feeble voyce gan say:

“ Ah cruell murdering tong, murderer of others fame,
How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?

Whose dedly foes do yeld him dew and erved prayse;
For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.

Why blamst thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt,
Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tybalt beares the falt?

Whether shall he, alas! poore banishd man, now flye?
What place of succour shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?

Since she pursueth hym, and him defames by wrong
That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.

Receive the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her life,

In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,
So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth.”

These said, she could no more; her senses all gan fayle,
And dedly panges began straightway her tender hart assayle;

Her limmes she stretched forth she drew no more her breath,
Who had been there might well have seen the signes of present
death.

The nurse that knew no cause why she absented her,
Did doute lest that some sodayn greese too much tormented her.

Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,
Last, of the chamber where she lay she happily her bethought;

Where she with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,
 Her limmes stretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.
 The nurce supposed that she had payde to death her det,
 And then as she had lost her wittes, she cryd to Juliet :
 Ah! my dere hart, quoth she, how greveth me thy death?
 Alas! what cause hast thou thus sone to yeld up living breath?
 But while she handled her, and chaffed every part,
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name ;
 There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tride the same :
 She openeth wyde her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,
 She bendeth downe her brest, she wringeth her fingers and her
 toes,

And on her bosome cold she layeth clothes hot ;
 A warmed and a holesome juyce she powreth down her throte.
 At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
 And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce she
 spyes.

But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
 “ Why dost thou trouble me, quoth she, what drave thee, with
 mischaunce,

To come to see my sprite forsake my bretheless corse?
 Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smart remorse.
 For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne ;
 Alas! I see my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.
 Or who would seeke to live, all pleasure being past?
 My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to last.
 Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,
 Comme gentle death, and ryve my hart at once, and let me dye.”
 The nurce with trickling teares, to witnes inward smart,
 With hollow sigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
 Thus spake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care :
 Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare ;
 Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heaviness.
 But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowe’s stresse,
 This hower large and more I thought, ‘o God me save,
 That my dead corps should wayte on yours to your untimely grave.
 Alas, my tender nurce, and trusty frende, (quoth she)
 Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou can’st not easely see
 The lawfull cause I have to sorow and to moorne,
 Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once forlorne.
 Her nurce then answered thus—“ Methinkes it fits you yll
 To fall in these extremities that may you gyltless spill.
 For when the stormes of care and troubles do arise,
 Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wise.
 You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurce ;
 But I see not how in like case I could behave me worse.

Tybalt

Tybalt your friend is ded ; what, weene you by your teares
 To call him backe againe ? thinke you that he your crying heares ?
 You shall perceve the falt, if it be justly tryde,
 Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.
 Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,
 To suffer him selfe causeles to be outraged of his foe,
 To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve ?
 Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,
 And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
 With greater glory shall be calde home from his hard exile.
 How well y-born he is, thyselfe I know canst tell,
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.
 With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortune's cryme,
 Withour your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time,
 I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,
 She will restote your own to you, within a month or twayne,
 With such contented ease as never erst you had ;
 Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more so sad.
 And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,
 A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,
 To learne his present state, and what in time to comme
 He mindes to doe ; which knowne by me, you shall know all and
 somme.

But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,
 Straight would I hyewhere he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence' cell.
 But if you gyn est sones, as erst you did, to moorne,
 Whereto go I ? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne,
 So I shall spend in waste my time and busy payne,
 So unto you, your life once lost, good aunswere comes in vayne ;
 So shall I ridde my selfe with this sharp pointed knyfe,
 So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of theyr life ;
 So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,
 With halty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.
 Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppress,
 I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.
 Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,
 Or promise me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne.

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest
 With reason's rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her
 brest.

When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,
 Then vanish they by hope of scape ; and thus the lady lyes
 Twixt well assured trust, and doutfull lewd despayre :
 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts : now seeme they white
 and fayre.

As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,
 And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes do ronne ;

So Juliet's wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,
And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,
What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeo.
When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,
And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalt's life,
He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,
And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might
gyve,

He sought somewhere unseene to lurke a littel space,
And trusty Lawrence' secret cell he thought the surest place,
In doutefull happe aye best a trusty friend is tride ;
The friendly frier in this distresse doth graunt his friend to hyde,
A secret place he hath, well seeled round about,
The mouth of which so close is shut, that none may finde it out ;
But roome there is to walke, and place to sit and rest,
Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft, and trimly drest.
The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warne,
That neither winde nor smoky dampes have powre him ought to
harne.

Where he was wont in youth his fayre friends to bestowe,
There now he hydeth Romeo, whilst forth he go'th to knowe
Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne
Is published by trumpets' sound ; then home he hies agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurse with speedy pace
Was comme the nereest way ; she sought no ydel resting place.
The fryer sent home the newes of Romeo's certain helth,
And promise made (what so befell) he should that night by stek
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedeful wise
Of theyr affaires in time to come might thoroughly devise.
Those joyfull newes the nurse brought home with merry joy ;
And now our Juliet joyes to thinke she shall her love enjoy.
The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,
That waites to heare the doutfull newes of life or else of death,
Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,
But thou shalt live, and do full well, in spite of spitefull fone.
This only payne for thee was erst proclaymde aloude,
A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona shrowde.

These heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware.
And as the smitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
So waltereth he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde.
He riseth est, and strikes his hed against the wals,
He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for hasty death he cals.
“ Come speedy death, quoth he, the readiest leache in love,
Synce nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of greefe re-
move.

Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering stayes,
 Destroy, destroy at once the life that fayntly yet decayes.
 But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did devise
 With cunning hand to woorke that might seeme wondrous in our
 eyes,

For you, I pray the gods, your pleasures to increase,
 And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to cease.
 And mighty Jove with speede of justice bring them lowe,
 Whose lofty pryde, without our gylt, our blisse doth overblowe.
 And Cupid graunt to those theyr speddy wrongs' redresse,
 That shall bewayle my cruell death and pity her distresse."
 Therewith a cloude of sighes he breathd into the skies,
 And two great streames of bitter teares ran from his swollen eyes.
 These thinges the auncient fryer with sorrow saw and heard,
 Of such beginning eke the end the wiseman greatly feard.
 But lo! he was so weak by reason of his age,
 That he ne could by force repressse the rigour of his rage.
 His wise and frendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,
 For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with despayre,
 That no advice can perce his close forstopped cares,
 So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.
 With colour pale and wan, with armes full hard y-fold,
 With woefull cheere his wayling frende he standeth to beholde.
 And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,
 With voyce with plaînt made horce, with sobs, and with a fal-
 tring tong,

Renewd with novel mone the dolours of his hart;
 His outward drery cheere bewrayde his store of inward smart.
 Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
 In which his joys had been so scant, and sorowes ay so rife;
 The time and place of byrth he feerfly did reprove,
 He cryed out with open mouth against the starres above:
 The fatall sisters three, he said, had donne him wrong,
 The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne
 forth too long.

He wished that he had before his time been borne,
 Or that as soon as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
 His nurce he cursed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
 The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;
 And then he did complaine on Venus' cruell sonne,
 Who led him first unto the rockes which he should warely shonne;
 By meane whereof he lost both lyfe and libertie,
 And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
 Love's troubles hasten long, the joyes he gives are short;
 He forceth not a lover's payne, theyr earnest is his sport,
 A thousand thinges and more I here let passe to write
 Which unto love this wofull man dyd speake in great despise.

On fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
 Unconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
 And to himselfe he layd a great part of the falt,
 For that he flewe and was not flaine, in fighting with Tibalt.
 He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,
 But juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
 When after raging fits appeased was his rage,
 And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to asswage.
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale repleye,
 That he straight cared for his life, that crst had care to dye.
 " Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;
 Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's hart.
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chased,
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:
 So that I stode in doute, this howre at the least,
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres
 Still standes not wayling present harne, but seekes his harne's
 redres.

As when the winter flawes with dredfull noyse arise,
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the starry skeyes,
 So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,
 Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,
 The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates strike now your sayle,
 And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle;
 Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackfull shore,
 In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,
 He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to shonne;
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,
 The roder smitten of, and over-boord the mast,
 Doth win the long-desyred porte, the stormy daunger past:
 But if the master dread, and overprest with woe
 Begin to wring his handes, and let the gyding rodder goe.
 The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,
 And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou still beweepe
 And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.
 Other account thee wise, prove not thyselfe a foole:
 Now put in practise lessons learned of old in wisdom's schoole.
 The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,
 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twayne.
 As well we ought to seeke thinges hurtfull to decrease,
 As to endeavor helping thinges by study to increase.
 The prayse of trew fredom in wisdom's bondage lyes,
 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his words
 be wise,

Sicknes the bodie's gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;
If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt thou
finde.

Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,
But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe,
Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,
But wisdom in aduersitie findes cause of quiet joye.
And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,
And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.
Like as there is no weale but wastes away sometime,
So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
If thou wilt master quite the troubles that thee spill,
Endeavor first by reason's help to master witles will.
A sondry medson hath eche sondry faynt disease,
But patience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.
The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce must not seem to a wise man
straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant mynd.
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,
And sorow seke to set himsele in banishd pleasure's place,
Yet may thy marred state be mended in a whyle,
And she estiones that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall
smyle.

For as her happy state no long while standeth sure,
Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.
What nede so many words to thee that are so wyse?
Thou better canst advise thy selfe, then I can thee advise.
Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of nede
A wiseman's wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.
I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,
But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantickly to fare.
Affection's foggy mist thy sebled sight doth blynd;
But if that reason's beames againe might shine into thy mynd,
If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,
I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy sighings, and thy
crye,

With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his breth,
Thou hast escaped his sword and eke the lawes that threaten death.
By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou with trusty frendes of pleasure take some part?
Or els to please thy hateful foes be partner of theyr smart?
Why cryest thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?
Why dost thou so cry after death? thy life why dost thou hate?
Dost thou repent thy choyse that thou so late dydst choose?
Love is thy lord; thou oughtst obey and not thy prince accuse.

For thou hast found, thou knowst, great favour in his sight,
 He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely hart's delight.
 So that the gods invyde the blisse thou livedst in ;
 To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a sin.
 Methinke I hear thee say, the cruell banishment
 Is onely cause of thy unrest ; onely thou dost lament
 That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,
 Enforst to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart :
 And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost feele,
 Thou dost complaine of Cupid's brand, and Fortune's turning
 wheele.

Unto a valiant hart there is no banyshment,
 All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firmament.
 As to the fish the sea, as to the fowle the ayre,
 So is like pleasant to the wise eche place of his repayre.
 Though forward Fortune chase thee hence into exile,
 With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a while.
 Admit thou shouldst abyde abrode a year or twayne,
 Should so short absence cause so long and eke so grevous payne ?
 Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,
 They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou maist be.
 Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,
 And there in suretie mayst thou talke of your affayres together.
 Yea, but this while, alas ! thy Juliet must thou misse,
 The only piller of thy health, and anchor of thy blisse.
 Thy heart thou leavest with her, when thou doest hence depart,
 And in thy brest inclosed bear'st her tender frendly hart.
 But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,
 With thought of passed joys content thy uncontented mynde ;
 So shall thy mone decrease wherewith thy mind doth melt,
 Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.
 He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,
 And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the fowre.
 Call now agayne to mynde thy fyrst consuming flame ;
 How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame ?
 Hadst thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy swelling eyne ?
 Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne ?
 Those greefes and others like were happily overpast,
 And thou in haight of Fortune's wheele well placed at the last ;
 From whence thou art now falne, that, ryfed up agayne,
 With greater joy a greater whyle in pleasure mayst thou raigne.
 Compare the present while with times y-past before,
 And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in store,
 The whilst, this little wrong receive thou patiently,
 And what of force must needes be done, that do thou willingly.
 Folly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,
 And madnes to desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.

To geve to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,
 But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame."

Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,
 His sighes are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares.
 As blackest cloudes are chased by winter's nimble wydne,
 So have his reasons chased care out of his carefull mynde.
 As of a morning fowle enfues an evening fayre,
 So banisht hope returneth home to banish his despayre.
 Now his affection's veale removed from his eyes,
 He seeth the path that he must walke, and reason makes him wise.
 For very shame the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,
 He thankes the father for his love, and farther ayde he seekes.
 He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,
 And anger oft with hastines are joynd to want of witte ;
 But sound advise aboundes in hides with horish heares,
 For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares.
 But aye from this time forth his ready-bending will
 Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrence' skill.
 The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
 To whom he doth wisely discourse of his affayres at large.
 He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,
 (Both mindful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne)
 Howe he shall gyde himselfe, how he shall seeke to winne
 The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in
 The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
 Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away ;
 The choller of his foes by gentle meanes tassage,
 Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage :
 And last he chargeth him at his appoynted howre
 To go with manly mery chere unto his ladie's bowre ;
 And there with holesome woordes to salve her sorowe's smart,
 And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.

The old man's woordes have fill'd with joy our Romeo's brest,
 And eke the old wyfe's talke hath set our Juliet's hart at rest.
 Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day ?
 Like dayes the painfull mariners are wonted to assay ;
 For, beat with tempest great, when they at length espye
 Some little beame of Phœbus' light, that perceth through the skie,
 To cleare the shadowde earth by clearnes of his face,
 They hope that dreadles they shall ronne the remnant of theyr
 race ;

Yea they assure them selfe, and quite behinde theyr backe
 They cast all doute, and thanke the gods for scaping of the
 wracke ;

But straight the boystrous windes with greater fury blowe,
 And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe throwe ;
 The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
 And twice as hye the striving waves begin to roar and swell ;

With

With greater daunger's dread the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of theyr lyfe then they had-been before.

The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,
The full mone eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest;
When restless Romeus and restless Juliet
In wonted sort, by wonted meane, in Juliet's chaumber met.
And from the window's top downe had he leaped scarce,
When she with armes outstretched wide so hard did him embrace,
That wel nigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce.
Thus muet stood they both the eyght part of an howre,
And both would speake, but neither had of speaking any powre;
But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,
And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
Theyr scalding fighes ascend, and by theyr checkes down fall
Theyr trickling tears, as chrystall cleare, but bitierer far then
gall.

Then he, to end the greefe, which both they lived in,
Dyd kisse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin :

“ My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
To you I purpose not as now with length of woordes declare
The diversenes and eke the accidents so straunge
Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in chaunge;
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
Of her swift-turning slippery wheele, then fleets her frendship
straight.

O wondrous chaunge ! even with the twinkling of an eye
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye,
The same in great despyte down hedlong doth she throwe,
And while she treads, and spurneth at the lofty state layde lowe,
More sorowe doth she shape within an hower's space,
Than pleasure in an hundred yeares ; so geyson is her grace.
The prooffe whereof in me, alas ! too playne apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fosterd with my feeses,
In prosperous hygh degree, mayntained so by fate,
That as your selfe dyd see, my foes envyde my noble state.
One thing there was I did above the rest desyre,
To which as to the soveraign good by hope I would aspyre,
That by our mariage meane we might within a while
(To work our perfectt happenes) our parents reconcile :
That safely so we might, not stopt by sturdy strife,
Unto the bounds that God hath set, gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.
But now, alacke ! too soone my blisse is over-blowne,
And upside downe my purpose and my enterpryse are throwne.
And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I crave
(O graunt it God !) from daunger's dread that I may suretie have.
For loe, henceforth I must wander in landes unknowne,
(So hard I finde the prince's dome) exyled from mync owne.

Which

Which thing I have thought good to set before your eyes,
 And to exhort you now to proove yourselfe a woman wife ;
 That patiently you beare my absent long abod,
 For what above by fatall dome decreed is, that God ——”
 And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,
 But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish teares besprent,
 Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speech he stayde,
 These selfe same woordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere she
 sayde :

“ Why Romeus, can it be, thou hast so hard a hart,
 So farre removed from ruth, so farre from thinking on my smart,
 To leave me thus alone, thou cause of my distresse,
 Beseged with so great a campe of mortal wretchednesse ;
 That every howre now and moment in a day
 A thousand times Death bragges, as he would reve my lyfe away ?
 Yet such is my mishap, O cruel destinye !
 That still I lyve, and wish for death, but yet can never dye.
 So that just cause I have to thinke, as seemeth me,
 That froward Fortune did of late with cruell Death agree,
 To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleasure in my payne,
 And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.
 And thou, the instrument of Fortune’s cruell will,
 Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrans lust fulfill,
 Art not a whit ashamde (as farre as I can see)
 To cast me of, when thou hast culld the better part of me.
 Whereby alas ! too soone, I, feely wretch, do prove,
 That all the auncient sacred laws of frendship and of love
 Are quelde and quenched quite, since he on whom alway
 My cheefe hope and my steady trust was wonted still to stay,
 For whom I am becommе unto my self a foe,
 Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, and skornes my frendship so.
 Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two things chose the one,
 Eyther to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,
 Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowe’s haight,
 And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodie’s waight,
 Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,
 Where so thou go (Fortune thy guide), tyll thou retourne agayne.
 So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,
 That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,
 So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,
 Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may
 In spite of all thy foes thy present partes enjoye,
 And in distres to beare with thee the halfe of thine annoye.
 Wherefore, in humble sort, Romeus, I make request,
 If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,
 O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart ;
 Receive me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart :

Thy

Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
 Art thou all counselleſſe? canſt thou no ſhift deviſe?
 What letteth but in other weede I may my ſelfe diſguyſe?
 What, ſhall I be the firſt? hath none done ſo ere this,
 To ſcape the bondage of theyr friends; thyſelfe can aunſwer, yes,
 Or doſt thou ſtand in doute that I thy wife ne can
 By ſervice pleaſure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?
 Or is my loyalte of both accompted leſſe?
 Perhaps thou fear'ſt leſt I for gayne forſake thee in diſtreſſe,
 What hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
 Whoſe brightnes, force, and prayſe, ſometime up to the ſkyes
 you blew?

My teares, my frendſhip and my pleaſures donne of olde,
 Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd be-
 hold

The wildnes of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,
 The woorſt of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;
 And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
 And kiſt her with a loving kiſſe, and thus to her he ſpake:
 "Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the miſtres of my hart,
 For whom, even now, thy ſervant doth abyde in dedly ſmart,
 Even for the happy dayes which thou deſyreſt to ſee,
 And for the fervent frendſhip's ſake that thou doſt owe to mee,
 At once theſe fanſies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
 Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
 To haſten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
 Which Nature's law and wiſdome's lore teach every wight to
 ſhonne.

For, but thou chaunge thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
 Thou ſhalt undoo thyſelfe for aye, and me thy truſty frend.
 For why?—thy absence knowne, thy father will be wroth,
 And in his rage ſo narrowly he will purſue us both,
 That we ſhall trye in vayne to ſcape away by flight,
 And vainely ſeeke a loorking place to hyde us from his ſight.
 Then we found out, and caught, quite voyde of ſtrong defence,
 Shall cruelly be puniſhed for thy departure hence;
 I as a raviſher, thou as a careles childe,
 I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;
 Thinking to lead in eaſe a long contented life,
 Shall ſhort our dayes by ſhamefull death:—but if, my loving wife,
 Thou baniſh from thy mynd two foes that counſell hath,
 (That wont to hinder ſound adviſe) raſhe haſtines and wrath,
 If thou be bent to obey the love of reaſon's ſkill,
 And wiſely by her princely powre ſuppreſſe rebelling will,
 If thou our ſafetie ſeeke, more then thine own delight,
 (Since ſuretie ſtandes in parting, and thy pleaſures growe of
 fight,)

Forbearę

Forbear the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,
 So shall I safely live abroad, and safe torne from exile :
 So shall no slander's blot thy spotles lyfe distayne,
 So shall thy kinsmen be unstyrd, and I exempte from payne.
 And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last ;
 These stormy broyles shall over-blowe, much like a winter's blast.
 For Fortune chaungeth more than fickle fantasie ;
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.
 Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restles coorse,
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the
 woorse,

And those that are beneth she heaveth up agayne :
 So we shall rise to pleasure's mount, out of the pit of payne.
 Ere foure monthes overpasse, such order will I take,
 And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,
 That of my wandring race ended shal be thy toyle,
 And I cald home with honor great unto my native foyle.
 But if I be condemnd to wander still in thrall,
 I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.
 And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
 From Veron will I carry thee into a foreign lande ;
 Not in man's weede disguyfd, or as one scarcely knowne,
 But as my wife and onely feere, in garment of thyne owne.
 Wherefore repress at once the passions of thy hart,
 And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy
 smart.

For of this one thyng thou may'st well assured bee,
 That nothing els but onely death shall funder me from thee."
 The reasons that he made did seem of so great waight,
 And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere
 straight.

" Dear Syr, nought els wish I but to obey your will ;
 But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tarry still,
 As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,
 Of all the powre that over you your selfe did graunt to me ;
 And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
 One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill ;
 Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Laurence hand,
 The tydinges of your health, and howe your doutfull case shall
 stand

And all the wery whyle that you shall spend abroad,
 Cause me from time to time to know the place of your abode."
 His eyes did gush out teares, a sigh brake from his brest,
 When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the best.

Thus these two lovers passe awaye the wery night,
 In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.
 But now, somewhat too soone, in farthest east arose
 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose ;

Whose

Whose course appoynted is with speedy race to runne,
 A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rising sonne.
 Then fresh Aurora with her pale and silver glade
 Did clear the skies, and from the earth had chased ugly shade.
 When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,
 When Phœbus from our hemisphere in westerne wave doth sinke,
 What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,
 The same, or like, sawe Romeus in farthest easterne skies.
 As yet he saw no daye, ne could he call it night,
 With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light.
 Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.
 With solemne othe they both theyr sorowfull leave do take ;
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady friendship shake.
 Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
 And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
 Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorow, and of dread,
 The clearnes of theyr gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.
 When golden-crested Phœbus boasted him in skye,
 And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,
 Then hath these lovers' day an ende, theyr night begonne,
 For eche of them to other is as to the world the sonne.
 The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,
 But black-faced night with winter rough ah ! beaten over fore.
 The wery watch discharged did hye them home to slepe,
 The warders, and the skowtes were charged theyr place and
 course to kepe,
 And Verone gates awide the porters had set open,
 When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Laurence spoken.
 Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
 Clad like a marchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
 He spurd apace, and came, withouten stoppe or stay,
 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away
 With woordes of comfort to his olde afflicted fyre ;
 And straight, in mynde to sojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre.
 And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaynt.
 And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.
 He practiseth by frendes for pardon of exile ;
 The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorowes to begyle.
 But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest ?
 Alas ! his cares denye his hart the sweet desired rest.
 No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,
 But every thing occasion gives of sorowe and annoye.
 For when in toorning skyes the heavens' lamps are light,
 And from the other hemisphere sayre Phœbus chaseth night,
 When every man and beast hath rest from paynefull toyle,
 Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gin to boyle.

Then

Then doth he wet with teares the couche whereon he lyes,
 And then his sighes the chaumber fill, and out aloud he cryes
 Against the restles starres in rolling skies that raunge,
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.
 Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,
 He thinketh Titan's restles steedes of restines do stay ;
 Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,
 Or, gyded yll, have lost theyr way and waiddred farre about.
 Whyle thus in ydell thoughtis the wery time he spendeth,
 The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he
 endeth.

Is he accompanied ? is he in place alone ?

In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone.
 For if his feceres rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,
 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves en-
 joye ?

But if with heavy cheere they shew their inward greefe,
 He wayleth most his wretchedness that is of wretches cheefe.
 When he doth heare abroad the prayse of ladies blowne,
 Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.
 When pleasant songes he heares, while others do rejoyce,
 The melody of musicke doth styrre up his mourning voyce.
 But if in secret place he walke some where alone,
 The place it selfe and secretnes redoubled all his mone.
 Then speakes he to the beastes, to featherd fowles and trees,
 Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what so beside he sees.
 To them he sheweth his smart, as though they reason had,
 Eche thing may cause his heavines, but nought may make him
 glad.

And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,
 The sunne he curseth, and the howre when first his eyes saw light.
 And as the night and day theyr course do enterchaunge.
 So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchange.

In absence of her knight the lady no way could
 Kepe trewece betweene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne
 she would ;

And though with greater payne she cloked sorowe's smart,
 Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.
 Her sighing every howre, her weeping every where,
 Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, and wearing of her geare,
 The carefull mother markes ; then of her health afrayde,
 Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde :
 Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in this sorte,
 I stand in doute that over-soone your sorowes will make short
 Your loving father's life and myne, that love you more
 Then our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth there-
 fore

Your greefe and payne, yourselfe on joy your thought to set,
 For time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget.
 Of whom since God hath claymd the life that was but lent.
 He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament;
 You cannot call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill;
 It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appoynted will."
 'The feely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
 No longer could she hide her harme, but aunswered thus agayne,
 With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded:
 " Madame, the last of Tybalt's teares a great while since I shed;
 Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,
 'That empty quite and moystureles I gesse it now to be.
 So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne
 No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping
 bryne.

'The woefull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
 And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace she warely hent.
 But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
 Still more and more she saw increast her daughter's wonted sorow,
 All meanes she sought of her and household folke to know
 'The certain roote whercon her greefe and bootelss mone doth
 growe.

But lo, she hath in vayne her time and labor lore,
 Wherefore without all measure is her hart tormented sore.
 And sith herselfe could not fynde out the cause of care,
 She thought it good to tell the fyre how ill his childe did fare,
 And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she sayde:
 " Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the
 mayde,
 And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death
 Before his time, forst by his foe, did yeld his living breath,
 Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynges eke so straunge,
 'That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.
 Not onely she forbears her meate, her drinke and sleepe,
 But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
 No greater joy hath she, nothing contents her hart
 So much, as in the chaumber close to shut her selfe apart:
 Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde.
 'That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except some helpe she
 finde.

But, out alas! I see not how it may be founde,
 Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus
 abounde.

For though with busy care I have employde my wit,
 And used all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,
 Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote;
 She hydeth close within her brest her secret sorowe's roote.

This

This was my fyrst conceite,—that all her ruth arose
 Out of her coosin Tybalt's death, late slayne of dedly foes.
 But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought ;
 Somme greater thing, not Tybalt's death, this change in her hath
 wrought,

Her selfe assured me that many days agoe
 She shed the last of Tybalt's teares ; which woordes amasd me so
 That I then could not gesse what thing els might her greeve :
 But now at length I have bethought me ; and I do beleve
 The only crop and roote of all my daughter's payne
 Is grudging envie's faynt disease ; perhaps she doth disdayne
 To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feeres,
 Whilst only she unmarried doth lose so many yeres.

And more, perchance she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so ;
 Wherefore dispayring doth she weare her selfe away with woe.
 Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth ;
 For why ? a brickele thing is glasse, and frayle is skilleffe youth.

Joyn her at once to somme in linke of mariage,
 That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age.
 So shall you banish care out of your daughter's brest,
 So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest."

Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,
 And to the mother's skilfull talke thus straightway aunswered he:

" Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these thinges ere this,
 But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse
 By farther leysure had a husband to provyde ;
 Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.
 But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,
 And that a mayden daughter is a treasure daungerous,
 With so great speede I will endeavour to procure
 A husband for our daughter yong, her sicknes faynt to cure,
 That you shall rest content, so warely will I choose,
 And she recover soon enough the time she seems to loose.
 The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part
 Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart ;
 Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,
 Then to our daughter's quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth :
 Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
 And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,
 Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to such a one,
 Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cause of
 inone."

This pleasant aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,
 And Capilet, the mayden's fyre, within a day or twayne,
 Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,
 And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that sought her ;
 Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, young and fayre,
 As also well brought up, and wise ; her father's onely heyre.

Among the rest was one inflamde with her desyre,
 Who county Paris cleeped was ; an earle he had to fyre.
 Of all the suters him the father lyketh best,
 And easely unto the earle he maketh his behest,
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
 To win his wyfe unto his will, and to perswade the mayde.
 The wyfe did joye to heare the joyful husband say
 How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day ;
 Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
 But straight she lyeth to Juliet ; to her she telles, apart,
 What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rather
 Betwene the woing Paris and her careful loving father.
 The person of the man, the featers of his face,
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely
 grace,

With curious woordes she payntes before her daughter's eyes
 And then with store of vertue's prayse she heaves him to the skyes.
 She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
 Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.
 When Juliet conceaved her parente's whole entent,
 Whereto both love and reason's right forbod her to assent,
 Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,
 With horses wilde her tender partes afunder should be torne.
 Not now, with bashful brow, in wonted wise, she spake,
 But with unwonted boldnes straight into these wordes she brake :

" Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are
 Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
 As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,
 Before you know if I do lyke or els mislike my lover.
 Doo what you list ; but yet of this assure you still,
 If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.
 For had I choyce of twayne, farre rather would I choose
 My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to loose,
 Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part :
 Fyrst, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart ;
 Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife ;
 And you, my mother, shall become the murtheresse of my life,
 In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
 Ne ought, to love : wherefore, on knees, decre mother, I you
 pray,

To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore ;
 Cease all your troubles for my sake and care for me no more ;
 But suffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
 In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.
 For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so.
 You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe."

So deepe this aunswere made the sorrowes downe to sinke
 Into the mother's brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke

Of these her daughter's woordes, but all appalde she standes,
And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and
handes.

And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she sought :
She telles him all ; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.
The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,
Sendes forth his folke in halte for her, and bids them take no
leysure ;

Ne on her teares or plaint at all to have remorse,
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.
The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,
And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,
Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter stoode in awe,
The servantes sent away (the mother thought it meete),
The woefull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his feete,
Which she doth wash with teares as she thus groveling lyes ;
So fast and eke so plenteously distill they from her eyes :
When she to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
Muet she is ; for sighes and sobes her fearefull talke have broken.

The fyre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not asswage,
With fiery eyen, and scarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage
(Whilst ruthfully stood by the mayden's mother mylde) :
Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe ;
Hast thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the woord,
That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my boord ?
How much the Romaine youth of parentes stoode in awe,
And eke what powre upon theyr seede the parentes had by lawe ?
Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,
(When so they stood in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
The parentes had the power of life and sodayn death.
What if these good men should agayne receive the living breth ?
In how straight bondes would they thy stubborne body bynde ?
What weapons would they seeke for thee ? what torments would
they fynde,

To chasten, if they saw the lewdness of thy life,
Thy great unthankfulness to me, and shameful sturdy stryfe ?
Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to mee,
That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee
One of the greatest lordes that wonnes about this towne,
And for his many vertues' sake a man of great renowne.
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
So rich ere long he shal be left, his father's welth is such,
Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
From whence his father came : and yet thou playest in this case
The dainty foole and stubborne gyrl ; for want of skill
Thou dost refuse thy offered weale, and disobey my will.

Even by his strength I sweare, that first did give me lyfe,
 And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,
 Onlesse by Wensday next thou bend as I am bent,
 And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely do assent
 To Countie Paris' sute, and promise to agree
 To whatsoever then shall passe 'twixt him, my wife, and me,
 Not only will I geve all that I have away
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obey,
 But also to so close and to so hard a gayle
 I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fayle
 A thousand times a day to wish for sodayn death,
 And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee
 breath.

Advise thee well and say that thou are warned now,
 And thinke not that I speake in sporte, or mynde to break my
 vowe.

For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
 My faith, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,
 Ere thou goc hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,
 That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy duetic how to
 knowe ;

And what revenge of olde the angry fyres did finde
 Against theyr children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe un-
 kinde."

These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away ;
 Ne for his daughter's aunswere would the testy father stay.
 And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,
 And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the
 floore.

Then she that oft had seen the fury of her fyre,
 Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styrre his
 yre.

Unto her chaumber she withdrew her selfe aparte,
 Where she was wonted to unlode the sorowes of her hart.
 There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,
 As (overprest with restles thoughts) in piteous booteles weeping.
 The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,
 Ne, by the powring forth of plaint, the cause of plaint to cease.
 So that to thend the mone and sorowe may decaye,
 The best is that she seek some meane to take the cause away.
 Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forsakes,
 And so saint Frauncis' church, to masse, her way devoutely takes.
 The fryer forth is calde ; she prayes him heare her shrift ;
 Devotion is in so yong yeres a rare and pretious gyft.
 When on her tender knees the dainty lady kneeles,
 In mynd to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly she feles,
 With sighes and salted teares her shriving doth beginne,
 For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.

Her

Her voyce with piteous plaint was made already horce,
And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes
perforce.

But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe
The mariage newes, a mischiefe newe, prepared by mishappe ;
Her parentes' promisse erst to Counte Paris past,
Her father's threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last :
" Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe ;
For since know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twaine,
(For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)
My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my jorney take,
With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,
The hasty death which I desyre, unto my selfe to reach.
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
So my departed spirit shall witnes to the skye,
Andeke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
Have kept my faith unbroke, stedfast unto my frend."

When thus her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at the ende,
Her gasing here and there, her feerce and staring looke,
Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
Whereat the fryer astonde, and gasfully afrayde
Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he sayde :
" Ah ! lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you spake ?
I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Marie's sake.
Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,
Whilit I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes' cease.
Some comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
And for thassaults of Fortune's yre prepare so sure defence,
So holesome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,
That you shall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."
His wordes have chased straight out of her hart despayre,
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in haste is to the chaumber gone ;
Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse ;
The olde man's foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.
His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne
To let her take Paris to spouse, since he him selfe hath byn
The chefest cause that she unknown to father or mother,
Not five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.
An other while an hugy heape of dangers dred
His restles thoughtes hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
Even of itselfe thattempte he judged perilous ;
The execution eke he demes so much more daungerous,
That to a woman's grace he must him selfe commit,
That yong is, simple and unware, for waighty affayres unfit.

For, if she fayle in ought, the matter published,
 Both she and Romeus were undonne, himselfe eke punished.
 When too and fro in mynde he diuers thoughts had cast,
 With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last ;
 He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame,
 'Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,
 Out of his closet straight he tooke a little glasse,
 And then with double hast retorne where wofull Juliet was ;
 Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
 Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
 Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day ;
 " On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,
 I must geve my consent ; but, as I do remember,
 The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September.
 Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou be,
 For loe ! saint Francis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,
 By which I may both thee and Romeus together,
 Out of the bondage which you feare, assuredly deliver.
 Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,
 And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne owne.
 For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
 And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart.
 I know that by desert his frendship I have wonne,
 And him to holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne.
 Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
 Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me
 To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,
 Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
 And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
 For Romeus' frendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove,
 And dredful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde ;
 Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counsels
 founde.

Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,
 Not to the nurce thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight.
 For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy life,
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.
 'Thou art not ignorant, because of such renowne
 As every where is spred of me, but chesely in this towne,
 That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,
 Through every land founde out by men, by men inhabited ;
 So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a gest,
 I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,
 But, in the deserte woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,
 Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,
 I have committed them, to ruth of rovers' hand,
 And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.

But

But not in vaine, my childe, hath all my wandring byn :
Beside the great contentednes my sprete abideth in,
That by the pleasant thought of passed thinges doth grow,
One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt shortly
know :

What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to worke,
And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,
With care I have sought out, with paine I did them prove ;
With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,
(Although the science be against the lawes of men)
When sodayn daunger forceth me ; but yet most cheesly when
The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God
(Not helping to do any sin that wrekefull Jove forbode.)
For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,
And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not shonne,
But shall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,
Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde
The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me
blynde ;

When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,
Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly
rest.

Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I
Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the skye,
Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
Of certain rootes and favory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fyne,
And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
It doth in half an howre astone the taker so
And mastreth all his fences, that he feeleth weale nor woe :
And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,
That even the skilful leche would say, that he is slayne by death.
One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this ;
The taker, by receaving it, at all not greeved is ;
But paineles as a man that thinketh nought at all,
Into a sweete and quiet slepe immediatly doth fall ;
From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,
Longer or shorter is the time before the sleeper waketh :
And thence (the effect once wrought) againe it doth restore
Him that receaved unto the state wherein he was before.
Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
And thereby learne what is by thee herafter to be donne.
Cast of from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,
With manly courage arme thy selfe from heele unto thee head ;
For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest
The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.

Receve this vyoll small and kepe it as thine eye ;
 And on the mariage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,
 Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
 Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne
 and lym

A pleasant slumber flyde, and quite dispred at length
 On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength ;
 Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes shall rest,
 No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,
 But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce :
 Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodayne
 chaunce ;

Thy corpes then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,
 Where thy forefathers long agoe a coltly tombe preparte,
 Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,
 (Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou shalt rest, my
 daughter,

Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight ;
 Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
 And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake againe,
 Then mayst thou goe with him from hence ; and, healed of thy
 payne,

In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant lyfe ;
 And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when cease shall all the
 stryfe,

And that the peace is made 'twixt Romeus and his foes,
 My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to disclose,
 Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parents' joy,
 That dangerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy.

When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
 To which our Juliet so well her care and wits did bend,
 That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
 Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought.
 And then to him she sayd—" Doubt not but that I will
 With stout and unapauled hart your happy hest fulfill.
 Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,
 Rather would I that through my throte the certaine baner should
 sinke,

Then I, not drinking it, into his handes should fall,
 That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.
 Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
 To greatest daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,
 To come to him on whom my lyfe doth wholly stay,
 That is my onely hart's delight, and so he shall beaye."
 Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hys
 Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
 God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,
 That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill."

A thou-

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,
 And homeward to her father's house joyfull she doth retyre ;
 And as with stately gate she passed through the streate,
 She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,
 In mynde to ask if she her purpose yet did hold,
 In mynde also, apart 'twixt them, her duety to have tolde ;
 Wherefore with pleasant face, and with wonted chere,
 As soone as she was unto her approched sumwhat nere,
 Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begyn :
 " Madame, at saint Francis' church have I this morning byn,
 Where I did make abode a longer while, percase,
 Then dewty would ; yet have I not been absent from this place
 So long a while, without a great and just cause why ;
 This frute have I receaved there ;—my hart, erst lyk to dye,
 Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,
 Released from affliction, restored is to rest.
 For lo ! my troubled gost, alas too sore diseasde,
 By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence easde ;
 To whom I did at large discourse my former lyfe,
 And in confession did I tell of all our passed stryfe ;
 Of Counte Paris' sute, and how my lord, my syre,
 By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe I styrred unto yre.
 But lo, the holy frier hath by his gostly lore
 Made me another woman now than I had been before.
 By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,
 That, though I sought, no sure defence my searching thought
 could finde.

So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,
 And promist to be ordered by the fryer's praised skill.
 Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,
 The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,
 Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
 Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleasure to fulfill,
 Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,
 To go unto my lord and syre, withouten long delay ;
 Of him fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,
 And shew him, if it pleaseth you, his child is now at last
 Obedient to his just and to his skilfull hest,
 And that I will, God lending lyfe, on Wensday next, be prest
 To wait on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
 Where I will, in your hearing, and before my father's face,
 Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent,
 And take him for my lord and spouse ; thus fully am I bent :
 And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
 Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out
 The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there,
 Which better him to please, I mynde on Wensday next to
 weare.

For

For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,
 Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape."
 The simple mother was rapt into great delight ;
 Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
 With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,
 Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face
 She tolde what she had hearde, and prayseth much the fryer ;
 And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded
 fryer.

With hands and eyes heaved-up he thankes God in his hart,
 And then he sayth : This is not, wyfe, the fryer's first de-
 fart ;

Oft hath he shewde to us great frendship heretofore,
 By helping us at nedefull times with wisdome's pretious lore.
 In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
 But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.
 Oh that the third part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
 But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne !
 So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,
 So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve.

These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,
 And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode ;
 Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,
 At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.
 But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,
 And counfels him till marriage time to spare so great a cost.
 For then he knoweth well the charges will be great ;
 The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his meate.
 He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see
 Fayre Juliet ; wherto he doth right willingly agree.
 The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare ;
 She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wise she spare
 Her courteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,
 But liberally to geve them forth when Paris comes in place :
 Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shew,
 As cunning craftsmen to the sale do set their wares on rew ;
 That ere the County did out of her sight depart,
 So secretely unwares to him she stole away his hart,
 That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre ;
 And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted
 howre,

And with importune sute the parents doth he pray
 The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.

The woer hath past forth the fyrst day in this sort,
 And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.
 At length the wished time of long hoped delight
 (As Paris thought) drew nere ; but nere approached heavy plight.
 Agaynst

Agaynst the brydall day the parentes did prepare
Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,
That they which did behold the same the night before,
Did think and say, a man could scarcely wish for any more.
Nothing did seem to deere; the dearest things were bought;
And, as the written story sayth, in dede there wanted nought,
That longd to his degree, and honor of his stocke:
But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke;
Even from the trusty nurce, whose secretnes was tride,
The secret counsell of her hart the nurce-childe seekes to hyde.
For sith, to mocke her dame, she did not sticke to lye,
She thought no sinne with shew of truth to blear her nurce's eye.
In chaumber secretly the tale she gan renew,
That at the doore she told her dame, as though it had been trew.
The flatt'ring nurce did prayse the fryer for his skill,
And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.
She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
And eke she prayseth much to her the second mariage;
And County Paris now she prayseth ten times more,
By wrong, then she her selfe by right had Romeus prayse be-
fore.

Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne;
What shall it boote her all her lyfe to languishe still and mourne.
The pleasures past before she must account as gayne;
But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one she shall have twayne,
The one shall use her as his lawful wedded wyfe;
In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe;
And best shall she be sped of any townish dame,
Of husband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
These wordes and like the nurce did speake, in hope to please,
But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladie's mynde disease;
But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well-content,
When dayly did the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
But when the bryde perceived her howre aproched nere,
She fought, the best she could, to fayne, and temper'd so her
cheere,

That by her outward looke no living wight could gesse
Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her distresse.
Unto her chaumber doth the pensive wight repayre,
And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the stayre.
In Juliet's chaumber was her wonted use to lye;
Wherefore her mistres, dreading that she should her work descrye,
As soone as she began her pallet to unfold,
Thinking to lye that night where she was wont to lye of olde,
Doth gently pray her seeke her lodgeing somewhere els;
And, lest the crafty should suspect, a ready reason telles.
“Dere friend, quoth she, you knowe, tomorrow is the day
Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpose is to pray

Unto

Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,
 And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,
 That they so smyle upon the doinges of to-morrow,
 That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow :
 Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
 But see that you tomorow come before the dawning light,
 For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre ;” —
 And easely the loving nurse did yelde to her desyre.
 For she within her hed did cast before no doute ;
 She little knew the close attempt her nurse-child went about.

The nurse departed once, the chamber doore shut close,
 Assured that no living wight her doing might disclose,
 She powred forth into the vyoil of the fryer,
 Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boorde stode by her.
 The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
 Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed :
 Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,
 And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,
 That what before she had resolved undoubtedly
 That same she calleth into doute ; and lying doutefully
 Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,
 With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to com-
 plaine :

“ What, is there any one, beneath the heavens hye,
 So much unfortunate as I ? so much past hope as I ?
 What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,
 The depeist drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortune’s skorne ?
 For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
 Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde ;
 Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines
 Hath put me to this sedayne plunge, and brought to such distres,
 As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,
 I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
 Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know. —”
 And of this piteous plaint began an other dout to growe :
 “ What do I know (quoth she) if that this powder shall
 Sooner or latter then it should or els not woorke at all ?
 And then my craft descryde as open as the day,
 The people’s tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.
 And what know I, quoth she, if serpentis odious,
 And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venemous,
 That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
 And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men’s tombes are
 found,

Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded ? —
 Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,
 Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store
 Of carcasses, not yet consumde, and bones that long before

intombed were, where I my sleeping place shall have,
 Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred's common grave?
 Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
 Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stified in the tombe?"

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,
 The force of her ymaging anon doth waxe so strong,
 That she surmised she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,
 A grisly thing to looke upon, the carcas of Tybalt;
 Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before
 Had seen him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded
 fore.

And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde
 That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde,
 All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,
 But many a rotten carcas, and full many a naked bone;
 Her daynty tender partes gan sheever all for dred,
 Her golden heares did stand upright upon her chillish hed.
 Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,
 A sweat as colde as mountayne yse pearst through her slender
 skin,

That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers:
 And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainely thus she
 feares,

A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,
 And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in doute.
 But when she felt her strength began to weare away,
 By little and little, and in her hart her feare encreased ay,
 Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,
 Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,
 As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cougth,
 And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
 Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,
 And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,
 And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes dispred,
 The nurce unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,
 And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her slepe:
 Fyrst softly did she call, then lowder thus did crye,
 "Lady, you slepe to long, the earle will rayse you by and by."
 But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,
 She thinkes to speak to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.
 If all the dreadfull noyse that might on earth be found,
 Or on the roaring seas, or if the dreadful thunder's found,
 Had blowne into her cares, I thinke they could not make
 The sleeping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
 So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald;
 Wherewith the feely carefull nurce was wondrously apalde.

She

She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe and more than marble
colde ;

Nether at mouth nor nose found she recourse of breth ;
Two certaine argumentes were these of her untimely death.
Wherefore as one distraught she to her mother ranne,
With scratched face, and heare betorne, but no word speake she
can.

At last with much adoe, “ Dead (quoth she) is my childe ;”
Now, “ Out alas,” the mother cryde ;—and as a tyger wilde,
Whose whelpes, whilst she is gonne out of her den to prey,
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away ;
So raging forth she ran unto her Juliet’s bed,
And there she found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
Then shrieked she out as lowde as serve her would her breth,
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde she out on death :
“ Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right,
Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,
Even in despite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
Wherto stay I, alas ! since Juliet is gonne ?
Whereto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone.
Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee shall never cease ;
Even as my days of lyfe increase, so shall my plaint increase :
Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,
That dedly panges, when they assayle, shall not augment my
smart.”

Then gan she so to sobbe, in seemde her hart would brast ;
And while she cryeth thus, behold, the father at the last,
The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,
And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,
Both kindreds and allies thether apace have preast,
For by theyr presence there they sought to honor so the feast ;
But when the heavy newes the byden gcastes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr count’nance
and theyr cheere,

Might easely have judgde by that that they had seene,
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.
But more then all the rest the father’s hart was so
Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodayn woe,
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to speak, but long is forsd his teares and plaint to kepe.
In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent ;
And, hearing of her passed life, they judge with one assent
The cause of this her death was inward care and thought ;
And then with double force agayne the doubled sorows wrought.
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,

The same was it in which through Veron town was spread
The woful news how Juliet was sterved in her bed.
For so she was bemonde both of the young and olde,
That it might secme to him that would the common plaint be-
hold,

That all the common welth did stand in jeopardy ;
So universal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.
For so, beside her shape and native bewtie's hewe,
With which, like as she grew in age, her vertue's prayfes grew,
She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles childe,
She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,
Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemone.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,
A frier of his house, (there never was a better,
He trusted him even as himselfe) to whom he gave a letter,
In which he written had of every thing at length,
That past 'twixt Juliet and him, and of the powder's strength ;
The next night after that he willeth him to comme
To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,
And for that night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke ;
Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,
(Till sickell Fortune favour him), disguysde in man's aray.

This letter clofde he sendes to Romeus by his brother ;
He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.
Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes :
And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyfe
That friers in the towne should seldom walke alone,
But of theyr covent aye should be accompanide with one,
Of his profession straight a house he finderh out,
In mynde to take some frier with him, to walke the towne about.
But entred once, he might not issue out agayne,
For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague, a sicknes which they greatly feare and hate :
So were the brethren charged to kepe within their covent gate,
Bard of their fellowship that in the towne do wonne ;
The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers' house to shonne,
Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should re-
new ;

Whereof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great there
grewe.

The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and sorow,
Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe ;
And then he thought in time to send to Romeus.

But whilst at Mantua, where he was, these doinges framed thus.

The

The towne of Juliet's byrth was wholly busied
 About her obsequies, to see theyr darling buried.
 Now is the parentes' myrth quite chaunged into mone,
 And now to sorow is retorne the joy of every one ;
 And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they change,
 And Hymena into a dyrge ;—alas ! it seemeth straunge :
 Insteade of mariage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,
 And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.
 The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
 Hath every dish and cup fild full of sorow and annoye.

Now throughout Italy this common use they have,
 That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one grave ;
 For every household, if it be of any fame,
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the household's
 name ;

Wherein, if any of that kindred hap to dye,
 They are bestowde ; els in the same no other corps may lye.
 The Capilets her corps in such a one did lay,
 Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus was laide the other-day.
 An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
 In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheet.
 So, as by chaunce he walked abroad, our Romeus' man did meete
 His maister's wife ; the sight with sorow straight did wounde
 His honest hart ; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.
 And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spye,
 The doinges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,
 And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister most,
 Alas ! too soone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in post ;
 And in his house he found his maister Romeus,
 Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him thus :
 " Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,
 That sure, except with constancy you seeke your selfe to arme,
 I feare that straight you will breathe out your latter breath,
 And I, most wretched wight, shall be thoccasion of your death.
 Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wife,
 I wot not by what sodain greefe, hath made exchange of lyfe ;
 And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,
 In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest ;
 And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde
 Within the tombe of Capilets ;"—and herewithall he stayde.
 This sodayne message' founde, sent forth with sighes and teares,
 Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listeniag cares ;
 And therby hath sonke such sorow in his hart,
 That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,
 Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,
 And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce :

But

But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,
 This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende ;
 That if near unto her he offred up his breath,
 That than an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his
 death :

Eke should his painful heart a great deal more be eased,
 And more also, he vainely thought, his lady better pleased.
 Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleane,
 Lest that the staynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be
 seene,

And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,
 Which he with all his care did seeke from every one to hyde,
 Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abrode ;
 His servant, at the master's hest, in chaumber still abode :
 And then fro streate to streate he wandreth up and downe,
 To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
 A salve meet for his sore, an oyle fit for his wounde ;
 And seeking long, alac too soone! the thing he sought, he founde.
 An apothecary fate unbusied at his doore,
 Whom by his heavy countenaunce he gessed to be poore.
 And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,
 And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew ;
 Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
 What by no friendship should be got, with money could be bought ;
 For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
 To sell that which the citie's lawe forbiddeth him to sell.

Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
 And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart :
 " Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
 So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me
 Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre
 Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre."
 The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent
 To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
 In haste he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,
 And then beganne with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde :
 " Fayre syr, quoth he, be sure this is the speding gere,
 And more there is than you shall nede ; for halfe of that is there
 Will serve, I undertake, in lesse than halfe an howre
 To kill the strongest man alive ; such is the poyson's power."

Then Romeus, somewhat easd of one part of his care,
 Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
 Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,
 To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
 Provyde both instruments to open wide the toombe,
 And lightes to shew him Juliet ; and stay till he shall comme,
 Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,
 And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.

Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take ;
 Betimes he commes to towne, such hast the painfull man dyd
 make :

And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,
 But doth disclose unto no wight his wofull master's will.
 Would God, he had herein broken his master's hest !
 Would God, that to the frier he had disclosed all his brest !
 But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought
 Provyoked much, hath caused inke and paper to be brought,
 And in few lines he did of all his love dyscourse,
 How by the frier's helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorse,
 The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night
 And many moe he did enjoy his happy hart's delight ;
 Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende ;
 And so his waileful tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The letters clofd and seald, directed to his syre,
 He locketh in his purse, and then a post-hors doth he hyre,
 When he approched nere, he warely lighted downe ;
 And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne ;
 Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should comme,
 With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliet's roomme.
 Helpe Peter, helpe, quode he, helpe to remove the stone,
 And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
 See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
 I charge thee that thou come not nere while I abyde beneath,
 Ne seeke thou not to let thy master's enterprise,
 Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.
 Take there a letter, which, as soone as he shall ryse,
 Present it in the morning to my loving father's eyes ;
 Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,
 Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,
 Obediently a little way withdrewe himselfe apart ;
 And then our Romeus, the vault stone set upright,
 Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.
 And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
 He gan behold, who surely was the organ of his lyfe ;
 For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst ;
 He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyft ;
 And in his folded armes full straightly he her plight,
 But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight :
 His fearfull handes he laide upon her stomach colde,
 And them on divers partes besyde the wofull wight did hold.
 But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,
 Out of his cursed box he drew the poyson that he bought ;
 Whereof he greedely devowrde the greater part,
 And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning
 hart—

“ Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
 From which, for worlde's unworthines thy worthy gost did passe,
 What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde
 Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde?
 Or els so glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
 As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be engraved?
 What epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,
 To consecrate my memorye, could any man invent,
 As this our mutual and our piteous sacrifice
 Of lyfe, set light for love?”—but while he talketh in this wise,
 And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
 His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venom's force;
 Which little and little gan to overcomme his hart,
 And whilst his busy eyne he threw about to every part,
 He saw, hard by the corce of sleeping Juliet,
 Bold Tybalt's carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.
 To whom, as having lyfe, in this sort speaketh he:
 “ Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
 With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
 For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
 But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
 But with revenging lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
 What more amendes, or cruell wrecke desyrest thou
 To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?
 Who rest by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,
 The same with his owne hand, thou seest, doth poyson himselfe
 to death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,
 Too soon also, younger than thou, himselfe he layeth by.”
 These sayd, when he gan feele the poyson's force prevayle,
 And little and little mastred lyfe for aye began to fayl,
 Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe—
 “ Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descended long agoe
 Out of thy father's bosome, and in the virgin's wombe
 Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde;
 Take pity on my sinneful and my poor affected mynde!
 For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
 Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay.”
 Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force
 His overpressed parts upon his ladie's wayled corps,
 That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes past,
 Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,
 Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,
 And so the long imprisoned soul hath freedome wonne at length.
 Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorse,
 'Twixt youthfull Romeus' heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthly
 corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
 Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken;
 But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswere heare,
 Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did bare.
 Out of Sainct Frauncis' church hymselfe alone dyd fare,
 And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.
 Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,
 Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight;
 Till Perer, Romeus' man, his coward hart made bolde,
 When of his master's being there the certaine newes he tolde:
 "There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the least,
 And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast,"
 Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde
 The breatheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde;
 Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceive,
 That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend teerce death
 dyd reve.

But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
 An howre to late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe*;

And

* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and losing so happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting scene. He was misled, we see, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be displeas'd to compare the conclusion of this celebrated story, as it stands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem. It is as follows:

"A questo ultimo pensiero si gli fu la fortuna favorevole, che la sera del di seguente, che la donna era stata seppellita, in Verona, senza esser da persona conosciuto, entrò, e aspettava la notte; e già sentendo ogni parte di silenzio piena, al luogo de' frati Minori, ove l'arca era si ridusse. Era questa Chiesa nella Cittadella, ove questi frati in quel tempo stavono: e avvegnacchè dipoi, non sò come, lasciandola, venissero a stare nel borgo di S. Zeno, nel luogo, che ora santo Bernardino si noma, pure fu ella dal proprio santo Francesco già abitata: presso le mura della quale, dal canto di fuori, erano allora luoghi fuori delle chiese veggiamo: uno de quali antica sepoltura de tutti e Cappelletti era, e nel quale la bella giovane si stava. A questo accostatosi Romeo, (che forse verso le quattro ore esser poteva) e come uomo di gran nerbo, che egli era, per forza il coperchio levatogli, e con certi legni che feco portati aveva in modo puntellato avendolo, che contra sua voglia chiuder non si poteva, dentro vi entrò, e lo richiusse. Aveva feco il sventurato giovane recato una lume orba, per la sua donna alquanto vedere; la quale, rinchiuso nell' arca, di subito tirò fuori e aperse. Et ivi la sua bella Giulietta tra ossa e stracci di molti morti, come morta vide giacere. Onde immanamente forte piagnendo, così cominciò: O occhi, che agli occhi miei foste, mentre al cielo piacque, chiare luci! O bocca, da me mille volte sì dolcemente baciata, e dalla quale così saggie parole si udivano! O bel petto che il mio cuore intanta letizia albergasti! ove
 io

And much amasde to see in tombe so great a light,
 she wist not if she saw a dreame, or sprite that walkd by night.
 But comming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus :

“ What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? where is my Romeus ? ”

And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare
 If they lingred over long they should be takey theare;

In

io ora ciechi, muti, e freddi vi retrovo? Come senza voi veggo, parlo, o vivo? O misera mia donna, ove sei d' Amore condotta? il quale vuole che poco spazio du tristi amante e spenga e alberghi? Oimè! questo non mi promise la speranza, e quel desio, che del tuo amore primieramente mi accefero. O sventurata mia vita, a che ti reggi? E così dicendo, gli occhi, la bocca, e'l petto le basciava; ogni ora in maggior pianto abbondando; nel qual diceva: O mura, che sopra mi state, perchè, addosso cadendomi, non fate ancor piu brieve la mia vita? Ma perciocche la morte in libertà di ogn' uno esser si vede, vilissima cosa per certo è desiderarla e non prenderla. E così l'ampolla, che con l'acqua velenosissima nella manica aveva, tirata fuori, parlando seguì: Io non sò qual destino sopra miei nimici e da me morti, nel lor sepolchro a morire mi conduca; ma posciachè, o anima mia, presso alla donna nostra così giova il morire, ora moriamo: e postasi a bocca la cruda acqua nel suo petto tutta la ricevette. Dapoi presa l'amata giovane, nelle braccia forte stringendola, diceva: O bel corpo ultimo termine di ogni mio desio, se alcun sentimento dopo il partir dell' anima ti è restato, o se ella il mio crudo morir vede, priego che non le dispiaccia, che non avendo io teco potuto lieto e palese vivere, almen secreto se mesto teco mi muoja: e molto stretto tenendola, la morte aspettava.

Già era giunta l'ora, che il calor della giovane la fredda e potente virtù della polvere dovesse avere estinta, e ella svegliarsi; perchè stretta e dimenata da Romeo, nelle sue braccia si destò; e risentitasi, dopo un gran sospiro, disse: Oimè, ove sono? chi mi stringe? misera me! chi mi bascia? e credendo che questi frate Lorenzo fusse, gridò: A questo modo, frate, serbate la fede a Romeo? a questo modo a lui mi condurrete sicura?—Romeo la donna viva sentendo, forte si maravigliò, e forse di Pigmalione ricordandosi, disse: Non mi conoscete, o dolce donna mia? non vedete che io il tristo vostro sposo sono, per morire appo voi, da Mantova qui solo e secreto venuto? La Giulietta nel monumento vedendosi, e in braccio ad uno che diceva essere Romeo sentendosi, quasi fuori di sè stessa era, et da sè alquanto sospintolo, e nel viso guatandolo, e subito riconosciutolo, abbracciandolo mille baci gli donò, e disse— Qual schiochezza vi fece quà entro, e contanto pericolo, entrare? Non vi bastava per le mie lettere avere inteso, come io mi dovea, con lo aiuto di frate Lorenzo, singer morta, e che di brieve farci stata con voi? Allora il tristo giovane, accorto del suo gran fallo, incominciò: Oh misera la mia sorte, oh sfortunato Romeo, oh vieppiu di tutti gli altri amanti dolorosissimo! io di ciò vostre lettere non ebbi: e quivi le raccontò, come Pietro la sua non vera morte per vera gli disse; onde credendola morta, aveva, per farle morendo compagnia,

In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde he tolde,
And with his fingar shewd his corps out-stretched, stiffe, and
colde ;

And then perswaded her with patience to abyde
This sodain great mischaunce ; and sayth, that he will soone pro-
vyde

In some religious house for her a quiet place,
Whers she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase
She

ivi presso lei tolto il veleno : il quale, come acutissimo, sentiva che per tutte le membra la morte gli cominciava mandare.

La sventurata fanciulla questo udendo, sì dal dolore vinta restò, che altro che le belle sue chiome, e l'innocente petto batterli e stracciarli fare non sapeva : e a Romeo, che già resupino giacea, baciandolo spesso, un mare della sue lagrime gli spargea sopra ; e essendo più pallida che la cenere divenuta, tutta tremante, disse— Dunque nella mia presenza e per mia cagione dovete, signor mio, morire ? E il Cielo considerà, che dopo voi (benchè poco) io viva ? Misera me ! almeno a voi la mia vita potessi io donare, e sola morire.

Al la quale il giovine con voce languida rispose—Se la mia fede e'l mio amore mai caro vi fu, viva speme mia, per quello vi priego, che dopo me non vi spiaccia la vita, se non per altra cagione, abben per poter pensare di colui, che del vostro amore preso, per voi, dinanzi a' bei vostri occhi, si muore. A questo rispose la donna—Se voi per la mia finta morte morite, che debbo io per le vostra non finta fare ? Dogliomi solo, che io qui ora dinanzi a voi non abbia il modo di morire, e a me stessa, perciocchè tanto vivo, odio porto ; ma io spero bene che non passerà molto, sì come stato sono cagione, così farò della nostra morte compagna :—e con fatica, queste parole finite, tramortita si cadde : e risentitasi, andava miseramente con la bella bocca gli estremi spirti del suo caro amante raccogliendo ; il qual verso il suo fine a gran passo caminava.

In questo tempo avea frate Lorenzo inteso, come e quando la giovane la polvere bevuta avesse, et che per morta era stata seppellita : e sapendo il termine esser giunto, nel quale le detta polvere la sua virtù finiva, preso un suo fidato compagno, forse un' ora innanzi al giorno all' arca venne. Alla qual giungendo e ella piagnere e dolersi udendo, per la fessura del coperchio mirando, e un lume dentro vedendovi, maravigliatosi forte, pensò che la giovane, a qualche guisa, la lucerna con essa lei ivi entro portata avesse, e che svegliata, per tema di alcun morto, o forse di non star sempre in quel luogo rinchiusa, si rammaricasse, e piagnesse in tal modo. E con l'aiuta del compagno prestamente aperta la sepoltura, vide Giulietta, la quale, tutta scapigliata e dolente, s'era in sedere levata, et il quasi morto amante nel suo grembo recato s'avea ; alla quale egli disse ; Dunque temevi, figliuola mia, che io qui dentro ti lasciassi morire ? E ella il frate vedendo, e il pianto raddoppiando, rispose— Anzi temo io, che voi con la vita me ne traggiate. Deh, per la pietà di Dio, referrate il sepolchro, e andatevene, in guisa che io qui mi muoja : ovvero porgetemi un coltello, che io nel mio petto ferendo, di doglia mi tragga. Oh padre mio, oh padre mio, ben mandaste la
lettera!

she may with wisdom's meane measure her mourning brest,
 And unto her tormented soule call back exiled rest.
 But loe, as soon as she had cast her ruthfull eye
 On Romeus' face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,
 Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,
 And out they gushe ;—with cruell hand she tare her golden heares.
 But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,
 Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sicknes' furious rage,
 Falne on his corps she lay long panting on his face,
 And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did em-
 brace,

lettera! Ben farò io maritata? Ben me guidarete a Romeo. Vedetelo, gli nel mio grembo già morto. E raccontandogli tutto il fatto, glielo mostrò. Frate Lorenzo questo cose udendo, come insensato si stava; e mirando il giovine, il qual per passare di questa all'altra vita era, forte piagnendo, lo chiamò, dicendo: O Romeo, qual sciagura mi t'ha tolto? parlami alquanto: drizza a me un poco gli occhi tuoi? O Romeo, vedi la tua carissima Giulietta, che ti prega che la miri; perchè non respondi almeno a lei, nel cui bel grembo ti giaci? Romeo al caro nome della sua donna, alzò alquanto gli languidi occhi dalla vicina morte gravati, e vedutala, gli richiuse: e poco dipoi per le sue membra la morte discorrendo, tutto torcendosi, fatto un breve sospiro, si morì."

Morto nella guisa che divisato vi ho il misero amante, dopo molto pianto, già vicinandosi il giorno, disse il frate alla giovane—E tu Giulietta, che farai? la qual testamente rispose—morrommi qui entro. Come, figliuola, disse egli, non dire quello; esci fuori, che qualunque non sappia che di te farmi, pur non ti mancherà il richiuerta in qualche santo monistero, et ivi pregar sempre Dio per te de per lo morto tuo sposo, se bisogno ne ba. Al qual disse la donna: "Padre, altro non vi domando io che questa grazia, la quale per lo amor che voi alla felice memoria de costui portaste, (e moitogli Romeo) mi farete volentieri, e questo sie, di non far mai palese la nostra morte: acciocche gli nostri corpi possano insieme sempre in questo sepolchro stare; et se per caso il morir nostro si risapesse, per lo già detto amore, vi priego che i nostri miseri padri, in nome di ambo noi, vogliate pregare, che quelli, i quali Amore in uno stesso fuoco arse, e ad una istessa morte condusse, non sia loro grave in uno istesso sepolchro lasciare. E voltatafi al giacente corpo di Romeo, il cui capo sopra uno origliere, che con lei nell'arca era stato lasciata, posto aveva, gli occhi meglio richiudi avendogli, e di lagrime il freddo volto bagnandogli, disse—Che debbo io senza te in vita piu fare, Signor mio? E che altro mi resta verso te, se non con la mia morte seguirti? niente altro certo: acciocche da te, dal quale la morte solo mi poteva separare, la istessa morte separare non mi possa. E detto questo, la sua gran sciagura nell'animo recatafi, e la perdita del cara amante ricordandoli, deliberando di piu non vivere, raccolto a se il fiato, e per bono spazio tenutolo, e polcia con un gran grido fuori mandando, sopra il morto corpo morta ricadde."

As though with sighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,
 She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne:
 A thousand times she kiſt his mouth, as cold as ſtone,
 And it unkiſt agayne as oft; then gan ſhe thus to mone:
 “ Ah pleaſant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
 Of all the ſweete delights that yet in all my life I founde,
 Did ſuch affured truſt within thy hart reſoſe,
 That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou haſt
 choſe,

Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving make,
 And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my ſake?
 Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
 Thy lyfe muſt deare (as to the moſt) and pleaſant ought to bee,
 How could this tender corps withſtand the cruell fight
 Of furious death, that wents to fray the ſtouteſt with his fight?
 How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
 In this ſo fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?
 Where ſpitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee
 The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy ſure of thee.
 Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
 My wonted ſorowes, doubled twiſe, againe thus to renewe;
 Which both the time and eke my patient long abode
 Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have
 trode?

Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
 To fynd my painfull paſſion's ſalve, I myſt the thing I ſought;
 And to my mortall harne the fatal knife I grounde,
 That gave to me ſo depe, ſo wide, ſo cruell dedly wounde.
 Ah thou, moſt fortunate and moſt unhappy tombe!
 For thou ſhalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme
 Of the moſt perfect league betwixt a payre of lovers,
 That were the moſt unfortunate and fortunate of others;
 Receave the latter ſigh, receave the latter pang,
 Of the moſt cruell of cruell ſlaves that wrath and death ay wrang.”
 And when our Juliet would continue ſtill her mone,
 The fryer and the ſervant fled, and left her there alone;
 For they a ſodayne noyſe faſt by the place did heare,
 And leſt they might be taken there, greatly they ſtood in feare.
 When Juliet ſaw herſelf left in the vault alone,
 That freely ſhe might woorke her will, for let or ſtay was none,
 Then once for all ſhe tooke the cauſe of all her harmes,
 The body dead of Romeus, and claſped it in her armes;
 Then ſhe with earneſt kiſſe ſufficiently did prove,
 That more than by the feare of death, ſhe was attaint by love;
 And then paſt deadly feare, (for lyfe ſhe had ſhe care)
 With haſty hand ſhe did draw out the dagger that he ware.
 O welcome death, quoth ſhe, end of unhappines,
 That alſo are beginning of affured happines,

Feare

Fear not to dart me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,
 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye ;
 For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,
 At ease, shall finde my Romeus' sprite emong so many ded.
 And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my trusty feere,
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost heer,
 Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,
 That cauld alas ! thy violent death, although unwillingly ;
 And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,
 To thend that no wight els but thou might have just cause to
 bofte

Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved
 Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved :
 That so our parted sprites from light that we see here,
 In place of endlesse light and blisse may ever live y-ferre."

These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart :
 Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladie's dedly smart !
 She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes, ¹
 And from her corps the sprite doth flye ;—what should I say ? she
 dyes.

The watchmen of the towne the whilst are passed by,
 And through the grates the candle light within the tombe they
 spye ;

Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,
 That with prepared instruments had opend wide the tombe,
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,
 Which by their science' ayde abusde, do stand them oft in sted.
 Theyr curious harts desyre the truth hereof to know ;
 Then they by certaine steppes descend. where they do fynd be-
 low,

In clasped armes y-wrapt the husband and the wyfe,
 In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.
 But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,
 The certainty of both theyr deaths assuredly they knew :
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,
 That at the length hidden they found the murtherers ; — so they
 thought.

In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde ;
 The next day do they tell the prince the mischeefe that they
 found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,
 Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
 Thether you might have seene whole hougholds forth to ronne,
 For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was
 donne,

The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
 With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.

And

And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
(Like as the murder's brute abroad through all the towne was
blowne)

The prince did straight ordaine, the corfes that wer founde.
Should be fet forth upon a stage hye rayfed from the grounde,
Right in the selfe fame fourne, shewde forth to all mens sight,
That in the hollow vault they had been found that other night ;
And eke that Romeus' man and fryer Lawrence should
Be openly examined ; for els the people would
Have murmured, or faynd there were some waighty cause
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche fet to the shew upon the open stage,
(A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling
teares :

Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare
Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who the murtherers
are ;

For that he nere the tombe was founde at howres unfitte,
And had with him those iron tooles for such a purpose fitte.
The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,
The judge's words appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.
But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,
And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say :
" My lordes, there is not one among you, set togyther,
So that, affection set aside, by wisdome he consider
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortune's rage,
But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and straunge.
For I that in the space of sixty yeres and tenne,
Sincé fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,
And with the worlde's vaine thinges myselfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a rushe,
Ne is there any stander by can make me gyilty blushe ;
Although before the face of God I doe confesse
Myselfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty' presse.
When readiest I am and likeliest to make
My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake ;
When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,
Tappare before the judgment seate of everlasting powre,
And falling ripe I steppe upon my grave's brinke,
Even then, am I, most wretched wight, as eche of you doth thinke,
Through my most haynous dedde, with hedlong sway throwne
downe,

In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.

The

The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,
 (And in your hart increaseth still your vayne and wrong surmise)
 May be the hugens of these teares of myne, percase,
 That so abundantly downe fall by eyther syde my face ;
 As though the memory in scriptures were not kept
 That Christ our Saviour himselte for ruth and pitie wept :
 And more, who so will reade, y-written shall he fynde,
 That teares are as true messengers of man's ungylty mynde.
 Or els, a liker prooffe that I am in the cryme,
 You say these present yrons are, and the suspected time :
 As though all howres alike had not been made above !
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelve ? whereby he sought to

prove,

That no respect of howres ought justly to be had,
 But at all times men have the choise of doing good or bad ;
 Even as the sprite of God the harts of men doth gyde,
 Or as it leaveth them to stray from virtue's path asyde.
 As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
 As now I deeme, I need not seeke to make ye understand
 To what use yron first was made, when it began ;
 How of it selfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.
 The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
 That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll.
 Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they
 flowe,

Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,
 Can justly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme:
 No one of these hath powre, ne power have all the three,
 To make me other than I am, how so I seeme to be.
 But sure my conscience, if I so gylt deserve,
 For an appeacher, witnesse, and a hangman, eke should serve ;
 For through mine age, whose heares of long time since were hore,
 And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time tofore,
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
 My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrise,
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyse.
 But God I prayse, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
 And from remorse pricking sting I joy that I am free :
 I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
 Wherewith you should be troubled still, if I my speche should spare.
 But to the end I may set all your hearts at rest,
 And pluck out all the scrupels that are rooted in your brest,
 Which might perhappes henceforth increasig more and more,
 Within your conscience also increase your cuelesse sore,
 I sweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
 (And for a witnes of my woordes my hart attesteth him,

Whose

Whose mighty hand doth welde them in thyr violent sway,
 And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay)
 That I will make a short and eke a true dyscoursie
 Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and source
 Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no lesse
 Will wonder at then they alas ! poore lovers in distresse,
 Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
 With strong and patient hart did yelde them selfe to cruell death :
 Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,
 And of theyr promyst frendshippe's fayth so stedy was the troth."

And then the auncient fryer began to make discourse,
 Even from the first, of Romeus' and Juliet's amours ;
 How first by sodayn sight the one the other chose,
 And 'twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death
 might lose ;

And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,
 Under confession's cloke, to him themselfe they have addrest ;
 And how with solemne othes they have protested both,
 That they in hart are maried by promise and by othe ;
 And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
 They shal be forst by earnest love in sinneful state to live :
 Which thing when he had wayde, and when he understoode
 That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honest, good,
 And all thinges peysed well, it seemed meet to bee
 (For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and degree) ;
 Hoping that so at length ended might be the stryfe
 Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
 Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleasing in God's sight,
 In secreet shrift he wedded them ; and they the selfe same night
 Made up the mariage in house of Capilet,
 As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurce of Juliet.
 He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalt's lyfe,
 And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to his wife ;
 And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dysdayne,
 And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne ;
 And how she fell flat downe before his feet aground,
 And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound
 Her harmles hart, except that he some meane dyd fynde
 To dysfappoynt the earles attempt ; and spotles save her mynde,
 Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before
 By thought of death and age he had refusde for evermore
 The hidden arts which he delighted in, in youth,
 Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
 And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge,
 His closed conscience he had opened and fet at large ;
 And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme
 His soule to be spotted somdeale with small and easy cryme,

Then

Then that the lady should, wery of lyving breath
Murther her selfe, and daunger much her feely soul by death ;
Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puttes in ure ;
A certaine powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,
That they her held for dead ; and how that fryer John
With letters sent to Romeue to Mantua is gone ;
Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become ;
And how that dead he found his frend within her kindred's tombe.
He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the young man sterved,
Supposing Juliet dead ; and how that Juliet hath carved
With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
Desyrous to accompany her lover after death ;
And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,
And hidde themselfe, dreading the noyse of watchmen, that they
heard.

And for the prooffe of this his tale, he doth desyer
The iudge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
To learne his cause of stay, and eke to read his letter,
And, more beside, to thend that they might iudge his cause the
better,

He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,
And Romeus' man, whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.

Then Peter, not so much, as erst he was, dismayd :
My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd,
And when my maister went into my mistres' grave,
This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,
Which he him selfe dyd write, as I do understand,
And charged me to offer them unto his father's hand.
The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same
That erst the skilfull fryer sayd ; and eke the wretche's name
That had at his request the dedly poyson fold,
The price of it, and why he bought his letters playne have tolde.
The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,
That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr
eyes :

So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,
That in the prease there was not one that floode at all in doute.

The wyser fort, to counsell called by Escalus,
Have geven advice, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus :
The nurse of Juliet is banisht in her age,
Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,
Which might have wrought much good had it in time been
knowne,

Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne ;
And Peter, for he dyd obey his master's hest,
In woonted freedome had good leave to leade his lyfe in rest :
Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote.

But

But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded fyre,
 Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre ?
 Because that many times he woorthily did serue
 The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to fwerue,
 He was discharged quyte, and no marke of defame
 Did seeme to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.
 But of him selfe he went into an hermitage,
 Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his
 age ;

Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye :
 Fyve yeres he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
 The straungenes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
 The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,
 That with theyr emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
 Has emptied quite ; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could as-
 wage,

Nor threating of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
 At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.

And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove
 The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,
 The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
 In stately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayse they hye.
 On every syde above were set, and eke beneath,
 Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of thyer death,
 And even at this day the tombe is to be seene ;
 So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
 There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
 Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

‡ Imprinted at London in Fleete Streete within Temple
 barre, at the signe of the hand and starre, by
 Richard Tottill the six day of November. An.
 60. 1562.

H A M L E T.

Persons Represented.

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*

Hamlet, *son to the former, and nephew to the present king.*

Fortinbras, *prince of Norway.*

Polonius, *lord chamberlain.*

Horatio, *friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *son to Polonius.*

Voltimand,

Cornelius,

Rosencrantz,

Guildenstern,

Ofrick, *a courtier.*

Another courtier.

A priest.

Marcellus,

Bernardo,

Francisco, *a soldier.*

Reynaldo, *servant to Polonius.*

A captain ; an Ambassador.

Ghost of Hamlet's father.

Gertrude, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*

Ophelia, *daughter to Polonius.*

*Lords, ladies, players, grave-diggers, sailors, messengers,
and other attendants.*

SCENE, *Elseneur.*

H A M L E T¹.

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

E L S I N O U R.

A platform before the palace.

Francisco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me²; stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran.

[*Hamlet.*] The original story on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus the Danish historian. From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. From this work, *The Hystoric of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was translated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it must have been performed before that time, as I have seen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey, (the antagonist of Nash) who, in his own hand-writing, has set down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are these: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company this play was entered by James Roberts, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servantes."

In

² — *me*:] i. e. *me* who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-ward. STEEVENS.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour,

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee to bed,
Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks : 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

³ The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter

In *Eastward Ho* by Geo. Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston, 1605, is a sting at the hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer asks him—" 'sfoote, *Hamlet*, are you mad ?" The following particulars relative to the date of this piece, are borrowed from Dr. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, p. 85, 86, second edition.

Greene, in the Epistle prefixed to his *Arcadia*, hath a lash at some "vaine glorious tragedians," and very plainly at Shakspeare in particular.—"I leave all these to the mercy of their *mother-tongue*, that feed on nought but the crumbs that fall from the *translator's* trencher.—That could scarcely *latinize* their neck verse if they should have neede, yet *English Seneca* read by candlelight yeelds many good sentences—hee will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, *handfuls* of tragicall speeches."—I cannot determine exactly when this *Epistle* was first published ; but, I fancy, it will carry the original *Hamlet* somewhat further back than we have hitherto done : and it may be observed, that the oldest copy now extant, is said to be "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was." *Gabriel Harvey* printed at the end of the year 1592, "Foure Letters and certaine Sonnetts, especially touching *Robert Greene*:" in one of which his *Arcadia* is mentioned. Now *Nash's* Epistle must have been previous to these, as *Gabriel* is quoted in it with applause ; and the *Foure Letters* were the beginning of a quarrel. *Nash* replied, in "Strange News of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Convoy of Verses, as they were going *privilie* to victual the *Low Countries*, 1593." *Harvey* rejoined the same year in "*Pierce's* Supercroagation, or a new Praise of the old Ass." And *Nash* again, in "Have with you to *Saffron Walden*, or *Gabriell Harvey's* Hunt is up ; containing a full answer to the eldest sonne of the halter-maker, 1596."—*Nash* died before 1606, as appears from an old comedy called "The Return from *Parnassus*" STEEVENS.

³ *The rivals of my watch,*] *Rivals*, for partners. WARBURTON.

By

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night.

[*Exit Francisco.*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?

Hor.

By *rivals of the watch* are meant those who were to watch on the next adjoining ground. *Rivals*, in the original sense of the word, were proprietors of neighbouring lands, parted only by a brook, which belonged equally to both. HANMER.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1636:

“*Tullia.* Aruns, associate him.

“*Aruns.* A rival with my brother, &c.”

Again, in the *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

“And make thee rival in those governments.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 5:—having made use of him in the wars against Pompey, presently deny'd him *rivalry*.” STEEVENS.

I should propose to point and alter this passage thus—

If you do meet Horatio, and Marcellus

The *rival* of my watch—

Horatio is represented throughout the play as a gentleman of no profession. Marcellus was an officer, and consequently did that through duty, for which Horatio had no motive but curiosity. Besides, there is but one person on each watch. Bernardo comes to relieve Francisco, and Marcellus to supply the place of some other on the adjoining station. The reason why Bernardo as well as the rest expect Horatio, was because he knew him to be informed of what had happened the night before. WARNER.

By *rivals* the speaker certainly means *partners* (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation), or those whom he expected to watch with him. Marcellus had watched with him before; whether as a sentinel, a volunteer, or from mere curiosity, we do not learn: but, which ever it was, it seems evident that his station was on the same

⁴ *Hor.* A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What ⁶, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasy ;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded fight, twice seen of us :
Therefore I have intreated him along,
With us to watch ⁶ the minutes of this night :
That, if again this apparition come,
He may ⁷ approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear.

spot with Bernardo, and that there is no other centinel by them relieved. Possibly Marcellus was an officer, whose business it was to visit each watch, and perhaps continue with it some time. Horatio, as it appears, watches out of curiosity. But in act ii. sc. 1. to Hamlet's question, *Hold you the watch to night?* Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, all answer, *We do, my honour'd lord.* The folio indeed, reads *both*, which one may with greater propriety refer to Marcellus and Bernardo. If we did not find the latter gentleman in such good company, we might have taken him to have been like Francisco whom he relieves, an honest but common soldier. The strange indiscriminate use of Italian and Roman names in this and other plays, makes it obvious that the author was very little conversant in even the rudiments of either language.

REMARKS.

⁴ *Hor.* A piece of him.] But why a *piece*? He says this as he gives his hand. Which direction should be marked.

WARBURTON.

A piece of him, is, I believe, no more than a cant expression.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *What, &c.*] The quarto gives this speech to Horatio.

⁶ — *the minutes of this night* ;] This seems to have been an expression common in Shakspeare's time. I find it in one of Ford's plays, *The Fancies*, act v :

“ I promise ere *the minutes of the night.*” STEEVENS.

⁷ — approve *our eyes* —] Add a new testimony to that of our eyes. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632 :

“ I can by grounded arguments *approve*

“ Your power and potency.”

See vol. vii. p. 456. STEEVENS.

Ber.

Ber. Sit down a while ;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,——

Mar. Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes
again !

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio ?

Ber. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Ho-
ratio.

Hor. Most like :—it harrows ¹ me with fear, and
wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

⁸ *What we two nights have seen.*] This line is by Hanmer given to Marcellus, but without necessity. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Thou art a scholar, speak to it Horatio.*] It has always been a vulgar notion that spirits and supernatural beings can only be spoken to with propriety or effect by persons of learning. Thus Toby in *The Night-walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, says :

“ —— It grows still longer,
“ 'Tis steeple-high now ; and it sails away Nurse,
“ Let's call the butler up, for *he speaks Latin*,
“ *And that will daunt the devil.*”

In like manner the honest Butler in Mr. Addison's *Drummer*, recommends the steward to speak *Latin* to the ghost in that play.

EDITOR.

¹ *It harrows me, &c.*] To *harrow* is to conquer, to subdue. The word is of Saxon origin. So, in the old bl. l. romance of *Syr Iglamoure of Artoys* :

“ He swore by him that *barowed* hell.” STEVENS.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of bury'd Denmark
Did sometime march? by heaven I charge thee,
speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,²
³ He smote the + fledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar.

² —an angry parle,] This is one of the affected words introduced by *Lilly*. So, in *Two Wise Men and all the Rest Fools*, 1619:
“ — that you told me at our last *parle*.” STEEVENS.

³ *He smote the fledded Polack on the ice.*] *Pole-ax* in the common editions. He speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle. He uses the word *Polack* again, act ii. sc. 4. POPE.

Polack was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland; *Polaque*, French. As in F. Davison's translation of Passeratius's epitaph on Henry III. of France, published by Camden:

“ Whether thy chance or choice thee hither brings,

“ Stay, passenger, and wail the best of kings.

“ This little stone a great king's heart doth hold,

“ Who rul'd the fickle French and *Polacks* bold:

“ Whom

Mar. Thus, twice before, ⁵ and just at this dead hour,

With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. ⁶ In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But, in the ⁷ gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast ⁸ of brazen cannon,

“ Whom, with a mighty warlike host attended,

“ With trait’rous knife a cowled monster ended.

“ So frail are even the highest earthly things,

“ Go, passenger, and wail the hap of kings.” JOHNSON.

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612 :

“ — I scorn him

“ Like a shav’d *Polack*—” STEEVENS.

+ A *sled*, or *sledge*] Is a carriage without wheels, made use of in the cold countries. So, in *Tamburlaine, or the Scythian Shepherd*, 1590.

“ — upon an ivory *sled*

“ Thou shalt be drawn among the frozen poles.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ — and just at this dead hour,] The old quarto reads *jumpe*: but the following editions discarded it for a more fashionable word. WAREURTON.

The old reading is, *jump at this same hour*; *same* is a kind of correlative to *jump*; *just* is in the oldest folio. The correction was probably made by the author. JOHNSON.

Jump and *just* were synonymous in the time of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson speaks of verses made on *jump names*, i. e. names that suit exactly. Nash says—“ and *jumpe*, imitating a verse in *As in presenti*.” So, in Chapman’s *May Day*, 1611 :

“ Your appointment was *jumpe* at three, with me.”

Again, in *M. Kyffin*’s translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588 :

“ Comes he this day so *jump* in the very time of this marriage?” STEEVENS.

⁶ In what particular thought to work,] i. e. What particular train of thinking to follow. STEEVENS:

⁷ — Gross and scope—] General thoughts, and tendency at large. JOHNSON.

⁸ — daily cast—] The quartos read *cost*. STEEVENS.

And foreign mart for implements of war ?
 Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose fore task
 Does not divide the Sunday from the week ?
 What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
 Doth make the night joint-labourer of the day ;
 Who is't, that can inform me ?

Hor. That can I ;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
 Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
 Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
 Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
 Dar'd to the combat ; in which, our valiant Hamlet
 (For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
 Did slay this Fortinbras ; † who, by a seal'd compact,
 Well

† *Why such impress of ship-wrights ?*] Judge Barrington, *Observations on the more ancient Statutes*, p. 300. having observed that Shakspeare gives English manners to every country where his scene lies, infers from this passage, that in time of queen Elizabeth, ship-wrights as well as seamen were forced to serve.

WHALLEY.

† — *who by a sealed compact,*

Well ratified by law and heraldry,] The subject spoken of is a duel between two monarchs, who fought for a wager, and entered into articles for the just performance of the terms agreed upon. Two sorts of law then were necessary to regulate the decision of the affair : the *civil law*, and the *law of arms* ; †, had there been a wager without a duel, it had been the *civil law only* ; or a duel without a wager, the *law of arms only*. Let us see now how our author is made to express this sense.

———— *a seal'd compact,*

Well ratified by law and heraldry.

Now *law*, as distinguished from *heraldry* signifying the *civil law* ; and this seal'd compact being a *civil law* act, it is as much as to say, *An act of law well ratified by law*, which is absurd. For the nature of *ratification* requires that which ratifies, and that which is ratified, should not be one and the same, but different. For these reasons I conclude † Shakspeare wrote :

———— *who by seal'd compact*

Well ratified by law of heraldry.

i. e. the execution of the civil compact was ratified by the law of arms ; which, in our author's time, was called the *law of heraldry*. So the best and exactest speaker of that age : “ *In the third kind, [i. e.*

Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry,
 Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
 Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror ;
 Against the which, a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our king ; which had return'd
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
 Had he been vanquisher ; ² as, by that covenant,
³ And carriage of the articles design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet : Now, fir, young Fortinbras,
⁴ Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
⁵ Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprize
⁶ That hath a stomach in't ; which is no other

of the *Jus gentium*] the law of heraldry in war is positive, &c. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity." WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton says, that Shakspeare sometimes expresses one thing by two substantives, and that *law and heraldry* means, by the *herald law*. So *Ant. and Cleop.* act iv :

“ Where rather I expect victorious life,
 “ Than death and honour, i. e. honourable death.”

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetic*, speaks of the *Figure of Tropes*, “ horses and barbes, for barbed horses, *venim & Dartes*, for venomous Dartes, &c.” FARMER.

² — as, by that cov'nant

And carriage of the articles design'd,] The old quarto reads :
 — as by the same comart ;

and this is right. *Comart* signifies a bargain, and *carrying of the articles*, the covenants entered into to confirm that bargain. Hence we see the common reading makes a tautology. WARBURTON.

I can find no such word as *comart* in any dictionary.

STEEVENS.

³ *And carriage of the articles design'd,*] *Carriage*, is import ; *design'd*, is formed, drawn up between them. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Of unimproved*—] *Unimproved*, for *unrefined*.

WARBURTON.

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

⁵ *Shark'd up a list, &c.*] I believe to *shark up* means to pick up without distinction, as the *shark-fish* collects his prey. The quartos read *lawless* instead of *landless*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *That hath a stomach in't ;* —] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was used for *constancy, resolution*. JOHNSON.

(As it doth well appear unto our state)
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,
 And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost : And this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations ;
 The source of this our watch ; and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage⁸ in the land.

Ber. [⁹ I think, it be no other, but even so :
 Well may it fort¹, that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch ; so like the king
 That was, and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is², to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and³ palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The grave stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets ;
 Stars shone with trains of fire ; dewes of blood fell⁴;

⁷ *And terms compulsatory,—*] the old quarto, better, *compulsatory*. WARBURTON.

⁸ — *romage*] Tumultuous hurry. JOHNSON.

⁹ [*I think, &c.*] These, and all other lines confin'd within crotchets throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition, of 1623. The omissions leave the play sometimes better and sometimes worse, and seem made only for the sake of abbreviation.

JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to observe, that the title pages of the first quartos in 1604 and 1605, declare this play to be *enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect copy.*

STEEVENS.

¹ *Well may it fort,—*] The cause and the effect are proportionate and suitable. JOHNSON.

² *A mote it is,—*] The first quarto reads, a *moth*. STEEVENS.

³ — *palmy state of Rome,*] *Palmy*, for *victorious* ; in the other editions, *flourishing*. POPE.

⁴ *Stars shone with trains of fire, dewes of blood fell ; &c.*] Thus Mr. Rowe altered these lines, which have no immediate connection with the preceding ones. The quartos read (for the passage is not in the folio) :

*As stars with trains of fire, and dewes of blood,
 Disasters in the sun,—*

Perhaps an intermediate line is lost. STEEVENS.

Disasters

Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was

Disasters *veil'd the sun*;—] *Disasters* is here finely used in its original signification of evil conjunction of stars. WARBURTON.

Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;

Disasters veil'd the sun;]—The words *shone*, *fell*, and *veil'd*, having been introduced by Mr. Rowe without authority, may be safely rejected. Might we not come nearer the original copy by reading—

Astres, with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disastrous, *dimin'd* the sun.

There is, I acknowledge, no authority for the word *astre*; but our author has coined many words, and in this very speech there are two, *gibber* and *precurse*, that are used, I believe, by no other writer. He seems to have laboured here to make his language correspond with the preternatural appearances that he describes.

Astres [from *astrum*] is of exactly the same formation as *antres*, which he has introduced in *Othello*, and which is not, I believe, found elsewhere. The word now proposed being uncommon, it is not surprising that the transcriber's ear should have deceived him, and that he should have written, instead of it, two words (*As stars*) of nearly the same sound. The word *star*, which occurs in the next line, is thus rendered not so offensive to the ear, as it is as the text now stands. If, however, this be thought too licentious, we might read, with less departure from the old copy than Mr. Rowe's text,

“ *His stars*, with trains of fire, and dews of blood,

“ *Disastrous*, *dimin'd* the sun;” —

i. e. the stars that presided over Cæsar's fortunes. So, in our author's 26th Sonnet :

“ Till whatsoever *star*, that guides my moving,

“ Points on me graciously with fair aspect.”

Each of the words proposed, and printed above in italicks, might have been easily confounded by the ear with those that have been substituted in their room. The latter, *dimin'd*, is fully supported not only by Plutarch's account in the life of Cæsar, [“ also the brightness of the *sunne* was *darkened*, the which, all that yeare through, rose very *pale*, and *shined not out*,”] but by various passages in our author's works. So, in the *Tempest* :

“ ————— I have be-*dimin'd*

“ The noon-tide *sun*.”

Again, in *King Richard III* :

“ As doth the blushing discontented *sun*,—

“ When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

“ To *dim* his glory.”

Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
 And ³ even the like ⁴ precurse of fierce events,—
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
⁵ And prologue to the omen coming on,—
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
⁶ If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Again, in our author's 18th Sonnet:

“ Sometimes too hot *the eye of heaven* shines,
 “ And often is his gold complexion *dimin'd.*”

In the first act of this play the quarto, 1611, reads—“ 'Tis not my inky cloke *could smother*”—[for *good mother*]. If, as in the present instance, there had been but one copy, how could this strange error have been rectified but by the boldness of conjecture? MALONE.

³ *And even*—] Not only such prodigies have been seen in Rome, but the elements have shewn our countrymen like forerunners and foretokens of violent events. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*precurse of fierce events,*] *Fierce*, for *terrible*. WARBURTON.
 I rather believe that *fierce* signifies *conspicuous, glaring*. It is used in a somewhat similar sense in *Timon*.—O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings! STEEVENS.

⁵ *And prologue to the omen coming on,*] But *prologue* and *omen* are merely synonymous here. The poet means, that these strange *phenomena* are prologues and forerunners of the events *presag'd*: and such sense the slight alteration, which I have ventured to make, by changing *omen* to *omen'd*, very aptly gives. THEOBALD.
Omen, for *fate*. WARBURTON.

Hammer follows Theobald.

A distich from the life of Merlin, by Heywood, will shew that there is no occasion for correction:

“ Merlin well vers'd in many an hidden spell,
 “ His countries *omen* did long since foretell.” FARMER.

Again, in the *Voxobreaker*:

“ And much I fear the weakness of her braine
 “ Should draw her to some *ominous* exigent.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *If thou hast any sound,*—] The speech of Horatio to the spectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions. JOHNSON.

Speak

Speak to me :

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me :

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, hapily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak !

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.

Speak of it :—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus,—

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

Hor. Do if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here !

Hor. 'Tis here !

Mar. 'Tis gone !

[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the shew of violence ;
For it is, as the air invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The

[Whether in sea, &c.] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of spirits, who had dispositions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *spirits extravagant*, wandering out of their element, whether aerial spirits visiting earth, or earthly spirits ranging the air, return to their station, to their proper limits in which they are *confined*. We might read,

“ ——— And at his warning

“ Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies

“ To his confine, whether in sea or air,

“ Or earth, or fire. And of,” &c.

⁸ The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine : and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit 'dares stir abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
² No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in ruffet mantle clad,

But this change, though it would smooth the construction, is not necessary, and, being unnecessary, should not be made against authority. JOHNSON.

Bourne of Newcastle, in his *Antiquities of the common People*, informs us, "It is a received tradition among the vulgar, that
" at the time of cock-crowing, the midnight spirits forsake these
" lower regions, and, go to their proper places.—Hence it is,
" says he, that in country places, where the way of life requires
" more early labour, they always go cheerfully to work at that
" time ; whereas if they are called abroad sooner, they imagine
" every thing they see, a wandering ghost." And he quotes on this occasion, as all his predecessors had done, the well-known lines from the first hymn of *Prudentius*. I know not whose translation he gives us, but there is an old one by Heywood. The *pious Chansons*, the *hymns* and *carrols*, which Shakspeare mentions presently, were usually copied from the elder Christian poets.

FARMER.

⁸ *Th' extravagant*—] i. e. got out of its bounds. WARBURTON.

So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598 : "—they took me up for a
² *stravagant*." STEEVENS.

⁹ *It faded on the crowing of the cock.*] This is a very ancient superstition. Philostratus giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' shade to Apollonius Tyaneus, says that it vanished with a little glimmer as soon as the *cock crowed*. Vit. Apol. iv. 16.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Dares stir abroad*. Quarto. The folio reads—*can walk*—

STEEVENS.

² *No fairy takes,*] No fairy *strikes* with lameness or diseases. This sense of *take* is frequent in this author. JOHNSON.

Walks

Walks o'er the dew of yon³ high eastern hill:
 Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet; for upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning
 know

Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A room of state.

*Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes,
 Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's
 death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye⁺;

With

³ — *high eastern hill:*] The old quarto has it better *eastward*. WARBURTON.

The superiority of the latter of these readings is not, to me at least, very apparent. I find the former used in *Lingua*, &c. 1607: “—and overclimbs

“Yonder gilt *eastern* hills.”

Eastern and *eastward*, alike signify *toward the East*. STEEVENS.

⁺ *With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;*] Thus the folio. The quarto, with somewhat less of quaintness:

With

With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,—
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the business is: We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears

With *an* auspicious, and *a* dropping eye.

The same thought, however, occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: “She had *one eye* declined for the loss of her husband; *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfilled.” STEEVENS.

I once thought that *dropping* in this line meant only *depressed*, or cast downwards; an idea probably suggested by the passage in *The Winter's Tale*, quoted by Mr. Steevens. But it means, I believe, *sweeping*. “*Dropping of the eyes*” was a technical expression in our author's time.—“If the spring be wet with much southwind,—the next summer will happen agues blearness, *dropping of the eyes*, and pains of the bowels.” Hopton's *Concordance of yeares*, 8vo, 1616. MALONE.

^s Colleagu'd *with this dream of his advantage*,] The meaning is, He goes to war so indiscreetly, and unprepared, that he has no allies to support him but a *dream*, with which he is *colleagu'd* or confederated. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads—*collogued*, and perhaps rightly, as this word is frequently used by Shakpeare's contemporaries. So, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604: “Why look you, we must *collogue* sometimes, forswear sometimes.” Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599: “*Collogue* with her again.” Again, in Heywood's *Love's Mistress*, 1636: “This *collogued* lad.” Again, in *Sevetnam Arraign'd*, 1620: “For they are cozening, *colloguing*, ungrateful, &c.”

STEEVENS.

Of

Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein⁶; in that he levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope⁷
 Of these dilated articles allows⁸.

Farewel; and let your haste commend your duty.

Val. In that, and all things, will we shew our
 duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit: What is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg,
 Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

⁹ The head is not more native to the heart,

The

⁶ — to suppress

His further gait therein;] Gate or gait is here used in the northern sense, for *proceeding, passage*; from the A. S. verb *gac*. A gate for a path, passage, or street, is still current in the north.
 PERCY.

⁷ — more than the scope] More than is comprised in the general design of these articles, which you may explain in a more diffuse and dilated style. JOHNSON.

⁸ — these dilated articles] i. e. the articles when dilated.

MUSGRAVE.

⁹ *The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,*

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.] This is a flagrant instance of the first editor's stupidity, in preferring sound to sense. But *head, heart, and hand*, he thought must needs go together, where an honest man was the subject of the encomium: though what he could mean by the *head's being native to the heart*, I cannot conceive. The mouth indeed of an honest man might, perhaps, in some sense, be said to be *native*, that is, allied to the
 VOL. X. T heart

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes ?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France ;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To shew my duty in your coronation ;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave ? What says
Polonius ?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my flow
leave,
By labourfome petition ; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent :]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

heart. But the speaker is here talking not of a *moral* but a *physical* alliance. And the force of what is said is supported only by that distinction. I suppose, then, that Shakspeare wrote :

The blood is not more native to the heart,——

Than to the throne of Denmark is thy father.

This makes the sentiment just and pertinent. As the blood is formed and sustained by the labour of the heart, the mouth supplied by the office of the hand, so is the throne of Denmark by your father, &c. The expression too of the *blood's* being *native to the heart*, is extremely fine. For the heart is the laboratory where that vital liquor is digested; distributed, and (when weakened and debilitated) again restored to the vigour necessary for the discharge of its functions. WARBURTON.

Part of this emendation I have received, but cannot discern why the *head* is not as much *native to the heart*, as the *blood*, that is, *natural* and *congenial* to it, *born with it*, and co-operating with it. The relation is likewise by this reading better preserved, the *counsellor* being to the *king* as the *head* to the *heart*. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that the part of Dr. Warburton's emendation which is received, is necessary. The sense seems to be this, the head is not formed to be more useful to the heart, the hand is not more at the service of the mouth, than my power is at your father's service. That is, he may command me to the utmost ; he may do what he pleases with my kingly authority. STEEVENS.

King.

King. * Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. ² A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Aside.*
King.

* *Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,*

And thy fair graces : spend it at thy will.] This is the pointing in both Mr. Pope's editions ; but the poet's meaning is lost by it, and the close of the sentence miserably flatten'd. The pointing, I have restored, is that of the best copies ; and the sense, this " You have my leave to go, Laertes ; make the fairest use you please of your time, and spend it at your will with the fairest graces you are master of." THEOBALD.

I rather think this line is in want of emendation. I read,

———*Time is thine,*

And my best graces : spend it at thy will. JOHNSON.

³ *Ham.* *A little more than kin, and less than kind.*] *Kind* is the Teutonick word for *child*. Hamlet therefore answers with propriety, to the titles of *cousin* and *son*, which the king had given him, that he was somewhat more than *cousin*, and less than *son*.

JOHNSON.

In this line, with which Shakspeare introduces *Hamlet*, Dr. Johnson has perhaps pointed out a nicer distinction than it can justly boast of. To establish the sense contended for, it should have been proved that *kind* was ever used by any English writer for *child*. *A little more than kin*, is a little more than common relation. The king was certainly something *less than kind*, by having betrayed the mother of Hamlet into an indecent and incestuous marriage, and obtained the crown by means which he suspects to be unjustifiable. In the 5th Act, the Prince accuses his uncle of having *popt in between the election and his hopes*, which obviates Dr. Warburton's objection to the old reading, viz. that " the king had given no occasion for such a reflection."

A jingle of the same sort is found in *Mother Bombie* 1594, and seems to have been proverbial, as I have met with it more than once : " ——— the nearer we are in blood, the further we must be from love ; the greater the *kindred* is, the less the *kindness* must be."

Again, in *Gorboduc*, a tragedy, 1565 :

" In kinde a father, but not *kindness*."

As *kind*, however, signifies *nature*, Hamlet may mean that his relationship was become an *unnatural* one, as it was partly founded upon incest. Our author's *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*,

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am ³ too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy ⁴ vailed lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust :

Thou know'st, 'tis common ; all, that live, must die.
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, inadam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not
seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

King Richard II, and *Titus Andronicus,* exhibit instances of *kind* being used for *nature* ; and so too in this play of *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. the last :

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindless* villain.

Dr. Farmer, however, observes that *kin*, is still used for *cousin* in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Hamlet does not, I think, mean to say, that *his uncle* is a little more than kin, &c. The king had called the Prince—" My cousin Hamlet, and my son."—His reply therefore is—" I am a little more than thy kinsman, [for I am thy step-son ;] and somewhat less than kind to thee, [for I hate thee, as being the person who has entered into an incestuous marriage with my mother.] Or, if we understand *kind*, in its ancient sense, then the meaning will be—*I am more than thy kinsman, for I am step-son ; being such, I am less near to thee than thy natural offspring, and therefore not entitled to the appellation of son, which you have now given me.* MALONE.

³ — *too much i' the sun.*] He perhaps alludes to the proverb, *Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun.* JOHNSON.

— *too much i' sun.*

Meaning probably his being sent for from his studies to be exposed at his uncle's marriage as his *chiefest courtier*, &c.

STEEVENS.

I question whethere a quibble between *sun* and *son* be not here intended. FARMER.

⁴ — *vailed lids,*] With lowering eyes, cast down eyes.

JOHNSON.

Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief^s,
 That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play:
 But I have that within, which passeth shew;
 These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
 Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
 But, you must know, ^o your father lost a father;
 That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation, for some term
 To do ⁷ obsequious sorrow: But to persevere

In

^s —shews of grief,] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—
chapes—I suppose for *shapes*. STEEVENS.

^o —your father lost a father;

That father, his; and the survivor bound] Thus Mr. Pope judiciously corrected the faulty copies. On which the editor Mr. Theobald thus descants: *This supposed refinement is from Mr. Pope, but all the editions else, that I have met with, old and modern, read,*

That father lost, lost his;—

The reduplication of which word here gives an energy and an elegance, WHICH IS MUCH EASIER TO BE CONCEIVED THAN EXPLAINED IN TERMS. I believe so: for when *explained in terms* it comes to this: That father after he had lost himself, lost his father. But the reading is *ex fide codicis*, and that is enough. WARBURTON,

I do not admire the repetition of the word, but it has so much of our author's manner, that I find no temptation to recede from the old copies. JOHNSON,

—your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his;

The meaning of the passage is no more than this. *Your father lost a father*, i. e. your grandfather, which *lost grandfather*, also lost his father. STEEVENS.

⁷ —obsequious sorrow.—] *Obsequious* is here from *obsequies* or funeral ceremonies. JOHNSON.

8 In obstinate condolment, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :
 It shews ⁹ a will most incorrect to heaven ;
 A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient ;
 An understanding simple and unschool'd :
 For what, we know, must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
¹ To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first corse, 'till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe ; and think of us
 As of a father : for, let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne ;
² And, with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
³ Do I impart toward you. For your intent

In

So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ To shed *obsequious* tears upon his trunk.” See vol. vii.
 Ec. 12. STEEVENS.

⁸ In obstinate condolment,] *Condolment*, for *sorrow*.

WARBURTON.

⁹ — a will most incorrect—] *Incorrect*, for *untutor'd*.

WARBURTON.

¹ To reason most absurd ;—] *Reason* for *experience*.

WARBURTON.

Reason is here used in its common sense, for the *faculty* by
 which we form conclusions from arguments. JOHNSON.

² And with no less nobility of love,] *Nobility*, for *magnitude*.

WARBURTON.

Nobility is rather *generosity*. JOHNSON.

³ Do I impart toward you.—] *Impart*, for *profess*.

WARBURTON.

I believe *impart* is, *impart myself*, communicate whatever I can
 bestow. JOHNSON.

Do I impart toward you.—

The crown of Denmark was elective. So, in *Sir Clyomon Knight
 of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599 :

“ And

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It it is most retrograde to our desire :
 And, we beseech you, + bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Ham-
 let ;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

“ And me possess for spoused wife, who in *election* am

“ To have the *crown of Denmark* here, as heir unto the same.”

The king means, that as Hamlet stands the fairest chance to be next elected, he will strive with as much love to ensure the crown to him, as a father would shew in the continuance of heirdom to a son. STEEVENS.

I agree with Mr. Steevens, that the crown of Denmark (as in most of the Gothic kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary ; though it might be customary, in elections, to pay some attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary succession. Why then do the rest of the commentators so often treat Claudius as an *usurper*, who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right by heirship* to his father's crown ? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain ; one who had carried the election by low and mean practices ; had

“ Popt in between the election and my hopes——”

had

“ From a shelf the precious diadem stole,

“ And put it in his pocket :”

but never hints at his being an *usurper*. His discontent arose from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to set up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the successor. And therefore young Hamlet had “ the voice of the king himself for his succession in Denmark ;” and he at his own death prophesies that “ the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice,” conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himself had been king for an instant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When in the fourth act, the rabble wished to choose Laertes king, I understood that antiquity was forgot, and custom violated, by electing a new king in the life-time of the old one, and perhaps also by the calling in a stranger to the royal blood. BLACKSTONE.

+ —bend you to remain] i. e. subdue your inclination to go from hence, and remain, &c. STEEVENS.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
 5 No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell :
 And the king's rouze the heaven shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Mauet Hamlet.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew ⁶ !
 7 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead ! nay, not so much, not two :

⁵ *No jocund health,——*] The king's intemperance is very strongly impressed ; every thing that happens to him gives him occasion to drink. JOHNSON.

⁶ *— resolve itself into a dew !*] *Resolve* means the same as *dissolve*. Ben Jonson uses the word in his *Volpone*, and in the same sense :

“Forth the *resolved* corners of his eyes.”

Again, in the *Country Girl*, 1647 :

“—my swoln grief *resolved* in these tears.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd*

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter !] The generality of the editions read thus, as if the poet's thoughts were, *Or that the Almighty had not planted his artillery, or arms of vengeance, against self-murder.* But the word which I restored (and which was espoused by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an edition of this play) is the true reading, i. e. *that he had not restrained suicide by his express law and peremptory prohibition.* THEOBALD.

There are yet those who suppose the old reading to be the true one, as they say the word *fixed* seems to decide very strongly in its favour. I would advise such to recollect Virgil's expression :

“— *fixit leges pretio, atque refixit.*” STEEVENS.

8 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
9 That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't ; — Frailty, thy name is
woman !—

8 *So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr : —*] This similitude at first sight
seems to be a little far-fetch'd ; but it has an exquisite beauty.
By the *Satyr* is meant *Pan*, as by *Hyperion*, *Apollo*. *Pan* and
Apollo were brothers, and the allusion is to the contention be-
tween those gods for the preference in musick. WARBURTON.

All our English poets are guilty of the same false quantity, and
call Hypērion Hypērion ; at least the only instance I have met
with to the contrary is in the old play of *Fuimus Troes*, 1633 :

“ — Blow gentle Africus,
“ Play on our poops, when Hypērion's son
“ Shall couch in West.” STEEVENS.

9 In former editions,

That he permitted not the winds of heaven] This is a sophi-
stical reading, copied from the players in some of the modern edi-
tions, for want of understanding the poet, whose text is corrupt in
the old impressions : all of which that I have had the fortune to
see, concur in reading ;

— *So loving to my mother,
That he might not beteene the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.*

Beteene is a corruption without doubt, but not so inveterate a
one, but that, by the change of a single letter, and the separation
of two words mistakenly jumbled together, I am verily persuaded,
I have retrieved the poet's reading—*That he might not let e'en
the winds of heaven, &c.* THEOBALD.

So, in the Enterlude of the *Lyfe and Repentaunce of Marie
Magdalaine, &c.* by Lewis Wager, 1567 :

“ But evermore they were unto me very tender,
“ They would not suffer the wynde on me to blowe.”

STEEVENS.

So again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

“ — she had a lord,
“ Jealous that the air should ravish her chaste looks.”

MALONE.

A little

A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears¹ :—why she, even she,—
 O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my
 uncle,
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules : Within a month ;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
 She marry'd.—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good :
 But break, my heart ; for I must hold my tongue !

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :
 Horatio,—or I do forget myself ?

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
 ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name
 with you².

And³ what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
 Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you ;⁴ good even, sir.—
 But

¹ *Like Niobe, all tears.*] Shakspeare caught this idea from an ancient ballad intitled *The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love* :

“ Now I, like weeping *Niobe*,

“ May wash my handes in teares, &c.

Of this ballad *Amantium iræ*, &c. is the burden. STEEVENS.

² — *I'll change that name*—] I'll be your servant, you shall be my friend. JOHNSON.

³ — *what make you*—] A familiar phrase for *what are you doing*. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *good even, sir.*] So the copies. Sir Th. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton put it, *good morning*. The alteration is of no importance.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinour?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

portance, but all licence is dangerous. There is no need of any change. Between the first and eighth scene of this act it is apparent, that a natural day must pass, and how much of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The king has held a council. It may now as well be *evening* as *morning*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *the funeral bak'd meats*] It was anciently the general custom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In distant counties this practice is continued among the yeomanry. See *The Tragique Historie of the Fairie Valeria of London*, 1598. "His corpes was with funerall pompe conveyed to the church, and there sollemnly entered, nothing omitted which necessitie or custom could claime; a sermon, a banquet, and like observations." Again, in the old romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

"A great *feaste* would he holde

"Upon his queenes mornynge day

"That was buryed in an abbay." COLLINS.

⁶ *Dearest* for *direst*, most dreadful, most dangerous. JOHNSON.

Dearest is most immediate, consequential, important. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"— a ring that I must use

"In *dear* employment."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*:

"You meet your *dearest* enemy in love,

"With all his hate about him." STEEVENS.

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio! —
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye⁷, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
⁵ I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. ⁹ Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night¹,

Been

⁷ *In my mind's eye.*] This expression occurs again in our author's
Rape of Lucrece :

“ — himself behind

“ Was left unseen, save to *the eye of mind.*”

Ben Jonson has borrowed it in his Masque called *Love's Triumph
through Callipolis* :

“ As only by *the mind's eye* may be seen.”

Telemachus lamenting the absence of Ulyssus, is represent in like
like manner :

Ὅσοι μὲνος πατέρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ θρησίν, — STEEVENS.

⁸ *I shall not look upon his like again.*] Mr. Holt proposes to read
from an emendation by Sir Thomas Samwell, Bart. of Upton near
Northampton.

“ *Eye shall not look upon his like again;*”

and thinks it is more in the true spirit of Shakspeare than the other.
So, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 746: “ In the greatest pomp that ever
eye behelde.” Again, in *Sandy's Travels*, p. 150: “ We went
this day through the most pregnant and pleasant vally that ever
eye beheld.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Season your admiration—*] That is, *temper* it. JOHNSON.

¹ *In the dead waste and middle of the night.*] The quarto, 1637,
reads—*vast*, which, may be right. So, in the *Tempest* :

“ —urchins,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
 Arm'd at all points², exactly, cap-a-pé,
 Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
 Almost to jelly³ with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
 And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
 Where as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes: I knew your father.
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
 watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,

“ ——— urchins,
 “ Shall for that *wast* of night that they may work,
 “ All exercise on thee.”

The folio has not *waste*, but *wast*. See vol. i. p. 31.

MALONE.

² *Arm'd at all points,*] Thus the folio. The quartos—*armed at point*. STEEVENS.

³ — *with the act of fear,*] Shakspeare could never write so improperly as to call the *passion of fear*, the *act of fear*. Without doubt the true reading is,

—— *with th' effect of fear*. WARBURTON.

Here is an affectation of subtilty without accuracy. *Fear* is every day considered as an *agent*. *Fear laid hold on him; fear drove him away*. If it were proper to be rigorous in examining trifles, it might be replied, that Shakspeare would write more erroneously, if he wrote by the direction of this critic; they were not *distilled*, whatever the word may mean, *by the effect of fear*; for that *distillation* was itself *the effect*; *fear* was the cause, the active cause that *distilled* them by that force of operation which we strictly call *act* involuntary, and *power* in involuntary agents, but popularly call *act* in both. But of this too much. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*bestil'd*. STEEVENS.

It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night ?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like : stay'd it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste
 Might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd ? no ?

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night :
 Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this fight,
*Let it be tenable in you silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were
come!

'Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
(Though all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's
eyes. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

An apartment in Polonius' House.

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewel:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,

* *Let it be treble in your silence still:]* If treble be right, in propriety it should be read,

Let it be treble in your silence now:
But the old quarto reads,

Let it be TENABLE in your silence still.
And this is right. WARBURTON.

* *My father's spirit in arms!] From what went before, I once hinted to Mr. Garrick, that these words might be spoken in this manner:*

My father's spirit! in arms! all is not well;—
2 WHALLEY.

And

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
6 The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;
No more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews 7, and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now ;
8 And now no foil, nor cautel, doth besmirch

The

6 *The perfume, and suppliance of a minute :*] Thus the quarto :
the folio has it,

———— Sweet, not lasting,
The suppliance of a minute.

It is plain that *perfume* is necessary to exemplify the idea of *sweet, not lasting*. With the word *suppliance* I am not satisfied, and yet dare hardly offer what I imagine to be right. I suspect that *soffiance*, or some such word, formed from the Italian, was then used for the act of fumigating with sweet scents. JOHNSON.

The perfume, and *suppliance* of a minute ; i. e. what is supplied to us for a minute. The idea seems to be taken from the short duration of vegetable perfumes. STEEVENS.

7 *In thews,*] i. e. in sinews, muscular strength. STEEVENS.

8 *And now no foil, nor cautel,*—] From *cautela*, which signifies only a *prudent foresight* or caution ; but, passing through French hands, it lost its innocence, and now signifies *fraud, deceit*. And so he uses the adjective in *Julius Cæsar* :

Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous.

But I believe Shakspeare wrote,

And now no foil of cautel—

which the following words confirm :

———— doth besmirch

The virtue of his will :—

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

So,

The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
 For he himself is subject to his birth:
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
 The safety and the health of the whole state;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves
 you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs;
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.

So, in the second part of Greene's *Art of Cony-catching*, 1592:
 "—and their subtile *cautels* to amend the statute." *To amend the statute* was the cant phrase for evading the law. STEEVENS.

This word is again used in our author's *Lover's Complaints*:

"In him a plenitude of subtile matter,

"Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives."

MALONE.

Virtue seems here to comprise both *excellence* and *power*, and may be explained the *pure effect*. JOHNSON.

9 *The sanctity and the health of the whole state*;] What has the *sanctity* of the state to do with the prince's disproportionate marriage? We should read with the old quarto *safety*. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads very rightly, *sanity*. *Sanctity* is elsewhere printed for *sanity*, in the old edition of this play. JOHNSON.

Sanity and *health* may have the same meaning. I therefore read with all the quartos,

The *safety* and the health, &c. STEEVENS.

The quarto reads—

The safety and health of the whole state;
 and so perhaps our author wrote. *Safety* was, I believe, sometimes pronounced as a trisyllable. Thus in *Lochrine*, a tragedy, 1575:

"Fight always for the Britons' *safety*." MALONE.

1 —*unmaster'd*—] i. e. *licentious*. JOHNSON.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
And ² keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid ³ is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes :
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
'Tis oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart : But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
⁴ Whilst, like a puff and reckless libertine,

Himself

² — *keep within the rear, &c.]* That is, do not advance so far as your affection would lead you. JOHNSON.

³ *The chariest maid]* *Chary* is cautious. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616 : Love requires not chastity, but that her soldiers be *chary*." Again, "She liveth chastly enough, that liveth *charily*." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Whilst, like a puff and careless libertine,]* This reading gives us a sense to this effect, Do not you be *like* an ungracious preacher, who is *like* a careless libertine. And there we find, that he who is *so like* a careless libertine, is the careless libertine himself. This could not come from Shakspeare. The old quarto reads,

Whiles a puff and reckless libertine,
which directs us to the right reading,

Whilst he, a puff and reckless libertine.

The first impression of these plays being taken from the play-house copies, and those, for the better direction of the actor, being written as they were pronounced, these circumstances have occasioned innumerable errors. So *a* for *he* every where.

————— 'a was a goodly king,

'A was a man take him for all in all.

————— I warn't it will,

for *I warrant*. This should be well attended to in correcting Shakspeare. WARBURTON.

The emendation is not amiss, but the reason for its very inconclusive : we use the same mode of speaking on many occasions.

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And s' recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long;—But hear my father comes;

Enter Polonius:

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame;
The wind fits in the ⁶ shoulder of your sail;
And you are staid for: There,—my blessings with
you; [*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*]
And these few precepts in thy memory

Look

casions. When I say of one, *he squanders like a spendthrift*; of another, *he robbed me like a thief*, the phrase produces no ambiguity; it is understood that the one is a *spendthrift*; and the other a *thief*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *recks not his own read.*] That is, heeds not his own lessons. POPE.

So, in *Hycke Scornee*:

“ — I *reck* not a feder.”

Ben Jonson uses the word *reed* in his *Catiline*:

“ So that thou couldst not move

“ Against a public *reed*.”

Again, in Sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch: “ — Dispatch, I *read* you, for your enterprize is betray'd.” Again, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scornee*:

“ And of thy living, I *reed* amend thee.”

So the *Old Proverb* in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ Take heed, is a good *reed*.” STEEVENS.

So, Sternhold, Psalm i:

“ — that hath not lent

“ To wicked *rede* his ear.” BLACKSTONE.

⁶ — *the shoulder of your sail,*] This is a common sea phrase: STEEVENS.

⁷ *And these few precepts in thy memory*

Look thou character] i. e. engrave, imprint. The same phrase is again used by our author in his 122 Sonnet:

“ — thy tables are within my brain

“ Full *character'd* in lasting memory.”

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
 Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are most select, and generous chief, in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :

For

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ ————— I do conjure thee,
 “ Who are the table wherein all my thoughts
 “ Are visibly character'd and engrav'd.” MALONE,

^s *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.]* The literal sense
 is, *Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand.*
 The figurative meaning may be, *Do not by promiscuous conversation
 make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.* JOHNSON.

⁹ — *each man's censure,]* Censure is opinion. See vol. vii. p.
 69. STEEVENS.

¹ *Are most select and generous, chief in that.]* I think the whole
 design of the precept shews we should read,

Are most select, and generous chief, in that.

Chief is an adjective used adverbially, a practice common to our
 author. Chiefly generous. Yet it must be owned that the punc-
 tuation recommended is very stiff and harsh. STEEVENS.

Here has been a silent deviation in all the modern editions
 from the old copies, which all read,

Are of a most select and generous chief in that.

May we suppose that Shakspeare borrowed the word *chief* from
 heraldry, with which he seems to have been very conversant ?
*They in France approve themselves to be of a most select and generous
 eschutcheon by their dress.* Chief in heraldry is the upper third
 part is of the shield. — This is very harsh ; yet I hardly think
 that

For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all, —to thine ownself be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

that the words “*of a*” could have been introduced without some authority from the MS. MALONE.

The genuine meaning of the passage requires us to point the line thus :

Are most select and generous, chief in that.

i. e. the nobility of France are select and generous above all other nations, and chiefly in the point of apparel ; the richness and elegance of their dress. REMARKS.

² *And it must follow, as the night the day.*] The sense here requires, that the similitude should give an image not of *two effects of different natures*, that follow one another alternately, but of a *cause and effect*, where the effect follows the cause by a *physical necessity*. For the assertion is, Be true to thyself, and then thou must necessarily be true to others. Truth to himself then was the *cause*, truth to others the *effect*. To illustrate this necessity, the speaker employs a similitude : but no similitude can illustrate it, but what presents an image of a *cause and effect* : and such a cause as that, where the effect follows by a *physical*, not a *moral* necessity, for if only, by a *moral* necessity, the thing *illustrating* would not be more certain than the thing *illustrated* ; which would be a great absurdity. This being premised, let us see what the text says,

and it must follow, as the night the day.

In this we are so far from being presented with an *effect* following a *cause* by a physical necessity, that there is no cause at all : but only two different effects, proceeding from two different causes, and succeeding one another alternately. Shakspeare, therefore, without question wrote,

And it must follow, as the light the day.

As much as to say, Truth to thyself, and truth to others, are inseparable, the latter depending necessarily on the former as *light depends upon the day* ; where it is to be observed, that *day* is used figuratively for the *sun*. The ignorance of which, I suppose, contributed to mislead the editors. WARBURTON.

And it must follow, as the night the day.

This note is very acute, but the common succession of night to day was, I believe, all that our author meant to make Polonius think of, on the present occasion.

So, in the 145th Sonnet of Shakspeare :

“ That follow’d it *as gent’le day*

“ *Doth follow night, &c.*” STEVENS.

Farewel ; my³ blessing season this in thee !

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

Pol. ⁴ The time invites you ; go, your servants
tend⁵,

Laer. Farewel Ophelia ; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you⁶ yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [Exit Laertes.]

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

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet,

Pol. Marry, well bethought :

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you ; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many
tenders
Of his affection to me.

³ — *my blessing season this in thee !*] *Season,* for *infuse*.

WARBURTON.

It is more than to *infuse*, it is to infix it in such a manner as that
it never may wear out. JOHNSON.

So, in the mock tragedy represented before the king :

— who in want a hollow friend did try,

Directly *seasons* him his enemy. STEEVENS.

⁴ *The time invites you :—*] *Macbeth* says,

“ I go, and it is done, the bell *invites* me.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *your servants tend*] i. e. your servants are waiting for
you. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *yourself shall keep the key of it,*] That is, By thinking on
you, I shall think on your lessons. JOHNSON.

The meaning is, that your counsels are so sure of remaining
locked up in my memory, as if yourself carried the key of it.
So, in *Northward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607 : “ You
shall close it up like a treasure of your own, and yourself *shall keep*
the key of it.” STEEVENS.

Pol.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl;
Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. ⁸ Tender yourself more
dearly;

⁷ Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.] Unfitted, for untried. Untried signifies either not tempted, or not refined; unfitted, signifies the latter only, though the sense requires the former.

WARBURTON.

⁸ — Tender yourself more dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)

Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.] The parenthesis is closed at the wrong place; and we must have likewise a slight correction in the last verse. Polonius is racking and playing on the word *tender*, till he thinks proper to correct himself for the licence; and then he would say—not farther to crack the wind of the phrase, by twisting and contorting it, as I have done.

WARBURTON.

I believe the word *wronging* has reference, not to the phrase, but to Ophelia; if you go on *wronging it thus*, that is, *if you continue to go on thus wrong*. This is a mode of speaking perhaps not very grammatical, but very common; nor have the best writers refused it.

To sinner it or saint it,

is in Pope. And Rowe,

— Thus to coy it,

To one who knows you too.

The folio has it,

— roaming it thus,—

That is, *letting yourself loose to such improper liberty*. But *wronging* seems to be more proper. JOHNSON.

“See you do not coy it,” is in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*. Mr. Rowe had read this author, and borrowed from him the plan of the *Fair Penitent*, though without the most trivial acknowledgement. STEEVENS.

I think, the parenthesis should be extended to the word *thus*, and that Polonius means to say—“Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase by thus *plying upon and abusing it*) you'll &c.” See, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“To wrong the wronger, till he render right.”

MALONE.

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, ⁹ fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

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

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks ¹. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: These blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
² Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a ³ larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
⁴ Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers;
Not of that dye which their investments shew,

⁹ — fashion you may call it:—] She uses *fashion* for *manner*, and he for a *transient practice*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *springes to catch woodcocks*.] A proverbial saying.

“Every woman has a *springe to catch a woodcock*.”

STEEVENS.

² *Set your entreatments*] *Entreatments* here mean *company, conversation*, from the French *entretien*. JOHNSON.

³ *larger tether*—] A string to tie horses. POPE.

Tether is that string by which an animal, set to graze in grounds uninclosed, is confined within the proper limits. JOHNSON.

So, in *Green's Card of Fancy*, 1601: “To tye the ape and the bear in one *tether*.” *Tether* is a string by which any animal is fastened, whether for the sake of feeding or the air. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers*.] A *broker* in old English meant a *bawd* or *pimp*. See the Glossary to *Gawin Douglass's translation of Virgil*, in verb. See vol. i. p. 146.

MALONE.

But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 5 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—
 6 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

S C E N E IV.

The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

5 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,] On which the editor Mr. Theobald remarks, *Though all the editors have swallowed this reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been surprized how men of genius and learning could let it pass without some suspicion. What idea can we frame to ourselves of a breathing bond, or of its being sanctified and pious, &c.?* But he was too hasty in framing ideas before he understood those already framed by the poet, and expressed in very plain words. Do not believe (says Polonius to his daughter) Hamlet's amorous vows made to you; which pretend religion in them (*the better to beguile*) like those sanctified and pious vows [or bonds] made to heaven. And why should not this pass without suspicion? WARBURTON.

Theobald for bonds substitutes *barred*. JOHNSON.

The old reading is certainly right. We have in our author's 142d Sonnet:

“ — false bonds of love.” MALONE.

6 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,] The humour of this is fine. The speaker's character is all affectation. At last he says he will *Speak plain*, and yet cannot for his life; his plain speech of *slandering a moment's leisure* being of the like sustain stuff with the rest. WARBURTON.

Here is another *fine* passage, of which I take the beauty to be only imaginary. Polonius says, *in plain terms*, that is, not in language less elevated or embellished than before, but *in terms that cannot be misunderstood: I would not have you so disgrace your most idle moments, as not to find better employment for them than lord Hamlet's conversation.* JOHNSON.

Hor.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near
the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of musick within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse⁷,

Keeps wassel,⁸ and⁹ the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But, to my mind,—though I am native here,

⁷ — *take his rouse,*] A rouse is a large dose of liquor, a debauch. So, in *Othello*:

“ — they have given me a *rouse* already.”

It should seem from the following passage in Decker's *Guls Horn-book*, 1609, that the word *rouse* was of Danish extraction. “Teach me, thou soveraigne skinker, how to take the German's upsy freeze, the *Danish rousa*, the Switzer's stoop of rhenish, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Keeps wassal,*] See *Macbeth*, vol. iv. 509. Again, in the *Hog bath lost his Pearl*, 1614:

“ By Croesus name and by his castle,

“ Where winter nights he keepeth *wassel*.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *the swagg'ring* [up-spring--] The blustering upstart. JOHNSON. It appears from the following passage in *Alphonfus Emperor of Germany*, by Chapman, that the *up-spring* was a German dance:

“ We Germans have no changes in our dances;

“ An *almain* and an *up-spring*, that is all.”

Spring was anciently the name of a tune, so in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Prophets*:

“ — we will meet him,

“ And strike him such new *springs*—”

The word is used by G. Douglas in his translation of Virgil, and I think, by Chaucer. Again, in an old Scots proverb.—“ Another would play a *spring* ere you tune your pipes.” STEEVENS.

And

And to the manner born,—it is a custom
 More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
¹ This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
 Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations :
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
² The pitch and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
 By the o'er-growth of some ³ complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plaufive manners ;—that these men,—
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;
 Being nature's livery, or ⁴ fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
⁵ As infinite as man may undergo)

¹ *This heavy-headed revel, east and west,*] i. e. This revelling that observes no hours, but continues from morning to night, &c. WARBURTON.

I should not have suspected this passage of ambiguity or obscurity, had I not found my opinion of it differing from that of the learned critic. I construe it thus, *This heavy-headed revel makes us traduced east and west, and taxed of other nations.* JOHNSON.

This heavy-headed-revel— From this to the entrance of the Ghost has been restored from the quarto ; these lines not being in the folio. MALONE.

² *The pitch und marrow of our attribute.* —] The best and most valuable part of the praise that would be otherwise attributed to us. JOHNSON.

³ — complexion,] i. e. humour ; as sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, &c. WARBURTON.

⁴ — fortune's star,] All the quartos read—*star*. STEEVENS.

The word *star* in the text signifies a *scar* of that appearance. It is a term of *farricry* : the *white star* or mark so common on the forehead of a dark coloured horse is usually produced by making a *scar* on the place. REMARKS.

⁵ *As infinite as man may undergo,*] As large as can be accumulated upon man. JOHNSON.

Shall

Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : 'The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out',
To his own scandal.

Enter

⁶ *The dram of ease*

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,

To his own scandal.] I do not remember a passage throughout all our poet's works, more intricate and depraved in the text, of less meaning to outward appearance, or more likely to baffle the attempts of criticism in its aid. It is certain, there is neither sense nor grammar as it now stands : yet with a slight alteration, I'll endeavour to cure those defects, and give a sentiment too, that shall make the poet's thought close nobly. The dram of *base* (as I have corrected the text) means the least alloy of baseness or vice. It is very frequent with our poet to use the *adjective of quality* instead of the substantive signifying the thing. Besides, I have observed, that elsewhere, speaking of *worth*, he delights to consider it as a quality that adds *weight* to a person, and connects the word with that idea. THEOBALD.

⁷ *Doth all the noble substance of worth out,*] Various conjectures have been employed about this passage. The author of *The Revision* would read,

“ Doth all the noble substance *oft eat out.*”

Or,

“ Doth all the noble substance *soil with doubt.*”

Mr. Holt reads,

“ Doth all the noble substance *oft adopt.*”

And Dr. Johnson thinks, that Theobald's reading may stand. I would read,

Doth all the noble substance (i. e. the sum of good qualities) *oft do out.* Perhaps we should say, *To its own scandal.* *His* and *its* are perpetually confounded in the old copies.

As I understand the passage, there is little difficulty in it. This is one of the low colloquial phrases which at present are neither employed in writing, nor perhaps are reconcileable to the propriety of language. *To do a thing out*, is *to extinguish it*, or *to efface or obliterate any thing painted or written.*

In the first of these significations it is used by Drayton, in the 5th Canto of his *Barons' Wars* :

“ Was ta'en in battle, and his eyes *out-done.*”

STEEVENS.

If with Mr. Steevens we understand the words *doth out* to mean *effaceth*, the following lines in *The First Part of Henry IV.* may perhaps prove the best comment on this passage :

“ ——— Oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

“ Defect

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be

“ Defect of manners, want of government,
“ Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain ;
“ The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
“ Loseth mens' hearts, and leaves behind a stain
“ Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
“ Beguiling them of commendation.”

There is no necessity for supposing an error in the copies. *His* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries for *its*. So, in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon* :

“ Contented life, that gives the heart *his* ease——”
I would, however, wish to read :

“ By his own scandal. MALONE.
Perhaps it should be,

“ ——the dram of *base*
“ Doth all the noble substance oft work out.”
That is eat through as brass does silver when it is plated with it. S. W.

³ *Angels and ministers of grace defend us !*] Hamlet's speech to the apparition of his father seems to me to consist of three parts. When first he sees the spectre, he fortifies himself with a invocation :

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

As the spectre approaches, he deliberates with himself, and determines, that whatever it be he will venture to address it.

*Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, &c.*

This he says while his father is advancing ; he then, as he had determined, *speaks to him*, and *calls him*—*Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane : oh ! answer me.* JOHNSON.

⁴ *Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd, &c.*] So, in *Acolastus' his After-wit*, 1600 :

“ Art thou a god, a man, or else a ghost ?
“ Com'st thou from heaven, where blifs and solace dwells ?
“ Or from the airie cold-engendring coast ?
“ Or from the darksome dungeon-hold of hell ?

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a ' questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !
 Let me not burst in ignorance ! but ² tell,

Why

The first known edition of this play is in 1604.

The same question occurs also in the MS. known by the title of *William and Werwolf*, in the Library of King's-College Cambridge :

“ Whether thou be a god, gost in goddis name that speakest,

“ Or any foul fend fourmed in this wise,

“ And if we schul of the hent harme or gode.”

p. 36. STEEVENS.

¹ — *questionable shape*,] By *questionable* is meant provoking question. HANMER.

So, in *Macbeth* :

Live you, or arc you aught

That man may question? JOHNSON.

Questionable, I believe, means only *propitious to conversation, easy and willing to be conversed with*. So, in *As you like it*. “ An *unquestionable* spirit, which you have not.” *Unquestionable* in this last instance certainly signifies *unwilling to be talked with*. STEEVENS.

Questionable, I believe, only means *capable of being conversed with*. *To question*, certainly in our author's time signified *to converse*. See vol. ii. p. 69. vol. iii. p. 228, 361. vol. iv. p. 320. vol. viii. p. 173. MALONE.

² — — — tell,

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cearments?] Hamlet here speaks with wonder, that he who was dead should rise again and walk. But this, according to the vulgar superstition here followed, was no wonder. Their only wonder was, that one, who had the *rites of sepulture* performed to him, should walk, the want of which was supposed to be the reason of walking ghosts. Hamlet's wonder then should have been placed here : and so Shakspeare placed it, as we shall see presently. For *hearsed* is used figuratively, to signify *reposed*, therefore the place *where* should be designed : but *death* being no *place*, but a *privation* only, *hearsed in death* is nonsense. We should read,

— — — tell,

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in earth,

Have burst their cearments?

It appears, for the two reasons given above, that *earth* is the true reading. It will further appear for these two other reasons. First, From

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearfed in death,
 Have burft their cearments? why the fepulchre,
 Where-

From the words, *canoniz'd bones*; by which is not meant (as one would imagine) a compliment for, *made holy*, or *fainted*; but for *bones* to which the rites of fepulture have been performed; or which were buried according to the canon. For we are told he was murdered with all his fins fresh upon him, and therefore in no way to be fainted. But if this licentious ufe of the word *canoniz'd* be allowed, then *earth* must be the true reading, for inhuming bodies was one of the effential parts of fepulchral rites. Secondly, From the words, *Have burft their cearments*, which imply the preceding mention of *inhuming*, but no mention is made of it in the common reading. This enabled the Oxford editor to improve upon the emendation; fo he reads,

Why thy bones bears'd in canonized earth.

I fuppofe for the fake of harmony, not of fenfe. For though the rites of fepulture *performed* canonizes the body *buried*; yet it does not canonize the earth in which it is laid, unlefs every funeral fervice be a new confecration. WARBURTON.

It were too long to examine this note period by period, though almost every period feems to me to contain something reprehensible. The critic, in his zeal for change, writes with fo little confideration, as to fay, that Hamlet cannot call his father *canonized*, because *we are told he was murdered with all his fins fresh upon him*. He was not then told it, and had fo little the power of knowing it, that he was to be told it by an apparition. The long fucceffion of reasons upon reasons proves nothing, but what every reader discovers, that the king had been buried, which is implied by fo many adjuncts of burial, that the direct mention of *earth* is not neceffary. Hamlet, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been confidered as the moft wonderful and moft dreadful operation of fupernatural agency, enquires of the fpectre, in the moft emphatic terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he asks in a very confufed circumlocution, confounding in his fright the foul and body. Why, fays he, have *thy bones*, which with due ceremonies have been entombed *in death*, in the common ftate of departed mortals, *burft* the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb, in which we faw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and ftability, feemed closed forever? the whole fentence is this: *Why doft thou appear, whom we know to be dead?*

Had the change of the word removed any obfcurity, or added any beauty, it might have been worth a ftuggle; but either reading leaves the fenfe the fame.

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd¹,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,—
⁴ That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and⁵ we fools of nature
 So horridly⁶ to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

If there be any asperity in this controversial note, it must be imputed to the contagion of peevishness, or some resentment of the incivility shewn to the Oxford editor, who is represented as supposing the ground *canonized* by a funeral, when he only meant to say, that the *body* was deposited in *holy ground*, in ground consecrated according to the *canon*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *quietly* in-urn'd.] The quartos read *interr'd*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,*] It is probable that Shakspeare introduced his ghost in armour, that it might appear more solemn by such a discrimination from the other characters; though it was really the custom of the Danish kings to be buried in that manner. Vide *Olaus Wormius*, cap. 7.

“Struem regi nec vestibus, nec odoribus cumulant, *sua cuique arma*, quorundam igni et equus adjicitur.”

“— sed postquam magnanimus ille Danorum rex collem sibi magnitudinis conspicuæ extruxisset, (cui post obitum regio diademate exornatum, *armis indutum*, inferendum esset cadaver,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *us* fools of nature] The expression is fine, as intimating we were only kept (as formerly, fools in a great family) to make sport for nature, who lay hid only to mock and laugh at us, for our vain searches into her mysteries. WARBURTON.

⁶ — *to shake our disposition*] *Disposition*, for *frame*.

WARBURTON.

Hor

Hor. Do not; my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee⁷;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my
lord?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That bettles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might⁸ deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
[⁹ The very place¹ puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.]

Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—
Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;
[*Breaking from them.*]
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him² that lets me:—

⁷ — *pin's fee* :] The value of a pin. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *deprive* your sovereignty, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *deprave*; but several proofs are given in the notes to *King Lear* of Shakspeare's use of the word *deprive*, which is the true reading. STEEVENS.

I believe *deprive* in this place signifies simply to *take away*;

JOHNSON

⁹ *The very place*] The four following lines added from the first edition. POPE.

¹ — *puts toys of desperation,*] See vol. vii. p. 8. EDITOR.

² — *that lets me* :] See vol. i. p. 188. STEEVENS.

I say, away :—Go on,——I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost, and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after :—To what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it³.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me ? speak, I'll go
no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost !

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
hear.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, ⁴ confin'd to fast in fires,

'Till

³ *Heaven will direct it ;*] Perhaps it may be more apposite to read "Heaven will *detect* it." FARMER.

Marcellus answers Horatio's question, "To what issue will this come ?" and Horatio also answers it himself with a pious resignation, "Heaven will *direct* it." BLACKSTONE.

⁴ — *confin'd to fast in fires,*] We should read,
—— *too fast in fires.*

'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 5 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could

i. e. very closely confined. The particle *too* is used frequently for the superlative *most*, or *very*. WARBURTON.

I am rather inclined to read, *confiu'd to lasting fires*, to fires *un-*
remitted and unconsumed. The change is slight. JOHNSON.

*Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
 And for the day confiu'd to fast in fires.*

Chaucer has a similar passage with regard to punishments of hell. *Parson's Tale*, p. 195. Mr. Urry's edition: "And moreover the misese of hell, shall be in defaute of mete and drinke."

SMITH.

Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, has the same idea: "Whether it be a place of horror, stench, and darknes, where men *see meat, but can get none*, and are ever thirsty, &c." Before I had read the *Perseus Tale* of Chaucer, I supposed that he meant rather to drop a stroke of satire on sacerdotal luxury, than to give a serious account of the place of future torment. Chaucer, however, is as grave as Shakspeare. So likewise at the conclusion of an ancient pamphlet called *The Wylle of the Dewyll*, bl. 1. no date:

"Thou shalt lye in frost and fire

"With sicknesse and hunger; &c." STEEVENS.

5 *Are burnt and purg'd away*.—] Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into the "punyction of Saulis in purgatory:" and it is observable, that when the ghost informs Hamlet of his doom there,

"Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature

"Are burnt and purg'd away,—

the expression is very familiar to the bishop's: I will give you his version as concisely as I can; "It is a needful thyng to suffer

"panis and torment—Sum in the wyndis, sum under the watter,

"and the fire uthir sum: thus the mony vices—

"Contrakkit in the corpis be done away

"And purgit."—

Sixte Book of Eneados, fol. p. 191.

FARMER.

Shakspeare might have found this expression in the *Hystorie of Hamlet*, bl. 1. F. 2. edit. 1608: "He set fire in the foure corners of the hal, in such sort, that of all that were as then therein not one escaped away, but were forced to purge their sinnes by fire."

MALONE.

Shakspeare talks more like a Papist, than a Platonist; but the language of bishop Douglas is that of a good Protestant:

X 2

"Thus

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
 Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine⁶:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To cars of flesh and blood:—Lift, lift, O lift!—
 If thou did'st ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder⁷.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

“ Thus the many vices
 “ Contrakkit in the corporis be done away
 “ And purgit.”——

These are the very words of our Liturgy, in the commendatory prayer for a sick person at the point of departure, in the office for the visitation of the sick;”——*Whatsoever defilements it may have contracted——being purged and done away.*” WHALLEY.

⁶ —*fretful porpentine*:] The quartos read *fearful* porpentine. Either may serve. This animal is at once irascible and timid. The same image occurs in the *Romant of the Rose*, where Chaucer is describing the personage of *danger*:

“ Like sharpe urchons his *beere* was grow.”

An *urchin* is a hedge-hog. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.*] As a proof that this play was written before 1597, of which the contrary has been asserted by Mr. Holt in Dr. Johnson's appendix, I must borrow, as usual, from Dr. Farmer. “ Shakspeare is said to have been no
 “ extraordinary actor; and that the top of his performance was the
 “ Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d'œuvre* did not please;
 “ I will give you an original stroke at it. Dr. Lodge published
 “ in the year 1596 a pamphlet called *Wit's Miseric, or the World's*
 “ *Madness*, discovering the incarnate devils of the age, quarto.
 “ One of these devils is, *Hate virtue, or sorrow for another man's*
 “ *good successe*, who, says the doctor, is a *foule lubber*, and looks as
 “ pale as the vizard of the Ghost, which cried so miserably at the
 “ theatre; *Hamlet's revenge.*” STEEVENS.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift

⁸ As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

⁹ And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed

¹ That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,

Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,

A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,

Now wears his crown.

⁸ *As meditation, or the thoughts of love,]* This similitude is extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is consecrated, by the *mystics*, to signify that stretch and flight of mind which aspires to the enjoyment of the supreme good. So that Hamlet, considering with what to compare the swiftness of his revenge, chooses two of the most rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human passion, in an *enthusiast* and a *lover*. WARBURTON.

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

⁹ *And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed*

That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf, &c.] Shakspeare, apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholics of these Pagan Danes; and here gives a description of purgatory; but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Whether he did it to insinuate to the zealous Protestants of his time, that the Pagan and Popish purgatory stood both upon the same footing of credibility, or whether it was by the same kind of licentious inadvertance that Michael Angelo brought Charon's bark into his picture of the Last Judgment, is not easy to decide.

WARBURTON.

¹ *That rots itself, &c.]* The quarto reads—*That roots itself.* Mr. POPE follows it. ORWAY has the same thought:

“ ———like a coarse and useless dunghill weed

“ Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grow.”

The superiority of the reading of the folio is to me apparent: to be in a cresent state (i. e. to *root itself*) affords an idea of activity; to *rot* better suits with the dullness and inaction to which the Ghost refers. Nevertheless, the accusative case (*itself*) may seem to demand the verb *roots*. STEEVENS.

Ham. O, my prophetick soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air—
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,²
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
³ With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,

And

² — *mine orchard.*] *Orchard* for *garden*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The *orchard* walls are high, and hard to climb.”

STEEVENS.

³ *With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,*] The word here used was more probably designed by a *metathesis*, either of the poet or transcriber, for *hebenon*, that is, *henbane*; of which the most common kind (*hyoscyamus niger*) is certainly *narcotic*, and perhaps, if taken in a considerable quantity, might prove poisonous. Galen calls it cold in the third degree; by which in this, as well as *opium*, he seems not to mean an actual coldness, but the power it has of benumbing the faculties. Dioscorides ascribes to it the property of producing madness (*ἄσσηρος μανίας*). These qualities have been confirmed by several cases related in modern observations. In Wepfer we have a good account of the various effects of this root upon most of the members of a *convent* in Germany, who eat of it for supper by mistake, mixed with *succory*;

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quick-silver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth peffier
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, † at once dispatch'd :
 † Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 † Unhousell'd † disappointed, † unanecal'd ;

No

cory ;—heat in the throat, giddiness, dimness of sight, and delirium. *Cicut. Aquatic. c. 18. GREY.*

So in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, p. 51 :

“ The pois'ning *henbane*, and the mandrake drad.”

Again, the Philosopher's 4th Satire of Mars, by Robert Anton, 1616 :

“ The poison'd *Henbane* whose cold juice doth kill.”

In Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633, the word is written in a different manner,

“ ——— the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,

“ The juice of *Hebon*, and Cocytus' breath.”

STEEVENS.

† — at once dispatch'd :] *Dispatch'd*, for *bereft*.

WARBURTON.

‡ *Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, &c.*] The very words of this part of the speech are taken (as I have been informed by a gentleman of undoubted veracity) from an old *Legends of Saints*, where a man, who was accidentally drowned, is introduced as making the same complaint. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Unhousell'd*,] Without the sacrament being taken. POPE.

⁵ *Unanointed*,] Without extreme unction. POPE.

⁶ *Unanecal'd* ;] No knell rung. POPE.

In other editions,

Unhousell'd, unanointed, unanecal'd :

The ghost, having recounted the process of his murder, proceeds to exaggerate the inhumanity and unnaturalness of the fact, from the circumstance in which he was surpris'd. But these, I find,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head :

O, hor.

have been stumbling blocks to our editors ; and therefore I must amend and explain these are three compound adjectives in their order. Instead of *unhouzzel'd*, we must restore, *unhoufel'd*, i. e. *without the sacrament taken* ; from the old Saxon word for the sacrament, *houfel*. In the next place, *unanoited* is a sophistication of the text ; the old copies concur in reading, *disappointed*. I correct,

Unhoufel'd, unappointed,——

i. e. no confession of sins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church. *Unaneal'd* I agree to be the poet's genuine word ; but I must take the liberty to dispute Mr. Pope's explication of it, *viz.* no *knell* rung. The adjective formed from *knell* must have been *unknell'd*, or *unknoli'd*. There is no rule in orthography for sinking the *k* in the deflection of any verb or compound formed from *knell*, and melting it into a vowel. What sense does *unaneal'd* then bear ? Skinner, in his Lexicon of old and obsolete English terms, tells us, that *aneal'd* is *unctus* ; from the Teutonic preposition *an*, and *ole*, i. e. *oil* : so that *unaneal'd* must consequently signify, *unanoited*, not having the *extreme unction*. The poet's reading and explication being ascertained, he very finely makes his *ghost* complain of these four dreadful hardships : that he had been dispatched out of life without receiving the *hoste*, or sacrament ; without being *reconcil'd* to heaven and *absolv'd* ; without the benefit of *extreme unction* ; or without so much as a *confession* made of his sins. The having no *knell* rung, I think, is not a point of equal consequence to any of these ; especially, if we consider, that the Romish church admits the efficacy of *praying* for the *dead*. THEOBALD.

This is a very difficult line. I think Theobald's objection to the sense of *unaneal'd*, for *notified by the bell*, must be owned to be very strong. I have not yet by my enquiry satisfied myself. Hanmer's explication of *unaneal'd* by *unprepar'd*, because to *anneal* metals, is to *prepare* them in manufacture, is too general and vague ; there is no resemblance between any funeral ceremony and the practise of *annealing* metals.

Disappointed is the same as *unappointed*, and may be properly explained *unprepared* ; a man well furnished with things necessary for any enterprize, was said to be well *appointed*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of the word *disappointed* may be countenanced by the advice which Isabella gives to her brother in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed.”

The hope of gaining a worthless alliteration is all that can tempt an editor to prefer *unappointed* or *unanoited* to *disappointed*.

O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;

Let

MILTON has the following lines, consisting of three words each, in which this childish practice is constantly observed.

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved. Par. Lost. B. 2.

———*unmov'd,*

Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrified. B. 5.

Unbumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd. Par. Reg. B. 3.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. B. 2.

“*Uncourted, unrespected, unobey'd.*”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*. B. 2. C. 10.

“*Unpeopled, unmanur'd, unprov'd, unprais'd.*”

In the *Textus Roffensis* we meet with two of these words—
“The monks offering themselves to perform all priestly functions of *houfeling* and *aveyking*.” *Aveyking*, I believe, is misprinted for *aneyling*. STEEVENS.

See *Mort d' Arthur*, p. iii. c. 175. “So when he was *houfeled* and *aneled*, and had all that a Christian man ought to have, &c.”

TYRWHITT.

The subsequent extract from a very scarce and curious copy of Fabian's Chronicle, printed by Pynson, 1516, seems to remove every possibility of doubt concerning the true signification of the words *unhoufel'd* and *unaneal'd*. The historian, speaking of Pope Innocent's having laid the whole kingdom of England under an interdict, has these words: “Of the manner of this interdiccion of this lande have I seen dyverse opynyons, as some ther be that saye that the lande was interdyted thorwly and the churchis and housys of relygyon clofyd, that no where was used mase, nor dyvyne servyce, by whiche reason none of the VII sacramentis all this terme should be mynystred or occupied, nor chyld *crystened*, nor man *confessed* nor *marryed*; but it was not so strayght. For there were dyverse placys in Englonde, whiche were occupied with dyvyne servyse all that season by lycence purchased than or before, also chyldren were chrystenyd throughe all the lande and men *houfelyd* and *aneyld*. Fol 14. Septima Pars Johannis.

The Anglo-Saxon noun-substantives *husel*, (the eucharist) and *ole* (oil) are plainly the roots of these last-quoted compound adjectives—For the meaning of the affix *an* to the last, I quote
Spel-

° O, horrible ! O, horrible ! must horrible !] It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation ; and who, according to the practice of the stage, may be supposed to interrupt so long a speech. JOHNSON.

Let not the royal-bed of Denmark be
 1 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire 2:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! 3 remember me. [Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What
 else?

Spelman's Gloss. in Loco. "Quin et dictionibus (an) adjungitur, siquidem vel majoris notationis gratia, vel ad singulare aliquid, vel unicum demonstrandum." Hence *anctyd* should seem to signify *oiled* or *anointed* by way of eminence, *i. e.* having received extreme unction. For the confirmation of the sense given here there is the strongest internal evidence in the passage. The historian is speaking of the VII. sacraments and he expressly names five of them, viz, baptism, marriage, auricular confession, the eucharist, and extreme unction.

The antiquary is desired to consult the edition of Fabian, printed by Pynson, 1516, because there are others, and I remember to have seen one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with a continuation to the end of Queen Mary, London, 1559, in which the language is much modernized. BRAND.

1 *A couch for luxury*——] *i. e.* for *lewdness*. See vol. i. p. 396. STEEVENS.

2 —*uneffectual fire*.] *i. e.* shining without heat. WARBURTON.
 To *pale* is a verb used by Lady *Elizabeth Carew*, in her *Tragedy of Mariani*, 1613:

“ —Death can *pale* as well

“ A cheek of roses as a cheek less bright.”

Again, in Urry's *Chaucer*, p. 368: “The sterre *paleth* her white cheres by the flambes of the sonne, &c.”

Uneffectual fire, I believe, rather means, fire that is no longer seen when the light of morning approaches. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ — like a glow worm, ——

“ The which hath fire in darkness, none in light.”

STEEVENS.

3 *Adieu! adieu! adieu!* &c.] The folio reads:

Adieu, adieu, Hamlet: remember me. STEEVENS.

And

And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe⁴. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory⁵
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down⁶,

⁴ — this *distracted globe*.] i. e. in this head confused with thought. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Yea from the table of my memory* —] This expression is used by Sir Philip Sydney in his *Defence of Poesie*. MALONE.

⁶ *My tables,—meet it is I set it down,*] This is a ridicule of the practice of the time.. Hall says, in his character of the *Hypocrite*, “He will ever sit where he may be scene best, and in the midst of the sermon pulles out his *tables* in haste, as if he feared to loose that note, &c.” FARMER.

No ridicule on the practice of the time could with propriety be introduced on this occasion. Hamlet avails himself of the same caution observed by the doctor in the fifth act of *Macbeth*: “I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.”

So, in the induction to the *Malcontent*, 1604: “I tell you I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action: I have most of the jests of it here in my *table-book*.” Again, in *Love's Sacrifice*, 1633:

“You are one loves courtship:

“He had some change of words; 'twere no lost labour

“To stuff your *table-books*.”

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

“Balurdo draws out his *writing-tables* and writes.”

“*Retort* and *obtusè*, good words, very good words.”

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

“Let your *tables* befriend your memory; write, &c.”

STEEVENS.

That

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark :

So, uncle, there you are. ⁷ Now to my word ;
It is, *Adieu, adieu ! remember me.*
I have sworn it.

Hor. My lord, my lord,——

Mar. Lord Hamlet,——

Hor. Heaven secure him !

Ham. So be it !

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord !

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! ⁸ come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord ?

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. O, wonderful !

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No ; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then ; would heart of man
once think it ?——

But you'll be secret,——

Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-
mark,

But he's an arrant knave.

⁷ — *now to my word ;*] Hamlet alludes to the *watch-word* given every day in military service, which at this time he says is, *Adieu, adieu, remember me.* So, in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607 :

“ Now to my *watch-word.*”—— STEEVENS.

⁸ — *come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. HANMER.

This expression is used in *Marston's Dutch Courtesan*, and by many others among the old dramatic writers.

It appears from all these passages, that it was the falconer's call, as *Hanmer* has observed. STEEVENS.

Hor. ⁹ There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right ; you are in the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part :
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you ;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my
lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ;
Yes 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, ' by faint Patrick, but there is, Floratio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-
night.

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

⁹ *There needs no ghost, &c.]* This piece of humour is repeated
by our author in *Timon, &c.* Act. v. sc. 2. STEEVENS.

¹ *— by St. Patrick,—]* How the poet comes to make Hamlet
swear by St. Patrick, I know not. However, at this time all the
whole northern world had their learning from Ireland ; to which
place it had retired, and there flourished under the auspices of this
Saint. But it was, I suppose, only said at random ; for he makes
Hamlet a student of Wittenberg. WARBURTON.

Dean Swift's "Verses on the sudden drying-up of St. Patrick's
"Well, 1720," contain many learned allusions to the early cul-
tivation of literature in Ireland. NICHOLS.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,
 , true-penny²?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellaridge,—
 Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
³ Swear by my sword.

Ghost.

² — *true-penny.*] This word, as well as some of Hamlet's former exclamations, we find in the *Malcontent*, 1604:

“ Illo, ho, ho, ho; art there old *True-penny*?” STEEVENS.

³ *Swear by my sword.*] Here the poet has preserved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was *religion* to swear upon their swords. See *Bartholinus, De causis contempt. mort. apud Dan.* WAREBURTON.

I was once inclinable to this opinion, which is likewise well defended by Mr. Upton; but Mr. Garrick produced me a passage, I think, in *Brantome*, from which it appeared, that it was common to swear upon the sword, that is, upon the cross which the old swords always had upon the hilt. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, it is more than probable, knew nothing of the ancient Danes, or their manners. Every extract from Dr. Farmer's pamphlet must prove as instructive to the reader as the following:

“ In the *Passus Primus* of *Pierce Plowman*,

“ David in his daies dubbed knightes,

“ And did them *swere on her sword* to serve truth ever.”

“ And in *Hieronymo*, the common butt of our author, and the
 “ wits of the time, says Lorenzo to Pedringano:—

“ Swear on this *cross*, that what thou say'st is true,

“ But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust,

“ This very *sword*, whereon thou took'st thine oath,

“ Shall be a worker of thy tragedy.”

To the authorities produced by Dr. Farmer, the following may be added from *Holinshed*, p. 664: “ Warwick kissed the cross of
 “ K. Edward's sword, as it were a vow to his promise.”

Again, p. 1038. it is said, “ that Warwick drew out his sword,
 “ which other of the honourable and worshipful that were then
 “ present likewise did, whom he commanded, that each one should
 “ kiss other's sword, according to an ancient custom amongst men
 “ of

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground :—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword :
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole ! can't work i'the earth
so fast ?

A worthy pioneer !—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange !

Ham. ⁴ And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come ;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy !

“ of war in time of great danger ; and herewith they made a fo-
“ lemn vow,” &c.

Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600 :

“ He has sworn to me on the *cross* of his pure Toledo.”

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix* : “ By the *cross* of this sword and
dagger, captain, you shall take it.”

In the soliloquy of *Roland* addressed to his sword, the *cross* on
it is not forgotten : “—capulo eburneo candidissime, *cruce* aurea
splendidissime, &c.”

Turpini Hist. de Gestis Caroli Mag. cap. 22.

Again, in an ancient MS. of which some account is given in a
note on the first scene of the first act of the *Merry Wives of Wind-
sor*, the oath taken by a *master of defence* when his degree was
conferred on him, is preserved and runs as follows : “ First you
shall sweare (so help you God and halidome, and by all the chris-
tendome which God gave you at the fount-stone, and by *the crosse*
*of this sword which doth represent unto you the crosse which our Sa-
viour Jesus Christe sufereed his most paynesful deatbe upon*, that you
shall upholde, maynteyne, and kepe to your power all such ar-
ticles as shal be heare declared unto you, and receve in the pre-
sence of me your maister, and these the rest of the maisters my
bretheren heare with me at this tyme.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.*] i. e. receive it to
yourself ; take it under your own roof ; as much as to say, *Keep it*
secret. Alluding to the laws of hospitality. WARBURTON.

How

How strange or odd foe'er I bear myself,—
 As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on,—
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
 (With arms encumber'd thus; or this head-shake;
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we
 would*;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if
 they might*;
 Or such ambiguous giving out) denote
 That you know aught of me: ⁵ This do ye swear,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
 Swear.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you:
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint;—O cursed spight!
 That ever I was born to set it right!—
 Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ — *denote.*] The old copies concur in reading *to note*. The alteration, which seems necessary, is Theobald's. STEEVENS.

If we read “*Nor by pronouncing,*” the passage as it stands in the folio, though embarrassed, is still intelligible, provided the punctuation be changed.

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall
 With arms encumber'd thus, or thus, head shake;
 Nor by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, *well, we know*, or *we could and if we would*,
 Or, *if we list to speake*; or, *there be and if there might*;
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me; this not to do
 (So grace and mercy at your most need help you!)
 Swear. MALONE.

⁶ — *this do you swear, &c.*] The folio reads, *this not to do*. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment in Polonius' house.

Enter Polonius, and Reynaldo⁷.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellouswifely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make enquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; verywell said. Look you, fir,
Enquire me first what Danfers⁸ are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer;
Then your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*

And, in part, him.—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him*;—but, you may say,—*not
well:*

*But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so*;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, fir, such wanton, wild, and usual flips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

⁷ The quartos read, *Enter old Polonius with his man or two.*

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Danfers*] *Danske* (in Warner's *Albions England*) is the
ancient name of Denmark. STEEVENS.

Pol. Ay, or ⁹ drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing :—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no ; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put ¹ another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency ;
That's not my meaning : but breathe his faults so
quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty :
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind ;

² A savageness in unreclaimed blood,

³ Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,——

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift ;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant ⁴ :

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you, Your party in converse, him you would
found,

Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes ⁵,

The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence ;

Good sir, or so ; or friend, or gentleman, —

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man, and country.

⁹ — *drinking, [fencing,] swearing,*] I suppose, by *fencing* is meant a too diligent frequentation of the fencing-school, a resort of violent and lawless young men. JOHNSON.

¹ — *another*—] Thus the old editions. Theobald reads, *an utter*. JOHNSON.

² *A savageness*—] *Savageness*, for *wildness*. WARBURTON.

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

⁴ *And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant :*] So the folio. The quarto reads, —a fetch of *wit*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *prenominate crimes,*] i. e. crimes already named.

STEEVENS.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, fir, does he this,—He does—What was I

About to fay? I was about to fay
Something: Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

At, friend or fo, or gentleman.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
*(Videlicet, a brothel) or so forth.—*See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances, and with affays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi'you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination^s in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

⁵ — *in yourself.*] Hammer reads, *e'en* yourself, and is followed by Dr. Warburton; but perhaps *in yourself* means, *in your own person*, not by spies. JOHNSON.

Pol. With what in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; ° his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

° — *his stockings foul'd,*

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,] I have restored the reading of the elder quartos—*his stockings loose*.—The change, I suspect, was first from the players, who saw a contradiction in his stockings being *loose*, and yet *shackled* down at ancle. But they, in their ignorance, blundered away our author's word, because they did not understand it:

Ungarter'd and down-gyred.

i. e. turned down. So, the oldest copies; and, so his stockings were properly loose, as they were *ungarter'd* and *rowl'd* down to the ancle. THEOBALD.

Theobald is unfaithful in his account of this *elder quarto*. I have all the quartos and the folios before me, and they concur in reading:

— *his stockings foul'd.*

I believe *gyred* to be nothing more than a false print. *Down-gyved* means hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles. *Gyre* always signifies a circle formed by a top, or any other body when put into motion.

It is so used by Drayton in the Black Prince's letter to Alice countess of Salisbury:

“ In little circlets first it doth arise,
“ Then somewhat larger seemeth in mine eyes;
“ And in this *gyring* compass as it goes,
“ So more and more my love in greatness grows.”

Again, in the Second Part of Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

“ —this bright and flaming brand
“ Which I so often *gyre* about mine ears.”

Again, in *Lingua*, &c., 1607:

“ First I beheld him hovering in the air,
“ And then down stooping with a hundred *gyres*, &c.”

Again, in Barten Holyday's Poem, called the *Woes of Iliad*:

“ His chariot wheels wrapt in the whirlwind's *gyre*,
“ His horses hoof'd with flint, and shod with fire.”

STEEVENS.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bending their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes⁷ itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
⁸ I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And

⁷ — *foredoes* itself.] To *foredo* is to destroy. So, in *Otello*:
“That either makes me, or *foredoes* me quite.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *I had not quoted him*:—] The old quarto reads *coted*. It appears Sh: k'peare wrote *noted*. *Quoted* is nonsense.

WARBURTON.

To *quote* is, I believe, to *reckon*, to take an account of, to take
the *quotient* or result of a computation. JOHNSON.

And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !
 It seems, ⁹ it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
¹ This must be known ; which, being kept close,
 might move
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
 Come. [*Exeunt.*

Since I proposed a former explanation, I met with a passage in the *Isle of Gulls*, a comedy, by *John Day*, 1633, which proves Dr. Johnson's sense of the word to be not far from the true one :

“ 'twill be a scene of mirth

“ For me to *quote* his passions, and his smiles.”

To *quote* on this occasion undoubtedly means to *observe*. Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf* :

“ This honest man the prophecy that noted,

“ And things therein most curiously had *quoted* ;

“ Found all these signs, &c.”

Again, in *The Woman Hater*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, the intelligencer says,—“ I'll *quote* him to a tittle.” i. e. I will observe him. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— it is as proper to our age

To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,

As it is common for the younger sort

To lack discretion.—] This is not the remark of a weak man.

The vice of age is too much suspicion. Men long accustomed to the wiles of life *cast* commonly *beyond themselves*, let their cunning go farther than reason can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—*By heaven* it is as proper, &c. STEEVENS.

¹ This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.] i. e. This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet. The poet's ill and obscure expression seems to have been caused by his affectation of concluding the scene with a couplet.

Hammer reads,

More grief to hide hate, than to utter love. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

The palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, and attendants.

King. Welcome,—dear Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and hu-
mour²,—

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
³ Whether, aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
⁴ To shew us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,

² — and *humour*.] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *haviour*.
STEEVENS.

³ *Whether aught, &c.*] This line is omitted in the folio.
STEEVENS.

⁴ *To shew us so much gentry—*] *Gentry*, for *complaisance*.

WARBURTON.

⁵ For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey ;
And here give up ourselves, ⁶ in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosincrantz, and gentle Guilden-
stern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosen-
crantz :

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our prac-
tices,
Pleasant and helpful to him ! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Queen. Ay, amen !

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The embassadors from Norway, my good
lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord ? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gr̄acious king :

⁵ *For the supply, &c.]* That the hope which your arrival has raised may be completed by the desired effect. JOHNSON.

⁶ *—in the full bent,]* *Bent*, for *endeavour*, *application*.

WARBURTON.

The full bent is the utmost extremity of exertion. The allusion is to a bow bent as far it will go. So afterwards in this play :

“ They fool me to top of my bent.” MALONE.

And

And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the⁷ trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the embassadors;
My news shall be⁸ the fruit to that great feast.

King Thyself do grace to them, and bring them
in. [*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and fource of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my
good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand⁹,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

⁷ —*the trial of policy*—] The *trail* is the *course of an animal pursued by the scent.* JOHNSON.

⁸ —*the fruit*—] The *desert* after the meat. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*borne in hand*,—] *i. e.* deceived, imposed on. See vol. iv. p. 552. STEEVENS.

' Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;
 And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack :
 With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through you dominions for this enterprize ;
 On such regard of safety, and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well ;
 And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour :
 Go to your rest ; 3 at night we'll feast together :
 Most welcome home ! [*Exeunt Volt. and Cor.*

Pol. This business is well ended.
 4 My liege, and madam 5 to expostulate

¹ *Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;*] This reading first obtained in the edition put out by the players. But all the old quartos (from 1605, downwards) read *threescore* as I have reformed the text. THEOBALD.

² — *annual fee.*] *Fee* in this place signifies *reward, recompence.* So, in *All's well that ends well* :

“ — Not helping, death's my *fee* ;

“ But if I help, what do you promise me ? ”

The word is commonly used in Scotland, for *wages*, as we say *lawyer's fee, physician's fee.* STEEVENS.

I have restored the reading of the folio. The author of THE REMARKS explains it, I think, rightly thus, “ the king gave his nephew a *feud* or *fee* (in land) of that yearly value. EDITOR.

³ — *at night we'll feast—*] The king's intemperance is never suffered to be forgotten. JOHNSON.

⁴ *My liege, and madam, to expostulate*] The strokes of humour in this speech are admirable. Polonius's character is that of a weak, pedant, minister of state. His declamation is a fine satire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reason in the formality of method, and wit in the gingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himself in his *wit* :

That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity :

And pity 'tis, 'tis true : A foolish figure,

But farewell it—

And

³ — *to expostulate*] *To expostulate*, for *to enquire or discuss.*

What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,

And

And how exquisitely does the poet ridicule the *reasoning in fashion*, where he makes Polonius remark on Hamlet's madness:

Though this be madness, yet there's method in't :

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the most essential quality of a good discourse, would make amends for the madness. It was *madness* indeed, yet Polonius could comfort himself with this reflection, that at least it was *method*. It is certain Shakspeare excels in nothing more than in the preservation of his characters; *To this life and variety of character* (says our great poet in his admirable preface to Shakspeare) *we must add the wonderful preservation*. We have said what is the character of Polonius; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and spirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by some to be grossly violated in the excellent *precepts* and *instructions* which Shakspeare makes his statesman give to his son and servant in the middle of the *first*, and beginning of the *second act*. But I will venture to say, these critics have not entered into the poet's art and address in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his scenes with those fine lessons of social life; but his Polonius was too weak to be author of them, though he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and sop enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely shewn us was the case, where, in the middle of Polonius's instructions to his servant, he makes him, though without having received any interruption, forget his lesson, and say,

And then, sir, does he this ;

He does — What was I about to say ?

I was about to say something — where did I leave ?

The servant replies,

It, closes in the consequence. This sets Polonius right, and he goes on,

It, closes in the consequence.

— Ay marry,

He closes thus :—I know the gentleman, &c.

which shews the very words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwise *closes in the consequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the subject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary instance of the poet's art, and attention to the preservation of character. WARBURTON.

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief : Your noble son is mad :
Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad :
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a foolish figure ;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him then : and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect ;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause :
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend.
I have a daughter ; have, whilst she is mine ;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this : Now gather, and surmise.

This account of the character of Polonius, though it sufficiently reconciles the seeming inconsistency of so much wisdom with so much folly, does not perhaps correspond exactly to the ideas of our author. The commentator makes the character of Polonius, a character only of manners, discriminated by properties superficial, accidental, and acquired. The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident of his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel ; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius. JOHNSON.

⁴ *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—*

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautify'd*
Is a vile phrase; but you shall hear:—

These in her excellent white bosom, ' these, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reading.

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, ' believe it. Adieu.

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

⁴ *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—*] Heywood, in his *History of Edward VI*, says “*Katherine Parre, queen dowager to king Henry VIII, was a woman beautified with many excellent virtues.*” FARMER.

So, in *The Hog bath lost his Pearl*, 1614:

“*A maid of rich endowments, beautified*

“*With all the virtues nature could bestow.*”

Again, Nash dedicates his *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 15—
“*to the most beautified lady the lady Elizabeth Carey.*”

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: “*—although thy person is so bravely beautified with the dowries of nature.*”

Ill and vile as the phrase may be, our author has used it again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

—seeing you are beautified

With good shape, &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ *These in her excellent white bosom,*] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

Thy letters ———

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

See a note on this passage. vol. i. p. 193. STEEVENS.

⁶ *—O most best—*] So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540:
“*—that same most best redresser or reformer, is God.*”

STEEVENS.

This

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me :
And, ⁷ more above, hath his sollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you
think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
⁸ If I had play'd the desk, or table-book ;
⁹ Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb ;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ?
What might you think ? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak ;
¹ *Lord Hamlet is a prince :—out of thy sphere ;*

⁷ — *more above,*—] is, moreover, besides. JOHNSON.

⁸ *If I had play'd the desk or table-book ;*

Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb ;

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ;

What might you think ?—] i. e. If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours [*play'd the desk or table-book,*] or had connived at it, only observed them in secret, without acquainting my daughter with my discovery [*given my heart a mute and dumb working ;*] or lastly, had been negligent in observing the intrigue, and overlooked it [*looked upon this love with idle sight ;*] what would you have thought of me ?

WARBURTON.

⁹ *Or given my heart a working,*—] The folio reads *a working*. STEEVENS.

Or given my heart a working mute and dumb ;— The same pleonasm is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ And in my hearing be you *mute and dumb.*”

MALONE.

¹ *Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere,*] All princes were alike *out of her sphere.* I give it thus :

Lord Hamlet is a prince :—out of thy sphere.

Two of the quartos, and the first folio, read *far.* STEEVENS.

This

This must not be : and then I precepts gave her ²,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,
 Which done ³, she took the fruits of my advice :
 And he, repulsed, (' a short tale to make)
 Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
 Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness ;
 Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
 that)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find

² — precepts gave her.] Thus the folio. The two elder quartos read, *prescripts*. STEEVENS.

³ *Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ; and he, repulsed—*] The *fruits* of advice are the effects of advice. But how could she be said to take them ? The reading is corrupt. Shakspeare wrote,

Which done, see too the fruits of my advice ;

For, *he repulsed—* WARBURTON.

She took the *fruits* of advice when she obeyed advice, the advice was then made *fruitful*. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *a short tale to make,*

Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast, &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably sustained. He would not only be thought to have discovered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician could have done ; when all the while the madness was only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small politicians, that he could find

Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre. WARBURTON.

Where

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours
together⁵,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

*Pol.*⁶ At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :
Be you and I behind the arras then ;

Mark

⁵ — *four* hours together,] Perhaps it would be better were we
so read indefinitely,

— *for* hours together. TYRWHITT.

I should not hesitate to admit Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture into
the text. The same mistake has I think happened in Webster's
Dutchess of Malsy, 1623 :

“ She will muse *four* hours together ; and her silence

“ Methinks expressed more than if she speak.” MALONE.

⁶ *At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :*

Be you and I behind an arras then ;

Mark the encounter : if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm and carters.] The scheme of throwing

Ophelia in Hamlet's way, in order to try his sanity, as well as
the address of the king in a former scene to Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern,

“ I entreat you both——

“ That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

“ Some little time ; so by your companies

“ *To draw him on to pleasures*, and to gather

“ So much as from occasion you may glean,

“ Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,

“ That open'd lies within our remedy——”

seem to have been formed on the following slight hints in *The
History of Hamlet*, bl. let. fig. C 3 : “ They counselled to try
and know if possible, how to discover the intent and meaning of
the young prince ; and they could find no better nor more fit
invention to intrap him, then to set some faire and beautiful wo-
man in secret place, that with flattering speeches and all the
craftiest meanes she could, should purposely seek to allure his
mind to have his pleasure of her.—To this end certain courtiers
were appointed to lead Hamlet into a solitary place, within the
woods, where they brought the woman inciting him to take their
pleasures

Mark the encounter : if he love her not;
 And be not from his reason fallen thereon;
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm, and carters:

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

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

Pol. Away, I do beseech you; both away;
 I'll board him presently : — O, give me leave. —

[Exeunt King and Queen.]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

pleasures together. And surely the poor prince at this assault had been in great danger, if a gentleman that in Horvendille's time had been nourished with him, had not shewn himselfe more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamlet, than desirous to please the tyrant. — This gentleman bare the courtiers company, making full account that the least shewe of perfect sense and wisdom that Hamlet should make, would be sufficient to cause him to loose his life; and therefore by certaine signes he gave Hamlet intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any meanes he seemed to obaye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman sent thither by his uncle: which much abashed the prince, as then wholly being in affection to the lady. But by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as one that from her infancy loved and favoured him. — The prince in this sort having deceived the courtiers and the lady's expectation, that affirmed and swore hee never once offered to have his pleasure of the woman, although in subtilty he affirmed the contrary, every man thereupon assured themselves that without doubt he was distraught of his senses; — so that as then Fengon's practice took no effect."

Here we find the rude outlines of the characters of Ophelia and Horatio — *the gentleman that in the time of Horvendille (the father of Hamlet) had been nourished with him.* But in this piece there are no traits of the character of *Polonius*. There is indeed a counsellor, and he places himself in the queen's chamber behind the arras; — but this is the whole. The Ghost of the old Hamlet is likewise the offspring of our author's creative imagination. MALONE.

I'll board him] i. e. address him. See vol. iv. p. 169.

EDITOR:

Ham. Well, god-a'-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well :

You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, fir ; to be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol.

^s *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a good, kissing carrion—*

Have you a daughter ? | The editors seeing Hamlet counterfeit madness, thought they might safely put any nonsense into his mouth. But this strange passage, when set right, will be seen to contain as great and sublime a reflection as any the poet puts into his hero's mouth throughout the whole play. We will first give the true reading, which is this ;

*For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, kissing carrion—*

As to the sense we may observe, that the illative particle [for] shews the speaker to be reasoning from something he had said before : what that was we learn in these words, *to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thousand.* Having said, this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring against Providence from the circumstance of abounding evil. In the next speech therefore he endeavours to answer that objection, and vindicate Providence, even on a supposition of the fact, that almost all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in question is to this purpose, *But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil ? For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, which though a god, yet shedding its heat and influence upon carrion—* Here he stops short, lest talking too consequentially the hearer should suspect his madness to be feigned ; and so turns him off from the subject, by enquiring of his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make, was a very noble one, and to this purpose. If this (says he) be the case, that the effect follows the thing operated upon [carrion] and not the thing operating [a god,] why need we wonder, that the supreme cause of all things diffusing its blessings on mankind, who is, as it were, a dead carrion, dead in original sin, man instead of a proper return
of

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a blessing⁹ ; but not as your daughter may conceive : friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ? [*Aside.*] still harping on my daughter :—yet he knew me not at first ; he

of duty, should breed only corruption and vices ? This is the argument at length ; and is as noble a one in behalf of Providence as could come from the schools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *say*, but with what they *think*. The sentiment too is altogether in character, for Hamlet is perpetually moralizing, and his circumstances make this reflection very natural. The same *thought*, something diversified, as on a different occasion, he uses again in *Measure for Measure*, which will serve to confirm these observations :

*The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?
Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt by virtuous season.—*

And the same kind of expression is in *Cymbeline* :

Common-kissing Titan. WARBURTON.

This is a noble emendation, which almost sets the critic on a level with the author. JOHNSON.

Being a god, kissing carrion,] Our author, I imagine, wrote—“being a *god-kissing* carrion,”—i. e. a carrion that kisses the sun. So in this play :

“New-lighted on a *heaven-kissing* hill.”

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“Threat'ning *cloud-kissing* Ilion with annoy.”

I do not believe that Shakspeare had any of the profound meaning, in this passage, that Dr. Warburton has ascribed to him.

MALONE.

⁹ — *conception is a blessing ; &c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read thus :

— *conception is a blessing ;*

But *as your daughter may conceive*, friend, look to't.

The meaning seems to be, *conception* (i. e. understanding) is a blessing ; but as your daughter may *conceive* (i. e. be pregnant), friend look to't, i. e. have a care of that. The same quibble occurs in the first scene of *K. Lear* :

“*Kent.* I cannot *conceive* you, sir.

“*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother *could*.”

STEEVENS.

said, I was a fishmonger : He is far gone, far gone ; and, truly, in my youth I suffered much extremity for love ; very near this.—I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words !

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

Ham. Between who ?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir : for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards ; that their faces are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum ; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams : All which, sir, though I must powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol.

¹ *Slanders, sir : for the satirical slave says here, that old men, &c.]
By the *satirical slave* he means Juvenal in his tenth satire :*

Da spatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos :

Hec recto vultu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.

Sed quàm continuis et quantis longa senectus

Plena malis ! deformem, et tetrum ante omnia vultum,

Dissimilemque sui, &c.

Nothing could be finer imagined for Hamlet, in his circumstances, than the bringing him in reading a description of the evils of long life. WARBURTON.

Had Shakspeare read *Juvenal* in the original, he had met with
“ *De temone Britano, Excidet Arviragus*” —
and

— “ *Uxorem, Posthume, ducis ?*

We should not then have had continually in *Cymbeline*, *Arviragus* and *Posthūmus*. Should it be said that the *quantity* in the former word might be forgotten, it is clear from the mistake in the latter, that Shakspeare could not possibly have read any one of the Roman poets.

There was a translation of the 10th satire of *Juvenal* by Sir John Beaumont, the elder brother of the famous Francis : but I cannot tell whether it was printed in Shakspeare's time. In that age of quotation, every classic might be picked up by *piece-meal*.

I for

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method
in't. [*Aside.*]

Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

Ham. Into my grave ?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. How pregnant² sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him and suddenly contrive³ the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal ; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old foels !

Enter Rosencrantz⁴, and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet ; there he is. [*Exit.*]

Ros. God save you, sir !

Guil. Mine honour'd lord !—

Ros. My most dear lord !—

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do you both ?

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that another description of *Old Age* in *As you like it*, has been called a parody on a passage in a French poem of Garnier. It is trifling to say any thing about this, after the observation I made in *Macbeth* : but one may remark once for all, that Shakspeare wrote for the *people* ; and could not have been so absurd to bring forward any allusion, which had not been familiarized by some accident or other. FARMER.

² *How pregnant, &c.*] *Pregnant* is ready, dexterous, apt. STEEVENS.

³ *And suddenly, &c.*] This, and the greatest part of the two following lines, are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Rosencrantz*] There was an ambassador of that name in England about the time when this play was written.

STEEVENS.

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

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

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the
middle of her favours ?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune ? O, most
true ; she is a strumpet. What news ?

Ros. None, my lord ; but that the world's grown
honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near : But your news is
not true. [Let me⁵ question more in particular :
What have you, my good friends, deserved at the
hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

Guil. Prison, my lord !

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one ; in which there are many
confines, wards, and dungeons ; Denmark being one
of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you ; for there is
nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it
so : to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one ; 'tis
too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God ! I could be bounded in a nut-shell,
and count myself a king of infinite space ; were it
not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition ; for
the very substance of the ambitious is merely⁶ the
shadow of a dream.

Ham.

⁵ [Let me, &c.] All within the crotchets is wanting in the
quartos. STEEVENS.

⁶ — the shadow of a dream.] Shakspeare has accidentally in-
verted

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Rof. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. ' Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll both wait upon you.

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

Rof. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

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

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

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

Rof. To what end, my lord?

verted an expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity is *ομις ὕψος*, the *dream of a shadow*. JOHNSON,

So Davies,

“ Man's life is but a dreame; nay, less than so,

“ *A shadow of a dreame.* FARMER.

So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603, by Lord Sterline:

“ Whose best was but the *shadow of a dream.*”

STEEVENS.

‘ Then are our beggars, bodies;—] Shakspeare seems here to design a ridicule of these declamations against wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty. JOHNSON.

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [To Guilden.]

Ham. ⁸ Nay, then I have an eye of you;—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. ⁹ I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, ¹ this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

⁸ *Nay, then I have an eye of you:—*] An eye of you means, I have a glimpse of your meaning. STEEVENS.

⁹ *I have of late, &c.*] This is an admirable description of a rooted melancholly sprung from thickness of blood; and artfully imagined to hide the true cause of his disorder from the penetration of these two friends, who were set over him as spies. WARBURTON.

¹ *—this brave over-hanging firmament,*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads, —this brave o'er-hanging, this, &c.

STEEVENS.

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

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said *Maiz delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment² the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way³; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man + shall end his

² —[*lenten* entertainment] i. e. sparing, like the entertainments given in *Lent*. So, in the *Duke's Mistress*, by Shirley, 1631:

“ — to maintain you with bisket,
“ Poor John, and half a livery, to read moral virtue
“ And *lenten* lectures.” STEEVENS.

³ *We coted them on the way*,—] To *cote* is to overtake. I meet with this word in *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606:

“ — marry we presently *coted* and outstript them.”

I have observed the same verb to be used in several more of the old plays. So, in the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

“ — quick observation scud
“ To *cote* the plot.” — See vol. ii. p. 473.

In the laws of coursing, says Mr. Tollet, “a *cote* is when a greyhound goes endways by the side of his fellow, and gives the hare a turn.” This quotation seems to point out the etymology of the verb to be from the French *coté*, the side. STEEVENS.

+ — *shall end his part in seare*:] After these words the folio adds *the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' th' seare*.

WARBURTON.

The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' th' seare, i. e. those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughter is most uneasy. This is the case (as I am told) with those whose lungs are tickled by the *seare* or *serum*: but about this passage I am neither very confident, nor very solicitous.

The word *seare* occurs as unintelligibly in an ancient *Dialogue betweene the Comen Secretary and Jelowysy, touchynge the unstablenes of Harlottes*, bl. l. no date:

“ And wyll byde whyssperynge in the eare,
“ Thynke ye her taylor is not light of the *seare*.”

The *seare* is likewise a part about a hawk. STEEVENS.

part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the fere: and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city?

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. ° I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham.

^s — *the lady shall, &c.*] *The lady shall have no obstruction, unless from the lameness of the verse.* JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is,—*the lady shall mar the measure of the verse, rather than not express herself freely or fully.* HENDERSON.

° *I think, their inhibition—*] I fancy this is transposed: Hamlet enquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation*; the answer therefore probably was, *I think, their innovation, that is, their new practise of strolling, comes by means of the late inhibition.*

JOHNSON.

The drift of Hamlet's question appears to be this.—How chances it they travel?—i. e. *How happens it that they are become strollers?*—Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.—i. e. *to have remained in a settled theatre, was the more honourable as well as the more lucrative situation.* To this, Rosencrantz replies—*Their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation.*—i. e. *their permission to act any longer at an established house is taken away, in consequence of the NEW CUSTOM of introducing personal abuse into their comedies.* Several companies of actors in the time of our author were silenced on account of this licentious practice. Among these (as appears from a passage in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, &c.* 1596,) even the children of St. Paul's. “Troth, would he might for mee (that's all the harme I wish him) for then we neede never wishe the playes at *Powles* up againe,” &c. See a dialogue between *Comedy* and *Envy* at the conclusion of *Mucdorus* 1598, as well as the prelude to *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630, from whence the following passage is taken: “*Shewes* having been long intermitted and forbidden by authority, for their abuses, could not be raised but by conjuring.” *Shew* enters, whipped by two furies, and the prologue says to her:

“—with tears wash off that guilty sin,
“ Purge out those ill-digested dregs of wit,

“ That

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, fir, an airy of children, "little eyases,

" That use their ink to blot a spotless name:

" Let's have no one *particular man* traduc'd—

" — spare the *persons*, &c."

Alteration therefore in the order of the words seems to be quite unnecessary. STEEVENS.

There will still, however, remain some difficulty. The statute 30 Eliz. ch. 4. which seems to be alluded to by the words—*their inhibition*, was not made to inhibit the players from acting any longer at an *established theatre*, but to prohibit them from *strolling*. "All fencers (says the act), bearwards, *common players of interludes* and minstrels, *wandering abroad*, (other than players of *interludes*, belonging to any baron of this realm or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and seal of arms of such baron or personage) shall be taken, adjudged and deemed, rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall sustain such pain and punishments as by this act is in that behalf appointed."

This circumstance is equally repugnant to Dr. Johnson's transposition of the text, and to Mr. Steevens's explanation of it as it now stands. MALONE.

The lines enclosed in crotchets are in the folio of 1623, but not in the quarto of 1637, nor, I suppose, in any of the quartos.

JOHNSON.

" — an *Airy of children*, &c.] This relates to the young singing men of St. Paul's, concerning whose performances and success in attracting the best company, I find the following passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601:

" I saw the *children of Pozoles* last night;

" And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,

" The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.

—" I like the audience that frequenteth there

" With *much applause*: a man shall nor be choak'd

" With the stench of garlick, nor be pasted

" To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.

—" 'Tis a good *gentle audience*," &c.

It is said in Richard Flecknoc's *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1674, that, "both the children of the chappel and St. Paul's, acted plays, the one in White-Friers, the other behind
the

eyases, that⁹ cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't : these are now the fashion ; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children ? Who maintains 'em ? how are they¹ escoted ?² Will they pursue the

the Convocation-house in Paul's ; till people growing more precise, and playes more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite suppressed, and that of the children of the chappel converted to the use of the children of the revels." STEEVENS.

Little Yases, that cry out on the top of question,—] The poet here steps out of his subject to give a lash at home, and sneer at the prevailing fashion of following plays performed by the children of the chapel, and abandoning the established theatres. But why are they called *little Yases* ? As he first calls 'em an *Aiery* of children (now, an *Aiery* or *Eyery* is a hawk's or eagle's nest); there is not the least question but we ought to restore—*little Eyases*; i. e. young nestlings, creature just out of the egg. THEOBALD.

So, in the *Booke of Hawkying*, &c. bl. l. no date: "And so bycause the best knowledge is by the eye, they be called *eyessed*. Ye may also knowe an *eyesse* by the paleness of the feres of her legges, or the fere over the beake." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *cry out on the top of question,*—] The meaning seems to be, they ask a common question in the highest notes of the voice.

JOHNSON.

I believe *question*, in this place, as in many others, signifies *conversation, dialogue*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "— *I think you question with a Jew.*" The meaning of the passage may therefore be—*Children that perpetually recite in the highest notes of voice that can be uttered.* STEEVENS.

¹ — *escoted ?*] Paid. From the French *escot*, a shot or reckoning. JOHNSON.

² *Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing ?*] Will they follow the *profession* of players no longer than they keep the voices of boys, and sing in the choir ? So afterwards he says to the player, *Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.* JOHNSON.

So, in the players' *Dedication*, prefixed to the first edition of Fletcher's plays in folio, 1647: "— directed by the example of some who once steered in our *quality*, and so fortunately aspir'd to chuse your honour joined with your now glorified brother, patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet swan of Avon, Shakspeare." Again, in *Westward Ho*, a comedy,

the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like³, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession⁴?

Rof. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy⁵: There was, for a while no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Rof. Ay, that they do, my lord; ⁶ Hercules and his load too.]

Ham. ⁷ It is not very strange: for my uncle is

by Decker and Webster, 1607: "O, ay, 'tis the curse laid upon our *quality*; what we glean from others we lavish upon some toothless well-fac'd younger brother, that loves us only for maintenance." Again, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "I speak not of this as though every one [of the players] that professed the *qualitie*, so abused himself. —" MALONE.

³ — *most like*,—] The old copy reads, —*like most*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *their writers do them wrong, &c.*] I should have been very much surpris'd if I had *not* found Ben Jonson among the writers here alluded to. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *to tarre them on to controversy.*] To provoke any animal to rage, is *to tarre him*. The word is said to come from the Greek *ταράσσω*. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Hercules and his load too.*] *i. e.* they not only carry away the world, but the world-bearer too: alluding to the story of Hercules's relieving Atlas. This is humorous.

WARBURTON.

The allusion may be to the *Globe* playhouse, on the Bankside, the signe of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Is it not very strange: for mine uncle—*] I do not wonder that the new players have so suddenly risen to reputation, my uncle supplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants. JOHNSON.

king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father liv'd, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little⁸. There is something⁹ in this more natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elfinour. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly³, I know a hawk from a hand-saw⁴.

Enter

⁸ — *in little.*] *i. e.* in miniature. So, in the *Noble Soldier* 1634:

“The perfection of all Spaniards, Mars *in little.*”

Again, in Drayton's *Shepherd's Sirena*:

“Paradise *in little* done.”

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*:

“His father's picture *in little.*” STEEVENS.

⁹ *There is something—*] The old editions read,—*'sblood*, there is, &c. STEEVENS.

¹ — *let me comply—*] Hanmer reads, *Let me compliment with you.* JOHNSON.

² *When the wind is southerly, &c.*] So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

“But I perceive now, either the *windc is at the south*,

“Or else your tunge cleaveth to the rooffe of your mouth.”

STEEVENS.

³ — *I know a hawk from a hand-saw.*] This was a common proverbial speech. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to, *I know a hawk from an hemsaw*, as if the other had been a corruption of the players; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people: so that the critic's alteration only serves to shew us the original of the expression. WARBURTON.

Similarity of sound is the source of many literary corruptions. In Holborn we have still the sign of the *Bull and Gate*, which ex-

hibits

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—
at each ear a hearer: That great baby, you see there,
is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them;
for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the
players; mark it.—You say right, fir: on Monday
morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.—When
Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. * Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,——

hibits but an odd combination of images. It was originally (as I
learn from the title page of an old play) the *Bullogne Gate*, i. e.
one of the gates of *Bullogne*; designed perhaps as a compliment
to Henry VIII. who took the place in 2544.

The *Bullogne mouth*, now the *Bull and Mouth*, had probably
the same origin, i. e. the *mouth of the harbour of Bullogne*.

STEEVENS.

* *Buz, buz!*—] Mere idle talk, the *buz* of the vulgar.

JOHNSON.

Buz, buz! are, I believe, only interjections employed to in-
terrupt Polonius. Ben Jonson uses them often for the same pur-
pose, as well as Middleton in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608.

STEEVENS.

Buz used to be an interjection at Oxford, when any one began
a story that was generally known before. BLACKSTONE.

Buzzer, in a subsequent scene in this play, is used for a
busy talker:

“—— And wants not *buzzers* to infect his ear

“ With pestilent speeches.”

It is, therefore, probable from the answer of Polonius, that *buz*
was used, as Dr. Johnson supposes, for an idle rumour without
any foundation.

In Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, the collector of mercantile in-
telligence is called *Emissary Buz*. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. ⁵ *Then came each actor on his ass,—*

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [^o tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,] scene undividable, or poem unlimited : ⁷ Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light : ⁸ For the law of writ, and the the liberty these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephtha, judge of Israel*,—what a treasure hadst thou !

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord ?

Ham. Why,—*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

⁵ *Then came, &c.*] This seems to be a line of a ballad.

⁶ — *tragical, &c.*] The words within the crotchets I have recovered from the folio, and see no reason why they were hitherto omitted. There are many plays of the age, if not of Shakspeare, that answer to these descriptions. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] The tragedies of Seneca were translated into English by Thomas Newton, and others and published in 1581. One comedy of Plautus, *viz.* the *Menæchmi*, was likewise translated and published in 1565.

I believe the frequency of plays performed at public schools, suggested to Shakspeare the names of *Seneca* and *Plautus* as dramatic authors. WARTON.

⁸ *For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.*] All the modern editions have, *the law of wit, and the liberty*; but both my old copies have, *the law of writ*, I believe rightly. *Writ*, for *writing, composition*. *Wit* was not, in our author's time, taken either for *imagination*, or *acuteness*, or *both together*, but for *understanding*, for the faculty by which we *apprehend and judge*. Those who wrote of the human mind, distinguished its primary powers into *wit* and *will*. Ascham distinguishes *boys* of tardy and of active faculties into *quick wits* and *slow wits*. JOHNSON.

The old copies are certainly right. *Writ* is used for *writing* by authors contemporary with Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, by Thomas Nash, 1593: "For the lowlie circumstance of his poverty before his death, and sending that miserable *writte* to his wife, it cannot be but thou liest, learned Gabriel." Again, in bishop Earle's *Character of a mere dull Physician*, 1638: "Then followes a *writ* to his druggier, in a strange tongue, which he understands, though he cannot conser." MALONE.

Pol.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [Aside.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me old Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well:

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. ⁹ Why, as *By lot, God wot*,—and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*,—¹ The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more; for look, where ² my abridgment comes.

Enter

⁹ Why, as *by lot, God wot*—&c.] The old song from which these quotations are taken, I communicated to J. R. Percy, who has honoured it with a place in the second and third editions of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. In the books belonging to the Stationers' Company, there is a late entry of this Ballad among others. "*Jessa Judge of Israel*," p. 93. vol: iii Dec. 14. 1624.

STEEVENS.

¹ *the pious chansons*] It is *pons chansons* in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence called *Pons chansons*. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old songs.

POPE.

It is *pons chansons* in the quarto too. I know not whence the rubric has been brought, yet it has not the appearance of an arbitrary addition. The titles of old ballads were never printed red; but perhaps *rubric* may stand for *marginal explanation*.

JOHNSON.

There are five large vols. of ballads in Mr. Pepys's collection in Magdalen college library, Cambridge, some as ancient as Henry VII's reign, and not one red letter upon any one of the titles. GREY.

The first row of the RUBRIC will, &c.] The words, *of the rubric* were first inserted by Mr. Rowe, in his edition in 1709, The old quartos in 1604, 1605, and 1611, read *pious chanson*, which gives the sense wanted, and I have accordingly inserted it in the text.

The *pious chansons* were a kind of *Christmas carols*; containing some scriptural history thrown into loose rhimes, and sung about the streets by the common people when they went at that season to solicit alms: Hamlet is here repeating some scraps from a song of this kind, and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the *first row* (*i. e.* division) of one of these, to obtain the information he wanted. STEEVENS.

² —my abridgment—] He calls the players afterwards, *the*

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome, all :—I am glad to see thee well :—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend ! Why, thy face is valanc'd, since I saw thee last ; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark ?—What ! my young lady and mistress ! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, + by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God,

brief chronicles of the times ; but I think he now means only those who will shorten my talk. JOHNSON.

An *abridgment* is used for a dramatic piece in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v. sc. 1 :

“ Say what *abridgment* have you for this evening ?” but it does not commodiously apply to this passage. STEEVENS,
 3 — *valanc'd*] *Valanc'd* means overhung with a canopy or tester like a bed. The folios read *valiant* which seems right. The comedian was probably “ bearded like a pard.”

REMARKS.

4 — *by the altitude of a chioppine.*] A *chioppine* is a high shoe worn by the Italians, as in Tho. Heywood's *Challenge of Beauty*, Act 5. Song.

The Italian in her high *chopeene*,
 Scotch lass and lovely free too ;
 The Spanish Donna, French Madame,
 He doth not feare to go to.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* :

“ I do wish myself one of my mistress's *Cioppini*.” Another demands, why would he be one of his mistress's *Cioppini* ? a third answers, “ because he would make her *higher*.”

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 : I'm only taking instructions to make her a lower *Chopecne* ; she finds fault that she's lifted too high.”

Again, in Chapman's *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1613 :

“ — and thou shalt

“ Have *Chopines* at commandement to an height

“ Of life thou canst wish.” STEEVENS.

Tom Coryat in his *Crudities*, 1611, p. 262, calls them *chapines*, and gives the following account of them, “ There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and townes subject to the signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome : which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatso-
 ever

God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, ^s be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't ⁶ like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight:

ever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad, a thing made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some redde, some yellow. It is called a chapiney, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have secne fairely gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pittie this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the citie. There are many of these chapineys of a great height even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seeme much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard that this is observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen and most of their wives and widowes that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported eyther by men or women, when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." EDITOR.

^s —be not crack'd within the ring.] That is, crack'd too much for use. This is said to a young player who acted the parts of women. JOHNSON.

I find the same phrase in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“Come to be married to my lady's woman,

“After she's crack'd in the ring.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*:

“Light gold, and crack'd within the ring.”

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“—not a penny the worse

“For a little use, whole within the ring.

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1625: “You will not let my oaths be crack'd in the ring, will you?” STEEVENS.

⁶ *French falconers*] The amusement of falconry was much cultivated in France. In *All's well that ends well*, Shakspeare has introduced an *astringer* or falconer at the French court. Mr. Tollet, who has mentioned the same circumstance, likewise adds that it is said in *Sir Thomas Browne's Tracts*, p. 116. that “the French seem to have been the first and noblest falconers in the western part of Europe;” and, that the French king sent over his falconers to shew that sport to king James the First.”

See Weldon's *Court of King James*.

STEEVENS.

Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play*. What speech, my good lord?

: *Ham*. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas 'caviare to the general: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, 'cried in the top of mine) an excellent

7 *Caviare to the general*:] Giles Fletcher in his *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 11, says in Russia they have divers kinds of fish “very good and delicate: as the Bellouga or Bellougina of four or five elnes long, the Ositrina or Sturgeon but not so thick nor long. These four kind of fish breed in the Wolgha and are catched in great plenty, and served thence into the whole realme for a good food. Of the roes of these four kinds they make very great store of Icary or *Cavcary*.” See also REMARKS. P. 199.

EDITOR.

Ben Jonson has ridiculed the introduction of these foreign delicacies in his *Cynthia's Revels*.—“He doth learn to eat Anchovies, Macaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and *Caviare*,” &c.

Again, in the *Muses Looking-Glass*, by Randolph, 1638:

“—the pleasure that I take in spending it,

“To feed on *Caviare* and eat anchovies.”

Again, in the *White Devil*, 16:2:

“—one citizen

“Is lord of two fair manors that call'd you master,

“Only for *Caviare*.”

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:

“—a man can scarce eat good meat,

“Anchovies, *Caviare*, but he's fatired.”

Mr. Malone observes that lord Clarendon uses *the general* for *the people*, in the same manner. And so by undervaluing many particulars (which they truly esteemed) as rather to be contented to than that *the general* should suffer.” B. 5. p. 530.

STEEVENS.

8 — *cried in the top of mine* —] *i. e.* whose judgment I had the highest opinion of. WARBURTON.

I think it means only that *were higher than mine*. JOHNSON.

Whose judgment, in such matters, was in much higher vogue than mine. REVISAL.

Perhaps it means only—whose judgment was more clamorously delivered than mine. We still say of a bawling actor, that he speaks *on the top of his voice*. STEEVENS.

play

play; well digested in the scenes, & set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no *fallets* ¹ in the lines, to make the matter favourable; nor no matter in the phrase, ² that might indite the author of affection: ³ but call'd it an honest method; [as ⁴ wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.] One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

⁵*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—*
'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble*

When

⁰ —set down with as much modesty—] *Modesty*, for *simplicity*.
WARBURTON.

¹ —there was no *fallets*, &c.] Such is the reading of the old copies. I know not why the later editors continued to adopt the alteration of Mr. Pope, and read, no *salt*, &c.

Mr. Pope's alteration may indeed be in some degree supported by the following passage in *Decker's Satyromastix*: “—a prepared troop of gallants, who shall distaste every *unsalted* line in their dry-blown comedies.” Though the other phrase was used as late as in the year 1665, in a *Banquet of Feasts*, &c. “—for jankets, joci; and for curious *fallets*, sales.” STEEVENS.

² —that might indite the author—] *Indite*, for *convict*.
WARBURTON.

—indite the author of *affection*:] *i. e.* convict the author of being a fantastical *affected* writer. See vol. ii. p. 492. vol. iv. p. 207. STEEVENS.

³ —but call'd it, an honest method,—] Hamlet is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. *One said, there was no salt in the lines, &c. but called it an honest method.* The author probably gave it, *But I called it an honest method, &c.*

JOHNSON.

—an honest method,—] *Honest*, for *chaste*. WARBURTON.

⁴ —wholesome, &c.] This passage was recovered from the quartos by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The rugged Pyrrhus, &c.*] Mr. Malone once observed to me, that a late editor supposed the speech uttered by the *Player* before Hamlet, to have been taken from an ancient drama, entitled

*When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd*

With

“Dido Queen of Carthage.” I had not then the means of justifying or confuting his remark, the piece alluded to having escaped the hands of the most liberal and industrious collectors of such curiosities. Since, however, our last sheet was printed off, I have met with this performance, and am therefore at liberty to pronounce that it did not furnish our author with more than a general hint for his description of the death of Priam, &c : unless with reference to

— the whiff and *wind* of his fell sword

The unnerved father falls,——

we read, ver. 23 :

And with the *wind* thereof the king fell down ;
and can make out a resemblance between

So as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;

and ver. 32 :

So leaning on his sword, he stood stone still.

The greater part of the following lines are surely more ridiculous in themselves, than even Shakspeare's happiest vein of burlesque or parody could have made them :

“ At last came *Pirrhus* fell and full of ire,
“ His harness dropping bloud, and on his speare
“ The mangled head of *Priams* yongest sonne,
“ And after him his band of *Mirmidons*,
“ With balles of wild fire in their murdering pawes,
“ Which made the funerall flame that burnt faire *Troy* :
“ All which hemd me about, crying, this is he.

“ *Dido*. Ah, how could poor *Æneas* scape their hands ?

“ *Æn*. My mother *Venus* jealous of my health,
“ Convaid me from their crooked nets and bands :
“ So I escapt the furious *Pirrhus* wrath :
“ Who then ran to the pallace of the King,
“ And at *Jove's* Altar finding *Priamus*,
“ About whose withered necke hung *Hecuba*,
“ Foulding his hand in hers, and joyntly both
“ Beating their breasts and falling on the ground.
“ He with his faulchions point raise up at once ;
“ And with *Megeras* eyes stared in their face,
“ Threatning a thousand deaths at every glaunce.
“ To whom the aged king thus trembling spoke : &c.—
“ Not mov'd at all, but smiling at his teares,
“ This butcher, whil'st his hands were yet held up,
“ Treading upon his breast, strooke off his hands.

“ *Dido*. O end, *Æneas*, I can heare no more.

“ *Æn*.

*With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd*

With

“ *En.* At which the franticke queene leapt on his face.
 “ And in his eyelids hanging by the nayles,
 “ A little while prolong'd her husband's life :
 “ At last the fouldiers puld her by the heeles,
 “ And swong her howling in the emptie ayre,
 “ Which sent an echo to the wounded king :
 “ Whereat he lifted up his bedred lims,
 “ And would have grappeld with Achilles sonne,
 “ Forgetting both his want of strength and hands ;
 “ Which he disdaining, whistt his sword about,
 “ And with the wound thereof the king fell downe :
 “ Then from the navell to the throat at once,
 “ He ript old Priam ; at whose latter gaspe
 “ Jove's marble statue gan to bend the brow,
 “ As lothing Pirrhys for this wicked act :
 “ Yet he undaunted tooke his fathers flagge,
 “ And dipt it in the old kings chill cold bloud,
 “ And then in triumph ran into the streetes,
 “ Through which he could not passe for slaughtred men :
 “ So leaning on his sword he stood stone still,
 “ Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.” Act. 2.

The exact title of the Play from which these lines are copied, is as follows : The | Tragedie of Dido | *Queen of Carthage* | Play-
 ed by the Children of her | *Majesties Chappel.* | Written by
 Christopher Marlowe, and | *Thomas Nash, Gent.* | —Actors | *Ju-*
piter. | *Ganimed.* | *Venus.* | *Cupid* | *Juno.* | *Mercurie, or* | *Hermes,*
 | *Aeneas.* | *Ascanius.* | *Dido.* | *Anna.* | *Achates.* | *Ilioneus.* | *Iar-*
bas. | *Cloanthus.* | *Sergestus.* | At London, | Printed, by the
 Widdowe Orwin, for *Thomas Woodcocke,* and | are to be solde at
 his shop, in Paules Church-yard, at | the signe of the blacke
 Beare. 1594. | STEEVENS.

All the biographers have asserted that the tragedy of *Dido*, written by Marlowe and Nashe, was acted before Queen Elizabeth, when she visited the university of Cambridge in 1564. Had this been the case, this piece would be a still greater curiosity than it is at present, as it would stand second in the list of English tragedies, that of *Ferrex and Porrex*, which was acted in 1561, being generally esteemed the first. But Marlowe's *Dido* probably was not composed till at least twenty years afterwards ; for Nashe, who assisted him in writing that play, tells us in one of his pamphlets, that he read Lilly's *Euphues* (which did not appear till 1579) “ when he was a little ape at Cambridge :” he did not therefore, we may presume, commence a dramattick author till after 1580.

*With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light*

The biographers have been led into an error by the English narrative of queen Elizabeth's reception and entertainment at Cambridge in 1564. (Mss. Baker, 7037. p. 122. Brit. Museum). Had they consulted a Latin account of the same transaction written by Nicholas Robinson, afterwards bishop of Bangor, under the title of *Commentarii rerum Cantabrigiæ gestarum cum serenif. Regina Elizabetha in illam Academiam venerat*, (Mss. Baker 7037. p. 203) they would have seen that the *Dido* then acted, was not Marlowe's play, but a Latin performance, composed by one of the fellows of King's college. Having given a detail of the scholastic exercises which were performed on the third day after the queen's arrival, (Monday the 7th of August,) the author proceeds thus :

“ Hujus noctis silentio *Didonis* et *Æneæ* tragicum poema in scænam deducitur, Virgilianus versibus maxima ex parte compositum. Consecrandi labores exantlavit *Regalis Collegii* olim *socius*, qui discendi studio Maronis carmen, sed tenuiori avenâ est imitatus ; non infeliciter tamen ad tragediæ formam historiæ feriem elaboravit. Novum opus, sed venustum et elegans, et doctorum calculis comprobatum, nisi forte sua longitudine delicatos et morosos non nihil offendat. Actores omnes collegium regale dedit ; scæna ipsa in eo loco proponitur quem in facello extractum superiori die indicavimus. Per horas aliquot flebili hac *Didonis* calamitate occupata, ad gratam mortalibus requiem sese contulit. Hic exitus tertii diei fuit.”

The author of this dramatic poem was, I believe, John Ritwise, who was elected a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 1507, and, according to Antony Wood, “ made the tragedy of *Dido* out of *Virgil*, and acted the same with the scholars of his school, [St. Paul's, of which he was appointed master in 1522,] before cardinal *Wolsey*, with great applause.”

Dr. Farmer thinks that *Lochrine*, *Titus Andronicus*, and the lines spoken by the player in the interlude in *Hamlet*, were the production of the same hand. I believe they were all written by Marlowe. MALONE.

“ Now is he total *gules* ;] *Gules* is a term in the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry, and signifies *red*. Shakspeare has it again in *Timon* :

“ With man's blood paint the ground ; *gules, gules.*”

Heywood, in his Second Part of the *Iron Age*, has made a verb from it :

“ — old Hecuba's reverend locks

“ Be *gul'd* in slaughter.” — STEEVENS,

To their lord's murder : Roasted in wrath, and fire,
 And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like carbuncles, the bellish Pyrrhus
 Old grandsire Priam seeks :——So, proceed you.
 Poi. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good
 accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him,
 Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
 Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to command : Unequal match'd,
 Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes, wide;
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
 Seeming to eel this blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
 Which was declining on the milky head
 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
 So, as the painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
 A rous'd vengeance sets him new a-work;
 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
 On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam.——

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
 In general synod, take away her power;
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,

⁷ With eyes like carbuncles] So, Milton's Paradise Lost, b. ix,
 l. 500;

——and carbuncles his eyes. STEEVENS.

And

*And bowel the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, a woe! had seen⁸ the mobled
queen,—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run bare-foot up and down, thrcat'ning the
flames*

2 With biffon rheum; a clout upon that head,

⁸ — *the mobled queen*—] *Mobled* or *mabled* signifies *veiled*. So Sandys, speaking of the Turkish women, says, *their heads and faces are mabled in fine linen, that no more is to be seen of them than their eyes.* TRAVELS. WARBURTON.

Mobled signifies *huddled, grossly covered.* JOHNSON.

The folio reads—the *inobled* queen; and in all probability it is the true reading. This pompous but unmeaning epithet might be introduced merely to make her Phrygian majesty appear more ridiculous in the following lines, where she is represented as wearing a clout on her head; or, *innobled* queen may however signify the queen *unnobled*, i. e. divested of her former dignities. Mr. Upton would read *mob-led* queen: *Magna comitante caterva.*

I am informed that *mab-led*, in Warwickshire (where it is pronounced *mob-led*) signifies *led astray by a will o' the wisp*, an *ignis fatuus.* STEEVENS.

“The *mobbled* queen.”

I meet with this word in *Shirley's Gentleman of Venice*:

“The moon does *mobble* up herself.” FARMER.

In the latter end of the reign of King Charles II. the rabble that attended the Earl of Shaftesbury's partizans was first called *mobile vulgus*, and afterwards, by contraction, the *mob*; and ever since, the word *mob* has become proper English. Consequently Mr. Upton's supposition must fall to the ground. TOLLET.

But who, a woe, had seen, &c.] The folio reads, I believe, rightly:

But who, O *who*, had seen, &c. MALONE.

⁹ *With biffon rheum*; —] *Biffon* or *beesen*, i. e. blind. A word still in use in some parts of the north of England.

So in *Coriolanus*: “What harm can your *biffon* conspectivities glean out of this character?” STEEVENS.

Where

Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
 About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
 A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ;
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
 'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd :
 But if the gods themselves did see her then,
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs ;
 The instant burst of clamour that she made,
 (Unless things mortal move them not at all)
 Would have made milch¹ the burning eye of heaven,
 And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, wher he has not turn'd his colour,
 and has tears in's eyes. — Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the rest
 of this soon. — Good my lord, will you see the players
 well bestow'd ? Do you hear, let them be well used ;
 for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the
 time : After your death, you were better have a bad
 epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their
 desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better : Use
 every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape
 whipping ? Use them after your own honour and
 dignity : the less they deserve, the more merit is in
 your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, firs.

[Exit Polonius.]

Ham. Follow him, friends : we'll hear a play to-
 morrow. — Dost thou hear me, old friend ; can you
 play the murder of Gonzago ?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could,
 for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen

¹ — made *milch*—] Drayton in the 13th Song of his *Polyolbion*
 gives this epithet to dew. “Exhaling the *milch* dew, &c.”

lines, which I would set down; and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.—My good friends, [*to Ros. and Guild.*] I'll leave you 'till night: you are welcome to Elfinour.

Ros. Good, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone,
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here²,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working,³ all his visage warm'd;
⁴ Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

² *Is it not monstrous, that this player here,]* It should seem from the complicated nature of such parts as Hamlet, Lear, &c. that the time of Shakspeare had produced many excellent performers. He would scarce have taken the pains to form the characters which he had no prospect of seeing represented with force and propriety on the stage. STEEVENS.

³ —*all his visage warm'd;*] This might do, did not the old quarto lead us to a more exact and pertinent reading, which is

—————*visage wan'd;*

i. e. turn'd pale or wan. For so the visage appears when the mind is thus affected, and not *warm'd* or flush'd.

WARBURTON.

The working of the soul, and the effort to shed tears, will give a colour to the actor's face, instead of taking it away. The visage is always *warm'd* and flush'd by any unusual exertion in a passionate speech; but no performer was ever yet found, I believe, whose feelings were of such exquisite sensibility as to produce paleness in any situation in which the drama could place him. But if the players were indeed possessed of that power, there is no such circumstance in the speech uttered before Hamlet, as could introduce the *warm'd* for which Dr. Warburton contends.

STEEVENS.

⁴ “Tears in his eyes, distraction in's *aspect*.”] The word *aspect* (as Dr. Farmer very properly observes) was in Shakspeare's time accented on the second syllable. The folio exhibits the passage as I have printed it. STEEVENS.

With

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

⁵ What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and ⁶ the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave ⁷ the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant: and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
⁸ Like John-a-dreams, ⁹ unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,

⁵ *What's Hecuba to him, &c.*] 'Tis plain Shakspere alludes to a story told of Alexander the cruel tyrant of Pherae in Thessaly, who seeing a famous tragedian act the *Troades* of Euripides was so sensibly touched that he left the theatre before the play was ended; being ashamed as he owned that he who never pitied those he murdered should weep at the sufferings of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*. See Plutarch in the life of Pelopidas. UPSON.

⁶ — *the cue for passion.*] The hint, the direction. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *the general ear* —] The ear of all mankind. So before, *Care to the general*, that is, to the multitude. JOHNSON.

Like *John-a-dreams*, —] *John-a-dreams*, i. e. of dreams, means only *John the dreamer*; as nick-name, I suppose for any ignorant silly fellow. Thus the puppet formerly thrown at during the season of lent was called *Jack-a-lent*, and the ignis fatuus *Jack-a-lantern*. *John-a-droynes* however, if not a corruption of this nick-name seems to have been some well known character, as I have met with more than one allusion to him. So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, by Nashe, 1596: "The description of that poor *John a droynes* his man, whom he had hired, &c." *John a Droynes* is likewise a foolish character in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, who is seized by informers, has not much to say in his defence, and is cheated out of his money. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *unpregnant of my cause,*] *Unpregnant*, for *having no due sense of*. WARBURTON.

Rather, *not quickned with a new desire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge.* JOHNSON.

A damn'd

1 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lye i'th' throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha! Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy, villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, ² kindless
 villain,

3 Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
 A scullion ⁴!

¹ *A damn'd defeat was made.*—] *Defeat*, for *destruction*.

WARBURTON.

Rather, *dispossession*. JOHNSON.

The word *defeat* is very licentiously used by the old writers. Shakspeare in another play employs it yet more quaintly.—“*Defeat* my favour with an usurped beard;” and Middleton, in his comedy called *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, says—“I have heard of your *defeat* made upon a mercer.”

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

“That he might meantime *make a sure defeat*
 “On our aged father's life.”

Again, in the *Wits*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1637:—“Not all the skill I have can pronounce him free of *the defeat upon* my gold and jewels.”

Again, in the *Isle of Gulls*, 1633: “My late shipwreck has made a *defeat* both of my friends and treasure.” STEEVENS.

² — *kindless*—] *Unnatural*. JOHNSON.

³ *Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave,*] The folio reads,
 “O vengeance!

“Who? what an ass am I? Sure this is most brave.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *A scullion!*] Thus the folio. The quarto read, *a stallion*.

STEEVENS.

Fie upon't ! foh !

5 About, my brains ! Hum ! I have heard,
 6 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions :
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;
 I'll 7 tent him to the quick ; 8 if he do blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
 May be a devil : and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits)
 Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
 9 More relative than this ; The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*]

5 *About, my brains !*] *Wits, to your work. Brain, go about the present business.* JOHNSON.

This expression occurs in the Second Part of the *Iron Age*, by Heywood, 1632 :

“ *My brain about again ! for thou hast found*

“ *New projects now to work on.*” STEEVENS.

6 ———— *I've heard,*

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,] A number of these stories are collected together by Thomas Heywood, in his *Actor's Indication*. STEEVENS.

7 — *tent him*—] Search his wounds. JOHNSON.

8 — *if he but blench,*] If he *shrink*, or start. See vol. ii. p. 141. iv. p. 321. ix. p. 10. STEEVENS.

9 *More relative than this ;*—] *Relative, for convictive.*

WARBURTON.

Convictive is only the consequential sense. *Relative, is nearly related, closely connected.* JOHNSON.

A C T

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

The PALACE.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz;
and Guildenstern.*

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question¹; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players

¹ — conference] The folio reads, *circumstance.* STEEVENS.

² Niggard of question; but, of our demands,

Most free in his reply.] This is given as the description of the conversation of a man whom the speaker found not forward to be sounded; and who kept aloof when they would bring him to confession: but such a description can never pass but at cross-purposes. Shakspeare certainly wrote it just the other way:

Most free of question; but, of our demands,
Niggard in his reply.

That this is the true reading, we need but turn back to the preceding scene, for Hamlet's conduct, to be satisfied.

WARBURTON.

We' o'er-raught on the way : of these we told him ;
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 To hear of it : They are here about the court ;
 And, as I think, they have already order
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :
 And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
 To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
 To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too :
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
 † Affront Ophelia.

Her father, and myself (lawful espials⁵)
 Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
 We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
 If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
 That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you :—
 And, for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,
 That your good beauties be the happy cause

³ — o'er-raught on the way :—] *Over-raught* is *over-reached*, that is, *over-took*. JOHNSON.

See vol. ii. p. 182. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Affront Ophelia.*] *To affront*, is only *to meet directly*.

JOHNSON.

Affrontare. Ital. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607 :

“ *Affronting* that port where proud Charles should enter.”

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630 :

“ In sufferance *affronts* the winter's rage.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *espials*] i. e. spies. See vol. vi. p. 204.

The words—*lawful espials*, are wanting in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so
please you,

We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;
[To Oph.]

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—⁶ We are oft to blame in this,—
⁷ 'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience! [Aside.]
The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plastring art,
Is not ⁸ more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exeunt King, and Polonius.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. ⁹ To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer The

⁶ *Your loneliness.*] Thus the folio. The first and second
quartos read *lowliness*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *'Tis too much prov'd,*—] It is found by too frequent expe-
rience. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *more ugly to the thing that helps it,*] That is, compared
with the thing that helps it. JOHNSON.

⁹ *To be, or not to be?*] Of this celebrated soliloquy, which
bursting from a man distracted with contrariety of desires, and
overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purposes, is con-
nected rather in the speaker's mind, than on his tongue, I shall
endeavour to discover the train, and to shew how one sentiment
produce another.

Hamlet, knowing himself injured in the most enormous and
atrocious degree, and seeing no means of redress, but such as
must

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune¹ ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And

must expose him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his situation in this manner: *Before I can form any rational scheme of action under this pressure of distress, it is necessary to decide, whether, after our present state, we are to be, or not to be. That is the question, which, as it shall be answered, shall determine, whether 'tis nobler, and more suitable to the dignity of reason, to suffer the outrages of fortune patiently, or to take arms against them, and by opposing end them, though perhaps with the loss of life. If to die, were to sleep, no more, and by a sleep to end the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were devoutly to be wished; but if to sleep in death, be to dream, to retain our powers of sensibility, we must pause to consider, in that sleep of death what dreams may come.* This consideration makes calamity so long endured; for who would bear the vexations of life, which might be ended by a bare bodkin, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conscience, which by turning the mind upon this regard, chills the ardour of resolution, checks the vigour of enterprize, and makes the current of desire stagnate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered Ophelia.

JOHNSON.

I cannot but think that Dr. Johnson's explication of this passage, though excellent on the whole, is wrong in the outset.—He explains the words—*To be, or not to be*—“Whether after our present state, we are to be, or not;” whereas the obvious sense of them—*To live, or to put an end to my life*, seems clearly to be pointed out by the following words, which are manifestly a paraphrase on the foregoing—*Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, &c. or to take arms*—The train of Hamlet's reasoning, which Dr. Johnson has so well explained, is sufficiently clear, which ever way the words are understood. MALONE.

¹ —arrows of outrageous fortune;] “Homines nos ut esse meminimus, eâ lege natos, ut omnibus telis fortunæ proposita sit vita nostra.” Cic. Epist. Fam. v. 16. STEEVENS.

² Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,] Without question Shakspeare wrote,

— against assail of troubles;

i. e. assault: WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope proposed *siege*. I know not why there should be so much solicitude about this metaphor. Shakspeare breaks his metaphors often, and in this desultory speech there was less need of preserving them. JOHNSON.

The change which Mr. Pope would recommend, may be justified from a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, scene the last :

And, by opposing, end them?—³ To die;—to sleep;—

No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance, to dream;—Ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this ⁴ mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear ⁵ the whips and scorns of time,

“ You—to remove that *siege of grief* from her—” STEEVENS.
The same metaphor is used by Marston, in the Second Part of
Antonio and Mellida, 1602:

“ Whom fretful galls of chance, stern fortune's *siege*.”
MALONE.

Shakspeare resembles Æschylus in the sudden breaks of his metaphors. To take up arms against a *sea* of troubles, is in the manner of our author. Were we to admit *siege* for *sea*, we might improve the picture; but we should endanger the likeness. Io says, in the *Prometheus vinctus* of Æschylus, v. 885.

“ My confused words strike at random against a *sea of troubles*, or the waves of misery;” by which she means, — I talk confusedly in my misfortunes. S. W.

³ — *To die,—to sleep,—*] This passage is ridiculed in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, as follows:

“ — be deceas'd, that is, asleep, for so the word is taken.
“ *To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep;* a very figure, sir.” &c. &c.
STEEVENS.

⁴ — *mortal coil,*] *i. e.* turmoil, bustle. WARBURTON.

⁵ — *the whips and scorns of time,*] The evils here complained of are not the product of time or duration simply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We may be sure, then, that Shakspeare wrote:

— *the whips and scorns of th' time.*

And the description of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the corruption of this passage is not more than the editor has suspected. *Whips* and *scorns* have no great connection with one other, or with *time*: *whips* and *scorns* are evils of very different magnitude, and though at all *times* *scorn* may be endured, yet the *times* that put men ordinarily in danger of *whips*
are

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely⁶,
The pangs of despis'd love, ⁷ the laws delay,
The

are very rare. Falstaff has said, that the *courtiers would whip him with their fine wits*; but I know not that *whip* can be used for a *scoff* or *insult*, unless its meaning be fixed by the whole expression.

I am afraid lest I should venture too far in correcting this passage. If *whips* be retained, we may read,

For who would bear the whips and scorns of tyrants.

But I think that *quip*, a *sneer*, a *sarcasm*, a *contemptuous jest*, is the proper word, as suiting very exactly with *scorn*. What then must be done with *time*? it suits no better with the new reading than with the old, and *tyrant* is an image too bulky and serious. I read, but not confidently:

For who would bear the quips and scorns of title.

It may be remarked, that Hamlet, in his enumeration of miseries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior stations only are exposed.

JOHNSON.

I think we might venture to read the *whips and scorns o' th'* times, i. e. of times satirical as the age of Shakspeare, which probably furnished him with the idea.

In the reign of Elizabeth and James (particularly in the former) there was more illiberal private abuse and peevish satire published, than in any others I ever knew of, except the present one. I have many of these publications, which were almost all pointed at individuals.

Daniel, in his *Musophilus*, 1590, has the same complaint:

“ Do you not see these pamphlets, *libels*, rhimes,

“ These strange confused tumults of the mind,

“ Are grown to be the sickness of *these times*,

“ The great disease inflicted on mankind?”

Whips and *scorns* are surely as inseparable companions, as public punishment and infamy.

Quips, the word which Dr. Johnson would introduce, is derived, by all etymologists, from *whips*.

Hamlet is introduced as reasoning on a question of general concernment. He therefore takes in all such evils as could befall mankind in general, without considering himself at present as a prince, or wishing to avail himself of the few exemptions which high place might once have claimed.

In part of K. James Ist's *Entertainment passing to his Coronation*, by Ben Jonson and Decker, is the following line, and note on that line:

“ And first account of years, of months, OF TIME.”

The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make

With

“By *time* we understand *the present*.” This explanation affords the sense for which I have contended, and without alteration.

STEEVENS.

The word *whips* is used by Marston in his *Satires*, 1599, in the sense required here :

“Ingenuous melancholy——

“Inthroned thee in my blood ; let me entreat,

“Stay his quick jocund skips and force him run

“A sad-pac’d course, untill my *whips* be done.” MALONE.

6 ——*the proud man’s contumely,*] The folio reads :

—— the *poor* man’s contumely,

which may be right ;—*the contumely which the poor man is obliged to endure :*

“Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,

“Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.” MALONE.

7 — of despis’d love,] The folio reads—Of *dispriz’d* love.

STEEVENS.

8 ——might his *quietus* make

With a bare *bodkin* :—] The first expression probable alluded to the writ of discharge, which was formerly granted to those barons and knights who personally attended the king on any foreign expedition. This discharge was called a *quietus*.

It is at this time the term for the acquittance which every sheriff receives on settling his accounts at the exchequer.

The word is used for the discharge of an account, by Webster, in his *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

“You had the trick in audit time to be sick

“Till I had signed your *quietus*.”

Again,

“And ’cause you shall not come to me in debt

“(Being now my steward) here upon your lips

“I sign your *Quietus*.”

A *bodkin* was the ancient term for a *small dagger*.

So, in the Second Part of the *Mirroure of Knighthood*, 4to. bl. l. 1598 : —— “Not having any more weapons but a poor poyntado, which usually he did weare about him, and taking it in his hand, delivered these speeches unto it : Thou silly *bodkin* shalt finish the piece of worke, &c.”

In the margin of *Stowe’s Chronicle*, edit. 1614, it is said, that Cæsar was slain with *bodkins* ; and in *The Muses’ Looking-glass*, by Randolph, 1638 :

“*Apho.* A rapier’s but a *bodkin*.

“*Dcil.* And a *bodkin*”

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life ;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns — puzzles the will ;

And

“ Is a most dang'rous weapon ; since I read
 “ Of Julius Cæsar's death I durst not venture
 “ Into a taylor's shop for fear of *bodkins*.”

Again, in *The Custom of the Country*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ —. Out with your *bodkin*,
 “ Your pocket dagger, your stiletto.”—

Again, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591 : — “ there will be a desperate
 fray between two, made at all weapons, from the brown bill to
 the *bodkin*.”

Again in *Chaucer*, as he is quoted at the end of a pamphlet
 called the *Serpent of Division*, &c. *whereunto is annexed the Tra-*
gedy of Gorboduc, &c. 1591 :

“ With *bodkins* was Cæsar Julius
 “ Murdered at Rome, of Brutus Crassus.” STEEVENS.

9 *To groan and sweat*—] All the old copies have, *to grunt and*
sweat. It is undoubtedly the true reading, but can scarcely be
 borne by modern ears. JOHNSON.

The change made by the editors, is however supported by the
 following lines in *Julius Cæsar*, act. iv. sc. 1 :

“ *To groan and sweat under the businesse*.”

This word occurs in the *Death of Zoroas*, by Nicholas Gri-
 moald, a fragment in blank verse, printed at the end of *Lord*
Surry's poems :

“ — none the charge could give ;

“ Here *grunts* ; here *grones* ; echwhere strong youth is
 spent.”

And *Stanyburst* in his translation of Virgil, 1582, for *supremum*
congemuit gives us : “ — for fighting it *grunts*.” STEEVENS.

1 *That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn*

No traveller returns—] This has been cavilled at by Lord
 Orrery and others, but without reason. The idea of a *traveller* in
 Shakspeare's time, was of a person who gave an account of his
 adventures. Every voyage was a *Discovery*. John Taylor has
 “ *A Discovery by sea from London to Salisbury*.” FARMER.

This passage has been objected to by others on a ground which
 seems more plausible. Hamlet himself has just had ocular de-
 monstration that travellers *do* sometimes return from this strange
 country. Shakspeare, however, appears to have seldom compared
 the different parts of his plays, and contented himself with gene-

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ;
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprizes of great pith² and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry³,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!

[Seeing Ophelia.

The fair Ophelia?—⁴ Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

ral truths. It would have been easy to have written—*Few travellers return.*

Marlowe had, before our author, compared death to a journey to an undiscovered country :

“ ————— weep not for Mortimer,
 “ That scorns the world, and, as a *traveller*,
 “ Goes to *discover* countries yet unknown.”

King Edward II. 1598 (written before 1593).

MALONE.

Again, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

“ ————— wrestled with death,
 “ From whose stern cave none tracks a backward path.”

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum

Illuc unde negant redire quenquam. *Catullus.* STEEVENS.

² — great *pith*] Thus the folio. The quartos read, of great *pitch*. STEEVENS.

Pitch seems to be the better reading. The allusion is to the *pitching* or throwing *the bar*;—a manly exercise, usual in country villages. REMARKS.

³ — turn *awry*,] Thus the quartos. The folio—turn *away*. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *Nymph, in thy orisons, &c.*] This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect, that he is to personate madness, but makes her an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

That

That I have longed long to re-deliver ;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I ;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
you did ;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again ; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha! ha! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord ?

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That, if you be honest, and fair, you should
admit no discourse to your beauty ⁵.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce than with honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,
⁶ than the force of honesty can translate beauty into
his likeness : this was some time a paradox, but now
the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me : for vir-
tue cannot so inoculate ⁷ our old stock, but we shall
relish of it : I lov'd you not.

⁵ *That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.*] This is the reading of all the modern editions, and is copied from the quarto. The folio reads, your honesty *should admit no discourse to your beauty*. The true reading seems to be this, *If you be honest and fair, you should admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty*. This is the sense evidently required by the process of the conversation. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness:*] All the old copies have *his* likeness. There is no need of change. Our author frequently uses *his* for *its*. MALONE.

⁷ — *inoculate*] This is the reading of the first folio. The first quarto reads *enoculat*; the second, *evacuat*; and the third, *evacuate*. STEEVENS.

Oph.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery : Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me : I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences * at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in : What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven ? We are arrant knaves all ; believe none of us : Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him ; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry ; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery ; farewel : Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him !

Ham. † I have heard of your paintings too well enough ;

* — at my beck,—] That is, *always ready to come about me.*

With more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.] What is the meaning of *thoughts to put them in* ? A word is dropt out. We should read,

——— *thoughts to put them in name.*

This was the progress. The offences are first conceived and named, then projected to be put in act, then executed.

WARBURTON.

To put a thing into thought, is to think on it. JOHNSON.

† *I have heard of your paintings too, well enough, &c.]* This is according to the quarto ; the folio, for *painting*, has *prattlings*, and for *face*, has *pacc*, which agrees with what follows, *you jig,*
you

enough ; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another : you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance : Go to ; I'll no more on't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
 2 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
 sword ;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and 3 the mould of form,

you amble. Probably the author wrote both. I think—the common reading best. JOHNSON.

I would continue to read, *paintings*, because these destructive aids of beauty seem, in the time of Shakspeare, to have been general objects of satire. So, in Drayton's *Mooncalf* :

“ No sooner got the teen,
 “ But her own natural beauty she disdains ;
 “ With oyls and broths most venomous and base
 “ She plaisters over her well-favour'd face ;
 “ And those sweet viens by nature rightly plac'd
 “ Wherewith she seems that white skin to have lac'd,
 “ She soon doth alter ; and with fading blue,
 “ Blanching her bosom, she makes others new.”

STEEVENS.

1 — *make your wantonness your ignorance.*] You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance.

JOHNSON.

2 *The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;*] The poet certainly meant to have placed his words thus :

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword ;
 otherwise the excellence of *tongue* is appropriated to the *soldier*, and the *scholar* wears the *sword*. WARNER.

This regulation is needless. So, in *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

“ Princes are the *glass*, the *school*, the *book*,
 “ Where subject eyes do *learn*, do *read*, do *look*.”

And in *Quintilian* : “ *Multum agit sexus, ætas, conditio ; ut in feminis, senibus, pupillis, liberos, parentes, conjuges, alligantibus.*”

FARMER.

3 — *the mould of form,*] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves. JOHNSON.

The

The observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite down !
 And I, of ladies most deject ⁴ and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
 Now see the noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune ⁵ and harsh ;
 That unmatch'd form and feature ⁶ of blown youth,
 Blasted with ecstasy ⁷ : O, woe is me !
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
 And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
 Will be some danger ; Which for to prevent,
 I have, in quick determination,
 Thus set it down ; He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute ;
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something-fettled matter in his heart ;
 Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

Pol. It shall do well : But yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of his grief

⁴ — most *deject*] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613 :

“ — What knight is that

“ So passionately *deject* ? ” STEEVENS.

⁵ — out of *tune*] Thus the folio. The quarto—out of *time*.
 STEEVENS.

⁶ — and *feature*] Thus the folio. The quartos read *stature*.
 STEEVENS.

⁷ — with *ecstasy*.] The word *ecstasy* was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of the mind.

So, G. Douglas, translating — *stetit acri fixa dolore* :

“ In *ecstasy* she stood, and mad almost.”

See vol. i. p. 91. iv. p. 558. STEEVENS.

Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
 You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said ;
 We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please ;
 But if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To shew his grief ; let her be round with him⁸ ;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference : If she find him not,
 To England send him ; or confine him, where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
 Madnes in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A Hall.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated⁹ fellow tear a passion to tatters,

⁸ — *be round with him ;*] To be *round* with a person, is to reprimand him with freedom. So, in *A Mad World, my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640 : “ She's *round* with her i'faith.” See vol. ii. p. 188. MALONE.

⁹ — *perriwig pated*] This is a ridicule on the quantity of false hair worn in Shakspeare's time, for wigs were not in common use till the reign of Charles II. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Julia* says—“ I'll get me such a colour'd *perriwig*.”

tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of ' the groundlings ; ' who, for the most part, are capable of nothing

Goff, who wrote several plays in the reign of James I. and was no mean scholar, has the following lines in his tragedy of the *Courageous Turk*, 1632 :

“ — How now; you heavens,
“ Grow you so proud you must needs put on curl'd locks,
“ And clothe yourselves in *perriwigs* of fire ?”

Players, however, seem to have worn them most generally. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609 : “ — as none wear hoods but monks and ladies ; and feathers but fore-horses, &c ; — none *perriwigs* but *players* and pictures. STEEVENS.

' — *the groundlings* ; —] The meaner people then seem to have sat below, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

Before each act of the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides*, by Geo. Gascoigne and Fra. Kinwelmerth, the order of these dumb shews is very minutely described. This play was presented at Gray's Inn by them, in 1566. The mute exhibitions included in it are chiefly emblematical, nor do they display a picture of one single scene which is afterwards performed on the stage. In some other pieces I have observed, that they serve to introduce such circumstances as the limits of a play would not admit to be represented.

Thus in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622 :

“ — Let me now
“ Intreat your worthy patience to contain
“ Much in imagination ; and, what words
“ Cannot have time to utter, let your eyes,
“ Out of this DUMB SHOW, tell your memories.”

In short, dumb shews sometimes supplied deficiencies, and, at others, filled up the space of time which was necessary to pass while business was supposed to be transacted in foreign parts. With this method of preserving one of the unities, our ancestors appear to have been satisfied. Ben Jonson mentions the *groundlings* with equal contempt. “ The understanding gentlemen of the *ground* here.”

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609 : — “ a rude barbarous crew that have no brains, and yet *grounded* judgments ; they will hiss any thing that mounts above the *grounded* capacities.”

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1659 : “ Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly throwed that the squintey'd *groundling* may not peep in ?” In our early play-houses the pic had

thing but ³ inexplicable dumb shews, and noise : I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing + Termagant ; it out-herods Herod ³ : Pray you, avoid it.

1 Play.

had neither floor nor benches. Hence the term of *groundlings* for those who frequented it.

The *groundling*, in its primitive signification, means a fish which always keeps at the bottom of the water. STEEVENS.

² — *who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise :*] i. e. have a capacity for nothing but dumb shews ; *understand* nothing else. So, in Heywood's *History of Women*, 1624 : " I have therein imitated our *historical* and *comical* poets, that write to the stage ; who, lest the auditory should be dulled with serious discouries, in every act present some Zany, with his mimick gesture, to breed in the less *capable* mirth and laughter." MALONE.

³ — *inexplicable dumb shews,*] I believe the meaning is, *shews without words to explain them.* JOHNSON.

Rather, I believe, shews which are too confusedly conducted to explain themselves.

I meet with one of these in Heywood's play of the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632. where the *Presenter* says,

" I must entreat your patience to forbear

" While we do feast your eye and starve your ear.

" For in *dumb shewes*, which were they writ at large

" Would ask a long and tedious circumstance,

" Their infant fortunes I will soon express : " &c.

Then follow the *dumb shews*, which well deserve the character Hamlet has already given of this species of entertainment, as may be seen from the following passage : " Enter Tancred, with Bella Franca richly attired, she *somewhat affecteth* him, though she *makes no show of it.*" Surely this may be called an *inexplicable dumb shew.*" STEEVENS.

⁴ — *Termagant ;*—] *Termagant* is mentioned by Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*, and by Chaucer in *The Tale of Sir Topas* ; and by Beaumont and Fletcher in *King or no King*, as follows :

" This would make a faint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like *Termagant.*"

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

" —swears, God bless us,

" Like a very *Termagant.*"

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger :

" —a hundred thousand Turks

" Assail'd him, every one a *Termagaunt.*" STEEVENS.

Again,

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own

Again, in Bale's *Acts of English Votaries* :

“ Grennyng upon her lyke *Termagautes in a play.*”

REMARKS.

5 — *out-herods Herod*:] The character of *Herod* in the ancient mysteries was always a violent one :

See the *Coventriæ Ludus* among the Cotton Mss. Vespasian D. VIII.

“ Now I regne lyk a kyng arayd ful rych,
 “ Rollyd in ryinggs and robys of array,
 “ Dukys with dentys I dryve into the dych ;
 “ My dedys be ful dowty demyd be day.”

Again, in the *Chester Whitsun Plays*, Ms. Harl. 1013 :

“ I kyng of kynges non so keene,
 “ I fovraigne fir as well is seene,
 “ I tyrant that maye bouth take and teene
 “ Castell tower and towne.

“ I welde this worlde withouten were,
 “ I beate all those unbuxome beene ;
 “ I drive the devills alby dene
 “ Deepe in hell a downe.

“ For I am kinge of all mankinde,
 “ I byd, I beate, I lose, I bynde,
 “ I master the moone, take this in mynde
 “ That I am most of mighte.

“ I am the greatest above degree
 “ That is, that was, or ever shall be ;
 “ The sonne it dare not shine on me,
 “ And I byd him goe downe.

“ No raine to fall shall now be free,
 “ Nor no lorde have that liberty
 “ That dare abyde and I byd fleey,
 “ But I shall crake his crowne.”

See the *Vintner's Play*, p. 67.

Chaucer describing a parish clerk, in his *Miller's Tale*, says,

“ He playith *Herode* on a skaffold high.”

The parish clerks and other subordinate ecclesiastics appear to have been our first actors, and to have represented their characters on distinct pulpits or *scaffolds*. Thus, in one of the stage-directions to the 27th pageant in the Coventry collection already mentioned ; “ What tyme that proceffyon is entered into y^r place, and the Herowdys takyn his *schaffalde*, and Annas and Cayphas their *schaffaldys*,” &c. STEEVENS.

discre-

discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: For any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very ⁶ age and body of the time his form and ⁷ pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; ⁸ the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players⁹, that I have
seen

⁶ —age and body of the time,—] The *age* of the *time* can hardly pass. May we not read, the *face* and *body*, or did the author write, the *page*? The *page* suits well with *form* and *pressure*, but ill with *body*, JOHNSON.

To exhibit the *form and pressure* of the *age* of the *time*, is, to represent the manners of the time suitable to the period that is treated of, according as it may be ancient, or modern.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —pressure—] Resemblance, as in a *print*. JOHNSON.

⁸ The censure of which one, must, in your allowance, over-weigh a whole theatre of others.] Ben Jonson seems to have imitated this passage in his *Poetaster*, 1601:

“ ——— I will try
“ If tragedy have a more kind aspect;
“ Her favours in my text I will pursue;
“ Where if I prove the *pleasure but of one*;
“ If he judicious be, he shall be alone
“ *A theatre unto me.*” MALONE.

⁹ — O, there be players] I would read thus: “ There be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak profanely) that neither having the accent nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor *Mussulman*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I thought some of nature's journeyman had made *the men*, and not made them well, &c.” FARMER.

I have no doubt that our author wrote — “ that I thought some of nature's journeyman had made *them*, and not made them well, &c.” *Them* and *men* are frequently confounded in the old copies. See the *Comedy of Errors*, act. ii. sc. folio, 16:3: — “ because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted

seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them²: For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful

them [v. men] in hair, he hath given them in wit.—In the present instance the compositor probably caught the word *men* from the last syllable of *journeymen*. Shakspeare could not mean to assert as a general truth, that nature's journeymen had made *men*, i. e. all mankind; for, if that were the case, the strutting players would have been on a footing with the rest of the species.

A passage in *King Lear*, in which we meet with the same sentiment, in my opinion, fully supports the emendation now proposed:

“*Kent.* Nature disclaims in THEE, a tailor made THEE.

“*Corn.* A tailor make a man!

“*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter or a painter [*Nature's journeymen*] could not have made *him* so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.” MALONE.

¹ — [not to speak it profanely;—] *Profanely* seems to relate, not to the praise which he has mentioned, but to the censure which he is about to utter. Any gross or indelicate language was called *profane*. JOHNSON

² — [speak no more than is set down for them.] So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

“— you, sir, are incorrigible, and

“ Take licence to yourself to add unto

“ Your parts, your own free fancy, &c.”

— “ That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd

“ CII

pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [Exit players.]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[Exit Polonius.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [Exit Ros. and Guil.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook³ the pregnant hinges of the knee,

“On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter.”

—“Yes, in the days of *Tarlton*, and of *Kemp*,

“Before the stage was purg'd from barbarism, &c.”

Stowe informs us, (p. 697, edit. 1615), that among the twelve players who were sworn the queen's servants in 1583, “were two rare men, viz. Thomas Willon, for a quicke delicate refined *extemporall witt*; and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentiful, pleasant *extemporall witt*, &c.”

Again, in *Tarlton's Nerves from Purgatory*: “—I absented myself from all plaies, as wanting that merrye Roscius of plaiers that famosed all comedies so with his pleasant and *extemporall invention*.” STEEVENS.

³ —the pregnant hinges of the knee,] I believe the sense of pregnant in this place is, quick; ready, prompt. JOHNSON.

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
 Since ⁴ my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish ⁵, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
⁶ Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee of my father's death.
 I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As ⁷ Vulcan's stithy: Give him heedful note:

For

⁴ —*my dear soul*—] Perhaps, my *clear* soul. JOHNSON.
Dear soul is an expression equivalent to the φίλα γέγαυκα, φίλοι
 ἡτοιοί, of Homer. STEEVENS.

⁵ *And could of men distinguish, her election*
Hath seal'd thee for herself:] Thus the folio. The quarto
 thus:

And could of men distinguish her election,
 Sh' hath seal'd thee, &c. STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS prefers the reading of the quarto, and observes, that to *distinguish her election*, is no more than to *make her election*. *Distinguish of men*, he adds, is exceeding harsh, to say the best of it. EDITOR.

⁶ *Whose blood and judgment*—] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *desire* and *confidence* were seated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*Vulcan's stithy*.—] *Stithy* is a smith's *anvil*. JOHNSON.
 So,

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord :
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle :
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
Guildenstern, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet.

Ham. Excellent i' faith ; of the camelion's dish :
I eat the air, promise-cramm'd : You cannot feed
capons so.

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

Ham. No, ⁷ nor mine now.—My lord, ⁸ you play'd
once i' the university, you say ? [*To Polonius.*

So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ Now by the *forge* that *smithed* Mars's helm.”

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608 :—“ determined to strike
on the *smith* while the iron was hot.”

Again, in Chaucer's celebrated description of the *Temple of
Mars*, late edit. ver. 2028 :

“ —the smith

“ That forgeth sharpe swerdes on his *smith*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —*nor mine now.*] A man's words, says the proverb, are his
own no longer than he keeps them unspoken. JOHNSON.

⁸ —you play'd once *in the university*, you say ?] It should seem
from the following passage in vice chancellor Hatcher's letter to
Lord Burghley Ch. June 21, 1580, that the common players
were likewise occasionally admitted to perform there. “ —Where-
as it hath pleased your honour to recommend my lord of Oxen-
ford his players, that they might show their cunning in several
plays already practised by 'em before the Queen's majesty” —
(denied on account of the pestilence and commencement) “ of
late we denied the like to the Right Honourable the Lord of
Leicester his servants.” FARMER.

Pol. That did I, my lord : and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was kill'd i' the Capitol ; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him ⁹, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; ¹ they stay upon your patience.

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

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive,

Pol. O ho ! do you mark that ? [To the King.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?

[Lying down at Ophelia's feet ².

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap ³ ?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I mean country matters ?

⁹ —It was a brute part of him, —] Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, has the same quibble ; “ O brave-minded *Brutus* ! but this I must truly say, they were two *brutish parts* both of him and you ; one to kill his sons for treason, the other to kill his father in treason.” STEEVENS.

¹ — they stay upon your patience,] May it not be read more intelligibly, *They stay upon your pleasure*. In *Macbeth* it is :

“ Noble Macbeth, we stay upon your *leisure*.”

JOHNSON.

² —at Ophelia's feet.] To lie at the feet of a mistress during any dramatic representation, seems to have been a common act of gallantry. So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ Ushers her to her coach, *lies at her feet*

“ *At solemn masques*, applauding what she laughs at.”

Again, in *Gascoigne's Greene Knight's farewell to Fancie* :

“ *To lie along in ladies lappes*, &c.

This fashion which Shakspeare probably designed to ridicule by appropriating it to Hamlet during his dissembled madness, is likewise exposed by Decker, in his *Guls Hornbook*, 1609.

See an extract from it among the prefaces. STEEVENS.

³ *I mean*, &c.] This speech and Ophelia's reply to it are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker⁴. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black,

⁴ — *your only jig-maker.*] There may have been some humour in this passage, the force of which is now diminished :

“ — many gentlemen
 “ Are not, as in the days of understanding,
 “ Now satisfied without a *jig*, which since
 “ They cannot, with their honour, call for after
 “ The play, they look to be serv'd up in the middle.”

Changes, or Love in a Maze, by Shirley, 1632.

In the *Hog has lost his Pearl, 1614*, one of the players comes to solicit a gentleman to write a *jig* for him. A *jig* was not in Shakspeare's time a dance, but a ludicrous dialogue in metre, and of the lowest kind, like *Hamlet's* conversation with *Ophelia*. Many of these jiggs are entered in the books of the Stationers' Company :—“ Philips his *Jigg* of the slyppers, 1595. Kempe's *Jigg* of the Kitchen-stuff-woman, 1595.” STEEVENS.

The following lines in the prologue to Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage* confirm Mr. Steevens's remark :

“ — for approbation,
 “ A *jig* shall be clap'd at, and ev'ry rhyme
 “ Prais'd and applauded by a clamourous chime.”

A *jig* was not always in the form of a dialogue. Many historical ballads were formerly called *jigs*. MALONE.

The author of THE REMARKS observes that a *jig*, though it certainly signified a ludicrous dialogue in metre, yet it also was used for a dance. In the extract from Stephen Gosson in the next page, we have,

“ — tumbling, dancing of giggers.” EDITOR.

⁵ — *Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of*

black, for I'll have a suit of fables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his
life

fables.—] The conceit of these words is not taken. They are an ironical apology for his mother's cheerful looks: two months was long enough in conscience to make any dead husband forgotten. But the editors, in their nonsensical blunder, have made Hamlet say just the contrary, That the devil and he would both go into mourning, though his mother did not. The true reading is *Nay, then let the devil wear black, 'fore I'll have a suit of sable.* 'Fore, i. e. before. As much as to say, Let the devil wear black for me, I'll have none. The *Oxford Editor* despises an emendation so easy, and reads it thus, *Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of ermine.* And you could expect no less, when such a critic had the dressing of him. But the blunder was a pleasant one. The senseless editors had wrote *fables*, the fur so called, for *sable*, black. And the critic only changed this fur for that; by a like figure, the common people say, *You rejoice the cockles of my heart, for the muscles of my heart*; an unlucky mistake of one shell-fish for another. WARBURTON.

I know not why our editors should, with such implacable anger persecute their predecessors. Οἱ νεκροὶ μὴ δαίνεσθιν, the dead, it is true, can make no resistance, they may be attacked with great security; but since they can neither feel nor mend, the safety of mauling them seems greater than the pleasure; nor perhaps would it much misbecome us to remember, amidst our triumphs over the *nonsensical* and the *senseless*, that we likewise are men; that *debemur morti*, and as Swift observed to Burnet, shall soon be among the dead ourselves.

I cannot find how the common reading is nonsense, nor why Hamlet, when he laid aside his dress of mourning, in a country where it was *bitter cold*, and the air was *nipping and eager*, should not have a *suit of fables*. I suppose it is well enough known, that the fur of fables is not black. JOHNSON.

A *suit of fables* was the richest dress that could be worn in Denmark. STEEVENS.

Here again is an equivoque. In *Massinger's Old Law*, we have,

—“ A cunning grief,
“ That's only faced with *fables* for a show,
But gawdy-hearted.”— FARMER.

That a *suit of fables* was the magnificent dress of our author's time, appears from a passage in Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*:
“ Would you not laugh to meet a great counsellor of state, in a flat
cap,

life half a year : But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then : or else he shall suffer⁶ not thinking on, with the hobby-horse ; whose epitaph, is *For, O; for,*⁷ *O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.

Enter a king and queen⁸, very lovingly ; the queen embracing

cap, with his trunk-hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown trimm'd with fables ?”

MALONE.

“ I had rather (says honest Sancho, when he was taking leave of his government) cover myselfe with a double sheepe skinne—than be cloathed in *fables*.” Shelton, P. ii. p. 359. edit. 1620.

REMARKS.

⁶—*suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse ;*—] Amongst the country may-games there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries : from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

⁷—*O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, this line is also introduced. In a small black-letter book, intituled, *Plays Confuted*, by Stephen Gosson, I find the *hobby-horse* enumerated in the list of dances. “ For the devil (says this author) beelide the beautie of the houses, and the stages, sendeth in gearish apparell, maskes, vauing, tumbling, dauncing of gigges, galiardes, morisces, *hobbi-horses*,” &c. and in Green's *Tu quoque*, 1599, the same expression occurs :

“ The other *hobby horse*, I perceive, is not forgotten.”

In *TEXNOFAMIA, or The Marriage of the Arts*, 1618, is the following stage direction :

“ Enter a *hobby-horse*, dancing the morrice, &c.”

Again, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd* :

Soto. “ Shall the *hobby-horse* be forgot then,

“ The hopeful *hobby-horse*, shall he lie founder'd” ?

The scene, in which this passage is, will very amply confirm all that Dr. Warburton has said concerning the *hobby horse*.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Aithorpe* :

“ But see, *the hobby-horse* is forgot.

“ Fool, it must be your lot,

“ To supply his want with faces,

“ And some other buffoon graces.”

See figure 5 in the plate at the end of the First Part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Toller's observations on it. SREEVENS.

⁸ *Enter, &c.*] In our former edition several notes on this passage

page

bracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes shew of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The queen returns; finds the king dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the queen with gifts; she seemeth loath and unzwilling a while, but in the end, accepts his love.

[Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. ^o Marry, this is miching malicho; it means mischief.

Oph.

page were assembled; but being all founded on a mistaken reading they are now omitted. STEEVENS.

^o Marry, this is miching malicho; it means mischief.] The Oxford Editor, imagining that the speaker had here Englished his own cant phrase of *miching malicho*, tells us (by his glossary) that it signifies *mischieflying bid*, and that *malicho* is the Spanish *malbeco*; whereas it signifies, *Lying in wait for the poisoner*. Which, the speaker tells us, was the very purpose of this representation. It should therefore be read *malbecor* Spanish, the *poisoner*. So *mich* signified, originally, to keep hid and out of sight; and, as such men generally did it for the purposes of *lying in wait*, it then signified to rob. And in this sense Shakspeare uses the noun, a *micher*, when speaking of prince Henry amongst a gang of robbers. *Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher? Shall the son of England prove a thief?* And in this sense it is used by Chaucer, in his translation of *Le Roman de la Rose*, where he turns the word *licre* (which is *larron voleur*) by *micher*. WARBURTON.

I think Hamlet's exposition most likely to be right. Dr. Warburton, to justify his interpretation, must write, *miching* for *malbecor*, and even then it will be harsh. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of the word *miching*. So, in the *Raging Turk*, 1631:

“ — wilt, thou envious dotard,

“ Strangle my greatness in a *miching* hole?

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

“ — wherefore thus vainely in land Lybye *mitch* you?”

The

Oph. Belike, this shew imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him: Be not you asham'd to shew¹, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

The quarto reads—*munching mallico.* STEEVENS.

Miching, secret, covered, lying hid. In this sense Chapman, our author's cotemporary, uses the word in *The Widow's Tears*, *Dods. Old. Pl.* vol. iv. p. 291. Lyfander, to try his wife's fidelity, elopes from her: his friends report that he is dead, and make a mock funeral for him: his wife, to shew excessive sorrow for the loss of her husband, shuts herself up in his monument; to which he comes in disguise, and obtains her love, notwithstanding he had assured her in the mean time, that he was the man who murdered her husband. On which he exclaims,

“ ——— Out upon the monster!
Go tell the governour, let me be brought
To die for that most famous villany;
Not for this *miching* base transgression
Of truant negligence. ———”

And again, p. 301.

“ ——— My truant
Was *nicht*, fir, into a blind corner of the tomb.”

In this very sense it occurs in the *Philaster* of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. i. p. 142. “A rascal *miching* in a meadow.” That is, as the ingenious editors (who have happily substituted *mitching* for *milking*) remark, “A lean deer creeping, solitary, and with-drawn from the herd.” WARTON.

¹ — *Be not you asham'd to shew, &c.*] The conversation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to disgust every modern reader, is probably such as was peculiar to the young and fashionable of the age of Shakspeare, which was, by no means, an age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blamable; for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expression, is the characteristic of madness, at least of such madness as should be represented on the scene. STEEVENS.

Pro,

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King, and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart:
gone round
Neptune' salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed³ sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys made the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much,⁴ even as they love.

² — *cart*] A chariot was anciently so called. Thus Chaucer in the *Knights Tale*, late edit. ver. 2024 :

“ The *carter* overridden with his *cart*.” STEEVENS.

³ — *sheen*] Splendor, lustre. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *even as they love*.] Here seems to be a line lost, which should have rhymed to *love*. JOHNSON.

This line is omitted in the folio. Perhaps a triplet was designed, and then instead of *love*, we should read, *lust*. The folio gives the next line thus :

“ For women's fear and love *holds* quantity.” STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no instance of a triplet being used in our author's time. Some trace of the lost line is found in the quartos, which read :

Either none in neither aught, &c.

Perhaps the word omitted might have been of this import :

Either none they feel, or an excess approve ;

In neither aught, or in extremity. MALONE.

. And

And women's fear and love hold quantity ;
 In neither ought, or in extremity.
 Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
⁵ And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.
 Where love is great ⁶, the littlest doubts are fear ;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and
 shortly too ;

My operant powers ⁷ their functions leave to do :
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 Honour'd, belov'd ; and, haply, one as kind
 For husband shalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !

Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
 In second husband let me be accurst !
 None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. ⁸ The instances, that second marriage
 move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love :

⁵ *And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.*] Mr. Pope says, I read *fix'd* ; and, indeed, I do so ; because, I observe, the quarto of 1605 reads, *cix'd* ; that of 1611, *cixst* ; the folio in 1632, *siz* ; and that in 1623, *siz'd* : and because, besides, the whole tenor of the context demands this reading : for the lady evidently is talking here of the quantity and proportion of her love and fear, not of their continuance, duration, or stability. Cleopatra expresses herself much in the same manner, with regard to her grief for the loss of Antony :

“ —— our size of sorrow,
 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
 As that which makes it.” THEOBALD.

⁶ — *Where love, &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the folio.
 STEEVENS

⁷ — *operant powers*] *Operant* is active. Shakspeare gives it in *Timon* as an epithet to *poison*. Heywood has likewise used it in his *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, 1637 :

“ — may my operant parts

“ Each one forget their office !”

The word is now obsolete. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The instances, —*] *The motives.* JOHNSON.

A second

A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you
speak :

But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory ;
Of violent birth, but poor validity :
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree ;
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves ⁹ what to ourselves is debt :
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
¹ The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactures with themselves destroy :
Where joy most revels, grief doth much lament ;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes
change ;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies ;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
² And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :

For

⁹ — [*what to ourselves is debt :*] The performance of a resolution, in which only the *resolver* is interested, is a debt only to himself, which he may therefore remit at pleasure. JOHNSON.

¹ [*The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactures with themselves destroy :*] What grief or joy enact or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto ; all the modern editions have *enactors*. JOHNSON.

² [*And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.*] So, in our author's *Pas-
sionate Pilgrim* :

“ Every man will be thy friend,
“ Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;

“ But

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown ;
Our thoughts are ours, their end none of our own :
So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. ³ Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven
light !

Sport, and repose, lock from me, day, and night !
To desperation ⁴ turn my trust and hope !
⁵ An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !

“ But if store of crowns be scant,
“ No man will supply thy want.”

These coincidences may serve to refute an idea that some have entertained, that the lines spoken by the player were not written by Shakspeare, but the production of a contemporary poet.

MALONE.

³ *Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light !*] An imperative or optative was clearly intended here as in the following line:—
“ Sport and repose lock from me, &c.” I would therefore read—
“ Nor earth do give me—.” Do thou, O earth, not give me food, &c. MALONE.

⁴ *To desperation, &c.*] This and the following line are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁵ *An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !*] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a prison. *Anchor* is for *anchoret*. JOHNSON.

This abbreviation of the word *anchoret* is very ancient. I find it in the Romance of *Robert the Devil*, printed by *Wynkyn de Worde*: “ We have robbed and killed nonnes, holy *aukers*, preestes, clerkes, &c.” Again, “ the foxe will be an *aunker* for he begynneth to preche.”

Again, in *The Vision of Pierce Plowman* :

“ As *aukers* and hermits that hold them in her felles.”

This and the foregoing line are not in the folio. I believe we should read—*anchor's chair*. So, in the second Satire of Hall's fourth book, edit. 1602. p. 13 :

“ Sit seven yeres pining in an *anchore's cheyre*

“ To win some parched breads of mineveve.”

STEEVENS.

Back

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now,—— [*To Oph.*
P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here
a while ;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;
And never come mischance betwixt us twain ! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no
offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no
offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The mouse-trap⁶. Marry, how ? Tropically.
This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna :
Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, ⁷ Baptista :
you shall see anon ; 'tis a knavish piece of work : But
what of that ? your majesty, and we that have free
souls, it toucheth us not : Let the gall'd jade wince⁸,
our withers are unwrung.—

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

⁶ *The mouse-trap.*] He calls it the *mouse-trap*, because it
is ——— the thing

In which he'll *catch* the conscience of the king.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Baptista* is, I think, in Italian, the name always of a man.

⁸ *Let the gall'd jade wince, &c.*] This is a proverbial saying.
So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582 :

“ I know the *gall'd horse* will soonest *wince.*”

STEEVENS.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

⁹ *Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. ¹ Still better and worse.

Ham. ² So you mistake your husbands.
Begin murderer.——Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ;

⁹ *Ham.* *I could interpret, &c.*] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly sat on the stage at all *motions* or *puppet-shows*, and interpreted to the audience.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ Oh excellent *motion* ! oh exceeding *puppet* !

“ Now will he *interpret* for her.”

Again, in Greene's *Groat'sworth of Wit*, 1621 : “ — It was I that penn'd the moral of man's wit, the dialogue of Dives, and for seven years' space was absolute *interpreter of the puppets*.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *Still better, and worse.*] i. e. better in regard to the wit of your *double entendre*, but worse in respect of the grossness of your meaning. STEEVENS.

² *So you mistake your husbands.*] Read, *So you must take your husbands* ; that is, *for better, for worse*. JOHNSON.

Theobald proposed the same reading in his *Shakspeare Restored*, however he lost it afterwards. STEEVENS.

“ So you *mistake* your husbands.”

I believe this to be right : the word is sometimes used in this ludicrous manner. “ Your true trick, rascal (says Ursula in *Bartholomew Fair*) must be to be ever busie, and *mistake* away the bottles and cans, before they be half drunk off.” FARMER.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Augurs* : “ — To *mistake* six torches from the chandry, and give them one.”

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Fletcher :

“ I fear he will persuade me to *mistake* him.”

STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—you do amiss for yourselves to take husbands for the worse. You should take them only for the better. TOLLET.

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
 Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
 With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
 Thy natural magic, and dire property,
 On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into his ears.*]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate.
 His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ-
 ten in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how
 the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire?³

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!⁴

[*Exeunt All but Hamlet, and Horatio.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
 The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;
 Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the
 rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me⁵) with two

³ *What! frightened with false fire!*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Lights, lights, lights!*] The quartos give this speech to *Polonius*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —turn Turk *with me*] This expression has occurred already in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and I have met with it in several old comedies. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614: "Th'is it is to *turn Turk*, from an absolute and most compleat gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." It means, I believe, no more than to change condition fantastically. Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"—'tis damnation,
 "If you *turn Turk* again."

Perhaps the phrase had its rise from some popular story like that of *Ward* and *Danfiker*, the two famous pirates; an account of whose overthrow was published by A. Barker 1609; and, in 1612, a play was written on the same subject called *A Christian turn'd Turk*. STEEVENS.

Provencial roses ⁶ on my raz'd shoes, get me a fellowship in ⁷ a cry of players, fir?

⁶ *Provencial roses*] Why *provencial* roses? Undoubtedly we should read *Provencial*, or with the French ξ) *Provençal*. He means roses of *Provence*, a beautiful species of rose, and formerly much cultivated. WARTON.

—*with two provencial roses on my rayed shoes,*] When shoe-strings were worn, they were covered, where they met in the middle, by a ribband, gathered in the form of a rose. So, in an old song:

“ Gil-de-Roy was a bonny boy,
“ Had roses tull his *shoon*.”

Rayed shoes, are shoes *braided* in lines. JOHNSON.

These *roses* are often mentioned by our ancient dramatic writers.

So, in the *Devil's Law-case*, 1623:

“ With over-blown roses to hide your gouty ancles.”

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611: “ —many handsome legs in silk stockings have villanous splay feet, for all their great roses.”

The reading of the quartos is *raz'd shoes*; that of the folio *rac'd shoes*. Probably the poet wrote *raised shoes*, i. e. shoes with *high heels*; such as by adding to the stature, are supposed to increase the dignity of the player. In Stubbs's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, there is a chapter on the *corked shoes* in England, “ which (he says) beare them up two inches or more from the ground, &c. some of red, blacke, &c. *razed*, carved, cut, and stitched, &c.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. 9. ch. 47:

“ Then wore they shoes of ease, now of an inch-broad, *corked high*.”

Stowe's *Chronicle*, anno 1353, mentions women's hoods *reyed* or striped. *Raie* is the French word for a stripe. Johnson's *Collection of Ecclesiastical Laws* informs us, under the years 1222 and 1353, that in disobedience of the canon, the clergy's shoes were *chequered* with red and green, exceeding long, and variously pinked.

The reading of the quartos may likewise be supported. *Bulwer*, in his *Artificial Changeling*, speaks of gallants who pink and *raze* their fatten damask, and Dufetto skins. To *raze* and to *race*, alike signify *to streak*. See Minshew's *Dict.* The word is used in the same signification in Markham's *Country Farm*, p. 585. “ —baking all (i. e. wafer cakes) together between two irons, having within them many *raced* and checkered draughts after the manner of small squares.” It should be remembered that *rayed* is the conjecture of Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

Hor. 8 Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, 9 O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
1 A very, very—peacock.

Hor.

7 —[*a cry of players,*] There is surely here no allusion to hounds (as Dr. Warburton supposes) whatever the origin of the term might have been. *Cry* means a troop or company in general, and is so used in *Coriolanus*:

“ —You have made good work,
“ You and your *cry*.”

Again, in *A Strange Horse-race*, by Thomas Decker, 1613:
“ The last race they ran (for you must know they had many) was from a *cry* of serjeants.” MALONE.

8 *Hor.* *Half a share.*

Ham. *A whole one, I.*] It should be, I think,
A whole one;—*ay*—
For, &c.

The actors in our author's time had not annual salaries as at present. The whole receipts of the theatres were divided into shares, and each actor had one or more shares, or part of a share, according to his merit. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres*. MALONE.

9 —[*O Damon dear,*] Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in allusion to the celebrated friendship between *Damon* and *Pythias*. A play on this subject was written by Rich. Edwards, and published in 1582. STEEVENS.

1 *A very, very—peacock.*] This alludes to a fable of the birds choosing a king, instead of the eagle, a peacock. POPE.

The old copies have it *paiock*; *paicocke*, and *pajocke*. I substitute *paddock*, as nearest to the traces of the corrupted reading. I have as Mr. Pope says, been willing to substitute any thing in the place of his *peacock*. He thinks a fable alluded to, of the birds choosing a king; instead of the *eagle*, a *peacock*. I suppose, he must mean the fable of Barlandus, in which it is said, the birds, being weary of their state of anarchy, moved for the setting up of a king; and the *peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with submission, in this passage of our Shakspeare, there is not the least mention made of the *eagle* in antithesis to the *peacock*; and it must be by a very uncommon figure, that Jove himself stands in the place of his *bird*. I think, Hamlet is setting his father's and uncle's characters in contrast to each other: and means to say, that by his father's death the state was stripp'd of a godlike monarch,
and

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

² Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy ³,—

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvelous distemper'd.

and that now in his stead reign'd the most despicable poisonous animal that could be; a mere *paddock*, or *toad*. *PAD*, *buso*, *rubeta major*; a toad. This word, I take to be of Hamlet's own substituting. The verses, repeated, seem to be from some old ballad; in which, rhyme being necessary, I doubt not but the last verse ran thus:

*A very, very—*afs. THEOBALD.

A peacock seems proverbial for a fool. Thus *Gascoigne* in his *Weeds*:

“A theefe, a cowarde, and a *peacocke*, foole.” FARMER.

I believe *paddock* to be the true reading. In the last scene of this act, Hamlet, speaking of the king, uses the same expression:

“Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, or gib,

Such dear concernments hide?” MALONE.

² *Why, then, belike—*] Hamlet was going on to draw the consequence, when the courtiers entered. JOHNSON.

³ *—he likes it not, perdy.*] *Perdy* is a corruption of *par Dieu*, and is not uncommon in the old plays. So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

“In that, you Palmer, as deputie,

“May cleerly discharge him *pardie*.” STEEVENS.

Ham. ⁴ With drink, fir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, fir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business,

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd: But, fir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any ⁵ further trade with us?

⁴ *With drink, fir?*] Hamlet takes particular care that his uncle's love of drink shall not be forgotten. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—further trade—*] Further business; further dealing. JOHNSON.

Rof. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still ⁶, by these pickers and stealers.

Rof. Good my lord, what is your cause of diftemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your fucceffion in Denmark?

Ham. ⁷ Ay, fir, but *While the grafs grows*,—the proverb is fome thing mufty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders ⁸.

O, the recorders :—let me fee one.—To withdraw with you :—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me ⁹, as if you would drive me into a toil?

⁶ —*by thefe pickers, &c.*] By thefe hands. JOHNSON.

By thefe hands, fays Dr. Johnson; and rightly. But the phrafe is taken from our Church catechifm, where the catechumen, in his duty to his neighbour, is taught to keep his hands from *picking and stealing*. WHALLEY.

⁷ Ay, fir, but *while the grafs grows*,—the proverb is fomewhat mufty.] The remainder of this old proverb is preferved in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“Whylyft grafs doth growe, oft fterves the feely feede.”

Hamlet means to intimate, that whilft he is waiting for the fucceffion to the throne of Denmark, he may himfelf be taken off by death. MALONE.

⁸ —*Recorders.*] i. e. a kind of large flute. See vol. iii. p. 118.

To *record*, anciently fignified to fing or modulate.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*recover the wind of me.*] So, in an ancient MS. play entituled the *Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

“—— Is that next?

“Why then I have your ladyfhip *in the wind*.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Churchyard's Worthinefs of Wales*.

“Their cunning can with craft fo cloke a troeth,

“That hardly we fhall *have them in the winde*,

“To fmell them forth or yet their finenefs finde.”

HENDERSON.

Guil. 'O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying : govern these ' ventages with your fingers and thumb ², give it breath with

9. *O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] i. e. if my duty to the *king* makes me press you a little, my love to *you* makes me still more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*. WARBURTON.

I believe we should read—*my love is not unmannerly*. My conception of this passage is, that, in consequence of Hamlet's moving to take the recorder, Guildenstern also shifts his ground, in order to take place himself *beneath* the prince in his new position. This Hamlet ludicrously calls "*going about to recover the wind, &c.*" and Guildenstern may answer properly enough, I think, and like a courtier; "*if my duty to the king makes me too bold in pressing you upon a disagreeable subject, my love to you will make me not unmannerly, in shewing you all possible marks of respect and attention.*" TYRWHITT.

¹ — *ventages*—] 'The holes of a flute. JOHNSON.

² — *and thumb,*—] The first quarto reads — with your fingers and the *umber*. 'This may probably be the ancient name for that piece of moveable brass at the end of a flute which is either raised or depressed by the finger. The word *umber* is used by Stowe the chronicler, who, describing a single combat between two knights—says, "he brast up his *umber* three times." Here, the *umber* means the visor of the helmet. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*. b. 3. c. 1. st. 42 :

" But the brave maid would not disarmed be,

" But only vented up her *umbriere*,

" And so did let her goodly visage to appere."

Again, b. 4. c. 4 :

" And therewith smote him on his *ambriere*."

Again, in the second book of Lidgate on the Trojan War, 1513 :

" Thorough the *umber* into Troylus' face."

STEEVENS.

If

with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. [*Enter Polonius.*]—God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weazel.

Pol.

If a *recorder* had a brass key like the *German Flute*, we are to follow the reading of the quarto; for then the thumb is not concerned in the government of the ventages or stops. If a *recorder* was like a *labourer's pipe*, which has no brass key, but has a stop for the thumb, we are to read—Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb. In *Cotgrave's Dictionary*, *ombre*, *ombraire*, *ombreire*, and *ombrelle*, are all from the Latin *umbra*, and signify a shadow, an umbrella, or any thing that shades or hides the face from the sun; and hence they may have been applied to any thing that hides or covers another; as for example, they may have been applied to the brass key that covers the hole in the German flute. So Spenser used *umbriere* for the visor of the helmet, as Rous's History of the Kings of England uses *umbrella* in the same sense. TOLLET.

³ *Methinks, &c.*] This passage has been printed in modern editions thus:

Me thinks it is like *an ouzle*, &c. *Pol.* It is *black* like an *ouzle*. The first folio reads, *it is like a weazel*.

Pol. It is *back'd* like a *weazel*—: and what occasion for alteration there was, I cannot discover. The *weazel* is remarkable for
the

Pol. It is back'd like a weazel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—
 * They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come
 by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave, me friends.
 [*Exeunt Ros. Guil. Hor. &c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
 When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
 Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot
 blood,

5 And do such business as the bitter day

Would

the length of its *back* ; but though I believe a *black weasel* is not
 easy to be found, yet it is as likely that the cloud should resemble
 a *weasel* in shape, as an *ouzel* (*i. e.* black-bird) in colour.

Mr. Tollet observes, that we might read—"it is *beck'd* like a
 weasel," *i. e.* weasel-snouted. So, in Holinshed's *Description of*
England, p. 172 : "if he be *weasel-becked*." Quarles uses this
 term of reproach in his *Virgin Widow* : "Go you *weazel-snouted*,
 addle-pated, &c." Mr. Tollet adds, that Milton in his *Lycidas*,
 calls a promontory *beaked*, *i. e.* prominent like the *beak* of a bird.

STEEVENS.

4 *They fool me to the top of my bent*—] They compel me to play
 the fool, till I can endure to do it no longer. JOHNSON.

5 *And do such bitter business as the day*

Would quake to look on.—] The expression is almost bur-
 lesque. The old quarto reads,

And do such business as the bitter day

Would quake to look on.—

This is a little corrupt indeed, but much nearer Shakspeare's
 words, who wrote,

— better day,

which gives the sentiment great force and dignity. At this very
 time (says he) hell breathes out contagion to the world, whereby
night becomes polluted and execrable ; the horror therefore of this
 season fits me for a deed, which the *pure* and *sacred day* would
 quake to look on. This is said with great classical propriety.
 According to ancient superstition, *night* was prophane and exe-
 crable ; and *day*, pure and holy. WARBURTON.

And do such *bitter business*—] The expression *bitter business* is
 still in use, and though at present a vulgar phrase, might not
 have

Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,⁷
⁸To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

S C E N E III.

A room in the palace.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To

have been such in the age of Shakspeare. The *bitter* day is the day rendered hateful or *bitter* by the commission of some act of mischief.

Watts, in his *Logic*, says, “*Bitter* is an equivocal word; there is *bitter* wormwood, there are *bitter* words, there are *bitter* enemies, and a *bitter* cold morning.” It is, in short, any thing unpleasing or hurtful. STEEVENS.

⁶ *I will speak daggers to her.*] A similar expression occurs in the *Return from Parnassus*: “They are pestilent fellows, they speak nothing but *bodkins*.” It has been already observed, that a *bodkin* anciently signified a *short dagger*. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *be shent,*] To *shend*, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. See vol. i. p. 275. vol. iv. p. 270. vol. vii. p. 492. vol. ix p. 67. STEEVENS.

Shent seems to mean something more than reproof by the following passage from *The Mirror for Magistrates*: Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk is the speaker, and he relates his having betrayed the duke of Gloucester and his confederates to the king “for which” says he, “they were all tane and *shent*.”

Hamlet surely means, “however my mother may be *hurt*, “wounded, or *punish’d*, by my words, let me never consent to “put them in execution.” HENDERSON.

⁸ *To give them seals*—] i. e. put them in execution.

WARBURTON.

SCENE III. *Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

5

King.

To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you :
 The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will ourselves provide :
 Most holy and religious fear it is
 To keep those many many bodies safe,
 That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more,
 That

King. *I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you ;
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you.*] In *The History
 of Hamlet*, bl. let. the king does not adopt this scheme of send-
 ing Hamlet to England till after the death of Polonius ; and
 though he is described as doubtful whether Polonius was slain by
 Hamlet, his apprehension lest he might himself meet the same
 fate as the old courtier, is assigned as the motive for his wishing
 the prince out of the kingdom. This at first inclined me to think
 that this short scene, either from the negligence of the copyist or
 the printer, might have been misplaced ; but it is certainly print-
 ed as the author intended, for in the next scene Hamlet says to
 his mother, " I must to England ; you know that ? — " before
 the king could have heard of the death of Polonius. MALONE.

Out of his lunacies.] The old quartos read,
Out of his brows.

This was from the ignorance of the first editors ; as is this un-
 necessary Alexandrine, which we owe to the players. The poet,
 I am persuaded, wrote,

— as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunes.

i. e. his *madness, frenzy.* THEOBALD.

Lunacies is the reading of the folio.

I take *brows* to be, properly read, *frozus*, which, I think, is a
 provincial word for *preverse humours* ; which being, I suppose,
 not understood, was changed to *lunacies*. But of this I am not
 confident. JOHNSON.

I would receive Theobald's emendation, because Shakspeare
 uses

² That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: It is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,

uses the word *lunes* in the same sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Winter's Tale*. From the redundancy of the measure nothing can be inferred.

Since this part of my note was written, I have met with an instance in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture;

“—were you but as favourable as you are *frowissh*—”

Tully's Love, by Greene, 1616.

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare designed a metaphor from horned cattle, whose powers of being dangerous, increase with the *growth of their brows*. STEEVENS.

The present reading is fully established by a passage in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. which the author had, probably, here in his thoughts: “*Fengon* could not content himselfe, but still
“ his mind gave him that the *foole* [*Hamlet*] would play him
“ *some trickes of legerdemaine*. And in that conceit seeking to be
“ rid of him, determined to find the means to doe it, by the
“ aid of a stranger, making the king of England minister of his
“ massacrous resolution, to whom he purposed to send him.”

MALONE.

² *That spirit, upon whose weal—*] So the quarto. The folio gives,
That spirit, upon whose *spirit*— STEEVENS.

To

To hear the procefs ; I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him
home :

And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience than a mother,
³ Since nature makes them partial, ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech, ⁴ of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [Exit.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon't,
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
⁵ Though inclination be as ſharp as will ;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent ;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens,
To waſh it white as ſnow ? Whereto ſerves mercy,

³ *Since nature makes them partial, &c.]*

“ — — Matres omnes filiis

“ In peccato adjutrices, auxilii in paterna injuria

“ Solent eſſe.—”

Ter Heaut. Act. v. Sc. 2.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *—of vantage.]* By ſome opportunity of ſecret obſervation.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Though inclination be as ſharp as will ;]* Dr. Warburton would read,

Though inclination be as ſharp as *th'* ill.

The old reading is—as ſharp *as will*. STEEVENS.

I have followed the eaſier emendation of Theobald received by Hamner : i. e. as *'twill*. JOHNSON.

Will is *command, direction*. Thus, *Ecclus.* xliiii. 16. “—and at his *will* the ſouth wind bloweth.” The king ſays, his mind is in too great confuſion to pray, even though his *inclination* were as ſtrong as the *command* which requires that duty. STEEVENS.

To *will* is uſed by Marlowe in the ſenſe of *to command*, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, 1594 :

“ And *will* my guards with Mauritanian darts.

“ To wait upon him as their ſovereign lord.” MALONE.

But

But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
 To be fore-stalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder!—
 That cannot be : since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
⁶ May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : But 'tis not so above :
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
⁷ Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
⁸ O limed soul ; that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of
 steel,
 Be soft as finews of the new-born babe ;
 All may be well ! [*The King kneels.*

⁶ *May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?*] He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains his offence*. The king kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?*] *What can repentance do for a man that cannot be penitent, for a man who has only part of penitence, distress of conscience, without the other part, resolution of amendment ?* JOHNSON.

⁸ *O, limed soul —*] This alludes to *bird-lime*. Shakspeare uses the same word again, *Henry VI. P. II.*

“Madam, myself have *lim'd* a bush for her.” STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; —And so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd¹:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
² I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary³, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.

⁴ Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When

¹—pat, now he is praying;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*but now &c.* STEEVENS.

¹—*That would be scann'd:*] i. e. that should be considered, estimated. STEEVENS.

² *I, his sole son, do this same villain send*] The folio reads *foole son*, a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. *I, his only son*, who am bound to punish his murderer. JOHNSON.

³—*hire and salary,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*base and silly.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent;*] In the common editions,

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid time.] This is a sophisticated reading, warranted by none of the copies of any authority. Mr. Pope says, I read conjecturally:

— — *a more horrid hent.*

I do so; and why? the two oldest quartos, as well as the two elder folios, read:

— — *a more horrid hent.*

But as there is no such English substantive, it seems very natural to conclude, that with the change of a single letter, our author's
genuine

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage⁵ ;
 Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
 At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't :
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven⁶ ;
 And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
 This phyfic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.]

The King rises.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain be-
 low !
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

[Exit.]
 SCENE

genuine word was, *bent* ; i. e. *drift, scope, inclination, purpose,*
 &c. THEOBALD.

This reading is followed by sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warbur-
 ton ; but *bent* is probably the right word. To *bent* is used by
 Shakspeare for, to *seize, to catch, to lay hold on.* *Hent* is, there-
 fore, *bold, or seizure.* *Lay hold on* him, sword, at a more hor-
 rid time. JOHNSON.

⁵ *When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;*

Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;] So, in Marston's
Insatiate Countess, 1603 :

“ Didst thou not kill him drunk ?

“ Thou shouldst, or in th' embraces of his lust”. STEEVENS.

[—*that his heels may kick at heaven ;]* So, in Heywood's *Sil-*
ver Age, 1613 :

“ Whose heels tript up, kick'd gainst the firmament.”

STEEVENS :

⁷ *As hell, whereto it goes.—]* This speech, in which Hamlet,
 represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking
 blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he
 would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered.

JOHNSON :

The same fiend-like disposition is shewn by *Lodowick,* in Web-
 ster's *Vittoria Corombona, 1612 :*

“ ——— to have poison'd

“ The handle of his racket. O, that, that!—

“ That while he had been bandying at tennis,

“ He might have sworn himself to hell, and struck

The Queen's closet.

Enter Queen, and Polonius

Pol. °He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him :

Tell

“ *His soul into the hazard!*”

Again, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616 :

“ I then should strike his body with his *soul*,
“ And sink them both together.”

Again, in the third of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in one*.

“ No, take him dead drunk now *without repentance*.”

STEVENS.

The same horrid thought has been adopted by Lewis Machin, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633 :

“ Nay, but be patient, smooth your brow a little,
“ And you shall take them as they clip each other,
“ Even in the height of sin : then damn them both,
“ And let them sink before they ask God pardon,
“ That *your revenge may stretch unto their souls*.” MALONE.

I think it not improbable that when Shakspeare put this horrid sentiment into the mouth of Hamlet, he might have recollected the following story : “ One of these monsters meeting his
“ enemy unarmed, threatned to kill him if he denied not God,
“ his power, and essential properties, viz. his mercy, suffrance,
“ &c. the which, when the other desiring life pronounced with
“ great horror, kneeling upon his knees : The bravo cried out,
“ *nowe will I kill thy body and soule*, and at that instant thrust
“ him through with his rapier.” *Brief Discourse of the Spanish
“ State, with a Dialogue annexed intituled Philobasilis.* 4to, 1590.
p. 21. F D I O R.

° *Pol.* *He will come straight, &c.*] The concealment of Polonius in the queen's chamber, during the conversation between Hamlet and his mother, and the manner of his death, were suggested by the following passage in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. fig. D : “ The counsellor entered secretly into the queene's
“ chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the arras, and long
“ before the queene and Hamlet came thither ; who being craft-
“ tie and politique, as soone as hee was within the chamber,
“ doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake severely
“ and wisely to his mother, touching his secret practises, hee
“ should

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between Much heat and him. 'I'll silence me e'en here.

Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother !—

Queen. I'll warrant you ; fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

“ should be understood, and by that meanes intercepted, used
 “ his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come [r.
 “ crow] like a cocke, beating with his arms (in such manner as
 “ cockes use to strike with their wings) upon the hangings of
 “ the chamber ; whereby feeling something stirring under them,
 “ he cried *a rat, a rat*, and presently drawing his sworde, thrust
 “ it into the hangings ; which done, pulled the counsellour
 “ (half-deade) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him,
 “ and being flaine, cut his body in pieces, which he caused to be
 “ boyled, and then cast it into an open vault or privie.”

MALONE.

9 — *I'll silence me e'en here :*

Pray you, be round with him.] Sir T. Hanmer, who is followed by Dr. Warburton, reads,

— *I'll siconce me here.*

Retire to a place of security. They forget that the contrivance of Polonius to overhear the conference, was no more told to the queen than to Hamlet.—*I'll silence me even here, is, I'll use no more words.* JOHNSON.

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
¹ And—'would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge ;

You go not, 'till I set you up a glass
 Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?

Help, help, ho !

Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho ! help !

Ham. How now ! a rat² ?

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*Hamlet strikes at Polonius through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. A bloody deed ;—almost as bad, good mother,

³ As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen.

¹ *And—'would it were not so !—*

The folio reads,

But would you were not so. HENDERSON.

² *How now, a rat ?—*] This (as Dr. Farmer has observed) is an expression borrowed from *The History of Hamlet*, a translation from the French of Belleforest. STEEVENS.

³ It has been doubted whether Shakspeare intended to represent the queen as accessory to the murder of her husband. The surprize she here expresses at the charge seems to tend to her exculpation. Where the variation is not particularly marked out, we may presume, I think, that the poet intended to tell his story as it had been told before. The following extract therefore from *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. relative to this point, will probably not be unacceptable to the reader : “ Fengon [the king
 “ in the present play] boldened and encouraged by such impu-
 “ nitie, durst venture to couple himself in marriage with her,
 “ whom

Queen. As kill a king + ?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

“ whom he used as his concubine during good Horvendille’s life ;
 “ in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, incestuous
 “ adulterie, and paracide murther. — This adulterer and infa-
 “ mous murtherer flaudered his dead brother, that he would
 “ have flaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the
 “ point ready to do it, in defence of the lady, had flaine him.
 “ The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the ho-
 “ nour to be the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest princes
 “ in the North, imbased herselfe in such vile sort as to falsifie
 “ her faith unto him, and, which is worse, to marrie him that
 “ had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawful husband ;
 “ which made diverse men think that she had beene the causer of
 “ the murther, thereby to live in her adultre without controle.”

Hyst. of Hamb. fig. C. 1. 2.

In the conference however with her son, on which the present scene is founded, she strongly asserts her innocence with respect to this fact :

“ I know well, my sonne, that I have done thee great wrong
 “ in marrying with Fengon, the cruel tyrant and murtherer of
 “ thy father, and my loyal spouse ; but when thou shalt con-
 “ sider the small meanes of resistance, and the treason of the pa-
 “ lace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect, or hope
 “ for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will as also the power he
 “ made ready if I should have refused to like him ; thou wouldst
 “ rather excuse, than accuse me of lasciviousness or inconstancy,
 “ much less offer me that wrong to suspect that ever thy mother
 “ *Geruth* once consented to the death and murther of her husband :
 “ swearing unto thee by the majestie of the gods, that if it had layne
 “ in me to have resisted the tyrant, although it had beene with the
 “ losse of my blood, yea and of my life, I would surely have saved
 “ the life of my lord and husband.” *Ibid.* fig. D. 4.

It is observable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make so good a defence. Shakspeare wished to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furnished them with even the semblance of an excuse for their conduct. MALONE.

I know not in what part of this tragedy the king and queen could have been expected to enter into a vindication of their mutual conduct. The former indeed is rendered contemptible as well as guilty ; but for the latter our poet seems to have felt all that tenderness which the ghost recommends to the imitation of her son.

STEEVENS.

+ *As kill a king ?*] This interrogation may be considered as some hint, that the queen had no hand in the murder of Hamlet’s father. STEEVENS.

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
 1 And—'would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll fet those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge ;

You go not, 'till I fet you up a glafs
 Where you may see the inmost part of you.

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 “ in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, incessuous
 “ adulterie, and paracide murther. — This adulterer and infam-
 “ mous murtherer flandered his dead brother, that he would
 “ have flaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the
 “ point ready to do it, in defence of the lady, had flaine him.
 “ The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the ho-
 “ nour to be the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest princes
 “ in the North, imbased herselfe in such vile sort as to falsifie
 “ her faith unto him, and, which is worse, to marrie him that
 “ had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawful husband ;
 “ which made diverse men think that she had beene the causer of
 “ the murther, thereby to live in her adultre without controle.”

Hyst. of Hamb. fig. C. 1. 2.

In the conference however with her son, on which the present scene is founded, she strongly asserts her innocence with respect to this fact :

“ I know well, my sonne, that I have done thee great wrong
 “ in marrying with Fengon, the cruel tyrant and murtherer of
 “ thy father, and my loyal spouse ; but when thou shalt con-
 “ sider the small meanes of resistance, and the treason of the pa-
 “ lace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect, or hope
 “ for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will as also the power he
 “ made ready if I should have refused to like him ; thou wouldst
 “ rather excuse, than accuse me of lasciviousness or inconstancy,
 “ much less offer me that wrong to suspect that ever thy mother
 “ *Gertrub* once consented to the death and murther of her husband :
 “ swearing unto thee by the majestic of the gods, that if it had layne
 “ in me to have resisted the tyrant, although it had beene with the
 “ losse of my blood, yea and of my life, I would surely have saved
 “ the life of my lord and husband.” *Ibid.* fig. D. 4.

It is observable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make so good a defence. Shakspeare wished to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furnished them with even the semblance of an excuse for their conduct. MALONE.

I know not in what part of this tragedy the king and queen could have been expected to enter into a vindication of their mutual conduct. The former indeed is rendered contemptible as well as guilty ; but for the latter our poet seems to have felt all that tenderness which the ghost recommends to the imitation of her son.

STEEVENS.

+ *As kill a king ?*] This interrogation may be considered as some hint, that the queen had no hand in the murder of Hamlet’s father. STEEVENS.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !

[To Polonius.

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune :

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace ; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff ;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag
thy tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;

Calls virtue, hypocrite ; ^s takes off the rose

From

^s —takes off the rose] Alluding to the custom of wearing roses on the side of the face. See a note on a passage in *King John*, act i. WARBURTON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is mistaken ; for it must be allowed that there is a material difference between an ornament worn on the *forehead*, and one exhibited on *the side of the face*. Some have understood these words to be only a metaphorical enlargement of the sentiment contained in the preceding line :

—blurs the grace and *blush* of modesty :

but as the *forehead* is no proper situation for a *blush* to be displayed in, we may have recourse to another explanation.

It was once the custom for those who were betrothed, to wear some flower as an external and conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. So, in *Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar for April* :

“ Bring coronations and *sops in wine*
Worn of paramours.”

Lyte, in his *Herbal*, 1578, enumerates *sops in wine* among the smaller kind of single gilliflowers or pinks.

Figure 4, in the *Morrice-dance* (a plate of which is annexed to the First Part of *K. Henry IV.*) has a flower fixed on his *forehead*, and seems to be meant for the *paramour* of the female character. The flower might be designed for a *rose*, as the colour of it is red in the painted glass, though its form is expressed with as little adherence to nature as that of the *marygold* in the hand of the lady. It may, however, conduct us to affix a new meaning to the lines in question. This flower, as I have since discovered, is exactly shaped like the *sops in wine*, now called the *Deptford Pink*.

Sets

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
 As 'from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words: ' Heaven's face doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,

That

Sets a *blister* there, has the same meaning as in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,

“ Hath *blister'd* her report.”

See a note on this passage, Act 2. Sc. 2. STEEVENS.

‘—from the body of contraction—] *Contraction for marriage contract.* WARBURTON.

‘ Heaven's face doth glow:

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.] If any sense can be found here, it is this. The sun glows [and does it not always?] and the very solid mass of earth has a tristful visage, and is thought sick. All this is sad stuff. The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's sense:

Heaven's face does glow,

O'er this solidity and compound mass,

With heated visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

From whence it appears, that Shakspeare wrote:

Heaven's face doth glow,

O'er this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage; and, as 'gainst the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

This makes a fine sense, and to this effect. The sun looks upon our globe, the scene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenance, half hid in eclipse, as at the day of doom.

WARBURTON.

The word *heated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*, is, I think, not so striking as *tristful*, which was, I suppose, chosen at the revival. I believe the whole passage now stands as the author gave it. Dr. Warburton's reading restores two improprieties, which Shakspeare by his alteration, had removed. In the

⁵ That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. ⁶ Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ⁷ ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station ⁸ like the herald Mercury,

New-

first, and in the new reading, *Heaven's face glows with tristful vi-*
sage ; and, Heaven's face is thought-sick. To the common
reading there is no just objection. JOHNSON.

⁵ *That roars so loud, &c.*] The meaning is, *What is this act,*
of which the discovery, or mention, cannot be made, but with this
violence of clamour ? JOHNSON.

— *and thunders in the index ?*] Mr. Edwards observes,
that the *indexes* of many old books were at that time inserted
at the beginning, instead of the end, as is now the custom. This
observation I have often seen confirmed.

So, in *Othello*, act ii. sc. 7. — “ an *index* and obscure *prologue*
to the history of lust and foul thoughts.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Look on this picture, and on this ;*] It is evident from the fol-
lowing words,

A station, like the herald Mercury, &c.

that these pictures, which are introduced as miniatures on the
stage, were meant for whole lengths, being part of the furniture
of the queen's closet.

— *like Maia's son he stood,*

And shook his plumes. — Milton. B. V. STEEVENS.

The introduction of miniatures in this place appears to be a
modern innovation. A print prefixed to Rowe's edition of
Hamlet, published in 1709, confirms Mr. Steevens's observation.
There, the two royal portraits are exhibited as half-lengths,
hanging in the Queen's closet ; and probably such had been the
stage exhibition, from the time of the original performance of
this tragedy to the death of Betterton. MALONE.

⁷ *Hyperion's curls ;* —] It is observable that *Hyperion* is used by
Spenser with the same error in *quantity*. FARMER.

I have never met with an earlier edition of Marston's *Insatiate*
Countess than that in 1603. In this the following lines occur,
which bear a close resemblance to Hamlet's description of his
father :

“ A donative he hath of every god ;

“ *Apollo* gave him locks, *Jove* his high front.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *A station* —] *Station* in this instance does not mean *the spot*
where

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man :
 This was your husband. — Look you now, what
 follows :

Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear⁹,
 Blasting his wholesome brother¹. Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten² on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
 You

where any one is placed, but the act of standing. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 3 :

Her motion and her station are as one.

On turning to Theobald's first edition, I find that he had made the same remark, and supported it by the same instance. The observation is necessary, for otherwise the compliment designed to the attitude of the king, would be bestowed on the place where Mercury is represented as standing. STEEVENS.

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;] I think it not improbable that Shakspeare caught this image from Phœr's translation of Virgil (Fourth *Eneid*), a book that without doubt he had read :

“ And now approaching neere, the top he seeth and mighty
 lims

“ Of Atlas, mountain tough, that heaven on boyst'rous
 shoulders beares ;—

“ There first on ground with wings of might doth Mercury
 arrive,

“ Then down from thence right over seas himselfe doth
 headlong drive.”

In the margin are these words : “ The description of Mercury's journey from heaven, along the mountain Atlas in Afrike, highest on earth.” MALONE.

⁹ — like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother.] This alludes to Pharaoh's Dream in the 41st chapter of *Genesis*. STEEVENS.

¹ — wholesome brother.] The folio reads :—wholsome breath.
 HENDERSON.

² — batten—] i. e. to grow fat. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607 :

“ — and for milk

“ I batten'd was with blood.”

Again,

You cannot call it love : for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood : is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment : And what judgment
Would step from this to this ? ⁴ Sense, sure, you
have,

Else, could you not have motion : But, sure, that
sense

Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err ;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,

Again, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

“ —make her round and plump,

“ And *batten* more than you are aware.”

Bat is an ancient word for *increase*. Hence the adjective *batful*,
so often used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. STEEVENS.

³ *The hey-day in the blood.*] This expression occurs in Ford's
'Tis Pity she's a Whore, 1633 :

“ ——— must

“ The *hey-day* of your luxury be fed

“ Up to a surfeit ?” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Sense, sure, you have,*—] In former editions,

—— *Sense, sure, you have,*

Else, could you not have motion :—] But from what philo-
sophy our editors learnt this, I cannot tell. Since *motion* depends
so little upon *sense*, that the greatest part of *motion* in the universe,
is amongst bodies devoid of *sensè*. We should read,

Else, could you not have notion,

i. e. intellect, reason, &c. This alludes to the famous peripa-
tetic principle of *Nil fit in intellectu, quod non fuerit in sensu*.
And how fond our author was of applying, and alluding to, the
principles of this philosophy, we have given several instances.
The principle in particular has been since taken for the founda-
tion of one of the noblest works that these latter ages have pro-
duced. WARBURTON.

The whole passage is wanting in the folio ; and which soever of
the readings be the true one, the poet was not indebted to this
boasted philosophy for his choice. STEEVENS.

Motion is frequently used, by Shakspeare and others, for im-
pulse of nature,—*libidinous inclination*. Taking it in this sense, the
passage is sufficiently intelligible without any alteration. So, in
Othello : “ — we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our car-
nal stings, our unbitted lusts.”

That

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind⁵?
 Eyes without feeling⁶, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling fans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope⁷.

O shame! where is thy blush? ⁸Rebellious hell,
 If

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ —for there's no *motion*
 “ That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 “ It is the woman's part.”

Again, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: “These *continent* relations will reduce thy stragling *motions* to a more settled and retired harbour.” MALONE.

— at hoodman-blind?] This is, I suppose, the same as *blind-man's-buff*. So, in the *Wife Woman of Hogsden*, 1638:

“ Why should I play at hood-man-blind?”

Again, in *Two lamentable Tragedies in One, the One a Murder of Master Beech, &c.* 1601:

“ Pick out men's eyes, and tell them that's the sport
 “ Of hood man-blind.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Eyes without, &c.*] This and the three following lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Could not so mope,*] i. e. could not exhibit such marks of stupidity. The same word is used in the *Tempest*, sc. ult.—

“ And were brought *moping* hither.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Rebellious hell,*

If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones, &c.] Alluding to what he had told her before, that her enormous conduct shewed a kind of possession.

— *What devil was't,*
That thus hath, &c.—

And again afterwards:

For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And master even the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency—

But the *Oxford Editor*, not apprehending the meaning, alters it to

— *rebellious heat,*
If thou canst, &c.

And so makes nonsense of it. For must not *rebellious lust* mutiny wherever it is quartered? That it should get there might seem strange, but that it should do its kind when it was there seems to be natural enough. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading right, but cannot admit that Hammer's emendation produces nonsense. May not what is said of

heat

If thou canst mutiny ⁹ in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And ¹ reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
 And there I see such black and ² grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct ³.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an ⁴ incestuous bed;
 Stew'd in corruption; honying, and making love
 Over the nasty stye; —

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe

beat, be said of *bell*, that it will mutiny wherever it is quartered? Though the emendation be elegant, it is not necessary.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — *mutiny*] The old copies read *mutine*. Shakspeare calls *mutineers*, — *mutines*, in a subsequent scene. STEEVENS.

¹ — *reason panders will* So the folio, I think rightly; but the reading of the quarto is defensible:

— *reason pardons will.* JOHNSON.

² — *grained*—] Dyed in grain. JOHNSON.

³ *As will not leave their tinct.*] The quartos read:

“As will leave there their tinct.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *incestuous bed* ;] The folio has *inseamed*, that is, *greasy* bed. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher use the word *inseamed* in the same sense, in the third of their *Four Plays in One*:

“His leachery *inseam'd* upon him.”

In the *Book of Manu*, &c. bl. l. no date, we are told that
 “*Ensayme* of a hauke is *the grece*.”

In most places it means the grease or oil with which clothiers besmear their wool to make it draw out in spinning.

Incestuous is the reading of the quarto, 1611. STEEVENS.

Of your precedent lord : — a ⁴ vice of kings :
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
⁵ That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. ⁶ A king of shreds and patches : —
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards ! — What would your ⁷ graci-
 ous figure ?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, ⁸ laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command ?
 O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget : This visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But, look ! amazement on thy mother fits :
 O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
⁹ Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works ;
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

⁴ — *vice of kings !*] A low mimick of kings. The vice is the fool of a farce ; from whom the modern *punch* is descended.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *That from a shelf, &c.*] This is said not unmeaningly, but to shew, that the usurper came not to the crown by any glorious villainy that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer. WARBURTON.

⁶ *A king of shreds and patches :*] This is said, pursuing the idea of the *vice of kings*. The *vice* was dressed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *your* —] The folio reads *you*. HENDERSON.

⁸ — *laps'd in time and passion, —*] That, having suffered *time* to slip, and *passion* to cool, lets go, &c. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works ;*] *Conceit* for *imagination* :

So, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ And the *conceited* painter was so nice.” MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, 'like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him!—on him!—Look you, how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals
away!

¹ My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen.

¹ —*like life in excrements.*] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation; yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c. POPE.

Not only the hair of animals having neither life nor sensation was called an *excrement*, but the feathers of birds had the same appellation. Thus in *Walton's Complete Angler*, P. I. c. i. p. 9. edit. 1766: "I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done, and his curious palate pleased by day; and which, with their very *excrements*, afford him a soft lodging at night. WHALLEY.

² *My father, in his habit as he liv'd!*] If the poet means by this expression, that his father appeared in his own *familiar habit*, he
has

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy³ !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music : It is not madness,
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue :
For, in the fatness of these purfy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg ;
Yea, ⁵ curb, and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in
twain.

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

has either forgot that he had originally introduced him in *armour*,
or must have meant to vary his dress at this his last appearance.
The difficulty might perhaps be a little obviated by pointing the
line thus :

My father—in his habit—as he liv'd. STEEVENS.

³ *Ecstasy* ¹] *Ecstasy* in this place, and many others, means a
temporary alienation of mind, a fit. So, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a
novel, by *John Hinde*, 1600 : “ —that bursting out of an *ecstasy*
wherein she had long stood, like one beholding Medusa's head,
lamenting, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —do not spread the compost, &c.] Do not, by any new in-
dulgence, heighten your former offences. JOHNSON.

⁵ —curb—] That is, *bend and truckle*. Fr. *courber*. So, in
Pierce Plowman :

“ Then I *courbid* on my knees, &c.” STEEVENS.

That

* That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this ;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on : Refrain to-night ;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence : the next, more easy 7 :
 For use can almost change the stamp, of nature,
 And either master the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night !
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*

I do repent ; But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
 To punish me with this, and this with me,—
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again good night !—
 I must be cruel, only to be kind :
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
 One word more, good lady ?

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do :

⁶ *That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,*

Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ;] This passage is left out in the two elder folios : it is certainly corrupt, and the players did the discreet part to stifle what they did not understand. *Habit's devil* certainly arose from some conceited tamperer with the text, who thought it was necessary, in contrast to *angel*. The emendation of the text I owe to the sagacity of Dr. Thirlby :

That monster custom, who all sense doth eat

Of habits evil, is angel, &c. THEOBALD.

I think Thirlby's conjecture wrong, though the succeeding editions have followed it ; *angel* and *devil* are evidently opposed.

JOHNSON.

⁷ — *the next, more easy ;*] This passage, as far as *potency*, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁹ *One word more, &c.*] This passage I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

Let the bloat king¹ tempt you again to bed
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse²;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses³,
 Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,

But

¹ *Let the fond king—*] The old quarto reads,
Let the bloat king—

i. e. bloated, which is better, as more expressive of the speaker's contempt. WARBURTON.

bloat king] This again hints at his intemperance. He had drank himself into a dropfy. BLACKSTONE.

The folio reads—*blunt king*. HENDERSON.

² — his *mouse*;] *Mouse* was once a term of endearment. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. b. ii. chap. 10:

“God blefs thee *mouse*, the bridegroom said, &c.”

Again, in the *Mencæbimi*, 1595: “Shall I tell thee, sweet *mouse*? I never look upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife.” STEEVENS.

³ — *reechy* kisses,] *Reechy* is smoky. The author meant to convey a coarse idea, and was not very scrupulous in his choice of an epithet. The same, however, is applied with greater propriety to the neck of a cook-maid in *Coriolanus*. Again, in *Hans Beer Pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

“—bade him go

“And wash his face, he look'd so *reechily*,

“Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *That I essentially am not in madness,*

But mad in craft.—] The reader will be pleased to see Dr. Farmer's extract from the old quarto *Historie of Hamblet*, of which he had a fragment only in his possession.—“It was not without
 “cause, and juste occasion, that my gestures, countenances, and
 “words, seeme to proceed from a madman, and that I desire to
 “haue all men esteeme mee wholly depriued of sence and rea-
 “sonable understanding, bycause I am well assured, that he that
 “hath made no conscience to kill his owne brother (accustomed
 “to murthers, and allured with desire of gouernement without
 “controll in his treasons) will not spare to saue himselfe with the
 “like crueltie, in the blood, and flesh of the loyns of his brother,
 “by him massacred: and therefore it is better for me to fayne
 “madnesse, then to use my right senses as nature hath bestowed
 “them upon me. The bright shining clearnes thereof I am
 “forced to hide under this shadow of dissimulation, as the sun
 “doth hir beams vnder some great cloud, when the wether in
 Vol. X. F f “summer

But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib⁵,
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions⁷, in the basket creep,
 And break your neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
 breath,

“ summer time ouercasteth: the face of a madman serueth to couer
 “ my gallant countenance, and the gestures of a fool are fit for
 “ me, to the end that, guiding myself wisely therin, I may pre-
 “ serue my life for the Danes and the memory of my late de-
 “ ceased father, for that the desire of reuenging his death is so
 “ ingrauen in my heart, that if I dye not shortly, I hope to take
 “ such and so great vengeance, that these cuntryes shall for euer
 “ speake thereof. Neuerthelesse I must stay the time, meanes,
 “ and occasion, lest by making ouer great hast, I be now the
 “ cause of mine own sodaine ruine and ouerthrow, and by that
 “ meanes end, before I beginne to effect my hearts desire: hee
 “ that hath to doe with a wicked, disloyall, cruell, and discour-
 “ teous man, must vse craft, and politike inuentions, such as a
 “ fine witte can best imagine, not to discover his interprise: for
 “ seeing that by force I cannot effect my desire, reason alloweth
 “ me by dissimulation, subtilitic, and secret practises to proceed
 “ therein.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —a gib,] So, in Drayton's Epistle from *Elinor Cobham* to
Duke Humphrey:

“ And call me beldam, gib, witch, night-mare, trot.”

Gib was a common name for a cat. So, in Chaucer's *Rom. of
 the Rose*, ver. 6204:

“ —gibbe our cat,

“ That waiteth mice and rats to killen.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Unpeg the basket on the house's top,*

Let the birds fly; —] Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters,
 may possibly allude to the same story. “ It is the story of the
 “ *jackanapes* and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it
 “ is lost to thee, and then let't out another, and starest after that
 “ till it is gone too.” WARNER.

⁷ *To try conclusions,*] i. e. experiments. See vol. iii. p. 167.
 STEEVENS.

And

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that ?⁴

Queen. Alack, I had forgot ; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. ⁵ There's letters seal'd : and my two school-
fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will ⁶adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery : Let it work ;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist ⁷ with his own petar : and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon : O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet !—
This man shall fet me packing.
I'll lug the guts ⁸ into the neighbour room :—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

9 Come,

⁴ *I must to England ;*] Shakspeare does not inform us how Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England. Rosencrantz and Guildensterne were made acquainted with the king's intentions for the first time in the very last scene ; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the prince since that time. Add to this, that in a subsequent scene, when the king, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expresses great surprize, as if he had not heard any thing of it before.—This last, however, may, perhaps, be accounted for, as contributing to his design of passing for a madman. MALONE.

⁵ *There's letters seal'd. &c.*] The nine following verses are added out of the old edition. POPE.

⁶ — *adders fang'd,*] That is, adders with their *fangs*, or *poisonous teeth*, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boast the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they first disabled their fangs. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Hoist, &c.*] *Hoist*, for *hoised*; as *past*, for *passed*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *the guts*—] The word *guts* was not anciently so offensive to delicacy as it is at present ; but was used by *Lylly* (who made
F f 2 the

9 Come, fir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally, Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*]

'A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A royal apartment.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

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

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while².—
[*To Ros. and Guil. who go out.*]
Ah,

the *first* attempt to polish our language) in his serious Compositions. So, in his *Mydas*, 1592: "Could not the treasure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the East, whose *guts* are gold, satisfy thy mind?" In short, *guts* was used where we now use *entrails*. *Stanyhurst* often has it in his translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

Pectoribus iuhians spirantia consulit exta.

"She weens her fortune by *guts* hoate sinoake to conster."

STEEVENS.

9 *Come, fir, to draw toward an end with you:*] Shakspeare has been unfortunate in his management of the story of this play, the most striking circumstances of which arise so early in its formation, as not to leave him room for a conclusion suitable to the importance of its beginning. After this last interview with the *Ghost*, the character of Hamlet has lost all its consequence.

STEEVENS.

² *Act IV.*] This play is printed in the old editions without any separation of the acts. The division is modern and arbitrary; and is here not very happy, for the pause is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almost any other of the scenes. JOHNSON.

² *Bestow this place on us a little while.*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

Ah, my good lord³, what have I seen to-night ?

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat ! a rat !*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there :

His liberty is full of threats to all ;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?

It will be laid to us ; whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and ⁴ out of
haunt,

This mad young man : but, so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit ;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd :

³ — *my good lord,*] The quartos read — *mine own lord.*

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *out of haunt,*] I would rather read, *out of harm.*

JOHNSON.

Out of haunt, means *out of company.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Dido and her Sichæus shall want troops,

“ And all the *haunt* be ours.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book 5. chap. 26 :

“ And from the smith of heaven's wife allure the amorous
haunt.”

The place where men assemble, is often poetically called the *haunt of men.* So, in *Romco and Juliet* :

“ We talk here in the public *haunt* of men.” STEEVENS.

O'er whom his very madness, ⁵ like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away !

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :
Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done : for haply, slander,
⁶ Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As

⁵ — *like some ore*] Shakspeare seems to think *ore* to be *or*, that is, gold. Base metals have *ore* no less than precious.

JOHNSON.

Minerals are mines. So, in the *Golden Remains* of Hales of Eton, 1673, p. 34. Controversies of the times like “Spirits in the *minerals*, with all their labour nothing is done.” STEEVENS,

⁶ *Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,*

As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports its poison'd shot, may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air.—O, come away !] Mr. Pope

takes notice, that I replace some verses that were imperfect (and, though of a *modern* date, seem to be genuine), by inserting two words. But to see what an accurate and faithful collator he is, I produced these verses in my *Shakspeare Restored*, from a quarto edition of *Hamlet*, printed in 1637, and happened to say, that they had not the authority of any earlier date in print, that I knew of, than that quarto. Upon the strength of this Mr. Pope

comes

As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air.—O, come away !
 My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Another room.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. ——— Safely stow'd, But soft?—

Ros. &c. within. Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet !

Ham. What noise ? who calls on Hamlet ? O,
 here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
 dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis ; that we may take it
 thence,
 And bear it to the chapel.

comes and calls the lines *modern*, though they are in the quartos of 1605, and 1611, which I had not then seen, but both of which Mr. Pope pretends to have collated. The verses carry the very stamp of Shakspeare upon them. The coin, indeed, has been clipt from our first receiving it ; but it is not so diminished, but that with a small assistance we may hope to make it pass current. I am far from affirming, that, by inserting the words, *For baply, slander*, I have given the poet's very words ; but the supplement is such as the sentiment naturally seems to demand. The poet has the same thought, concerning the diffusive powers of *slander*, in another of his plays :

“ ——— No, 'tis *slander* ;

“ Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue

“ Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath

“ Rides on the posting winds, and doth bely

“ All corners of the world.” *Cymbeline.* THEOBALD.

⁷ — *But soft,*] I have added these two words from the quartos. STEEVENS.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Rof. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counfel, and not mine own. Befides, to be demanded of a fponge! — what replication fhould be made by the fon of a king ?

Rof. Take you me for a fponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, fir ; that foaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But fuch officers do the king beft fervice in the end : He keeps them, "like an ape, in the corner of his jaw ; firft mouth'd, to be laft fwallow'd : When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but fqueezing you, and, fponge, you fhall be dry again.

Rof. I underftand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : A knavifh fpeech fleeps in a foolifh ear.

Rof. My lord, you muft tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. ⁹The body is with the king, but the king

⁸— *like an ape*,—] The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed. The folio has *ape*, which Hanmer has received, and illuftrated with the following note.

“ It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their food, which they take up firft, into a pouch they are provided with on the fide of their jaw, and then they keep it, till they have done with the reft.” JOHNSON.

Surely this fhould be “ like an *ape*, an *apple*.” FARMER.

⁹ *The body is with the king*,—] This anfwer I do not comprehend. Perhaps it fhould be, *The body is not with the king*, for *the king is not with the body*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps it may mean this. The body is in the king's houfe (*i. e.* the prefent king's) yet the king (*i. e.* he who fhould have been king) is not with the body. Intimating that the ufurper is here, the true king in a better place. Or it may mean— *the guilt of the murder lies with the king*, but the king is *not where the body lies*. The affected obfcurity of Hamlet muft excufe fo many attempts to procure fomething like a meaning. STEEVENS.

is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. ¹ Of nothing: bring me to him. ² Hide
fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Another room.

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

¹ *Of nothing.*—] Should it not be read, *Or nothing?* When the courtiers remark, that Hamlet has contemptuously called the king *a thing*, Hamlet defends himself by observing, that the king must be a *thing*, or *nothing*. JOHNSON.

The text is right. So, in the Spanish tragedy:

“In troth, my lord, it is a *thing of nothing*.”

And, in one of *Harvey's* letters, “a filly bug-beare, a sorry puffed of winde, a *thing of nothing*.” FARMER.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“At what dost thou laugh?”

“At a *thing of nothing*, at thee.”

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

“And believe a little thing would please her,

“A very little thing, a *thing of nothing*.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has given here many parallelisms: but the origin of all is to be look'd for, I believe in the 144th Psalm, ver. v. “Man is like a thing of nought.” You must have observed, that the book of Common Prayer, and the translation of the Bible into English, furnished our old writers with many forms of expression, some of which are still in use. WHALLEY.

² *Hide fox,*—] There is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after*. HANMER.

The same sport is alluded to in *Decker's Satiromastix*: “—our unhandsome-faced poet does play at bo-peep with your grace, and cries—*All hid, as boys do.*”

This passage is not in the quarto. STEEVENS.

And

And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
 But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
 This sudden sending him away must seem
 Deliberate pause : Diseases, desperate grown,
 By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
 Or not at all.—How now ? what hath befallen ?

Enter Rosencrantz.

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
 We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your
 pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten :
 a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at
 him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet : we
 eat all creatures else, to eat us ; and we eat ourselves
 for maggots : Your fat king, and your lean beggar,
 is but variable service ; two dishes, but to one table ;
 that's the end.

King. Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath
 eat of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath fed of
 that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

³ *Alas, alas !*] This speech, and the following, are omitted in
 the folio. STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness⁴: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and⁵ the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come;
for England!—Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother:—Father and mother is man
and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and, so, my
mother. Come, for England. [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed
aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:

⁴ *With fiery quickness:*] These words are not in the quartos.
STEEVENS.

⁵ — *the wind at help,*] I suppose it should be read,
The bark is ready, and the wind at helm JOHNSON.

—*at help.*] i. e. at hand, ready,—ready to help or assist you.
REMARKS.

Away;

Away ; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair : Pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

And, England ! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense ;
Since yet the cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly ⁶ set
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
⁷ By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me : 'Till I know 'tis done,
⁸ Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

⁶ ——— set by
Our sov'reign process,—] So Hanmer. The others have
only set. JOHNSON.

———— set
Our sovereign process,—] I adhere to the reading of the
quarto and folio. *To set*, is an expression taken from the gaming-
table. STEEVENS

⁷ *By letters conjuring*—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,
“ *By letters congruing.*” STEEVENS.

The reading of the folio is supported by the following passage
in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. “ ——— making the king of
England minister of his massacring resolution ; to whom he pro-
posed to send him [Hamlet], and by letters *desire* him to put him
to death.” So also, by a subsequent line :

“ *Ham.* Wilt thou know

“ The effect of what I wrote ?

“ *Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

“ *Ham.* An earnest *conjurati*on from the king, &c.”

The circumstances mentioned as inducing the king to send the
prince to England, rather than elsewhere, are likewise found in
The History of Hamlet. MALONE.

⁸ *Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.*] This being the
termination of a scene, should, according to our author's custom,
be rhymed. Perhaps he wrote,

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

If *haps* be retained, the meaning will be, *'till I know, 'tis done, I
shall be miserable, whatever befall me.* JOHNSON.

The

S C E N E IV.

The frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, with an army.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king ;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves⁹ the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt Fortinbras, &c.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good fir¹, whose powers are these ?

Capt. They are of Norway, fir.

Ham. How purpos'd, fir, I pray you ?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, fir ?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, fir,
Or for some frontier ?

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;

The folio reads, in confirmation of Dr. Johnson's remark,—
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Craves*] Thus the quartos. The folio—*claims*—

STEEVENS.

¹ *Good fir, &c.*] The remaining part of this scene is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

Nor

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand
ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw :
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace :
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Capt. God be wi'ye, sir. [Exit Captain.]

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

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.
[Exeunt Ros. and the rest.]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,
If his² chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such³ large discourse,
Looking before, and and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do ; ;*
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince ;

² — *chief good and market*—] If his highest good, and *that for which he sells his time*, be to sleep and feed. JOHNSON.

³ — *large discourse*,] Such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future. JOHNSON.

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event;
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. ⁴ Rightly, to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
⁵ Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot ⁶,
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent ⁷,

⁴ ——— *Rightly to be great,*

Is not to stir without, &c.] This passage I have printed according to the copy. Mr. Theobald had regulated it thus:

——— *'Tis not to be great,
 Never to stir without great argument;
 But greatly, &c.*

The sentiment of Shakspeare is partly just, and partly romantic.

——— *Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stir without great argument;*
 is exactly philosophical.

*But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour is at stake,*

is the idea of a modern hero. *But then, says he, honour is an argument, or subject of debate, sufficiently great, and when honour is at stake, we must find cause of quarrel in a straw.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *Excitements of my reason and my blood,]* Provocations which excite both my reason and my passions to vengeance. JOHNSON.

⁶ —plot.] A piece, or portion. See vol. vii. p. 441.

EDITOR.

So, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*:

“Of grounde to win a plot a while to dwell,

“We venture lives and send our souls to to hell.”

HENDERSON.

⁷ —continent] *Continent*, in our author, means that which comprehends or encloses. So, in *King Lear*:

“Rive your concealing continents.” STEEVENS.

To

To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Elsinour. A room in the palace.

Enter Queen, and Horatio.

Queen. ———I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate : indeed, distract ;
Her mood will needs be pity'd.

Queen. What would she have ?

Hor. She speaks much of her father ; says, she
hears,
There's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and beats
her heart ;
⁶ Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection⁷ ; they aim at it⁸,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be
thought,
⁹ Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen.

⁶ *Spurns enviously at straws ;]* *Envy* is much oftener put by our poet (and those of his time) for direct *aversion*, than for *malienity conceived at the sight of another's excellence or happiness*. See vol. 3, p. 222, 231. Vol. vii. p. 227, 446. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *to collection ;]* i. e. to deduce consequences from such premises. So, in *Cymbeline*, Scene the last :

—— whose containing
Is so from sense to hardness, that I can
Make no *collection* of it.

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *they aim at it,]* The quartos read—they *yearn* at it.
To *aim* is to guess. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.]* i. e. though her
meaning

Queen. ¹ 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss²:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. ³ How should I your true love know
From another one?

meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it. WARBURTON.

That *unhappy* once signified *mischievous*, may be known from P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* b. 19. ch. 7. "the shrewd and *unhappie* foules which lie upon the lands; and eat up the seed new sowne." We still use *unlucky* in the same sense.

STEEVENS.

¹ 'Twere good she were spoken with;] These lines are given to the queen in the folio, and to Horatio in the quarto.

JOHNSON.

I think the two first lines of Horatio's speech belong to him, the rest to the Queen. BLACKSTONE.

² —to some great amiss:] Shakspeare is not singular in his use of this word as a substantive. So, in the *Arraignement of Paris*, 1584.

"Gracious forbearers of this world's *amiss*."

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Pale be my looks to witness my *amiss*."

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher, &c.* 1592: "—revive in them the memory of my great *amiss*."

STEEVENS.

³ How should I your true love, &c.] There is no part of this play, in its representation on the stage, is more pathetic than this scene, which I suppose proceeds from the utter insensibility she has to her own misfortunes.

A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter, the audience supply what she wants, and with the former they sympathize. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

* *By his cockle hat; and staff;
And by his sandal shoon.*

[Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.*

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia, — —

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. ^s *Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which be wept to the grave did go,^o
With true-love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

* *By his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.*] This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Green's Never too late*, 1616, a Pilgrim is described:

“ A hat of straw like to a swain,
“ Shelter for the sun and rain,
“ With a scallop-shell before, &c.”

Again in *The Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595, “ I will give thee a Palmer's staff of yvorie, and a scallop-shell of beaten gold.” STEEVENS.

^s *Larded all with sweet flowers:*] The expression is taken from cookery. JOHNSON.

^o *—did go.*] The old editions read, — *did not go.* STEEVENS.

Oph.

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say, ⁷ the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day;
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and don'd⁸ his cloaths;
¹ And dupt the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath; I'll make an end on't. ² By

⁷—*the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This was a metamorphosis of the common people, arising from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the bread from mice.

WARBURTON.

To guard the bread from mice, is rather the office of a cat than an owl. In barns and granaries, indeed, the services of the owl are still acknowledged. This was, however, no metamorphosis of the common people, but a legendary story, which both Dr. Johnson and myself have read, yet in what book at least I cannot recollect. Our Saviour being refused bread by the daughter of a baker, is described as punishing her by turning her into an owl.

STEEVENS:

⁸ *To-morrow is, &c.*] Without doubt,

“ Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day. FARMER.

⁹—*don'd his cloaths.*] To don, is to do on, to put on, as doff is to do off, put off. STEEVENS:

¹ *And dupt the chamber-door;*] To dup, is to do up; to lift the latch. It were easy to write,

And op'd ——— JOHNSON.

To dup, was a common contraction of to do up. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582: “ —the porters are drunk, will they not dup the gate to-day?”

Lord Surry, in his translation of the second Æneid, renders

² *By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock³, they are to blame.*

Quoth

Panduntur portæ, &c. "The gates *cast up*, we issued out to play." The phrase seems to have been adopted either from *doing up* the *latch*, or drawing up the *portcullis*. Again, in the *Cooke's Play*, in the Chester collection of mysteries, Ms. Harl. 1013, p. 140:
"Open up hell-gates anon."

It appears from *Martin Mark-all's Apologic to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, that in the cant of gypsies, &c. *Dup the gigger*, signified *to open the door*. STEEVENS.

² *By Gis,—*] I rather imagine it should be read,
By Cis,——

That is, by St. Cecily. JOHNSON.

—— by *Saint Charity*,] *Saint Charity* is a known saint among the Roman Catholics. Spenser mentions her, *Eclog.* 5. 255:

"Ah dear lord, and sweet *Saint Charity!*"

I find, by *Gisse*, used as an adjuration, both by Gascoigne in his *Poems*, by Preston in his *Cambyfes*, and in the comedy of *See me, and see me not*, 1618.

"By *Gisse* I swear, were I so fairly wed." &c.

Again in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

"By *Gis*, fair lords, ere many daies be past," &c.

Again, in Heywood's 23d Epigram, Fourth Hundred:

"Nay, by *Gis*, he looketh on you maister, quoth he."

Again, in *The Downfall of Rob. E. of Huntington*, 1601:

"Therefore, sweet master, for *Saint Charity*."

STEEVENS.

In the scene between the bastard Faulconbridge, and the friars and nunne in the first part of *The troublesome Raigne of King John*, (edit. 1779, p. 256 &c.) the nunne swears by *Gis*, and the friars pray to *Saint Withold* (another obsolete saint mentioned in *King Lear*, act iii. Vol. IX. p. 508.) and adjure him by *Saint Charitie* to hear them. BLACKSTONE.

By Gis——

There is not the least mention of any saint whose name corresponds with this, either in the *Roman Calendar*, the service in *Usum Sarum*, or in the *Benedictionary* of Bishop Athelwold. I believe the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of *Jesus*, the letters J. H. S. being anciently all that was set down to denote that sacred name, on altars, the covers of books, &c. RIDLEY.

³ *By cock.*] This is likewise a corruption of the sacred name. Many instances of it are given in a note at the beginning of the 5th Act of the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed: He answers †.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hast not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient : but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground : My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.
‡ Come, my coach ! Good night, ladies ; good night, sweet ladies : good night, good night. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*]

O! this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
All from her father's death : And now behold, O
Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions ! First, her father slain ;
Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove : The people muddy'd,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts, and
whispers,
For good Polonius' death ; and we have done ¶ but
greenly,
; In hugger-mugger to inter him : Poor Ophelia
Divided

† *He answers.*] These words I have added from the quartos.

STEEVENS.

‡ Come, my coach ! *good night, ladies ; good night.*] In Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, 1591, Zabina in her frenzy uses the same expression :

“ Hell make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels. I come, I come.” MALONE.

¶ —but greenly.] But *unskilfully* ; with *greenness* ; that is without *maturity* of judgment. JOHNSON.

7 *In hugger-mugger to inter him ;—*] All the modern editions that I have consulted, give it,

In private to inter him ;—

That the words now replaced are better, I do not undertake to prove ; it is sufficient that they are Shakespeare's : if phraseology

Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France:
 ' Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 ' Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 ' Like to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.
 Queen.

is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost; we shall no longer have the words of any author; and, as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON.

This expression is used in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609:

“ — he died like a politician
 “ In *bugger-mugger*.”

Shakspeare probably took the expression from the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch.—“ Antonius
 “ thinking that his body should be honourably buried, and not in
 “ *bugger-mugger*.”

It appears from Greene's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*, 1592: that *to bugger* was to lurk about. STEEVENS.

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

The quarto,

Feeds on this wonder. —

Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. Hammer reads unnecessarily,

' Feeds on his anger. — JOHNSON.

8 Wherein necessity, &c.] Hammer reads,
 Whence animosity, of matter beggar'd.

He seems not to have understood the connection. *Wherein*, that is, *in which pestilent speeches necessity, or the obligation of an accused to support his charge, will nothing stick, &c.* JOHNSON.

9 Like to a murdering piece,—] Such a piece as assassins use with many barrels. It is necessary to apprehend this, to see the justness of the similitude. WARBURTON.

Like

Queen. Alack! what noise is this¹?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend. Where are my Switzers²? Let them guard the door:—

What is the matter?

Gen. Save yourself, my lord;
 The ocean, over-peering of his list,
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'er-bears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
 And, as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The

Like a murdering piece,—] This explanation of Dr. Warburton's is right; and a passage in *The Double Marriage* of Beaumont and Fletcher will justify it:

“And, like a *murdering piece*, aims not at one,
 “But all that stand within the dangerous level.”

Again, in *All's Lost by Lust*, a tragedy, by Cyril Turner, 1633:

“If thou tail'st too, the King comes with a *murdering piece*,
 “In the rear.”

Again, in *A Fair Quarrel*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1622:

“There is not such another *murdering piece*
 “In all the stock of calumny.” STEEVENS.

A *murdering piece*, I believe, means no more than an harquebuse or old-fashioned musket. In our author's time a *piece* was the common term for a gun. Florio, in his *Italian Dialogues*, quarto, 1591, renders—“*Tira bene de archibugio*”—by “he shoots well in a *piece*”; and in his DICTIONARY, 1598, *Archibugio* is defined, “a pistol, caliver, gun, or musket.” MALONE.

¹ *Alack! &c.*] This speech of the Queen is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

² —*my Switzers?*] I have observed in many of our old Plays, that the guards attendant on Kings are called *Switzers*, and that without any regard to the country where the scene lies. Thus in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Noble Gentleman*, act iii. s. i.

“————— was it not

“Some place of gain, as clerk to the great band
 “Of marrow-bones, that people call the *Switzers*?
 “Men made of beef and farcenet?” EDITOR.

³ *The ocean, over-peering of his list,*] The lists are the barriers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass. JOHNSON.

* The ratifiers and props of every ward,
They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*

Caps,

List, in this place, only signifies *boundary*, i. e. the shore. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

“ ———— For therein should we read
“ The very bottom and the soul of hope,
“ The very *list*, the very utmost bound
“ Of all our fortunes.”

The *selvage* of cloth was in both places, I believe in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

* *The ratifiers and props of every word,*] The whole tenor of the context is sufficient to shew, that this is a mistaken reading. What can antiquity and custom, being the props of *words*, have to do with the business in hand? Or what idea is conveyed by it? Certainly the poet wrote:

The ratifiers and props of every ward.

The messenger is complaining that the riotous head had overborne the king's officers, and then subjoins, that antiquity and custom were forgot, which were the ratifiers and props of every *ward*, i. e. of every one of those *securities* that nature and law place about the person of a king. All this is rational and consequential. WARBURTON.

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

They cry, “ Chuse we Laertes for our king;”
The ratifiers and props of every word,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds.

I think the fault may be mended at less expence, by reading,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every weal.

That is, of every government. JOHNSON.

The ratifiers and props of every word.] By *word* is here meant a declaration, or proposal; it is determined to this sense, by the inference it hath to what had just preceded,

The rabble call him lord, &c.

This acclamation, which is the *word* here spoken of, was made without regard to antiquity, or received custom, whose concurrence, however, is necessarily required to confer validity and stability in every proposal of this kind. REVISAL.

Sir T. Hanmer would transpose the two last lines. Dr. Warburton proposes to read, *ward*; and Dr. Johnson, *weal*, instead of *word*. I should be rather for reading, *work*. TYRWHITT.

The ratifiers and props of every word,] In the first folio there is only a comma at the end of the above line; and will not the passage

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter Laertes, with others.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will. [Exeunt.

Laer. I thank you:—Keep the door.—O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste⁶ unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,

passage bear this construction?—The rabble call him lord, and as if the world were now but to begin, and as if the ancient custom of hereditary succession were unknown, they, the ratifiers and props of every word he utters, cry, Let us make choice, that Laertes shall be king. TOLLET.

⁵ O, this is counter, ye false Danish dogs.] Hounds run counter when they trace the trail backwards. JOHNSON.

⁶ —unsmirched brow,] i. e. clean, not defiled. To besmirch, our author uses, act i. sc. 5.

This seems to be an allusion to a proverb often introduced in the old comedies. Thus, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605: “—as true as the skin between any man's brows.” STEEVENS.

Why

Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand.—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweep-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms;

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican⁶,
Repast them with my blood.

⁶ — *life-rend'ring pelican,*] So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nativity*, bl. l. no date:

“ Who taught the cok hys watche-howres to observe,

“ And syng of corage wyth shryll throte on hye?

“ Who taught the *pellycan* her tender hart to carve?—

“ For she nolde suffer her byrdys to dye?

It is almost needless to add that this account of the bird is entirely fabulous. STEEVENS.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level ⁷ to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Crowd within. Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be pay'd with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
² Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,

It

⁷ — to your judgment 'pear,] So the quarto; the folio, and all the later editions, read:

———— to your judgment pierce,
less intelligibly. JOHNSON.

This elision of the verb to *appear*, is common to Beaumont and Fletcher. So, in *The Maid in the Mill*: “They 'pear so handsomely, I will go forward.”

Again,

“And where they 'pear so excellent in little,

“They will but flame in great.” STEEVENS.

⁸ Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.] These lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loss, for they are obscure and affected; but, I think, they require no censure. *Love* (says Laertes) is the passion by which *nature is mo^t* exalted and *refined*; and as substances, *refined* and subtilised, easily obey any impulse, or follow any attraction, some part of nature, so purified and *refined*, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves.

As

It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier⁹;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And on his grave rain'd many a tear;—*

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade re-
venge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down¹*, as you call
him a-down-a.

² O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter.

Laer.

*As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew her soul. — JOHNSON.*

The meaning of the passage may be—that her wits, like the
spirit of fine essences, flew off or evaporated. STEEVENS.

⁹ *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier, &c.]* So, in Chaucer's
Knight's Tale, late edit. ver. 2879:

“ He laid him bare the visage on the bere,
“ Therwith he wept that pitee was to here.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *sing, Down a-down,*] Perhaps Shakspeare alludes to *Phæbe's
Sonnet*, by Tho. Lodge, which the reader may find in *England's
Helicon*, 1614:

“ *Downe a-downe,*
“ Thus Phillis sung,
“ By fancy once distressed: &c.

And so sing, I, with *downe a-downe, &c.*”

Down a-down is likewise the burthen of a song in the *Three Ladies
of London*, 1584, and perhaps common to many others. STEEVENS.

² *O how the wheel becomes it!] We should read weal.* She is
now rambling on the ballad of the steward and his lord's daughter.
And in these words speaks of the state he assumed. WARBURTON.

I do not see why *weal* is better than *wheel*. The story alluded
to I do not know; but perhaps the lady stolen by the steward was
reduced to *spin*. JOHNSON.

You must sing, Down a-down, &c.

O how the *wheel* becomes it!—] The *wheel* may mean
no more than *the burthen of the song*, which she had just repeated,
and as such was formerly used. I met with the following ob-
servation in an old quarto black letter book, published before the
time of Shakspeare.

“ The

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.

Laer.

“The song was accounted a good one, though it was not moche
graced by the *wheele*, which in no wise accorded with the subject
matter thereof.”

I quote this from memory, and from a book, of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date; but the passage was in a preface to some songs or sonnets. I well remember to have met with the word in the same sense in other old books.

Rota, however, as I am informed, is the ancient musical term in Latin, for the burden of a song.

The ballad, alluded to by Ophelia, is perhaps entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. “October 1580. Four ballades of the Lord of Lorn and the *False Steward*, &c.” STEEVENS.

O, how the wheel becomes it! I am inclined to think that *wheel* is here used in its ordinary sense, and that these words allude to the occupation of the girl who is supposed to sing the song quoted by Ophelia.—The following lines in Hall's *Virgimiarum*, 1597, appear to me to add some support to this interpretation:

“Some drunken rimer thinks his time well spent,
“If he can live to see his name in print;
“Who when he is once fished to the presse,
“And sees his handselle have such faire successe,
“Sung to the *wheele*, and sung unto the payle,
“He sends forth thraves of *ballads* to the sale.”

Our author likewise furnishes an authority to the same purpose. *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 4:

“———Come, the *song* we had last night:—
The *spinners* and the knitters in the sun
Do use to chaunt it.”

A musical antiquary may perhaps contend, that the controverted words of the text allude to an ancient instrument mentioned by Chaucer, and called by him a *rote*, by others a *vielle*; which was played upon by the friction of a *wheel*.

It is likewise enumerated with other instruments in the old metrical romance, called, *The Squire of low Degree*, bl. l.:

“Here was myrth and melodye,
“With harpe, getron and fautory,
“With *rote*, ribible, and clokarde,
“With pypes, organ, and bumbard.” MALONE.

[There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.] There is probably some mythology in the
S choice

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines⁴;
There's

choice of these herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Pansies* is for thoughts, because of its name, *Pensees*; but why *rosemary* indicates remembrance, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not discovered. JOHNSON.

So, in *All Fools*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1605:

“What flowers are these?—

“The *Pansie* this.

“O, that's for lovers' thoughts!”

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings, as appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, act iii. sc. 3.

And from another in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“—will I be wed this morning,

“Thou shalt not be there, nor once be graced

“With a piece of *rosemary*.”

Again, in the *Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634: “I meet few but are stuck with *rosemary*: every one asked me who was to be married.”

Again, in Green's *Never too late*, 1616: “—she hath given thee a nosegay of flowers, wherein as a top-gallant for all the rest, is set in *rosemary* for remembrance.”

Again, in *A Dialogue between Nature and the Phoenix*, by R. Chester, 1601:

“There's *rosemarie*, the Arabians justifye

“(Physitions of exceeding perfect skill)

“It comforteth the braine and *memorie*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *There's fennel for you, and columbines:*] Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel*, women's weeds: “fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens, they wish wantonly.”

Among *Turberville's Epitaphes*, &c. p. 42, b. I likewise find the following mention of *fennel*:

“Your *fennell* did declare

“ (As simple men can shoue)

“That flatterie in my breast I bare

“Where friendship ought to grow.”

I know not of what *columbines* were supposed to be emblematical. They are again mentioned in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605:

“What's that?—a *columbine*?

“No: that *thankless* flower grows not in my garden.”
Gerard,

'There's rue for you;—and here's some for me:—
we may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays:—⁶ you
may

Gerard, however, and other herbalists, impute few, if any, virtues to them; and they may therefore be styled *thankless*, because they appear to make no grateful return for their creation.

Again, in the 15th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“The columbine amongst, they sparingly do set.”

From the *Caltha Poetarum*, 1599, it should seem as if this flower was the emblem of cuckoldom:

“—the blew *cornuted* columbine,

“Like to the crooked horns of Acheloy.” STEEVENS.

Columbine was an emblem of cuckoldom, on account of the horns of its nectaria, which are remarkable in this plant. See *Aquilegia*, in Linnæus's *Genera*, 684. S. W.

5 *There's rue for you;—and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o'Sundays*] *Herb of grace* is the name the country people give to *rue*. And the reason is, because that herb was a principal ingredient in the potion which the Romish priests used to force the possessed to swallow down when they exorcised them. Now these exorcisms being performed generally on a Sunday, in the church before the whole congregation, is the reason why she says, we may call it *herb of grace o'Sundays*. Sandys tells us, that at Grand Cairo there is a species of *rue* much in request, with which the inhabitants perfume themselves, not only as a preservative against infection, but as very powerful against evil spirits. And the cabalistic Gaffarel pretends to have discovered the reason of its virtue, *La semence de rue est faicte comme une croix, et c'est par aventure la cause qu'elle a tant de vertu contre les possedez, et que l'Eglise s'en sert en les exorcisant*. It was on the same principle that the Greeks called *sulphur*, *θειον*, because of its use in their superstitious purgations by fire. Which too the Romish priests employ to fumigate in their exorcisms; and on that account hallow or consecrate it. WARBURTON.

There's rue for you; and here's some for me, &c.] I believe there is a quibble meant in this passage; *rue* anciently signifying the same as *Ruth*, i. e. sorrow. Ophelia gives the queen some, and keeps a proportion of it for herself. There is the same kind of play with the same word in *King Richard the Second*.

Herb of grace is one of the titles which *Tucca* gives to *William Rufus*, in *Decker's Satironastix*. I suppose the first syllable of the surname *Rufus* introduced the quibble.

In *Doctor Do-good's Directions*, an ancient ballad, is the same allusion:

“If a man have light fingers that he cannot charme,

“Which will pick men's pockets, and do such like
harne,

“He

may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets: but they wither'd all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,—

⁷ *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—*

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

⁸ *His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:*

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

God a' mercy on his soul!

And

“ He must be let blood, in a scarf weare his arme,

“ And drink the *herb grace* in a posset luke-warme.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ You may wear your rue *with a difference.*] This seems to refer to the rules of heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the same arms *with a difference*, or mark of distinction. So, in Holinshed's *Reign of King Richard II.* p. 443: “—because he was the youngest of the Spencers, he bare a border gules for a *difference.*”

There may, however, be somewhat more implied here than is expressed. *You, madam* (says Ophelia to the Queen), *may call your RUE by its Sunday name, HERB OF GRACE, and so wear it with a difference to distinguish it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely RUE, i. e. sorrow.* STEEVENS.

⁷ *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—*] This is part of an old song, mentioned likewise by Beaumont and Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, act iv. sc. 1:

“ — I can sing the broom,

“ And *Bonny Robin.*”

In the books of the Stationers' Company, 26 April, 1594, is entered “ A ballad, intituled, A doleful adewe to the last Erle of Darbie, to the tune of *Bonny sweet Robin.*” STEEVENS.

⁸ *His beard was as white as snow, &c.*] This, and several circumstances in the character of Ophelia, seem to have been ridiculed

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be
wi'you. [Exit Oph.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must be common with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King.

culed in *Eastward Ho*, a comedy written by Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, printed 1605, act iii:

“ His head as white as milk,
“ All flaxen was his hair;
“ But now he's dead,
“ And laid in his bed,
“ And never will come again.
“ God be at your labour!” STEEVENS.

9 God a' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls!] This is the common conclusion to many of the ancient monumental inscriptions. See Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 657, 658. Berthelette, the publisher of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554, speaking first of the funeral of Chaucer, and then of Gower, says, “—he lieth buried in the monasterie of Seynt Peter's at Westminster, &c. On whose soules and all christen, Jesu have mercie.” STEEVENS.

¹ —common—] Should not the king say, “Laertes, I must commune with your grief, &c.?” HENDERSON.

² No trophy, sword, or hatchment—] It was the custom, in the times of our author, to hang a sword over the grave of a knight.

JOHNSON.

King. So you shall ;
² And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
 I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Another Room.

Enter Horatio, with a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me ?

Serv. Sailors, fir ;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

I do not know from what part of the world
 I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God blefs you, fir.

Hor. Let him blefs thee too.

Sail. He shall, fir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, fir : it comes from the embassador that was bound for England ; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king ; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase :

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,] This practice is uniformly kept up to this day. Not only the sword, but the helmet gauntlet, spurs, and taburd (*i. e.* a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*) are hung over the grave of every knight.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

² *And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.]* We should read,

—let the great tax fall.

i. e. penalty, punishment. WARBURTON.

Fall corresponds better to *axe*. JOHNSON.

Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compell'd valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light³ for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E . VII.

Another Room.

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
 seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

³ —for the bore of the matter] The bore is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. The matter (says Hamlet) would carry heavier words. JOHNSON.

King. O, for two special reasons ;
 Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
 And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his
 mother,
 Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,
 (My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
 She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other motive,
 Why to a public count I might not go,
 Is, the great love⁴ the general gender bear him :
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
⁵ Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind⁶,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost ;
 A sister driven into desperate terms ;
 Whose worth, ⁷ if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections :—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that : you must
 not think,

⁴ — *the general gender*] The *common race* of the people.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Work, like the spring*—] This simile is neither very reason-
 able in the deep interest of this conversation, nor very accurately
 applied. If the *spring* had changed base metals to gold, the
 thought had been more proper. JOHNSON.

The folio, instead of—*work*, reads—*would*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *for so loud a wind*,] Thus the folio. One of the quartos
 reads—*for so lov'd, arm'd*. If these words have any meaning, it
 should seem to be—The instruments of offence I employ, would
 have proved too weak to injure one who is so *loved and arm'd* by
 the affection of the people. Their love, like *armour*, would re-
 vert the arrow to the bow. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *if praises may go back again*,] If I may praise what has
 been, but is now to be found no more. JOHNSON.

That

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,⁸
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more :
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself ;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now ? what news ?⁹

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet¹ :
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! Who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say : I saw them not ;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them².

King. Laertes, you shall hear them :
Leave us

[*Exit Mess.*]

*HIGH and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked
on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to
see your kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your
pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and
more strange return.* Hamlet.

What should this mean ? Are all the rest come back ?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone* :
Can you advise me ?

⁸ *That we can let our beard be shook with danger,*] It is wonderful that none of the advocates for the learning of Shakspeare have told us that this line is imitated from Persius, Sat. 2 :

“ *Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam*

“ *Jupiter ?*” STEEVENS.

⁹ *How now ? &c.*] Omitted in the quartos. THEOBALD.

¹ *Letters, &c.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

² *Of him that brought them.*] I have restored this hemistich from the quartos. STEEVENS.

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
turn'd,—

³ As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. ⁴ My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,

³ *As liking not his voyage,—*] The folio,
As checking at his voyage.

Checking is, I think, the best reading. The phrase is from falconry; and may be justified from the following passage in *Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: “—For who knows not, quoth she, that this hawk, which comes now so fair to the fist, may to-morrow *check* at the lure?”

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

“But as the hawke, to gad which knowes the way,
“Will hardly leave to *checke* at carren crowes, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Laer.*] The next sixteen lines are omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
⁵ Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
 Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears,
 Than settled age his fables, and his weeds,
⁶ Importing health, and graveness.—Two months
 since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
 I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
 And they ⁶ can well on horseback : but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his feat ;
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
 With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought,
 'That I, ⁷ in forgery of shapes and tricks,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch, indeed,
 And-gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;

⁵ *Of the unworthiest siege.*] Of the lowest rank. *Siege*, for *seat*,
place. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello* : “ — I fetch my birth

“ From men of royal *siege*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Importing health and graveness.*—] But a warm furr'd gown
 rather implies sickness than *health*. Shakspeare wrote,

Importing wealth and graveness.—

i. e. that the wearers are rich burghers and magistrates.

WARBURTON.

Importing here may be, not *inferring* by logical-consequence,
 but *producing* by physical effect. A young man regards show in
 his dress, an old man, *health*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Can.*] The folio reads *ran*. HENDERSON.

⁷ — *in forgery of shapes and tricks.*] I could not contrive so
 many proofs of dexterity as he could perform. JOHNSON.

And gave you such a masterly report,
 For art and exercise⁸ in your defence,
 And for your rapier most especial,
 That he cried out, 'Twould be a fight indeed,
 If one could match you :⁹ the scrimers of their
 nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you oppos'd them : Sir, this report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
 Now out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your
 father ;

But that I know, ' love is begun by time ;
 And that I see, ² in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 There lives ³ within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;
 And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill ;

⁸ —*in your defence,*] That is, in the *science of* defence.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *the scrimers*—] The *fencers*. JOHNSON.

This passage is not in the folio. STEEVENS.

¹ —*love is begun by time ;*] This is obscure. The meaning may be, *love* is not innate in us, and co-essential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from some external cause, and being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution. JOHNSON.

² —*passages of proof,*] In transactions of daily experience.

JOHNSON.

³ *There lives, &c.*] The next ten lines are not in the folio.

STEEVENS.

4 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
 Dies in his own too much : That we would do,
 We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
 5 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh

4 *For goodness, growing to a pleurisy*] I would believe, for the honour of Shakspeare, that he wrote *pletbory*. But I observe the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulness of blood a *pleurisy*, as if it came, not from $\omega\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\acute{\iota}$, but from *plus pluris*.

WARBURTON.

I think the word should be spelt—*plurisy*. This passage is fully explained by one in Mascall's treatise on Cattle, 1662. p. 187. "Against the blood, or *plurisie* of blood. The disease of blood is, some young horses will feed, and being fat will *increase* blood, and so *grow to a plurisie*, and *die* thereof if he have not help." TOLLET.

5 *And then this should is like a spendthrift's sigh*

That burts by casting —] This nonsense should be read thus

And then this should is like a spendthrift's sign

That burts by casting ; —

i. e. though a spendthrift's entering into bonds or mortgages gives him a present relief from his straits, yet it ends in much greater distresses. The application is, If you neglect a fair opportunity now, when it may be done with ease and safety, time may throw so many difficulties in your way, that, in order to surmount them, you must put your whole fortune into hazard.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is so ingenious, that it can hardly be opposed, but with the same reluctance as the bow is drawn against a hero whose virtues the archer holds in veneration. Here may be applied what Voltaire writes to the empress :

Le genereux François——

Te combat et t'admire.

Yet this emendation, however specious, is mistaken. The original reading is, not a *spendthrift's sigh*, but a *spendthrift sigh* ; a *sigh* that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that *sighs* impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers. JOHNSON.

Hence Shakspeare, in *K. Henry VI.* calls them

"—blood-consuming *sighs*,"

The idea is enlarged upon in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579 :
 "Why slaye you not in tyme the source of your scorching *sighs*, that have already drayned your body of his wholesome humoures, appointed by nature to give sucke to the entrals and inward partes of you ?" MALONE.

That

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To shew yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctua-
rize :

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laer-
tes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame

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

And wager o'er your heads: 'he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

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

Laer.

‘— *he being remiss,*] He being not vigilant or cautious.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *A sword unbated,*—] *i. e.* not blunted as foils are. Or, as one edition has it, *embated* or *envenomed*. POPE.

There is no such reading as *embated* in any edition. In Sir Thomas North's Translation of Plutarch, is said of one of the *Metelli*, that “he shewed the people the cruel fight of fencers at *unrebated* swords.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *a pass of practice,*] Practice is often by Shakspeare, and other writers, taken for an *insidious stratagem*, or *privy treason*, a sense not incongruous to this passage, where yet I rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a *thrust for exercise*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

“I pray God there be no *practice* in this change.”

Again, “—the man is like to die:

“*Practice*, by th' mass, *practice* by the, &c—

“*Practice* by the Lord, *practice*, I see it clear.”

Again, more appositely in our author's *Twelfth Night*, act v. sc. ult.

This

Laer. I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point
With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death⁹.

King. Let's further think of this ;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
¹ May fit us to our shape : If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad perform-
ance,

² Twere better not assay'd ; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should ³ blast in proof. Soft ; — let me see :
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings, —
I ha't :

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, ² I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice

“ This *practice* hath most shrewdly *pass'd* upon thee.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ It is a matter of surprise that no one of Shakspeare's numerous and able commentators has remarked with proper warmth and detestation, the villainous-*assassin* like treachery of Laertes in this horrid plot. There is the more occasion that he should be here pointed out an object of abhorrence, as he is a character we are, in some preceding parts of the play, led to respect and admire. REMARKS.

¹ *May fit us to our shape : —*] *May enable us to assume proper characters, and to act our part.* JOHNSON.

² *—blast in proof.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from a mine, which, in the proof or execution, sometimes breaks out with an ineffectual *blast*. JOHNSON.

The word *proof* shews the metaphor to be taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often *blast* or *burst* in the *proof*. STEEVENS.

³ *— I'll have prepar'd him*] Thus the folio. The quartos read,
I'll

A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
 3 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen ?

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

Laer. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
 That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
 Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, 7 and long purples,
 That

I'll have *prefer'd* him. STEEVENS.

3 *If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,*] For *stuck*, read *stuck*, a common name for a rapier. BLACKSTONE.

Stuck may yet be right. So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606 : “Ay, here's a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly *stucke* in his pen.” Again in our author's *Twelfth Night* : “And he gives me the *stuck* with such a mortal motion——.” The quarto of 1637, however, has the reading proposed by sir William Blackstone. MALONE.

4—*But stay, what noise ?*] I have recovered this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

5 *One woe doth tread upon another's heel,*] A similar thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir

“That may succeed as his inheritor.” STEEVENS.

6—*ascaunt the brook,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *astant*. *Ascaunce* is interpreted in the Glossary to Chaucer.—*af-kew, aside, sideways*. STEEVENS.

7—*and long purples,*] By *long purple* is meant a plant, the modern botanical name of which is *orchis morio mas*, anciently *testiculus morionis*. The *grosser name* by which it passes, is sufficiently known in many parts of England, and particularly in the county where Shakspeare lived. Thus far Mr. Warner. Mr. Collins adds, that in Suffex it is still called *dead men's hands* ; and that in Lyte's Herbal, 1578, its various names, too gross for repetition, are preserved.

Dead men's thumbs are mentioned in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The Deceased Maiden Lover* :

“They

That liberal^s shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
 There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious fliver broke;
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her cloaths spread
 wide;

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
 Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indu'd
 Unto that element: but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
 It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,

“ Then round the meadows did she walke
 “ Catching each flower by the stalke,
 “ Such as within the meadows grew
 “ As *dead mans thumbe* and hare-bell blew.”

^s —*liberal,*] *licentious.* See vol. I. 198. II. 347, 539. III. 174. EDITOR.

⁹ *Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;*] Fletcher, in his *Scornful Lady*, very invidiously ridicules this incident;

“ I will run mad first, and if that get not pity,
 “ I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty.”

WARBURTON.

The quartos read—“snatches of old *lauds,*” i. e. *hymns.*

STEEVENS.

¹ *As one incapable of her own distress,*] As one having no understanding or knowledge of her danger. See a former note on the words—

“ ————— preaching to stones,
 “ Would make them *capable.* MALONE.

² The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire ; that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude :
How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
Therefore, let's follow. [Exeunt.

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

A Church-yard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

¹ Clown. Is she to be bury'd in christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

² Clown. I tell thee, she is ; therefore, ³ make her

² *The woman will be out.*] i. e. tears will flow. So, in another of our author's plays :

“ And all *the woman* came into my eyes.” MALONE.

²—*make her grave straight* :] Make her grave from east to west in a direct line parallel to the church ; not from north to south, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant.

JOHNSON.

I cannot think that this means any more than *make her grave immediately*. She is to be buried in *christian burial*, and consequently the grave is to be made as usual. My interpretation may be justified from the following passages in *K. Henry V.* and the play before us : “ — We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen who live by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house. *Straight.*”

Again, in *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4 :

Pol. He will come *straight*.

Again, in the *Lover's Progress*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ *Lis.* Do you fight *straight* ?

“ *Clar.* Yes presently.”

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :

“ — we'll come and dress you *straight.*”

Again, in *Othello* :

“ Farewell, my Desdemona, I will come to thee *straight.*”

STEEVENS.

grave

grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Clown*. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2 *Clown*. Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown*. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For, here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 *Clown*. Nay, but here you, Goodman delver.

1 *Clown*. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown*. But is this law?

1 *Clown*. Ay, marry is't; ⁵ crowner's-quest law.

⁴ — *an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform.*] Ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction; and of distinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

⁵ — *crowner's quest-law.*] I strongly suspect that this is a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his commentaries, as determined in 3 Eliz.

It seems her husband sir James Hales had drowned himself in a river, and the question was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a lease from the dean and chapter of Canterbury, which he was possessed of, did not accrue to the crown; an inquisition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de se*. The legal and logical subtilties, arising in the course of the argument of this case, gave a very fair opportunity for a sneer at *crowner's quest-law*. The expression, a little before, that *an act hath three branches*, &c. is so pointed an allusion to the case I mention, that I cannot doubt but that Shakspeare was acquainted with, and meant to laugh at it.

It may be added, that on this occasion a great deal of subtilty was used, to ascertain whether sir James was the *agent* or the *patient*; or, in other words, whether *he went to the water, or the water came to him*. The cause of sir James's madness was the circumstance of his having been the judge who condemned *lady Jane Gray*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

2 *Clown*.

2 Clown. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been bury'd out of christian burial.

1 Clown. Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity; that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian. Come; my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and gravemakers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clown. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.

3 2 Clown. Why, he had none.

1 Clown. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digg'd; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 Clown. Go to.

1 Clown. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clown. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2—their even christian.] So all the old books, and rightly. An old English expression for fellow-christian. THIRLBY.

So, in Chaucer's *Jack Upland*: "If freres cannot or mow not excuse 'hem of these questions asked of 'hem, it semeth that they be horrible giltie againt God, and *ther even Christian*; &c."

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 102:

"Of beautie lighe he never hir *even*."

Again, Chaucer's *Persones Tale*: "—of his neighbour, that is to sayn, of his *even cristen*, &c." STEEVENS.

3 2 Clown.] This speech, and the next as far as—*without arms*, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

2 Clown.

2. *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* ⁴ Ay tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet, and Horatio, at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull afs will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last 'till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 *Clowns*]

He digs, and sings.

⁵ *In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet;
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my believe
O, methought, there was ⁶ nothing meet.*

Ham.

⁴ *Ay, tell me that and unyoke.*] If it be not sufficient to say, with Dr. Warburton, that this phrase might be taken from husbandry, without much depth of reading, we may produce it from a dittie of the workmen of Dover; preserved in the additions to *Boisshet*, p. 1546.

“ My bow is broke, I would *unyoke*,

“ My foot is sore, I can work no more.” FARMER.

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, at the end of Song I.

“ Here I'll *unyoke* a while and turne my steeds to meet.”

Again, in P. Holland's Translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* p. 593:

“ in the evening, and when thou dost *unyoke*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *In youth when I did love, &c.*] The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger; are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called *The aged Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard earl of Surry, who flourished in the reign of king Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a strained accusation of treason. THEOBALD.

⁶ — *nothing meet.* Hanmer reads.

— *nothing so meet.* JOHNSON:

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

*But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of ^s a politician, which

The original poem from which this stanza is taken; like the other succeeding ones, is preserved among lord Surrey's poems; though, as Dr. Percy has observed, it is attributed to lord Vaux by George Gascoigne. See an epistle prefixed to one of his poems, printed with the rest of his works, 1575. By others it is supposed to have been written by sir Thomas Wyatt.

" I lothe that I did love ;

" In youth that I thought sweet :

" As time requires for my bebove,

" Methinks they are not mete."

All these difficulties however (says the Rev. Thomas Warton, *Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. II. 45.) are at once adjusted by MS. Harl. 1703, 25. in the British Museum, in which we have a copy of Vaux's poem, beginning *I lothe that I did love*, with the title "A dyttye or sonnet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, representing the image of death."

The entire song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

[*As if I had never been such.*] Thus in the original.

" For age with stealing steps

" Hath claude me with his crowsch ;

" And lusty youthe away he leaves,

" As there had bene none such." STEEVENS.

^s — a politician — one that would circumvent God ;] This character is finely touched. Our great historian has well explained

which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

it in an example, where, speaking of the death of cardinal Mazarine, at the time of the Restoration, he says; "The cardinal was probably struck with the wonder, if not the agony of that undream'd-of prosperity of our king's affairs: as if he had taken it ill, and laid it to heart, that God Almighty would bring such a work to pass in Europe without his concurrence, and even against all his machinations." *History of Rebellion*, book 76. WARBURTON:

— *which this ass o'er-offices; —*] The meaning is this. People in office, at that time were so over-bearing, that Shakspeare, speaking of insolence at the height, calls it, *Insolence in office*. And Donne says,

"Who is he,

"Who officers' rage and suitors' misery

"Can write in jest." — Sat.

Alluding to this character of ministers and politicians, the speaker observes, that this insolent officer is now *o'er-officer'd* by the sexton, who knocking his scull about with his spade, appears to be as insolent in his office as they were in theirs: This is said with much humour. WARBURTON.

In the quarto, for *over-offices* is, *over-reaches*; which agrees better with the sentence: it is a strong exaggeration to remark, that an *ass* can *over-reach* him who would once have tried to *circumvent*.—I believe both these words were Shakspeare's. An author in revising his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new observations have produced new sentiments, easily introduces images which have been more newly impressed upon him, without observing their want of congruity to the general texture of his original design. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*o'er-offices*. STEEVENS:

^s *This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it;*] So, in *Timon of Athens*; act i:

"—my lord you gave

"Good words the other day of a bay courser

"I rode on; it is yours, because you lik'd it." STEEVENS.

Ham. Why, e'en so : ² and now my lady worm's; chaplefs, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's fpade : Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to fee't. Did thefe bones coft no more the breeding, but to ³ play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

² — *and now my lady worm's ;*] The fcul that was *my lord Such-a-one's* is now *my lady Worm's*. JOHNSON.

³ — *play at loggats—*] A play, in which pins are fet up to be beaten down with a bowl. JOHNSON.

— *to play at loggats with 'em ?—*] This is a game played in feveral parts of England even at this time. A ftake is fixed into the ground ; thofe who play, throw *loggats* at it, and he that is neareft the ftake, wins : I have feen it played in different counties at their fheep-fheering feafts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards prefented to the farmer's maid to fpin for the purpofe of making a petticoat, and on condition ſhe knelt down on the fleece to be killed by all the rufticks prefent.

So Ben Jonfon, *Tale of a Tub*, act iv. fc. 6 :

“ Now are they toſſing his legs and arms,
“ Like *loggats* at a pear-tree.”

So in an old collection of epigrams, fatires, &c.

“ To play at *loggats*, nine holes, or ten pinnes.”

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612 :

“ — two hundred crowns !

“ I've loſt as much at *loggats*.”

It is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the ftatute of 33 of Hen. VIII. STEEVENS.

A *loggat*-ground like a skittle-ground is ftrowed with afhes, but is more extenſive ; a bowl much larger than the jack at the game of bowls is thrown firſt. The pins, which I believe, are called *loggats*, are much thinner, and higher at one extremity than the other. The bowl being firſt thrown, the players take the pins up by the thinner and lighter end, and fling them towards the bowl, and in ſuch a manner that the pin my turn once round in the air, and ſlide with the thinner extremity foremoſt towards the bowl. The pins are about one or two-and twenty inches long. BLOUNT.

⁴ *For ſuch a gueſt is meet.*] Thus in the original.

“ A picke-axe and a fpade,

“ And eke a ſhrowding ſheet ;

“ A houſe of clay for to be made,

“ For ſuch a gueſt moſt meet.” STEEVENS.

Clown.

Clown sings.

*A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrowding sheet :
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet *.*

Ham. There's another : Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddits ⁵ now, his quilletts, his cafes, his tenures, and his tricks ? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce ⁶ with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Hum ! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries : Is this the fine of his fines -, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box ; and must the inheritor himself have no more ? ha ?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that ⁸. I will speak to this fellow :—
Whose grave's this, firrah ?

Clown.

⁵ *Quiddits, &c.]* i. e. subtilties. So, in *Soliman and Perseda* ;

“ I am wise, but *quiddits* will not answer death.”

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ Nay, good Sir Throat, forbear your *quillits* now.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *the sconce]* i. e. the head. See vol. ii. p. 181.

STEEVENS

⁷ *Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,]*

Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *assurance in that.]* A quibble is intended. Deeds, which

Clown. Mine, fir.—

*O, a pit of clay for to be made—
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed ; for thou ly'st in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, fir, and therefore it is not yours : for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine : 'tis for the dead, not for the quick ; therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, fir ; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for ?

Clown. For no man, fir.

Ham. What woman then ?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't ?

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

Ham. How absolute the knave is ! we must speak ⁹by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it ; ¹the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the

are usually written on parchment, are called the common *assurances* of the kingdom. MALONE.

⁹ — *by the card,*—] The *card* is the paper on which the different points of the compass were described. *To do any thing by the card, is, to do it with nice observation.* JOHNSON.

The *card* is a *sea-chart*, still so termed by mariners : and the word is afterwards used by Osrick in the same sense. Hamlet's meaning will therefore be, we must speak *directly forward, in a straight line*, plainly to the point. REMARKS.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ And the very ports they blow, &c.

“ On the shipman's *card*.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *the age is grown so picked.*—] So *smart, so sharp*, says Hanmer, very properly ; but there was, I think, about that time, a *picked shoe*, that is, a *shoe with a long pointed toe*, in fashion, to which

the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; It was that very day² that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

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

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

Ham. Why?

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

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

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

which the allusion seems likewise to be made. *Every man now is smart; and every man now is a man of fashion.* JOHNSON.

This fashion of wearing shoes with long pointed toes was carried to such excess in England, that it was restrained at last by proclamation so long ago as the fifth year of Edward IV. when it was ordered, “that the beaks or pykes of shoes and boots should not pass two inches, upon pain of cursing by the clergy, and forfeiting twenty shillings, to be paid one noble to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, and the third to the chamber of London;—and for other countries and towns the like order was taken.—Before this time, and since the year 1382, the pykes of shoes and boots were of such length, that they were fain to be tied up to the knee with chains of silver, and gilt, or at least with silken laces.” STEEVENS.

² — *that young Hamlet was born.*] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a *very young man*, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. to the university of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the first.

BLACKSTONE.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

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

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

Clown. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corfes now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year : a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another ?

Clown. Why, fir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a fore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Clown. A whoreson mad.fellow's it was ; Whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, fir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This ?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite-chapfallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber³, and tell

³ *my lady's chamber,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*my lady's table*, meaning, I suppose, her *dressing-table*.

her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that,—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander, look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to confider too curiously, to confider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the ⁴ winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft, aside;—Here comes the king,

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, the corpse of Ophelia, with Lords and Priests attending.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such ⁵ maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand

⁴ — *winter's flaw!*] Winter's *blast*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ — no doubt this stormy *flaw*,

“ That Neptune sent to cast us on this shore.”

The quartos read—to expel the *water's* flaw. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *maimed rites!*] Imperfect obsequies. JOHNSON.

For do its own life ⁶. 'Twas of ⁷ some estate ;
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth : Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

⁸ *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrant ⁹: Her death was doubtful ;
And, but that great command o'erflows the order,
She should in ground un sanctify'd have lodg'd
'Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her :
Yet here she is ' allow'd her virgin crants,

Her

⁶ *For do its own life.*] To *for do*, is to undo, to destroy. So, in *Othello* :

“ ——— this is the night

“ That either makes me or *for do*s me quite.”

Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529 : “ — wolde to God it might be lesful for me to *for doo* myself, or to make an ende of me !” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *some estate* :] Some person of high rank. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Priest.*] This *Priest* in the old quarto is called *Doctor*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warrant.] Is there any allusion here to the coroner's warrant, directed to the minister and church-wardens of a parish, and permitting the body of a person, who comes to an untimely end, to receive Christian burial ? WHALLEY.

¹ — *allow'd her virgin rites,*] The old quarto reads *virgin crants*, evidently corrupted from *chants*, which is the true word. A *specific* rather than a *generic* term being here required to answer to *maiden struments*. WARBURTON.

I have been informed by an anonymous correspondent, that *crants* is the German word for *garlands*, and I suppose it was retained by us from the Saxons. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is still the practice in rural parishes.

Crants therefore was the original word, which the author, discovering it to be provincial, and perhaps not understood, changed to a term more intelligible, but less proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definite image. He might have put *maiden wreaths*, or *maiden garlands*, but he perhaps bestowed no thought upon it,
and

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 2 Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done ;
 We should profane the service of the dead,
 3 To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;—
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring !—I tell thee churlish priest,
 A ministring angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweet to the sweet : Farewel !

[*Scattering flowers.*

I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife ;
 I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth a while,
 'Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[*Laertes leaps into the grave.*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ;
 'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
 To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

and neither genius nor practice will always supply a hasty writer
 with the most proper diction. JOHNSON.

In Minthew's *Dictionary*, see *Beade*, where *roosen krants* means
sertum rosarium ; and such is the name of a character in this play.

TOLLET.

² *Of bell and burial.*] *Burial*, here, signifies interment in con-
 secrated ground. WARBURTON.

³ *To sing a Requiem.*] A *Requiem* is a mass performed in
 Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased. The
 solio reads—*ting sage requiem*. STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. [*advancing*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures thè wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not iplenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

⁴ *All.* Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

¹ *King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thyself?

² Woo't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll

⁴ *All, &c.*] This is restored from the quartos, STEEVENS.

² *Woo't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?*] This word has through all the editions been distinguished by Italick characters, as if it were the proper name of some river; and so, I dare say, all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in Denmark; and there is none there so called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of but *Yffel*, from which the province of Overysel derives its title
in

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine ?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave ?

Be

in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be : but he rather seems to mean, Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature ; and, behold, I am as resolute. I am persuaded the poet wrote :

Wilt drink up Eifel ? eat a crocodile ?

i. e. Wilt thou swallow down large draughts of *vinegar* ? The proposition, indeed, is not very grand : but the doing it might be as distasteful and unfavoury as eating the flesh of a *crocodile*. And now there is neither an impossibility, nor an anticlimax : and the lowness of the idea is in some measure removed by the uncommon term. THEOBALD.

Hammer has,

Wilt drink up Nile ? or eat a crocodile ?

Hamlet certainly meant (for he says he will rant) to dare Laertes to attempt any thing, however difficult or unnatural ; and might safely promise to follow the example his antagonist was to set, in draining the channel of a river, or trying his teeth on an animal, whose scales are supposed to be impenetrable. Had Shakspeare meant to make Hamlet say—*Wilt thou drink vinegar ?* he probably would not have used the term *drink up* ; which means, *totally to exhaust* ; neither is that challenge very magnificent, which only provokes an adversary to hazard a fit of the heart burn or the colic.

The commentator's *Yffel* would serve Hamlet's turn or mine. This river is twice mentioned by Stowe, p. 735. "It standeth a good distance from the river *Iffel*, but hath a sponce on *Iffel* of incredible strength."

Again, by Drayton, in the 24th Song of his *Polyolbion* :

"The one *O'er Iffel's* banks the ancient Saxons taught ;

"At *Over Iffel* rest, the other did apply :"

And, in *K. Richard II.* a thought in part the same, occurs, act ii. sc. 2 : "— the task he undertakes

"Is numb'ring sands, and *drinking oceans dry.*"

But in an old Latin account of Denmark and the neighbouring provinces, I find the names of several rivers little differing from *Ejfel*, or *Eisell*, in spelling or pronunciation. Such are the *Ejfa*, the *Oesil*, and some others. The word, like many more, may indeed be irrecoverably corrupted ; but, I must add, that no authors later than Chaucer or Skelton make use of *eyfel* for *vinegar* : nor has Shakspeare employed it in any other of his plays. The poet might have written the *Weisel*, a considerable river which falls into the Baltic ocean, and could not be unknown to any prince

Be buried quick with her, and so will I :
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us ; 'till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

³ *Queen.* This is mere madness :
 And thus a while the fit will work on him ;
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 + When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir ;
 What is the reason that you use me thus ?
 I lov'd you ever : But it is no matter ;

prince of Denmark. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens appears to have forgot our author's 111th sonnet :

“ I will drinke
 “ Potions of *Eysell.*”

I believe it has not been observed that many of these sonnets are
 addressed to his beloved nephew *William Harte.* FARMER.

I have since observed, that *Mandeville* has the same word.

STEEVENS.

³ *Queen.*) This speech in the 1st, and 2d, folio is given to the
 king. MALONE.

⁴ When *that her golden couplets*—] We should read, *E'er that*—
 for it is the patience of birds, during the time of incubation,
 that is here spoken of. The pigeon generally sits upon two eggs ;
 and her young, when first disclosed, are covered with a yellow
 down. WARBURTON.

Perhaps it should be,

Here yet ———

Let and *that* are easily confounded. JOHNSON.

To *disclose* was anciently used for to *hatch.* So, in the *Booke
 of Huntynge, Hawkynge, Fyshynge, &c.* bl. 1. no date : “ First they
 ben egges ; and after they ben *disclosed,* haukes ; and commonly
 goshaukes ben *disclosed* as sone as the choughes.” To *exclude* is
 the technical term at present. I believe neither commentator
 has rightly explained this image. During three days after the
 pigeon has *hatched* her *couplets* (for she lays no more than two
 eggs.) she never quits her nest, except for a few moments in
 quest of a little food for herself ; as all her young require in that
 early state, is to be kept warm, an office which she never en-
 trusts to the male. STEEVENS.

Let

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit Hor.*

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech ;
[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument :

An hour of quiet shortly^s shall we see ;

'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A hall in the palace.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

^o *Ham.* So much for this, fir : now shall you see
the other ;—

You

^s —*shortly*] The second and third quartos read, *thereby*. Perhaps rightly. STEEVENS.

^o *Ham.* *So much for this fir, &c.*] *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. furnished our author with the scheme of sending the prince to England, and with most of the circumstances described in this scene :

(After the death of Polonius) “Fengon (the king in the present play) could not content himselfe, but still his mind gave him that the foole (Hamlet) would play him some trick of legerdemaine. And in that conceir, seeking to bee rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it by the aid of a stranger, making the king of England minister of his massacrous resolution ; to whom he purposed to send him, and by letters desire him to put him to death.

“ Now, to bear him company, were assigned two of Fengon's faithful ministers, bearing letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlet's death, in such sort as he had advertised the king of England. But the subtil Danish prince (being at sea), whilst his companions slept, having read the letters, and knowing his uncle's great treason, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to the slaughter, raced out the letters

You do remember all the circumstance ?

Hor. Remember it, my lord !

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

ters that concerned his death, and instead thereof graved others, with commission to the king of England to hang his two companions ; and not content to turn the death they had devised against him, upon their own necks, wrote further, that king Fengon willed him to give his daughter to Hamlet in marriage." *Hyst. of Ham.* fig. G 2.

From this narrative it appears that the faithful ministers of Fengon were not unacquainted with the import of the letters they bore. Shakspeare, who has followed the story pretty closely, probably meant to describe their representatives, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as equally guilty ; as confederating with the king to deprive Hamlet of his life. So that his procuring their execution, though certainly not absolutely necessary to his own safety, does not appear to have been a wanton and unprovoked cruelty, as Mr. Steevens has supposed in his very ingenious observations on the general character and conduct of the prince throughout this piece.

In the conclusion of his drama the poet has entirely deviated from the fabulous history, which in other places he has frequently followed.

After Hamlet's arrival in England (for no sea-fight is mentioned), "the king (says *The History of Hamlet*) admiring the young prince——gave him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfeit letters by him devised ; and the next day caused the two servants of Fengon to be executed, to satisfy as he thought the king's desire." *Hyst. of Ham.* Ibid.

Hamlet, however, returned to Denmark, without marrying the king of England's daughter, who, it should seem, had only been betrothed to him. When he arrived in his native country, he made the courtiers drunk, and having burnt them to death, by setting fire to the banqueting-room wherein they sat, he went into Fengon's chamber, and killed him, "giving him (says the relater) such a violent blowe upon the chine of the necke, that he cut his head clean from the shoulders." Ibid. fig. F 3.

He is afterwards said to have been crowned king of Denmark. I shall only add that this tremendous stroke might have been alleged by the advocates for Dr. Warburton's alteration of *nape* into *nape*, in a contested passage in the first act of *Macbeth*, if the original reading had not been established beyond a doubt by Mr. Steevens, in his note, p. 358.

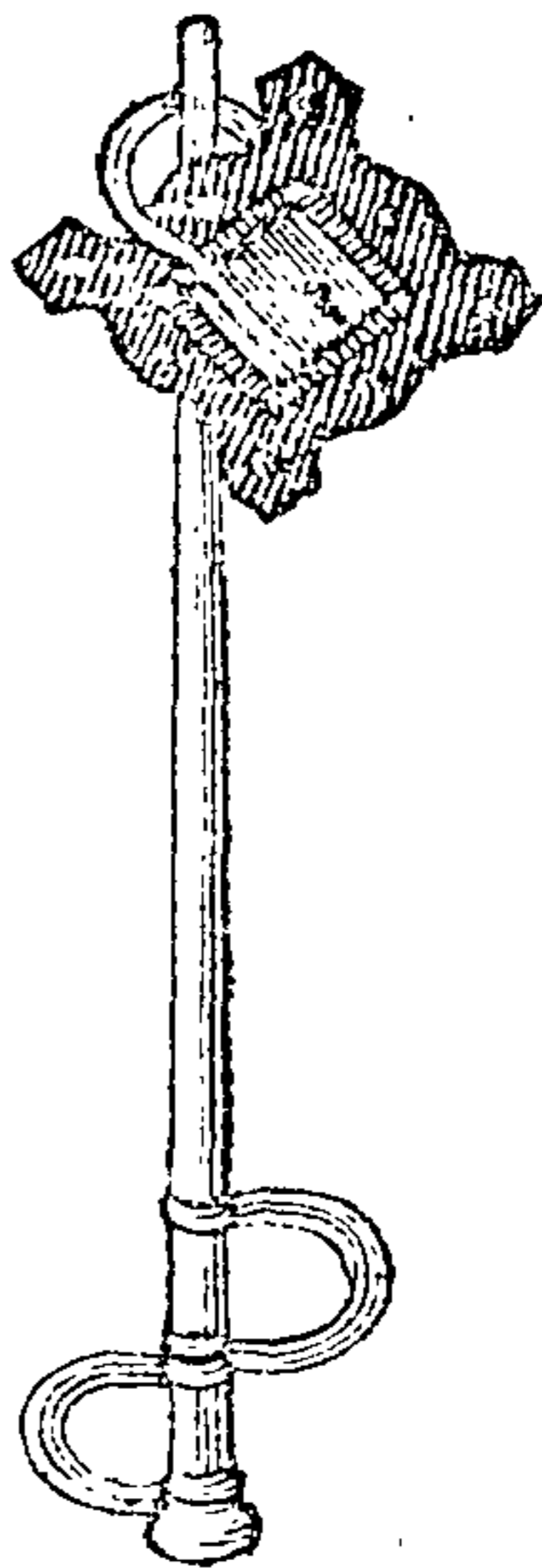
MALONE:

That

That would not let me sleep ; methought, I lay
 Worse than the ^s mutines in the bilboes. ^o Rashly,
 And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know,
 Our

^s — mutines in the bilboes.] *Mutines*, the French word for fe-
 ditious or disobedient fellows in the army or fleet. *Bilboes* the
ship's prison. JOHNSON.

The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters an-
 nexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly
 sailors were anciently linked together. The
 word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain
 where instruments of steel were fabricated in
 the utmost perfection. To understand Shak-
 speare's allusion completely, it should be
 known, that as these fetters connect the legs
 of the offenders very close together, their at-
 tempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of
 Hamlet, in whose mind *there was a kind of*
fighting that would not let him sleep. Every
 motion of one must disturb his partner in con-
 finement. The *bilboes* are still shewn in the
 Tower of London, among the other spoils of
 the Spanish Armada. The following is the
 figure of them. STEEVENS.



^o ——— *Rashly,*
And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When, &c.] The sense in this reading is, *Our rashness lets us*
know that our indiscretion serves us well, when, &c. But this
 could never be Shakspeare's sense. We should read and point
 thus :

——— *Rashness*
(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know ;
Or indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When, &c.] i. e. *Rashness* acquaints us with what we can-
 not penetrate to by plots. WARBURTON.

Both my copies read,

——— *Rashly,*
And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know.

Our indiscretion sometime serves us well,
 6 When our deep plots do fail : and that should
 teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
 My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
 Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;
 Finger'd my packet ; and, in fine, withdrew
 To mine own room again : making so bold,
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal

Hamlet, delivering an account of his escape, begins with saying. That he *rashly*——and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I rashly——praised be rashness for it——*Let us* not think these events casual, but *let us know*, that is, *take notice and remember*, that we sometimes succeed by *indiscretion*, when we *fail* by *deep plots*, and infer the perpetual superintendance and *agency* of the *Divinity*. The observation is just, and will be allowed by every human being who shall reflect on the course of his own life. JOHNSON.

This passage, I think, should be thus distributed.——Rashly
 (And prais'd be rashness, for it lets us know,
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do fail ; and that should teach us,
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough hew them how we will ;—

Hor. That is most certain.—)

Ham. Up from my cabin, &c.] So that *rashly* may be joined in construction with *in the dark grop'd I to find out them*.

TYRWHITT.

6 *When our deep plots do fail :*] The folio reads—When our *dear* plots do *paule*. MALONE.

7 *There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.*] Dr. Farmer informs me, that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only *assist* him in making them ; “—— he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*.” Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspeare's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such a term. I have seen packages of wool pinn'd up with *skewers*.

STEEVENS.

Their

Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
 A royal knavery; an exact command,—
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
 'With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
 That, on the supervize, ' no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more
 leisure

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay 'beseech you.

Ham. ' Being thus benetted round with villanies,
 Ere

^s *With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life;]* With such
 causes of terror, rising from my character and designs.

JOHNSON.

A *bug* was no less a terrific being than a goblin. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 3:

“As ghastly *bug* their haire on end does reare.”

We call it at present a *bugbear*. STEEVENS.

^s—no leisure bated,] *Bated*, for *allowed*. To *abate*, signifies to *deduct*; this deduction, when applied to the person in whose favour it is made, is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of using *bated* for *allowed*. WARBURTON.

¹ *Being thus benetted round with villains,
 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play:—]* The second line is nonsense. The whole should be read thus:

*Being thus benetted round with villains,
 Ere I could mark the prologue to my bane,
 They had begun the play.*

i. e. they begun to *act*, to my destruction, before I knew there was a *play* towards. *Ere I could mark the prologue*. For it appears by what he says of his *foreboding*, that it was that only, and not any apparent mark of villainy, which set him upon *finger*ing their packet. *Ere I could make the prologue*, is absurd: both, as he had no thoughts of playing them a trick till they had played him one; and because his *counterplot* could not be called a *prologue* to their *plot*. WARBURTON.

In my opinion no alteration is necessary. Hamlet is telling
 K k a how

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play ; I fat me down ;
 Devis'd a new commiffion ; wrote it fair :
 I once did hold it, ' as our ftatifts do,
 A bafenefs to write fair, and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning ; but, fir, now
 It did me ² yeoman's fervice : Wilt thou know
 The effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
 As England was his faithful tributary ;
 As love between them like the palm might flourish,
³ As peace fhould ftill her wheaten garland wear,
 And

how luckily every thing fell out ; he groped out their commiffion in the dark without waking them ; he found himfelf doomed to immediate deftruction. Something was to be done for his prefervation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the comparison of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of confequences, but before he *could make a prologue to his brains, they had begun the play.* Before he could fummon his faculties, and propofe to himfelf what fhould be done, a complete fcheme of action prefented itfelf to him. His mind operated before he had excited it. This appears to me to be the meaning.

JOHNSON.

¹ —*as our ftatifts do,*] A *ftatift* is a *ftatesman*. So, in Shirley's *Humorous Courtier*, '640 :

“ —that he is wife, a *ftatift*.”

Again, in Ben Jonfon's *Magnetic Lady* :

“ Will fcrew you out a fecret from a *ftatift*.”

STEEVENS.

Most of the great men of Shakspeare's times, whose autographs have been preferved, wrote very bad hands ; their fecretaries very neat ones. BLACKSTONE.

² —*yeoman's fervice :*] The meaning, I believe, is, *This yeomanly qualification was a moft ufeul fervant, or yeomen, to me ; i. e. did me eminent fervice.* “ The ancient *yeomen* were famous for their military valour. Thefe were the good archers in times paft (fays Sir Thomas Smith), and the ftable troop of footmen that affraide all France.” STEEVENS.

³ *As peace fhould ftill her wheaten garland wear,*
And ftand a comma 'twixen their amities ;] Peace is here
 pro

And stand a comma 'tween their amities ;
 And many such like as's of great charge,—
 That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
 Without debatement further, more, or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not striving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant ;
 I had my father's signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that Danish seal :

properly and finely personalized as the goddess of good league and
 friendship ; and very classically dressed out. Ovid says,

“ *Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres.* ”

And Tibullus,

“ *At nobis, pax alma ! veni, spicamque teneto.* ”

But the placing her as a *comma*, or stop, between the *amities* of
 two kingdoms, makes her rather stand like a cypher. The poet
 without doubt wrote :

And stand a commere 'tween our amities.

The term is taken from a trafficker in love, who brings people to-
 gether, a procurer. And this idea is well appropriated to the sati-
 rical turn which the speaker gives to this wicked adjuration of the
 king, who would lay the foundation of the peace of the two king-
 doms in the blood of the heir of one of them. Periers, in his no-
 vels, uses the word *commere* to signify a she-friend. “ *A tous ses gens,
 chacun une commere.* ” And Ben Jonson, in his *Devil's an Ass*,
 Englishes the word by a *middling gossip*.

“ *Or what do you say to a middling gossip*

“ *To bring you together ?* ” WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads,

And stand a cement—

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

The expression of our author is, like many of his phrases, suf-
 ficiently constrained and affected, but it is not incapable of expla-
 nation. The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity of
 sentences ; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and disjunction.
 Shakspeare had it perhaps in his mind to write, That unless Eng-
 land complied with the mandate, *war should put a period to their
 amity* ; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an op-
 posite sense, he might put, that *Peace should stand a comma between
 their amities*. This is not an easy stile ; but is it not the stile of
 Shakspeare ? JOHNSON.

Folded the writ up in form of the other ;
 Subscrib'd it ; gave't the impressi^on ; plac'd it safely,
 4 The changeling never known : Now, the next day
 Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man^s, they did make love to this
 employment ;

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
 6 Doth by their own insinuation grow :
 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
 Between the pass and fell incensed points
 Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now
 upon ?

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother ;
 Popt in between the election and my hopes ;
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 And with such cozenage ; is't not perfect conscience,
 7 To quit him with this arm ? and is't not to be
 damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come
 In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
 England,

What is the issue of the business there.

4 *The changeling never known :—*] A *changeling* is a child which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that which they steal. JOHNSON.

5 *Why, man, &c.*] This line is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

6 *Doth by their own insinuation grow :*] *Insinuation*, for corruptly obtruding themselves into his service. WARBURTON.

7 *To quit him—*] To requite him ; to pay him his due.

JOHNSON.

This passage, as well as the three following speeches, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
 And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
 That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
 For by the image of my cause, I see
 The portraiture of his : I'll count his favours⁸ ;
 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
 Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ; who comes here ?

Enter Ofrick.

Of. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—⁹ Dost know this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to know him : He hath much land, and fertile : let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 'Tis a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit : Put your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the wind is northerly.

⁸ *I'll count his favours:]* Thus the folio. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration, which is unnecessary. *I'll count his favours* is—*I will make account of them, i. e. reckon upon them, value them.*

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *Dost know this water-fly ?]* A *water-fly* skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler.

JOHNSON.

¹ — *It is a chough ; —]* A kind of jackdaw. JOHNSON.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. ³ But yet, methinks, it is very fultry and hot; or my complexion ⁴—

Ofr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very fultry,—as ⁵twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Ofr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease ⁶, in good faith.—Sir ⁷, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, ⁸ full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: Indeed, to speak feelingly ⁹ of him, he is ¹⁰ the card or calendar of gentry; ¹¹ for you shall find

³ *But yet, methinks, it is very fultry, &c.*] Hamlet is here playing over the same farce with Ofrick, which he had formerly done with Polonius. STEEVENS.

⁴ — or my complexion.] The folio read—*for my complexion.* STEEVENS.

⁵ Nay, in good faith—*for mine ease.*] This seems to have been the affected phrase of the time.—Thus in *Marston's Maitment*, I beseech you, sir, be covered.—No, in good faith *for my ease.*” And in other places. FARMER.

It seems to have been the common language of ceremony in our author's time. “Why do you stand *bareheaded*? (says one of the speakers in Florio's *SECOND FRUTES*, 1591) you do yourself wrong. Pardon me, good sir (replies his friend); I do *it for my ease.*”

Again; in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Massinger, 1633:

“—————Is't *for your ease*

“You keep your hat off?” MALONE.

⁶ *Sir, &c.*] The folio omits this and the following fourteen speeches; and in their place substitutes only, Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —*full of most excellent differences,*—] Full of *distinguishing excellencies.* JOHNSON.

⁸ —*speak feelingly*] The first quarto reads, *sellingly.*

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*the card or calendar of gentry;*] The general preceptor of

find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. ² Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; ³ and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be ⁴ a soul of great article; and his infusion ⁵ of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *calendar* by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. JOHNSON.

¹ —for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.] You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation. I know not but it should be read, You shall find him the continent.

JOHNSON.

² Sir, his definement, &c.] This is designed as a specimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon amongst the *precieux* of that time. The sense in English is, “Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best, it would still come short of him. However, in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character so rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we must look into his mirrour, and his imitators will appear no more than his shadows.” WARBURTON.

³ —and yet but raw neither—] We should read *raw*,

WARBURTON.

I believe *raw* to be the right word; it is a word of great latitude; *raw* signifies *unripe*, *immature*, thence *unformed*, *imperfect*, *unskilful*. The best account of him would be *imperfect*, in respect of his quick sail. The phrase *quick sail* was, I suppose, a proverbial term for *activity of mind*. JOHNSON.

⁴ —a soul of great article;—] This is obscure. I once thought it might have been, *a soul of great altitude*; but, I suppose, *a soul of great article*, means *a soul of large comprehension*, of many contents; the particulars of an inventory are called *articles*.

JOHNSON.

⁵ —of such dearth—] *Dearth* is *dearness*, value, price. And his internal qualities of such value and rarity. JOHNSON.

Ofr.

Ofr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, fir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Ofr. Sir?

Hor. 'Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, fir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ofr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, fir.

Ofr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, fir; yet, in faith, 'if you did, it would not much approve me:—Well, fir.

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

Ham. ⁸ I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, fir, for his weapon; but in the im-

⁶ *Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, fir, really.*] Of this interrogatory remark the sense is very obscure. The question may mean, *Might not all this be understood in plainer language.* But then, *you will do it, fir, really,* seems to have no use, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, *Is't possible not to be understood in a mother tongue.* You will do it, fir, really. JOHNSON.

Suppose we were to point the passage thus: *Is't not possible to understand? In another tongue you will do it, fir, really.*

The speech seems to be addressed to *Ofrick*, who is puzzled by Hamlet's imitation of his own affected language. STEEVENS.

⁷ *—if you did, it would not much approve me.*] If you knew I was not ignorant, your esteem would not much advance my reputation. *To approve, is to recommend to approbation.* JOHNSON.

⁸ *I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him, &c.*] I dare not pretend to know him, lest I should pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost extent of human wisdom. JOHNSON.

putation laid on him by them, ⁹ in his meed he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but well.

Ofr. The king, fir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers², and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, ³ you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Ofr. The carriages, fir, are the hangers.

⁹ —*in his meed*—] In his excellence. JOHNSON.

¹ —*impon'd*,—] Perhaps it should be, *depon'd*. So Hudibras,

“ I would upon this cause *depone*,

“ As much as any I have known.”

But perhaps *imponed* is pledged, *impawned*, so spelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering English words with French pronunciation.

JOHNSON.

To *impon* is certainly right, and means to put down, to flake, from the verb *impono*. REMARKS.

² —*hangers*,] It appears from several old plays, that what was called a *Cape of Hangers*, was anciently worn. So, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ He has a fair sword, but his *hangers* are fallen.”

Again,

“ He has a feather, and fair *hangers* too.”

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631: “—a rapier

“ Hatch'd with gold, with hilt and *hangers* of the new fashion.”

STEEVENS.

³ —*you must be edified by the margent*,—] Dr. Warburton very properly observes, that in the old books the gloss or comment was usually printed on the margent of the leaf. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, part 2d, 1630:

“ —I read

“ Strange comments in those *margins* of your looks.”

This speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. The phrase would be ⁴ more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bett against the Danish: Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr. ⁵ The king, sir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath lay'd on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought: the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

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

Hor. ⁶ This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham.

⁴ —more germane—] More *a-kin*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The king, sir, hath laid—*] This wager I do not understand. In a dozen passes one must exceed the other more or less than three hits. Nor can I comprehend, how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. The passage is of no importance; it is sufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the passage as it stands. The folio, *He hath one twelve for nine*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.*] I see no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. Osrick did not
run

Ham. ⁷ He did compliment with his dug, before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed^s, that I know, the droffy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter⁹; ' a kind of yesty collection, which carries them

run till he had done his business. We may read, *This lapwing ran away*—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant bustle from his birth.* JOHNSON.

The same image occurs in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*:

“ ——— and coachmen

“ To mount their boxes reverently, and drive

“ Like *lapwings* with a shell upon their heads

“ Thorough the streets.”

And I have since met with it in several other plays. The meaning, I believe, is—This is a *forward* fellow. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

“ —*Forward* lapwing,

“ He flies with the shell on's head.”

Again, in *Greene's Never too late*, 1616: “ Are you no sooner hatched, with the *lapwing*, but you will run away with the *shell* on your head?”

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

“ Boldness enforces youth to hard achievements

“ Before their time; makes them run forth like *lapwings*

“ From their warm nest, part of the *shell* yet sticking

“ Unto their downy heads.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *He did so, fir, with his dug, &c.]* What; run away with it? The folio reads, *He did comply with his dug.* So that the true reading appears to be, *He did compliment with his dug*, i. e. stand upon ceremony with it, to shew he was *born* a courtier. This is extremely humorous. WARBURTON.

Hammer has the same emendation. JOHNSON.

I doubt whether any alteration be necessary. Shakspeare seems to have used *comply* in the sense in which we use the verb *compliment*. See before, act ii. sc. 2. *let me comply with you in this garb.* TYRWHITT.

⁸ —*the same breed,*] It is *beavy* in the first folio, and there may be a propriety in it, as he has just called him a *lapwing*.

TOLLET.

—*and many more of the same breed.* The first folio has—*and mine more of the same beavy.* The second folio—*and nine more, &c.* Perhaps the last is the true reading. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*outward habit of encounter;*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*out of an habit of encounter.* STEEVENS.

¹ —*a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through*

them through and through the most fond and win-
nowed

through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.] The metaphor is strangely mangled by the intrusion of the word *fond*, which undoubtedly should be read *fann'd*; the allusion being to corn separated by the fan from chaff and dust. But the editors seeing from the character of this *yeasty collection*, that the *opinions*, through which they were so currently *carried*, were false opinions; and *fann'd* and *winnow'd* opinions, in the most obvious sense, signifying *tried and purified* opinions; they thought *fann'd* must needs be wrong, and therefore made it *fond*, which word signified, in our author's time, foolish, weak, or childish. They did not consider that *fann'd* and *winnow'd* opinions had also a different signification: for it may mean the opinions of great men and courtiers, men separated by their quality from the vulgar, as corn is separated from chaff. This *yeasty collection*, says Hamlet, insinuates itself into people of the highest quality, as yeast into the finest flour. The courtiers admire him, when he comes to the trial, &c. WARBURTON.

This is a very happy emendation; but I know not why the critic should suppose that *fond* was printed for *fann'd* in consequence of any reason or reflection. Such errors, to which there is no temptation but idleness, and of which there was no cause but ignorance, are in every page of the old editions. This passage in the quarto stands thus: "They have got out of the habit of encounter, a kind of misty collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinions." If this printer preserved any traces of the original, our author wrote, "the most sane and renowned opinions," which is better than *fann'd* and *winnow'd*.

The meaning is, "these men have got the cant of the day, a superficial readiness of flight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carried them through the most select and approving judgments. This airy facility of talk sometimes imposes upon wise men."

Who has not seen this observation verified? JOHNSON.

Fond is evidently opposed to *winnowed*. *Fond*, in the language of Shakspeare's age, signified *foolish*. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Thou naughty jailer, why art thou so *fond*, &c."

Winnowed is *sifted, examined*. The sense is then, that their conversation was yet successful enough to make them passable not only with the weak, but with those of sounder judgment. The same opposition in terms is visible in the reading which the quartos offer. *Profane* or *vulgar*, is opposed to *trennowned*, or *thrice renowned*.

STEEVENS.

Fann'd

nowed opinions ; and ² do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord ³, his majesty commended him to you by young Ofrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall : He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure : if his fitness speaks, mine is ready ; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some ⁴ gentle entertainments to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Fann'd and *winnow'd* seems right to me. Both words *winnowed*, *fand* * and *dreit*, occur together in Markham's *English Husbandman*, p. 117. So do *fan'd* and *winnow'd*, *fanned* and *winnowed* in his *Husbandry*, p. 18. 76, and 77. So, Shakspeare mentions together the *fan* and *wind* in *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. 3.

TOLLET.

² — *do but blow them, &c.*] These men of show, without solidity, are like bubbles raised from soap and water, which dance, and glitter, and please the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, separate into a mist ; so if you oblige these specious talkers to extend their compass of conversation, they at once discover the tenuity of their intellects. JOHNSON.

³ *My lord, &c.*] All that passes between *Hamlet* and this *Lord* is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *gentle entertainment*—] Mild and temperate conversation. JOHNSON.

* So written without the apostrophe, and easily might in MS. be mistaken for *fand*.

Ham.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. ⁶ If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: ⁷ Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter

⁵ — a kind of gain-giving] *Gain-giving* is the same as *mis-giving*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *If your mind dislike any thing, obey it:*] With the presages of future evils arising in the mind, the poet has forerun many events which are to happen at the conclusions of his plays; and sometimes so particularly, that even the circumstances of calamity are minutely hinted at, as in the instance of Juliet, who tells her lover from the window, that he appears *like one dead in the bottom of a tomb*. The supposition that the genius of the mind gave the alarm before approaching dissolution, is a very ancient one, and perhaps can never be totally driven out: yet it must be allowed the merit of adding beauty to poetry, however injurious it may sometimes prove to the weak and the superstitious.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Since no man has ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*] This the editors called reasoning. I should have thought the premises concluded just otherwise: for since death strips a man of every thing, it is but fit he should shun and avoid the despoiler. The old quarto reads, *Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.* This is the true reading. Here the premises conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect: “It is true, that, by death, we lose all the goods of life; yet seeing this loss is no other-wise an evil than we are sensible of it, and since death removes all sense of it, what matters it how soon we lose them? There-fore

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osrick, and attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir : I have done you wrong ;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a fore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes ? Never, Hamlet :

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

“fore come what will, I am prepared.” But the ill pointing in the old book hindered the editors from seeing Shakspeare's sense, and encouraged them to venture at one of their own, though, as usual, they are come very lamely off. WARBURTON.

The reading of the quarto was right, but in some other copy the harshness of the transposition was softened, and the passage stood thus : *Since no man knows aught of what he leaves.* For *knows* was printed in the later copies *has*, by a slight blunder in such typographers.

I do not think Dr. Warburton's interpretation of the passage the best that it will admit. The meaning may be this, *Since no man knows aught of the state of life which he leaves*, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of leaving life betimes ? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity. I despise the superstition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reason or piety ; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of Providence..

Hammer has, *Since no man owes aught*, a conjecture not very reprehensible. *Since no man can call any possession certain*, what is it to leave ? JOHNSON.

^s *Give me your pardon, sir :*] I wish Hamlet had made some other defence ; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood. JOHNSON.

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
 Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
 Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
 Sir, in this audience,
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
 And hurt my brother.

Laer. ¹ I am satisfy'd in nature,
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
 To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
 I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
² 'Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
 I have a voice and precedent of peace,
 To keep my name ungor'd: But, 'till that time,
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,
 And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
 And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
 Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

⁹ *Sir, &c.*] This passage I have restored from the folio.

STEEVENS.

¹ *I am satisfied in nature, &c.*] This was a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though *nature* is satisfied, yet he will ask advice of older men of the sword, whether *artificial honour* ought to be contented with Hamlet's submission.

There is a passage somewhat familiar in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

“*Evad.* Will you forgive me then?”

“*Mel.* Stay, I must *ask mine honour* first.” STEEVENS.

² 'Till by some *elder masters* of known honour,] This is said in allusion to English custom. I learn from an ancient MS. of which the reader will find a more particular account in a note to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, vol. i. p. 260, that in queen Elizabeth's time there were “four *ancient masters* of defence,” in the city of London. They appear to have been the referees in many affairs of honour, and exacted tribute from all inferior practitioners of the art of fencing, &c. STEEVENS.

Ham

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin
Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he's better'd we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a
length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups⁴ of wine upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ord'nance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
⁵ And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer

³ *Your grace hath laid upon the weaker side.*] Thus Hammer:
All the others read,

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

When the odds were on the side of Laertes, who was to hit Hamlet twelve times to nine, it was perhaps the author's slip.

JOHNSON.

⁴ —*the stoups of wine*] A *stoup* is a *flaggon*, or *bowl*. See vol. iv. p. 195. STEEVENS.

⁵ *And in the cup an union shall he throw;*] In some editions,
And in the cup an onyx shall he throw. This is a various reading in several of the old copies; but *union* seems to me to be the true word. If I am not mistaken, neither the *onyx*, nor *sardonyx*, are jewels which ever found place in an imperial crown. An *union* is the finest sort of pearl, and has its place in all crowns, and coronets. Besides, let us consider what the king says on Hamlet's giving Laertes the first hit:

*Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.*

Richer than that which four successive kings
 In Denmark's crown have worn : Give me the cups ;
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin ;—
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, fir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Off. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,——again,——

King. Stay, give me drink : Hamlet, ^o this pearl
 is thine ;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound ; shot goes off.*]

Therefore, if an *union* be a *pearl*, and an *onyx* a gem, or stone, quite differing in its nature from *pearls* ; the king saying, that Hamlet has earn'd the *pearl*, I think, amounts to a demonstration that it was an *union* pearl, which he meant to throw into the cup.

THEOBALD.

So, in *Seliman and Perseda* :

“ Ay, were it Cleopatra's *union*.”

The *union* is thus mentioned in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* “ And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicats here at Rome, &c. call them *unions*, as a man would say singular and by themselves alone.”

To swallow a *pearl* in a draught seems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. So, in the second part of *If you know not Me, you know No Body*, 1656, Sir Thomas Gresham says :

“ Here 16,000 pound at one clap goes.

“ Instead of sugar, Gresham *drinks this pearle*

“ Unto his queen and mistress.” STEEVENS.

^o — *this pearl is thine ;*] Under pretence of throwing a *pearl* into the cup, the king may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him, *—Is the union here?* STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

[*They play.*

Come.—Another hit; What say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath⁷.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet⁸.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes, You do but
dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afraid, ⁹ you make a wanton of me.

Laer.

⁷ *Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.*—] It seems that *John Lewin*, who was the original *Falstaff*, was no less celebrated for his performance of *Henry VIII.* and *Hamlet*. See the *Historia Histrionica*, &c. If he was adapted, by the corpulence of his figure, to appear with propriety in the two former of these characters, Shakspeare might have put this observation in the mouth of her majesty, to apologize for the want of such elegance of person as an audience might expect to meet with in the representative of the youthful Prince of Denmark, whom Ophelia speaks of as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." This, however, is mere conjecture, as *Joseph Taylor* likewise acted *Hamlet* during the life of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

⁸ [*The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.*] So, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:

"With full *carouses* to his fortune past."

"And bind that promise with a full *carouse*." Ibid.

"Now, lord Urias, one *carouse* to me." Ib. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*you make a wanton of me.*] i. e. you trifle with me as if you were playing with a child.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*Plays.*

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Ofr. Look to the queen there, ho!

[*The queen falls.*

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

Ofr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
Ofrick;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd—

[*The queen dies.*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art
flain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more;—the king, the king's to blame.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ I would have thee gone,

“ And yet no further than a wanton's bird,

“ That lets it hop a little from her hand,

“ And with a silk thread pulls it back again.”

REMARKS.

Hamlet

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—

Then, venom, to thy work, [*Stabs the King.*]

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is the union here¹?

Follow my mother. [*King Dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;

Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

² That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be;—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—

Give me the cup; let go, by heaven, I'll have it.—

O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind

me³?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

¹ *Is the union here?*] In this place likewise the quarto reads, an *onyx*. STEEVENS.

² *That are but mutes or audience to this act,*] That are either mere *auditors* of this *catastrophe*, or at most only *mute performers*, that fill the stage without any part in the action. JOHNSON.

³ —*shall live behind me?*] Thus the folio. The quartos read —*shall I leave behind me*. STEEVENS.

Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story.— [*March afar off, and shot within.*
 What warlike noise is this?

Ofr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
 Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
 This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit⁴;
 I cannot live to hear the news from England:

But I do prophesy, the election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents⁵, more and less,

⁶ Which have solicited,—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. ⁷ Now cracks a noble heart—Good night,
 sweet prince;

And

⁴ *The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit;*] The first quarto and the first folio read,

————— *o'er-crozes* my spirit;

alluding perhaps to a victorious cock exulting over his conquered antagonist. The same word occurs in *Lingua*, &c. 1607;

“ Shall I? th’ embassadrefs of gods and men,

“ That pull’d proud Phœbe from her brightsome sphere,

“ And dark’d Apollo’s countenance with a word,

“ *Be over-crozw’d*, and breathe without revenge!”

Again, in *Hali’s Satires*, lib v. sat. ii:

“ Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,

“ That *over-crozweth* all the world beside.”

This phrase often occurs in the controversial pieces of Gabriel Harvey, 1593, &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *the occurrents*—] i. e. incidents. The word is now disused. So, in *The Hog bath lost his Pearl*, 1614:

“ Such strange *occurrents* of my fore-past life.”

Again, in the *Baron’s Wars*, by Drayton, Canto I.

“ With each *occurrent* right in his degree.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Which have solicited*—] *Solicited*, for brought on the event.
 WARBURTON.

⁷ *Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;*

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!] Let us review
 for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the strength of which
 Horatio

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! —
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter

Horatio fouds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghost, undertakes with seeming alacrity to revenge the murder; and declares he will banish all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word, and that is, when he mistakes Polonius for the king. On another occasion, he defers his purpose till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is least prepared for death, that he may insure damnation to his soul. Though he assassinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his school-fellows, Rosenkrantz and Gueldenstern, who appear to have been unacquainted with the treacherous purposes of the mandate which they were employed to carry. Their death (as he declares in a subsequent conversation with Horatio) gives him no concern, for they obtruded themselves into the service, and he thought he had a right to destroy them. He is not less accountable for the distraction and death of Ophelia. He comes to interrupt the funeral designed in honour of this lady, at which both the king and queen were present; and, by such an outrage to decency, renders it still more necessary for the usurper to lay a second stragem for his life, though the first had proved abortive. He comes to insult the brother of the dead, and to boast of an affection for his sister, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time must be considered as desirous of supporting the character of a madman, so that the openness of his confession is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the absurdity of this behaviour, to which, he says, he was provoked by that nobleness of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr. Johnson has observed, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himself of a dishonest fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the most careless spectator or reader, that he kills the king at last to revenge himself, and not his father.

Hamlet cannot be said to have pursued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he sacrificed him at last, meant to have enforced such a moral, it is not the worst that can be deduced from the play; for, as *Maximus*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, says,

“Although his justice were as white as truth,

“His way was crooked to it; that condemns him.”

The late Dr. Akenfide once observed to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefensible, unless he

Enter Fortinbras, the English Embassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it, you would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. ^s This quarry cries, on havock!—O proud death!

What feast is toward in thine infernal cell?
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The fight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

were to be regarded as a young man whose intellects were in some degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loss of expected sovereignty, and a sense of shame resulting from the hasty and incestuous marriage of his mother.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because Hamlet seems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeserving the pity of the audience; and because no writer on Shakspeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character.

STEEVENS.

The author of *The Remarks* controverts the justice of these strictures on the character of Hamlet, which he undertakes to defend. The arguments he makes use of for this purpose are too long to be here inserted, and therefore, I shall content myself with referring to them. See REMARKS, p. 217, to 224.

EDITOR.

^s *This quarry cries, on havock!*] Hammer reads,
—— cries out, havock!

To cry on, was to exclaim against. I suppose, when unfair sportsmen destroyed more quarry or game than was reasonable, the censure was to cry, Havock. JOHNSON.

⁹ *What feast is toward in thine infernal cell,*] Shakspeare has already employed this allusion to the *Choæ*, or *feasts of the dead*, which were anciently celebrated at Athens, and are mentioned by Plutarch in the life of *Antonius*. Our author likewise makes *Tabbot* say to his son in the First Part of *King Henry VI*:

“Now art thou come unto a *feast of death*.” STEEVENS.

Hor.

Hor. Not from his mouth ¹,
 Had it the ability of life to thank you ;
 He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
 You from the Polack wars, and you from England
 Are here arriv'd ; give order, that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view ;
 And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
 How these things came about : So shall you hear
 Of carnal ², bloody, and unnatural acts ;
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ³ ;
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' head : all this can I
 Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
⁴ And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
 more :

But

¹ — *his mouth,*] *i. e.* the king's. STEEVENS.

² *Of cruel, &c.*] Thus the more modern editors. The first quarto, and the folio, read—*Of carnal, &c.* referring, I suppose, to the usurper's criminal intercourse with the mother of Hamlet. COLLINS.

Carnal is, without doubt, the true reading. The word is used by Shakspeare as an adjective to *carnage*. REMARKS.

³ — *and forc'd cause.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*and for no cause.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more :*] This is the reading of the old quartos, but certainly a mistaken one. We say, *a man will no more draw breath* ; but that a man's *voice will draw no more*, is, I believe, an expression without any authority. I choose to espouse the reading of the elder folio :

And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more.
 And this is the poet's meaning. Hamlet, just before his death, had said ;

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more mis-
chance

On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him. —
Take up the bodies : — Such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt : after which, a peal of ord'nance is
shot off.*]

*But I do prophesy, the clewson lights
On Fortinbras : he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, &c.*

Accordingly, Horatio here delivers that message ; and very justly infers, that Hamlet's *voice* will be seconded by others, and procure them in favour of Fortinbras's succession. THEOBALD.

If the dramas of Shakspeare were to be characterised, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity ; with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations ; and solemnity, not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the top in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madnets of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he
treats,

treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shewn little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious. JOHNSON.

A C T II. Scene 2.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he, &c.] The two greatest poets of this and the last age, Mr. Dryden, in the preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, and Mr. Pope, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that Shakspeare produced this long passage with design to ridicule and expose the bombast of the play from whence it was taken; and that Hamlet's commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think just otherwise; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity and sublime of this production. And I reason, first, from the character Hamlet gives of the play, from whence the passage is taken. Secondly, from the passage itself. And thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience.

Let us consider the character Hamlet gives of it, *The play I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas Caviare to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the senses, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* They who suppose the passage given to be ridiculed, must needs suppose this character to be purely ironical. But if so, it is the strangest irony that ever was written. *It pleased not the multitude.* This we must conclude to be true, however

however ironical the rest be. Now the reason given of the designed ridicule is the supposed bombast. But those were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And Fletcher wrote a kind of *Rehearsal* purposely to expose them. But say it is bombast, and that therefore it took not with the multitude. Hamlet presently tells us what it was that displeased them. *There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* Now whether a person speaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common sense requires he should quote what they say. Now it could not be, if this play displeased because of the bombast, that those whom it displeased should give this reason for their dislike. The same inconsistencies and absurdities abound in every other part of Hamlet's speech, supposing it to be ironical: but take him as speaking his sentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpose. The play, I remember, pleased not the multitude, and the reason was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient drama; to which they were entire strangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of those for whose judgment I have the highest esteem it was an excellent play, *well digested in the scenes, i. e.* where the three unities were well preserved. *Set down with as much modesty as cunning, i. e.* where not only the art of composition, but the simplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into farce. But these qualities, which gained my esteem, lost the public's. For *I remember, one said, There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury, i. e.* there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, i. e.* nor none of those passionate, pathetic love scenes, so essential to modern tragedy. *But he called it an honest method i. e.* he owned, however tasteless this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaste and pure; the distinguishing character of the Greek drama. I need only make one observation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the justest picture of a good tragedy wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it, appears farther from what we find in the old quarto, *An honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine, i. e.* it had a natural beauty, but none of the focus of false art.

2 A second proof that this speech was given to be admired, is from the intrinsic merit of the speech itself; which contains the description of a circumstance very happily imagined, namely, Ilium and Priam's falling together, with the effect it had on the destroyer.

——— *The bellish Pyrrhus, &c.*

To, *Repugnant to command,*
The unner-ved father falls, &c.

To, ——— *So after Pyrrhus' pause.*

Now [this circumstance, illustrated with the fine similitude of the storm, is so highly worked up, as to have well deserved a place in Virgil's second book of the *Æneid*, even though the work had been carried on to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. Hamlet, his best character, approves it; the player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the foolish Polonius tired with it. We have said enough before of Hamlet's sentiments. As for the player he changes colour, and the tears start from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombast and unnatural sentiment produce such an effect. Nature and Horace both instructed him,

Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia ledent,

Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI MANDATA LOQUERIS,

Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

And it may be worth observing, that Horace gives this precept particularly to shew, that bombast and unnatural sentiments are incapable of moving the tender passions, which he is directing the poet how to raise. For, in the lines just before, he gives this rule,

Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,

Projicit Ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba.

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of these causes.

1. Either when the subject is domestic, and the scene lies at home; the spectators, in this case, become interested in the fortunes of the distressed; and their thoughts are so much taken up with the subject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who, otherwise, by his faulty sentiments and diction, would have stifled the emotions springing up from a sense of the distress. But this is nothing to the case in hand. For, as Hamlet says,

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

2. When bad lines raise this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, instead of being highly figurative and swelling; yet, when attended with a natural simplicity, they have force enough to strike illiterate and simple minds. The tragedies of Banks will justify both these observations.

But if any one will still say, that Shakspeare intended to represent a player unnaturally and fantastically affected, we must
appeal

appeal to Hamlet, that is, to Shakspeare himself in this matter; who, on the reflection he makes upon the player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the least hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciously moved. On the contrary, his fine description of the actor's emotion shews, he thought just otherwise:

“ ———— *this player here,*
 “ *But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,*
 “ *Could force his soul so to his own conceit,*
 “ *That from her working all his visage wan'd:*
 “ *Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,*
 “ *A broken voice, &c.”*

And indeed had Hamlet esteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumstance to spur him to his purpose.

As Shakspeare has here shewn the effects which a fine description of nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent player, whose business habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occasions; so he has artfully shewn what effects the very same scene would have upon a quite different man, Polonius; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial (two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally so much disguised as not to be seen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary poet durst not have brought so near one another;) *by discipline*, practised in a species of wit and eloquence, which was stiff, forced, and pedantic; and *by trade* a politician, and therefore, of consequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom Shakspeare has judiciously chosen to represent the false taste of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the finest and most pathetic part of the speech, Polonius cries out, “*This is too long;*” on which Hamlet, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, “*It shall to the barber's with thy beard*” (intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wisdom lay in his length of beard,) *Sry'thee, say on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry* (the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people) *or he sleeps, say on.* And yet this man of modern taste, who stood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no sooner hears, amongst many good things, one quaint and fantastical word, put in, I suppose, purposely for this end, than he professes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mabled queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the play, by Hamlet, cannot be ironical. The passage itself is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pa-
 thetic

thetic relations, naturally written, should have ; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taste. From hence (to observe it by the way) the actors, in their representation of this play, may learn how this speech ought to be spoken, and what appearance Hamlet ought to assume during the recital.

That which supports the common opinion, concerning this passage, is the turgid expression in some parts of it ; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We shall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines most obnoxious to censure, and see how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their conclusion.

“ *Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls.*”

And again,

“ *Out, out, thou strumpet fortune ! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power :
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.*”

Now whether these be bombast or not, is not the question ; but whether Shakspeare esteemed them so. That he did not so esteem them appears from his having used the very same thoughts in the same expressions, in his best plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the sublime. As in the following passages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, far outstrains the execution of Pyrrhus's sword in the character he gives of Hector's :

“ *When many times the captive Grecians fall
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.*”

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at fortune in the same manner :

“ *No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd at my offence.*”

But another use may be made of these quotations ; a discovery of this recited play : which, letting us into a circumstance of our author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reason I have been so large upon this question. I think then it appears, from what has been said, that the play in dispute was Shakspeare's own ; and that this was the occasion of writing it. He was desirous, as soon as he had found his strength, of restoring the chasteness and regularity of the ancient stage : and therefore composed this tragedy on the model of the Greek drama, as may be seen by throwing so much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved

fruitless ; and the raw, unnatural taste, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old Gothic manner. For which he took this revenge upon his audience. WARBURTON.

The praise which Hamlet bestows on this piece is certainly dissembled, and agrees very well with the character of madness, which, before witnesses, he thought it necessary to support. The speeches before us have so little merit, that nothing but an affectation of singularity, could have influenced Dr. Warburton to undertake their defence. The poet, perhaps, meant to exhibit a just resemblance of some of the plays of his own age, in which the faults were too general and too glaring to permit a few splendid passages to atone for them. The player knew his trade, and spoke the lines in an affecting manner, because Hamlet had declared them to be pathetic, or might be in reality a little moved by them : for, “ There are less degrees of nature (says Dryden) by which some faint emotions of pity and terror are raised in us, as a less engine will raise a less proportion of weight, though not so much as one of Archimedes’ making.” The mind of the prince, it must be confessed, was fitted for the reception of gloomy ideas, and his tears were ready at a slight solicitation. It is by no means proved, that Shakspeare has *employed the same thoughts clothed in the same expressions, in his best plays.* If he bids *the false buswife Fortune break her wheel,* he does not desire her to *break all its spokes ; nay, even its periphery, and make use of the nave afterwards for such an immeasurable cast.* Though if what Dr. Warburton has said should be found in any instance to be exactly true, what can we infer from thence, but that Shakspeare was sometimes wrong in spite of conviction, and in the hurry of writing committed those very faults which his judgment could detect in others ? Dr. Warburton is inconsistent in his assertions concerning the literature of Shakspeare. In a note on *Troilus and Cressida,* he affirms, that his want of learning kept him from being acquainted with the writings of Homer ; and, in this instance, would suppose him capable of producing a complete tragedy *written on the ancient rules ;* and that the speech before us had sufficient merit to entitle it to a place *in the second book of Virgil’s Æneid, even though the work had been carried to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.*

Had Shakspeare made one unsuccessful attempt in the manner of the ancients (that he had any knowledge of their rules, remains to be proved) it would certainly have been recorded by contemporary writers, among whom Ben Jonson would have been the first. Had his darling ancients been unskillfully imitated by a rival poet, he would at least have preserved the memory of the fact, to shew how unsafe it was for any one, who was not as thorough a scholar as himself, to have meddled with their sacred remains.

“ Within

“ Within that circle none durst walk but he.” He has represented Inigo Jones as being ignorant of the very names of those classic authors, whose architecture he undertook to correct: in his *Poetaster* he has in several places hinted at our poet’s injudicious use of words, and seems to have pointed his ridicule more than once at some of his descriptions and characters. It is true that he has praised him, but it was not while that praise could have been of any service to him; and posthumous applause is always to be had on easy conditions. Happy it was for Shakspeare, that he took nature for his guide, and engaged in the warm pursuit of her beauties, left to Jonson the repositories of learning: so has he escaped a contest which might have rendered his life uneasy, and bequeathed to our possession the more valuable copies from nature herself: for Shakspeare was (says Dr. Hurd, in his notes on Horace’s Art of Poetry) “ the first that broke through the bondage of classical superstition. And he owed this felicity, as he did some others, to his want of what is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus, uninfluenced by the weight of early prepossession, he struck at once into the road of nature and common sense: and without designing, without knowing it, hath left us in his historical plays, with all their anomalies, an exacter resemblance of the Athenian stage than is any where to be found in its most professed admirers and copyists.” Again, *ibid.* “ It is possible, there are, who think a want of reading, as well as vast superiority of genius, hath contributed to lift this astonishing man, to the glory of being esteemed the most original THINKER and SPEAKER, since the times of Homer.”

To this extract I may add the sentiments of Dr. Edward Young on the same occasion. “ Who knows whether Shakspeare might not have thought less, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Jonson’s learning, as Enceladus under *Ætna*? His mighty genius, indeed, through the most mountainous oppression would have breathed out some of his inextinguishable fire; yet possibly, he might not have risen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books, which the last conflagration alone can destroy; the book of nature, and that of man. These he had by heart, and has transcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. These are the fountain-head, whence the Castalian streams of *original* composition flow; and these are often mudded by other waters, though waters in their distinct channel, most wholesome and pure: as two chemical liquors, separately clear as crystal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the sight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but, perhaps, as it could safely bear.

If Milton had spared some of his learning, his muse would have gained more glory than he would have lost by it."

Conjectures on Original Composition.

THE first remark of Voltaire on this tragedy, is that the former king had been poisoned by his brother and *his queen*. The guilt of the latter, however, is far from being ascertained. The Ghost forbears to accuse her as an accessory, and very forcibly recommends her to the mercy of her son. I may add, that her conscience appears undisturbed during the exhibition of the mock tragedy, which produces so visible a disorder in her husband who was really criminal. The last observation of the same author has no greater degree of veracity to boast of; for now, says he, all the actors in the piece are swept away, and one Monsieur Fortenbras is introduced to conclude it. Can this be true, when Horatio, Osrick, Voltimand, and Cornelius survive? These, together with the whole court of Denmark, are supposed to be present at the catastrophe, so that we are not indebted to the Norwegian chief for having kept the stage from vacancy.

Monsieur de Voltaire has since transmitted, in an epistle to the Academy of Belles Lettres some remarks on the late French translation of Shakspeare; but alas! no traces of genius or vigour are discoverable in this *crambe repetita*, which is notorious only for its insipidity, fallacy, and malice. It serves indeed to shew an apparent decline of talents and spirit in its writer, who no longer relies on his own ability to depreciate a rival, but appeals in a plaintive strain to the queen and princes of France for their assistance to stop the farther circulation of Shakspeare's renown.

Impartiality, nevertheless, must acknowledge that his private correspondence displays a superior degree of animation. Perhaps an ague shook him when he appealed to the public on this subject; but the effects of a fever seem to predominate in his subsequent letter to Monsieur D'Argenteuil on the same occasion; for such a letter it is as our John Dennis (while his frenzy lasted) might be supposed to have written. "C'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakspeare: c'est moi qui le premier montrai aux François quelques perles que j'avois trouvé dans son énorme *fumier*." Mrs. Montague, the justly celebrated authoress of the *Essay on the genius and writings* of our author, was at Paris, and in the circle where these ravings of the Frenchman were first publicly recited. On hearing the illiberal expression already quoted, with no less elegance than readiness she replied—"C'est un *fumier* qui a fertilisé une terre bien ingrate."—in short the author of *Zayre*, *Mahomet*, and *Semiramis*, possesses all the mischievous qualities of a midnight felon, who, in the hope to conceal his guilt, sets the house he has robbed on fire.

As for Messieurs D'Alembert and Marmontel, they might safely be passed over with that neglect which their impotence of criticism deserves.

deserves. Voltaire, in spite of his natural disposition to vilify an English poet, by adopting sentiments, characters, and situations from Shakspeare, has bestowed on him involuntary praise. Happily, he has not been disgraced by the worthless encomiums or disfigured by the awkward imitations of the other pair, who "follow in the chace not like hounds that hunt, but like those who fill up the cry." When *D'Alembert* declares that more sterling sense is to be met with in ten French verses than in thirty English ones, contempt is all that he provokes,—such contempt as can only be exceeded by that which every scholar will express, who may chance to look into the prose translation of *Lucan* by *Marmontel*, with the vain expectation of discovering either the sense, the spirit, or the whole of the original. STEEVENS.

O T H E L L O.

Persons Represented.

DUKE of Venice.

Brabantio, *a senator.*

Two other senators.

Gratiano, *brother to Brabantio.*

Lodovico, *kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*

Othello, *the Moor.*

Cassio, *his lieutenant.*

Iago, *his ancient.*

Roderigo, *a Venetian gentleman.*

Montano, *the Moor's predecessor in the government of
Cyprus.*

Clown, servant to the Moor.

Herald.

Desdemona, *daughter to Brabantio, and wife to
Othello.*

Æmilia, *wife to Iago.*

Bianca, *mistress to Cassio.*

*Officers, gentlemen, messengers, musicians, sailors, and
attendants.*

SCENE, *for the first act, in Venice; during the rest
of the play, in Cyprus.*

O T H E L L O.¹

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

A Street.

Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Rod. Never tell me², I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the firings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me³ :
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
⁴ Off capp'd to him ;—and, by the faith of man,
I know

¹ *Othello.*] The story is taken from *Cynthio's Novels*. POPE.
I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel (the seventh in the third decad) of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Warkely. STEEVENS.

I have seen a French translation of *Cynthio*, by Gabriel Chapuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English. FARMER.

² *Never tell me;*] The quartos read, *Tush, never tell, &c.* STEEVENS.

³ *But you'll not, &c.*] The first quarto reads, *'Sblood but you, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *Off capp'd to him ;—*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads, *Off-capp'd to him.* STEEVENS.

Off-capp'd is, I believe, the true reading. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes. MALONE.

I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :
 But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
 Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
 And, in conclusion,
 Non-suits my mediators ; *for, certes*⁵, says he,
I have already chosen my officer.
 And what was he ?
 Forsooth a great arithmetician⁶,
 One Michael Cassio⁷, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damn'd⁸ in a fair wife ;

That

To *cap* is to salute by taking off the cap. It is still an academic phrase. MONCK MASON.

⁵ — *certes*,] i. e. certainly, obsolete. See vol. i. p. 85.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Forsooth, a great arithmetician*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio says : “ — one that fights by the book of *arithmetic*.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *a Florentine*.] It appears from many passages of this play (rightly understood) that Cassio was a Florentine, and Iago a Venetian. HANMER.

⁸ — *in a fair wife* ;] In the former editions this hath been printed, *a fair wife* ; but surely it must from the beginning have been a mistake, because it appears from a following part of the play, that Cassio was an unmarried man : on the other hand, his beauty is often hinted at, which it is natural enough for rough soldiers to treat with scorn and ridicule. I read therefore :

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair phyz. HANMER.

———— *a Florentine,*

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;] But it was Iago, and not Cassio, who was the Florentine, as appears from act iii. sc. i. The passage therefore should be read thus :

———— *Florentine's,*

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;] These are the words of Othello (which Iago in this relation repeats) and signify, that a Florentine was an unfit person for command, as being always a slave to a fair wife ; which was the case of Iago. The Oxford Editor, supposing this was said by Iago of Cassio, will have Cassio to be the Florentine ; which, he says, *is plain from many passages in the play, rightly understood*. But because Cassio was *no* married man (though I wonder it did not appear he *was*, from some passages rightly understood) he alters the line thus :

A fel

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows

More

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair phyz.

A White-friers' phrase. WARBURTON.

As Mr. Theobald's note on this passage appears to have been written in concert with Dr. Warburton, it were useless to insert them both. The former, however, concludes his observations thus :

"*Iago, not Cassio, was the Florentine; Iago, not Cassio, was the married man; Iago's wife attends Desdemona to Cyprus; Cassio has a mistress there, a common strumpet; and Iago tells him in the fourth act :*

"*She gives it out that you shall marry her,*"

which would be absurd, if *Cassio* had been already married at *Venice*. Besides, our poet follows the authority of his novel in giving the villainous ensign a fair wife." STEEVENS.

This is one of the passages which must for the present be resigned to corruption and obscurity. I have nothing that I can, with any approach to confidence, propose. I cannot think it very plain from act iii. sc. i. that *Cassio* was or was not a Florentine.

JOHNSON.

Othello uses the name of *Florentine* as a term of reproach; and perhaps, the reason is, because the *Florentines* were still in opposition to the *Venetians*. See Philip de Comines, b. 5. c. 1.

A fellow almost damn'd in a faire wife.] Thus *faire* is spelt in the first folio; and some might have no objection to read, *A fellow almost damn'd in a false wife*; as the jealous *Ford* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. sc. 2. says, "See the hell of having a *false* woman;" but the original text may mean a fellow almost as unhappy as the damned with jealousy of a fair wife. *Iago* afterwards, act ii. sc. 1. and act 3. sc. iii. in words equally emphatical thus owns the sufferings of his mind, while he professes revenge :

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor

Hath leap'd into my seat. The thought whereof

Doth, like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards.—

But, oh, what *damm'd* minutes tells he o'er,

Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves.

TOLLET.

The great difficulty is to understand in what sense any man can be said to be *almost damn'd in a fair wife*; or *fair phyz*, as Mr. T. Hanmer proposes to read. I cannot find any ground for supposing that either the one or the other has been reputed to be a damnable sin in any religion. The poet has used the same mode of expression in *The Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 1. :

"O my

More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein

“ O my Anthonio, I do know of those
“ Who therefore only are reputed wise,
“ For saying nothing; who, I’m very sure,
“ If they should speak, would *almost damn* those ears,
“ Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.”

And there the allusion is evident to the gospel-judgment against those, who call their brothers fools. I am therefore inclined to believe, that the true reading here is,

A fellow almost damn’d in a fair *life* ;
and that Shakspeare alludes to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those *of whom all men speak well*.

The character of Cassio is certainly such, as would be very likely to draw upon him all the peril of this denunciation, literally understood. Well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable and useful, but not sufficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors. It may be observed too, that Shakspeare has thought it proper to make Iago, in several other passages, bear his testimony to the amiable qualities of his rival. In act v. sc. 1. he speaks thus of him:

——— If Cassio do remain,
He hath *a daily beauty in his life*,
That makes me ugly.

I will only add, that, however hard or farfetch’d this allusion (whether Shakspeare’s, or only mine) may seem to be, archbishop Sheldon had exactly the same conceit, when he made that singular compliment, as the writer calls it, [Biog. Britan. Art. TEMPLE] to a nephew of sir William Temple, that “ he had the curse of the gospel, because all men spoke well of him.”

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt’s ingenious emendation is supported by a passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where *good life* is used for a *fair character*: “ Defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your *good life* for ever.” MALONE.

The poet, I think, does not appear to have meant Iago to be a Florentine, which has hitherto been inferred from the following passage in act iii. sc. 1. where Cassio, speaking of Iago, says,

——— I

9 — *theoric*,] *Theoric* for *theory*. So in the *Proceedings against Garnet on the Powder Plot*, “ as much deceived in the *Theoricke* of trust, as the lay disciples were in the practice of conspiracie.”

STEEVENS.

Wherein the tonged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
 Is

——— *I never knew*

A Florentine more kind and honest.

It is surely not uncommon for us to say in praise of a foreigner, that we never knew one of our own countrymen of a more friendly disposition. This, I believe, is all that Cassio meant by his observation.

From the already-mentioned passage in act iii. sc. 3. it is certain (as sir T. Hanmer has observed) that Iago was a Venetian :

I know *our country disposition* well,
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not shew their husbands.

Again,

Alas, my friend and my dear *countryman*
Roderigo, &c.

Græ. What of *Venice* ?

Iago. Even he, &c.

That Cassio, however, was *married*, is not sufficiently implied in the words, *a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*, since they may mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man *very near being married*. This seems to have been the case in respect to Cassio, act iv. sc. 1. Iago, speaking to him of Bianca, says—*Why the cry goes that you shall marry her*. Cassio acknowledges that such a report has been raised, and adds, *This is the monkey's own giving out : she is persuaded I will marry her out of her own love and self-flattery, not out of my promise*. Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his present conversation with Roderigo. If Shakspeare, however, designed *Bianca* for a curtezan of *Cyprus* (where Cassio had not yet been, and had therefore never seen her) Iago cannot be supposed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and consequently this part of my argument must fall to the ground.

Had Shakspeare, consistently with Iago's character, meant to make him say that Cassio was *actually damn'd in being married to a handsome woman*, he would have made him say it *outright*, and not have interposed the palliative *almost*. Whereas what he says at present amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damn'd*, because he is not *absolutely married*. The succeeding parts of Iago's conversation sufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expression too brutal for the character. STEEVENS.

Wherein the tonged consuls—] So the generality of the impressions

Is all his soldiery. But he, fir, had the election:
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen,—² must be be-lee'd and
 calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster³;

He

pressions read; but the oldest quarto has it *toged*; the senators, that assisted the duke in council, in their proper *gouons*.—But let me explain why I have ventured to substitute *counsellors* in the room of *consuls*: the Venetian nobility constitute the great *council* of the senate, and are a part of the administration; and summoned to assist and counsel the Doge, who is prince of the senate. So that they may very properly be called *Counsellors*. Though the government of Venice was democratic at first, under *consuls* and *tribunes*; that form of power has been totally abrogated, since Doges have been elected. THEOBALD.

Whercin the toged consuls—] *Consuls, for counjellors.*

WARBURTON.

Rather, *the rulers of the state* or civil governors.

The word is used by Marlowe, in the same sense, in *Tamburlaine*, a tragedy, 1591:

“Both we will raigne as *consuls* of the earth.” MALONE.

By *toged* perhaps is meant *peaceable*, in opposition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he had been speaking. He might have formed the word, in allusion to the Latin adage—*Cedant arma togæ*. STEEVENS.

²—*must be led and calm'd*] So the old quarto. The first folio reads *be-lee'd*: but that spoils the measure. I read *let*, hindered. WARBURTON.

Be-lee'd suits to *calm'd*, and the measure is not less perfect than in many other places. JOHNSON.

Be-lee'd and *be-calm'd* are terms of navigation.

I have been informed that one vessel is said to be in the *lee* of another when it is so placed that the wind is intercepted from it. Iago's meaning therefore is, that Cassio had got the wind of him, and *be-calm'd* him from going on.

To *be-calm* (as I learn from Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*) is likewise to obstruct the current of the wind in its passage to a ship, by any contiguous object. STEEVENS.

³—*this counter-caster* ;] It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with *counters*. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Cymbeline*, act v. “—it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor, but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and *counter*”

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, God blefs the mark ⁴! his Moor-ſhip's ⁵
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſer-
vice;

Preferment goes ⁶ by letter, and affection,
⁷ Not by the old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to the firſt. Now, fir, be judge yourſelf,
⁸ Whether I in any juſt term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, fir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,

ters," &c. Again, in *Acolafius*, a comedy, 1540: "I wyl caſt
my counters, or with counters, make all my reckenyngeſ."

STEVENS.

³ *And I, god blefs the mark!*] So the quarto. The folio, to
avoid the penalty of the ſtatute, reads, "And I, blefs the
mark." MALONE.

— *blefs the mark!*] Kelly, in his comments on Scots pro-
verbs, obſerves, that the Scots, when they compare perſon to
perſon, uſe this exclamation. STEVENS.

⁵ *his Moorſhip's—*] The firſt quarto reads—his *worſhips—*

STEVENS.

⁶ *by letter.—*] *By recommendation* from powerful friends.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *Not by the old gradation,—*] *Old gradation*, is gradation eſ-
ta bliſhed by ancient practice. JOHNSON.

⁸ *If I in any juſt term am affin'd.*] *Affined* is the reading of the
third quarto and the firſt folio. The ſecond quarto and all the
modern editions have *aſſign'd*. The meaning is, *Do I ſtand with-*
in any ſuch terms of propinquity or relation to the Moor, as that it
is my duty to love him? JOHNSON.

For

For nought but provender, and, when he's old,
cashier'd ;

Whip me such ⁹ honest knaves : Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some
souls ;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
In following him, I follow but myself ;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
¹ In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws² to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips
owe³,

If he can carry't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,

⁹— *honest knaves.*—] *Knave* is here for *servant*, but with a mixture of sly contempt. JOHNSON.

¹ *In compliment extern,*—] In that which I do only for an outward shew of civility. JOHNSON.

So, in fir *W. D'Avenant's Albovine*, 1629 :

“ — that in sight *extern*

“ A patriarch seems.” STEEVENS.

² *For daws*—] The first quarto reads, for *doves*— STEEVENS.

³ *What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe?*] *Full fortune* is, I believe, a complete piece of good fortune, as in another scene of this play a *full soldier* is put for a complete soldier. To *owe* is in ancient language, to *own*, to possess. STEEVENS.

Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
 4 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spy'd in populous cities.

Rod. What ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves !
 thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
 Thieves ! thieves !

4 *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*

Is spy'd in populous cities.] This is not sense, take it which way you will. If *night* and *negligence* relate to *spied*, it is absurd to say, *the fire was spied by negligence*. If *night* and *negligence* refer only to the time and occasion, it should then be *night and through negligence*. Otherwise the particle *by* would be made to signify *time* applied to one word, and *cause* applied to the other. We should read therefore, *Is spread*, by which all these faults are avoided. But what is of most weight, the similitude, thus emended, agrees best with the fact it is applied to. Had this notice been given to Brabantio before his daughter ran away and married, it might then indeed have been well enough compared to the alarm given of a fire just *spied*, as soon as it was begun. But being given after *the parties were bedded*, it was more fitly compared to a fire *spread by night and negligence*, so as not to be extinguished. WARBURTON.

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

“ *The wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !*

“ *Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season.*”

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton seems to have forgot that the marriage was not consummated till the parties arrived at Cyprus :

Come, my dear love !

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. STREEVENS.

By night and negligence means, during the time of night and negligence. MONCK MASON.

Brabantio, above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd⁵?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your
gown;

Your heart is burst⁶ you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, fir, fir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good fir.

⁵ *Are your doors lock'd?*] The first quarto reads, *Are all doors lock'd?* STEEVENS.

⁶ —*is burst,* i. e. broken. *Burst* for *broke* is used in our author's *King Henry IV.* p. 2: “— and then he *burst* his head for crowding among the marshal's men.” See vol. iii. p. 418.

STEEVENS.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;

My house is not a grange⁷.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure foul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews⁸ neigh to you: you'll have

⁷ *Grange.*] — this is Venice;

My house is not a *grange*. —

That is, “you are in a populous city, not in a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed.” *Grange* is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery, where the religious repositied their corn. *Grangia* Lat. from *Granum*. But in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a *grange*. WARTON.

So, in T. Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

“Who can blame him to absent himself from home,
“And make his father's house but as a *grange*, &c.?”

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

“—soon was I train'd from court

“To a *solitary grange*, &c.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“—at the moated *grange* resides this dejected Mariana.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *your nephews neigh to you*:] *Nephew*, in this instance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and signifies a grandson, or any lineal descendant, however remote. So, in Spencer:

“And all the sons of these five brethren reign'd

“By due success, and all their *nephews* late,

“Even thrice eleven descents the crown obtain'd.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the *Odyssy*, B. 24. Laertes says of Telemachus his *grandson*:

“—to behold my son

“And *nephew* close in such contention.”

Sir W. Dugdale very often employs the word in this sense; and without it, it would not be very easy to shew how *Brabantio* could have *nephews* by the marriage of his *daughter*. Ben Jonson likewise uses it with the same meaning. The alliteration in this passage caused Shakspeare to have recourse to it.

STEEVENS.

courfers for coufins, and gennets for germans².

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, fir, that comes to tell you,² your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou ihalt answer; I know thee, Rodrigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

[³ Ift be your pleasure, and most wise consent, (As partly, I find it is) that your fair daughter,

²—gennets for germans.] A jennet is a Spanish horse. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“ — there itays within my tent

“ A winged jennet.” STEEVENS.

¹ *What profane wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of gross and licentious language?* In that sense Shakspeare often uses the word profane. JOHNSON.

It is so used by other writers of the same age:

“ How far off dwels the house surgeon?

“ — You are a profane fellow, i'faith.”

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

“ By the fly justice, and his clerk profane.” STEEVENS.

²—*your daughter and the Moor are making the beast with two backs.*] This is an ancient proverbial expression in the French language, whence Shakspeare probably borrowed it; for in the *Dictionnaire des Proverbes Françaises*, par G. D. B. Brusselles, 1710, 12mo, I find the following article: “ Faire la Bête a deux Dos” pour dire faire l'amour. PERCY.

In the *Dictionnaire Comique*, par le Roux, 1750, this phrase is more particularly explained under the article *Bete*. “ *Faire la bete a deux dos.*—Maniere de parler qui signifie etre couché avec une femme; faire le deduit.”—“ Et faisoient tous deux souvent ensemble *la bete a deux dos* joyeusement.”—Rabelais, liv. i. There was a translation of Rabelais published in the time of Shakspeare. MALONE.

³ *If't be, &c.*] The lines printed in crotchets are not in the first edition, but in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

At † this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
 Transported — with no worse nor better guard,
 But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier, —
 To the gros clasps of a lascivious Moor : —
 If this be known to you, and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and faucy wrongs ;
 But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,

† — *this odd even* —] The *even* of *night* is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into *even* parts. JOHNSON.

Odd is here ambiguously used, as it signifies *strange*, *uncouth*, or *unwonted* ; and as it is opposed to *even*.

This expression, however explained, is very harsh ; and the poet might have written — At this odd *seven*. *Seven* is an ancient word signifying *time*. So, in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne* :

“ We may chance to meet with Robin Hood

“ Here at some unset *seven*.”

Again, in the *Booke of the moste victorious Prynce Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date :

“ Nowe we be mette at unsette *seven*,

“ Therefore we shall make us even ”

Again, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, late edit. ver. 1526 :

“ For al day meten men at unset *seven*.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps midnight is stiled the *odd-even* time of night, because it is usually the hour of sleep, which, like death, levels all distinctions, and reduces all mankind, however, discriminated, to equality.

So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ — yet *death* we fear,

“ That makes these *odds* all *even*.” MALONE.

Much pains have been taken by some of the editors, especially by Dr. Warburton to introduce into the text a parcel of obsolete words which Shakspeare never dreamed of ; for the obscurity of his style does not arise from the frequent use of antiquated terms, but from his peculiar manner of applying and combining the words which he found in common use in this day ; and when he deviates from the received language of the times, it is rather by coining some harsh and high-sounding words of his own, than by looking back for those which had fallen into disuse. If therefore it be necessary to amend this passage, I should chuse to read “ at this *dull season*,” rather than this *dull seven* as an expression that would more naturally occur either to Shakspeare or to Roderigo. MONCK MASON.

That, from the sense of all civility ⁵,
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :
 Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
 To an extravagant ⁶ and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where : Straight satisfy yourself :]
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you ⁷.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !

Give me a taper ;—call up all my people :—
 This accident is not unlike my dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already :—
 Light, I say ! light !

Iago. Farewel ; for I must leave you :
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd ⁸ (as, if I stay, I shall)
 Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state,—
 However this may gall him with ⁹ some check,—
 Cannot with safety ¹ cast him ; for he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war,

⁵ *That from the sense of all civility*—] That is, in opposition to, or departing from the sense of all civility. So, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ But this is from my commission — ”

Again, in *The Mayor of Quinborough*, by Middleton, 1661 :

“ But this is from my business.” MALONE.

⁶ *To an extravagant, &c.*] The old copies read, *In an extravagant, &c.* Mr. Pope made this change, which seems to be necessary.

Extravagant is here used in its Latin signification, for *wandering*. Thus in *Hamlet* ; “ —The *extravagant* and erring spirit.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *For thus deluding you.*] The first quarto reads, *For this delusion.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *To be produc'd*] The folio reads, *produced.* STEEVENS.

⁹ *—some check,*] Some rebuke. JOHNSON.

¹ *—cast him :—*] That is, *dismiss* him ; *reject* him. We still say, a *cast* coat, and a *cast* serving-man. JOHNSON.

(Which

(Which even now stands in act) that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business : in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
 find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search ;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Enter, below, Brabantio, and servants.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
 2 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !—
 With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a
 father ?—

How didst thou know 'twas she ?—³ O, thou deceiv'st
 me

Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more
 tapers ;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

² *And what's to come of my despised time,]* *Despised time,* is
time of no value ; time in which

“ There's nothing serious in mortality,

“ The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs

“ Are left this vault to brag of.” *Macbeth.* JOHNSON.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ —expire the term

“ Of a *despised* life clos'd in my breast.” STEEVENS.

³ —O, thou deceiv'st me

Past thought !—] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio 1623,
 and the quartos 1630 and 1655 read,

O, she decieves me

Past thought.

I have chosen the apostrophe to his absent daughter as the most
 spirited of the two readings. STEEVENS.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
4 By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, 'would you had had her!

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on.⁶ At every house I'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might⁷.—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

⁴ *By which the property of youth and maidhood*
May be abus'd?—] By which the faculties of a young virgin
may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and to false ima-
gination:

“Wicked dreams abuse

“The curtain'd sleep.” *Macbeth.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *—and maidhood—*] The quartos read—and *manhood—*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Pray you, lead on.*] The first quarto reads, Pray lead *me* on.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *—of might.*] The first quarto reads—of *night*.

STEEVENS.

Yet

Yet do I hold it very stuff^s o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service : Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, fir,
Are you fast marry'd ? for, be sure of this,—
That the ⁹ magnifico is much belov'd ;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
¹ As double as the duke's : he will divorce you ;

Or

⁸ —stuff o' the conscience] This expression to common readers appears harsh. *Stuff* of the *conscience* is, *substance*, or *essence* of the conscience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonic languages. The elements are called in Dutch, *Hoofd stoffen*, or *head stuffs*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ You're full of heavenly *stuff*,” &c.

Fisch's *German Dictionary* gives this explanation of the word *stoff* : “ — materies ex qua aliquid fieri poterit.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —the magnifico] “ The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *Magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes*.” Minshew's *Dictionary*. See too *Volpone*. TOLLET.

¹ *As double as the duke's* :—] Rymer seems to have had his eye on this passage, among others, where he talks so much of the impropriety and barbarity in the stile of this play. But it is an elegant Grecism. *As double*, signifies *as large*, *as extensive* ; for thus the Greeks use *διπλῆς*. *Diosc.* l. 2. c. 213. And in the same manner and construction, the Latins sometimes used *duplex*. And the old French writers say, *La plus double*. Dr. Bentley has been as severe on Milton for as elegant a Grecism :

“ *Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove*,” lib. ix. ver. 396.

It is an imitation of the *Πάρθειον ἐκ Σαλαμίης* of Theocritus, for an *unmarried virgin*. WARBURTON.

This note has been much censured by Mr. Upton, who denies that the quotation is in *Dioscorids*, and disputes, not without reason, the interpretation of Theocritus.

All this learning, if it had even been what it endeavours to be thought, is, in this place, superfluous. There is no ground of

sup-

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite :

My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From ² men of royal siege ; ³ and my demerits

supposing, that our author copied or knew the Greek phrase ; nor does it follow, that, because a word has two senses in one language, the word which in another answers to one sense, should answer to both. *Manus*, in Latin, signifies both a *band* and a *troop of soldiers*, but we cannot say, that *the captain marched at the head of his hand* ; or, that *he laid his troop upon his sword*. It is not always in books that the meaning is to be sought of this writer, who was much more acquainted with naked reason and with living manners.

Double has here its natural sense. The president of every deliberative assembly has a *double* voice. In our courts, the chief justice and one of the inferior judges prevail over the other two, because the chief justice has a *double* voice.

Brabantio had, *in his effect*, though not by law, yet by weight and influence, a voice not *actual* and formal, but *potential* and operative, as *double*, that is, a voice that when a question was suspended, would turn the balance as effectually as *the duke's*. *Potential* is used in the sense of science ; a *caustic* is called *potential* fire.

JOHNSON.

I believe here is a mistake. The chief justice and one of the inferior judges do *not* prevail over the other two. The lord mayor in the court of aldermen has a double voice. TOLLET.

The chief justice has no double voice. If the court is equally divided, nothing is done. BLACKSTONE.

² — *men of royal siege* ;—] Men who have sat upon royal thrones. The quarto has,

—— *Men of royal height*.

Siege is used for *seat* by other authors. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 575 : “ —there was set up a throne or *siege* royall for the king.” See vol. ii. p. 124. STEEVENS.

³ — *and my demerits*] *Demerits* has the same meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits* : See vol. vii. p. 353.

Mereo and *demereo* had the same meaning in the Roman language. STEEVENS.

⁴ May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd : For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my ⁵ unhoufed free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
⁶ For the sea's worth. But, look ! what lights come
 yonder ?

Iago.

⁴ —*Speak, unbonnetted,*—] Thus all the copies read. It should be *unbonnetting*, i. e. without putting off the bonnet.

POPE.

—*and my demerits*

May speak unbonnetted to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd.—] Thus all the copies read this passage. But, to speak *unbonnetted*, is to speak *with the cap off*, which is directly opposite to the poet's meaning. Othello means to say, that his birth and services set him upon such a rank, that he may speak to a senator of Venice with his hat *on* ; i. e. without shewing any marks of deference or inequality. I therefore am inclined to think Shakspeare wrote :

“ *May speak, and bonnetted, &c.* THEOBALD.

I do not see the propriety of Mr. Pope's emendation, though adopted by Dr. Warburton. *Unbonnetting* may as well be, *not putting on*, as *not putting off*, the bonnet. Hammer reads *e'en bonneted*. JOHNSON.

Bonnetter (says Cotgrave) is to *put off one's cap*. So, in *Coriolanus* : “ Those who are supple and courteous to the people, *bonnetted* without any farther deed to heave them at all into their estimation.” *Unbonnetted* may therefore signify, *without taking the cap off*. We might, I think, venture to read *imbonnetted*. It is common with Shakspeare to make or use words compounded in the same manner. Such are *impawn*, *impaint*, *impale*, and *immask*. Of all the readings hitherto proposed, that of Theobald is, I think, the best. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*unhoufed*—] Free from *domestic* cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. JOHNSON.

Unhoufed, as explained by Dr. Johnson, means free from domestic cares. But, Othello talking as a foldier, *unhoufed* may signify the having no settled house or habitation. WHALLEY.

⁶ *For the sea's worth.*] I would not marry her, though she were as rich as the Adriatic, which the Doge annually marries.

JOHNSON.

I believe the common and obvious meaning is the true one.

The

Enter Cassio, with others.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends ;
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found ;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
What is the news ?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general ;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ;
It is a business of some heat : the gallies
Have sent a dozen frequent messengers⁷
This very night, at one another's heels :
And many of the⁸ consuls, rais'd, and met,

Are

The same words occur in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630 :

“ —he would not lose that privilege

“ *For the sea's worth* ”

Perhaps the phrase is proverbial.

Pliny the naturalist has a chapter on *the riches of the sea*
Again, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ —for all the sun sees, or

“ The close earth wombs, or *the profound sea hides*

“ *In unknown fathoms, &c.* ”

Again, in *King Henry V.* act i :

“ —As rich with praise,

“ As is the ouse, and *bottom of the sea,*

“ With sunken wreck, and sunless treasuries.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ —*frequent* messengers] The first quarto reads—*frequent* messengers. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*consuls,*] Hamner reads, *council*. Theobald would have us read *counsellors*. Venice was originally governed by *consul* ; and *consuls* seems to have been commonly used for *counsellors*, as before
in

Are at the duke's already : You have been hotly
call'd for ;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit.

Caf. Ancient what makes he here ?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded ' a land-
carrack ;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caf. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Caf. To who ?

Re-

in this play. In *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631, the emperor Albanact is said to be attended by fourteen consuls :—again, *the habits of the consuls were after the same manner*. Geoffery of Monmouth and Matthew Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *consuls*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *The senate hath sent out—*] The early quartos, and all the modern editors, have,

The senate sent above three several quests.

The folio,

The senate hath sent about, &c. that is, *about the city*. I have adopted the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

Quests are, on this occasion, searches. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“ Now, if in all his *quests*, he be withheld.”— STEEVENS.

¹ —*a land carrack* ;— A *carrack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value ; perhaps what we now call a *galleon*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb* :

“ — they'll be freighted ;

“ They're made like *carracks*, all for strength and stowage.”

STEEVENS.

The first ships that came richly laden from the West Indies to Europe were those from the Caraccas part of the Spanish settlements : and some years ago a Caracca ship generally proved a very rich prize. MONCK MASON.

² *To who?*] It is somewhat singular that Cassio should ask this question. In the 3d scene of the 3d act, Iago says :

“ Did

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you³.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, ⁴ be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, fir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shun'd
⁵ The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would

“ Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
“ Know of your love?”

“ *Oth.* From first to last.”

He who was acquainted with the object courted by his friend,
could have little reason for doubting to whom he would be mar-
ried. STEEVENS.

Cassio's seeming ignorance of Othello's courtship or marriage
might only be affected; in order to keep his friend's secret, till it
become publickly known. BLACKSTONE.

³ *Have with you.*] This expression denotes readiness. See vol.
vii. p. 84. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*be advis'd* ;] That is, be cool; be cautious; be discreet.
JOHNSON.

⁵ *The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,*] Curled is elegantly
and

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the footy bosom
 Of such a thing as thou ; to fear⁶, not to delight.
 [Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms ;
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
 That

and ostentatiously dressed. He had not the hair particularly in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

On another occasion Shakspeare employs the same expression, and evidently alludes to *the hair*.

“ If she first meet the *curled* Antony, &c.”

Sir W. D'Avenant uses the same expression in his *Just Italian*, 1630 :

“ The *curl'd* and filken nobles of the town.”

Again,

“ Such as the *curled* youth of Italy.”

I believe Shakspeare has the same meaning in the present instance.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *to fear,*] *i. e.* to terrify See vol. ii. p. 33. vol. iii. p. 164, &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Judge me the world, &c.*] The lines following in crotchets are not in the first edition. POPE.

⁸ *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,*

That weaken motion :] Brabantio is here accusing Othello of having used some foul play, and intoxicated Desdemona by drugs and potions to win her over to his love. But why, *drugs* to weaken *motion*? How then could she have run away with him voluntarily from her father's house? Had she been averse to choosing Othello, though he had given her medicines that took away the use of her limbs, might she not still have retained her senses, and opposed the marriage? Her father, it is evident, from several of his speeches, is positive, that she must have been *abused* in her *rational* faculties; or she could not have made so preposterous a choice, as to wed with a Moor, a Black, and refuse the finest young gentlemen in Venice. What then have we to do with her *motion* being weakened? If I understand any thing of the poet's meaning here, I cannot but think he must have wrote :

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That weaken notion.

i. e. her *apprehension*, right *conception* and *idea* of things, *understanding*, *judgment*, &c. THEOBALD.

Hanmer reads with probability :

That weaken motion. — JOHNSON.

Motio

That weaken motion :—I'll have it disputed on ;
 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]
 For an abuser^s of the world, a practiser
 Of art^s inhibited and out of warrant : —
 Lay hold upon him if he do resist,
 Subdue him at his peril.

Motion in a subsequent scene of this play is used in the very sense in which Hamner would employ it: “But we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ —For there's no *motion*
 “ That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 “ It is the woman's part.”

Again, in *Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640:

“ And in myself looth up adulterous *motions*,
 “ And such an appetite as I know damns me.”

Again, in *A Warning for fair Woman*, 1599:

“ Pray God that captain Browne hath not been mov'd
 “ By some ill *motion*.”

Drugs or love powders, as they are sometimes called, may operate as enflamers of the blood — may *waken* motion. But I believe no drugs have yet been found out that can fascinate the understanding or affections; that can *weaken* the judgment without entirely subverting it. Opiates, or intoxicating potions may set the senses to sleep, but cannot distort or pervert the intellects but by destroying them for a time. However, it may be said, that *Brabantio* believed in the efficacy of such drugs, and therefore might with propriety talk of their *weakening the understanding*.—The reading proposed by Theobald is, it must be acknowledged, strongly supported by a passage in *King Lear*, act ii. sc. iv.:

“ —His *notion weakens*, his discernings
 “ Are lethargy'd.” MALONE.

To *weaken motion* is, to *impair the faculties*. It was till very lately, and may with some be still an opinion, that philtres or love potions have the power of perverting, and of course, weakening or impairing both the sight and judgment, and of procuring fondness or dotage toward any unworthy object who administers them. And by *motion*, Shakspeare means the senses which are depraved and weakened by these fascinating mixtures.

REMARKS.

^s For *an abuser*, &c.] The first quarto reads, *Such an abuser*, &c. STEEVENS.

Oth.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison ; 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring⁹ me to him ?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council ; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
In this time of the night !—Bring him away :
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own :
For if such actions may have passage free,
¹ Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE.

⁹ To bring—] The quartos read — To bear — STEEVENS.

¹ Bond-slaves, and pagans,—] Mr. Theobald alters *pagans* to *pageants* for this reason, “ That pagans are as strict and moral all the world over, as the most regular Christians, in the preservation of private property.” But what then ? The speaker had not this high opinion of pagan morality, as is plain from hence, that this important discovery, so much to the honour of paganism, was first made by our editor. WARBURTON.

The meaning of these expressions of Brabantio seems to have been mistaken. I believe the morality of either christians or pagans was not in the author's thoughts. He alludes to the common condition of all blacks, who come from their own country, both *slaves* and *pagans* ; and uses the words in contempt of Othello and his complexion. If this Moor is now suffered to escape with impunity, it will be such an encouragement to his black countrymen,

A Council-chamber.

Duke, and Senators, sitting.

Duke. ² There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2. Sen. And mine, two hundred :
But though they jump not on a just account,
(³As in these cases where they aim reports,

'Tis

countrymen, that we may expect to see all the first offices of our
state fill'd up by the *pagans* and *bond-slaves* of Africa.

STEEVENS.

² *There is no composition—*] *Composition, for consistency, con-*
cordancy. WARBURTON.

³ *As in these cases where they aim reports,*] These Venetians
seem to have had a very odd sort of persons in employment, who
did all by hazard, as to *what*, and *how*, they should report ;
for this is the sense of man's *aiming reports*. The true reading,
without question, is,

———— *where the aim reports.*

i. c. *where there is no better ground for information than con-*
jecture : which not only improves the sense, but, by changing the
verb into a noun, and the noun into a verb mends the expres-
sion. WARBURTON.

The folio has,

———— *the aim reports.*

But, *they aim reports*, has a sense sufficiently easy and commo-
dious. Where men *report* not by certain knowledge, but by *aim*
and conjecture. JOHNSON.

To *aim* is to conjecture. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err.”

Again in the manuscript known by the title of *William and*
the Werewolf, in the library of King's College Cambridge,

“ No man upon mold, might *ayme* the number.” p. 56.

STEEVENS.

I see no reason for departing from the reading of the old copy
———— *where the aim reports.*

Reports

'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sai. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo⁴.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
⁵ By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more⁶ facile question bear it,

Reports is, I apprehend, a verb.—*In these cases where conjecture or suspicion tells the tale.*

Aim is again used in this sense, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“What you would work me to, I have some *aim*.”

MALONE.

⁴ *By Signior Angelo.*] This hemistich is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

⁵ *By no assay of reason.*] Bring it to the *test*, examine it by reason as we examine metals by the *assay*, it will be found counterfeit by all trials, JOHNSON.

⁶ — *facile question*—] *Question* is for the *act of seeking*. With more *easy endeavour*. JOHNSON.

So may he with more facile question bear it,] That is, he may carry with less dispute—with less opposition. I don't see how the word *question* can signify the *art of seeking*, though the word *quest* may. MONCK MASON.

7 For that it stands not in such ⁸ warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in :—if we make thought of
this,

We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first ;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage ⁹, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

Sen. Ay, so I thought ¹:—How many, as you
guess ?

Mes. Of thirty sail : and now they do re-stem ²
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus
³ And prays you to believe him³.

Duke.

7 *For that it stands not, &c.*] The seven following lines are added since the first edition. POPE.

⁸ —*warlike brace,*] State of defence. To arm was called to *brace on* the armour. JOHNSON.

⁹ *To awake and wage, a danger profitless.*] To *wage* here, as in many other places in Shakspeare, signifies to fight, to combat.

Thus, in *K. Lear* :

“ To wage against the enmity of the air.”

It took its rise from the more common expression, to *wage war*.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Ay so, &c.*] This line is not in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

² — *they do re-stem*] The quartos mean to read *re-sterne*, though in the first of them the word is misspelt. STEEVENS.

³ *And prays you to believe him.*] The late learned and ingenious

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
 Marcus Lucchese, is not he in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us: with him⁴, post, post-haste: dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
 you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To Bra.*
 We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon
 me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
 Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the⁵ general
 care

Take hold⁶ on me; for my particular grief
 Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,

nious Mr. Thomas Clark, of Lincoln's Inn, read the passage thus:

And prays you to relieve him.

But the present reading may stand. *He entreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.* JOHNSON.

† — *wish him,*] i. e. recommend, desire him. See vol. ii. p. 317, and other places. EDITOR.

⁵ *general care*] The word *care*, which encumbers the verse, was probably added by the players. Shakspeare uses *the general* as a substantive, though, I think, not in this sense. JOHNSON.

The word *general* when used by Shakspeare as a substantive always implies the populace not the public: and if it were used here as an adjective, without the word *care*, it must refer to *grief* in the following line, a word which may properly denote a private sorrow, but not the alarm which a nation is supposed to feel on the approach of a formidable enemy. MONCK MASON.

⁶ *Take hold—*] The first quarto reads, *Take any hold—*

STEEVENS.

That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
⁶ By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
 For nature so preposterously to err,
 Being not ⁷ deficient, blind or lame of sense,
 Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'r he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
 Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
 And you of her, the bloody book of law
 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
 After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
⁸ Stood in your action.

⁶ *By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:]* Rymer has ridiculed this circumstance as unbecoming (both for its weakness and superstition) the gravity of the accuser, and the dignity of the tribunal; but this criticism only exposes his own ignorance. The circumstance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greatest address, as the thing chiefly to be insisted on. For, by the Venetian law, the giving love potions was very criminal, as Shakspeare without question well understood. Thus the law, *Delli maleficii et herbarie*, cap. 17. of the Code, intitled, “Della
 “promission del maleficio. Statuimo etiamdio, che se alcun
 “homo, o femina harra fatto maleficii, iquali se dimandano vul-
 “garmente *amatorie*, o veramente alcuni altri maleficii, che al-
 “cun homo o femina se haveffon in odio, sia frusta et bollado,
 “et che hara confegliado patisca simile pena.” And therefore in the preceding scene Brabantio calls them,

—— *Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.* WARBURTON.

Though I believe Shakspeare knew no more of this Venetian law than I do, yet he was well acquainted with the edicts of that sapient prince king James the First, against

“—— practisers

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Being not, &c.]* This line is wanting in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Stood in your action.]* Were the man exposed to your charge or accusation. JOHNSON.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to
this? [*To Othello.*]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
'The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

'And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd

'The very head and front of my offending] The main, the whole, unextenuated. JOHNSON.

'And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;] This apology, if addressed to his mistress, had been well expressed. But what he wanted, in speaking before a Venetian senate, was not the soft blandishments of speech, but the art and method of masculine eloquence. The old quarto reads it, therefore, as I am persuaded Shakespeare wrote;

— the set phrase of peace. WARBURTON.

Soft is the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

To the set phrase of peace, no reasonable objection can be made; yet *soft*, which is found in the folio, was, I believe, the author's correction. He uses it for *still* and *calm*, as opposed to the clamours of war. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — Say to them,

“ Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,

“ Hast not the soft way which thou dost confess

“ Were fit for thee to use.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — 'Tis a worthy deed

“ And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

“ To soft and gentle speech.” MALONE.

² Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious pa-
 tience,

I will a round unvarnish'd³ tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what
 charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
⁴ Blush'd at herself ; And she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on ?
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess—perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch⁵ this, is no proof ;

² *Their dearest action*—] That is *dear*, for which much is paid, whether money or labour ; *dear action*, is action performed at great expence, either of ease or safe. JOHNSON.

I should give these words a more natural explanation, and suppose that they mean their *favourite action*—the action most dear to them. MONK MASON.

³—*unvarnished*—] The second quarto reads—*unravaged*—
 STEEVENS.

⁴ *Blush'd at herself* ;] Mr. Pope reads—at *itself*, but without necessity. Shakspeare, like other writers of his age frequently used the *personal*, instead of the *neutral* pronoun. STEEVENS.

⁵ *To vouch, &c.*] The first folio unites this speech with the preceding one of *Brabantio* ; and instead of *certain* reads *wider*.
 STEEVENS

Without

Without more certain and more ⁶ overt test
Than these ⁷ thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, Othello, speak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady the Sagittary ⁸,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you ⁹,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

[*Exeunt Two or Three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
place.— [Exit Iago.

And, 'till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How did I thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

⁶ — *overt test*,] Open proofs, external evidence. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *thin habits*, —

Of modern seeming, —] Weak shew of slight appearance.

JOHNSON.

The first quarto reads:

These are thin habits, and poore likelyhoods

Of modern *seemings* you prefer against him. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *the Sagittary*,] Means the sign of the fictitious creature so called, *i. e.* an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver. STEEVENS.

⁹ *The trust, &c.*] This line is wanting in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *as truly*] The first quarto reads, *as faithful*.

STEEVENS.

² *I do confess, &c.*] This line is omitted in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd :
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bad me tell it.
 3 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood, and field ;
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 4 And portance in my travel's history :
 5 Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,

Rough

3 *Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood, and field,
 Of hair-breadth scapes in the imminent deadly breach ;]*

“ —Heu ! quibus ille

“ Jactatus fatis ; qua bella exhausta canebat !”

There are some passages in this speech of Othello that remind me of Virgil's description of Dido's growing passion for Æneas.
 MONCK MASON.

4 *And portance, &c.]* I have restored,
And with it all my travel's history :
 From the old edition. It is in the rest,
And portance in my travel's history.

Rymer, in his criticism on this play, has changed it to *portents*, instead of *portance*. POPE.

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

*Of being — sold
 To slavery, of my redemption thence,
 And portance in't ; my travel's history.*

My redemption from slavery, and behaviour in it. JOHNSON.
Portance is a word already used in *Coriolanus*. See vol. vii.

R. 414.

Again, in the comedy of *Albumazar*, 1610 :

“ What a grave *portance* !” STEEVENS.

5 *Wherein of antres vast, &c.]* Discourses of this nature made the subject of the politest conversations, when voyages into, and discoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the
 Bastard

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

‘It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And,

Bastard Faulconbridge, in *King John*, describes the behaviour of upstart greatness, he makes one of the essential circumstances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The fashion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality should be struck with the history of an adventurer. So that Rymer, who professedly ridicules this whole circumstance, and the noble author of the *Characteristics*, who more obliquely sneers it, only expose their own ignorance. WARBURTON.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, flews his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however, great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOHNSON.

Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle, &c.] Thus it is in all the old editions; but Mr. Pope has thought fit to change the epithet. *Deserts idle*; in the former editions (says he) doubtless, corruption from *wild*.—But he must pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this so doubtless. I do not know whether Mr. Pope has observed it, but I know that Shakspeare, especially in descriptions, is fond of using the more uncommon word in a poetic latitude. And *idle*, in several other passages, he employs in these acceptations, *wild, useless, uncultivated, &c.*

THEOBALD.

Every mind is liable to absence and inadvertency, else Pope could never have rejected a word so poetically beautiful. *Idle* is an epithet used to express the infertility of the chaotic state, in the Saxon translation of the Pentateuch. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“Usurping ivy, briar or *idle* moss.” STEEVENS.

The same epithet is confirmed by another passage in this act of *Othello*: “—Either have it steril with *idleness*, or manured with industry.” MALONE.

Mr. Pope might have found the epithet *wild* in all the three last folios. STEEVENS.

—*antres*—] French, grottos. POPE.

Rather *caves* and *dens*. JOHNSON.

‘*It was my hint to speak*,—] This implies it as done by a trap laid for her; but the old quarto reads *hent*, i. e. use, custom.

WARBURTON.

Hence

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and 7 men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders 8 These things to
 hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :

Hent is not *use* in Shakspeare, nor, I believe, in any other author. *Hint*, or *cue*, is commonly used for occasion of speech, which is explained by, *such was the process*, that is, the course of the tale required it. If *bent* be restored, it may be explained by *handle*. I had a *handle*, or *opportunity*, to speak of cannibals.

JOHNSON.

Hent occurs at the conclusion of the 4th act of *Measure for Measure*. It is derived from the Saxon *Hentan*, and means, to *take hold of, to seize*.

“ —the gravest citizens

“ Have *bent* the gates.”

But in the very next page *Othello* says :

“ —Upon this *hint* I spake.

It is certain therefore that change is unnecessary. STEEVENS.

7 — men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders.—] Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. JOHNSON.

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an English audience before Shakspeare introduced them. In the *History of Orlando Furioso*, play'd for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, they are mentioned in the very first scene ; and Raleigh speaks of people whose heads appear *not above* their shoulders.

Again, in the *Tragedy of Loerine*, 1595 :

“ Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi*,

“ With greedy jaws devour the wandring wights.”

The poet might likewise have read of them in Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* translated by P. Holland, 1601, and in Stow's *Chronicle* :

STEEVENS.

Histories (says Bernard Gilpin, in a sermon before Edward VI.) make mention of a “ people called *Anthropophagi, caters of men.*”

EDITOR.

8 ————*These things to bear,*

Would Desdemona seriously incline, &c.

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

Devour up my discourse :]

“ *Iliacosque iterum audire labores,*

“ *Exposcit, pendet qui iterum narrantis ab ore.*”

MONCK MASON.

But

But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively : I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :

9 —and with a greedy ear

Devour up my discourse:] So, in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion* :

“ Hang both your *greedy ears* upon my lips ;

“ Let them *devour my speech.*” MALONE.

1 *But not intentively* :—] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads, *instinctively*. Perhaps it should be, *distinctively*.

The old word, however, may stand. *Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. So, in a play called *the Isle of Gulls*, 1633 : “ Grace ! at sitting down they cannot *intend* it for hunger,” i. e. *attend* to it. Desdemona, who was often called out of the room on the score of house-affairs, could not have heard *Othello's* tale *intently*, i. e. with *attention to all its parts*.

Again, in Chapman's *Version of the Iliad*, b. 6 :

“ Hector *intends* his brother's will ; but first, &c.”

Again, in the tenth Book ; “ —all with *intensive* ear

“ Converted to the enemies' tents—”

Again, in the eighth Book of the *Odyssy* :

“ For our ships know th' expressed minds of men ;

“ And will so most *intently* retaine

“ Their scopes appointed, that they never erre.”

STEEVENS.

Distinctively is the reading of the second folio. MALONE.

2 ——— a world of sighs :] It was *kisses* in the later editions : but this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been forward indeed to give him a *world of kisses* upon a bare recital of his story ; nor does it agree with the following lines. POPE.

Kisses is the reading of the first folio, and was perhaps the author's word on a revision of this play. It could hardly have been confounded with *sighs*, by either the eye or the ear.

MALONE.

She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange ;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd
me ;

And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake ;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter
too.—

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best :
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear me speak ;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head³, if my bad blame
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life, and education
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty⁴,

³ *Destruction, &c.*] The quartos read, destruction *light on me.*
STEEVENS.

⁴ *You are the lord of duty,*] The first quarto reads,
You are lord of *all my* duty. STEEVENS.

I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my husband ;

And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you !—I have done :—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which ^s, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. ⁶ Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a
sentence,
Which, ⁷ as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into

^s *Which, &c.*] This line is omitted in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Let me speak like your self ;*] It should be *like our self*, i. e. let me mediate between you as becomes a prince and common father of his people : for the prince's opinion, here delivered, was quite contrary to Brabantio's sentiment. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads,

Let me now speak more like your self.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is specious ; but I do not see how Hanmer's makes any alteration. The duke seems to mean, when he says he will speak like Brabantio, that he will speak sententiously. JOHNSON.

Let me speak like yourself :—] i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

⁷ *—as a grize,—*] *Grize* from *degrees*. A *grize* is a step. So in *Timon* :

“ ————for every *grize* of fortune

“ Is smooth'd by that below.”—

Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, gives the original word.

“ Whom when he saw lie spread on the *degrees*.”

In

⁸ Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on⁹.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the
thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk, of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
¹ But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow,
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:

² But words are words; I never yet did hear,

That

In the will of K. Henry VI. where the dimensions of King's College chapel at Cambridge are set down, the word occurs, as spelt in some of the old editions of Shakspeare. "—From the provost's stall, unto the *greece* called *Gradus Chori*, 90 feet."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Into your favour.*] This is wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto. JOHNSON.

⁹ *New mischief on.*] The quartos read—*more* mischief.—

STEEVENS.

¹ *But the free comfort which from thence he bears:]* But the moral precepts of consolation, which are liberally bestowed on occasion of the sentence. JOHNSON.

² *But words are words; I never yet did hear,*

That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.] The duke had by sage sentences been exhorting Brabantio to patience, and to forget the grief of his daughter's stolen marriage, to which Brabantio is made very pertinently to reply to this effect: "My
" lord, I apprehend very well the wisdom of your advice; but
" though you would *comfort* me, words are but words; and the
" heart, already *bruised*, was never *pierced*, or *wounded*, through
" the *ear*." It is obvious that the text must be restored thus:

That

That the bruise'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.
Duke.

That the bruise'd heart was pieced through the ear.
i. e. that the wounds of sorrow were ever cured, or a man made
heart-whole merely by the words of consolation. WARBURTON.

That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.] Shakspeare was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon; so that very often the reader, who has not the same continuity or succession of ideas, is at a loss for its meaning. Many of Shakspeare's uncouth strained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and simple expression, which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state. I can imagine the first mode of expression that occurred to the poet was this :

The *troubled* heart was never cured by words.
To give it poetical force, he altered the phrase :
The wounded heart was never reached through the ear.

Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruised*, as a more uncommon expression. *Reach* he altered to *touched*, and the transition is then easy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly touched. When the sentiment is brought to this state, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing the heart* in its common acceptation *wounding the heart*, which making in this place nonsense, is corrected to *pieced the heart*, which is very stiff, and, as Polonius says, *is a vile phrase*. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

Pierced may be right. The consequence of a *bruise* is sometimes matter collected, and this can no way be cured without *piercing* or letting it out. Thus, in *Hamlet* :

“ It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
“ While rank corruption mining all within,
“ Infects unseen.”

Again,

“ This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
“ That inward breaks, and shews no cause without,
“ Why the man dies.” STEEVENS.

Pierced, I believe, only means, as Sir Joshua Reynolds supposes, *penetrated, thoroughly affected*. The heart being enclosed by the body, the former could not, in a literal sense, be touched but by *piercing* through the latter. Hence our author's figurative use of the word in this place.

The reading of the old copy may derive some support from Shakspeare's 46th *Sonnet*, where the contested word again occurs :

“ My heart doth plead that thou in him doth lie,
“ (A closet never *piec'd* by chrystal eyes)”

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you : And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of affects, throws a more safe voice on you : you must therefore be content to flubber¹ the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My² thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize³

Again, from *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.”

¹⁷ Again, from *the Merchant of Venice* :

“ With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear.”

The wounded heart being reached by counsel, and so healed, through the medium of the ear, is just the same kind of conceit, as the sound heart's being transfixed by the shaft of love through the medium of the eye ;—a conceit which is found in *The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet*, 1562 (a poem that Shakspeare had certainly read) :

“ His whetted arrow loose, so touch'd her to the quicke,
“ That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the
hedde did sticke.”

In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591, *pierced* is used nearly in the same figurative sense :

“ Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
“ Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierc'd.

MALONE.

¹ *To flubber the gloss, &c.] To flubber*, on this occasion, is to obscure. So, in the First Part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605 :

“ The evening too begins to flubber day.”

STEEVENS.

² —*thrice-driven bed of down*—:] A driven bed, is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by driving with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. JOHNSON.

³ —*I do agnize*] *i. c.* acknowledge, confess, avow. So, in the old play of *Cambyfis* :

“ The tenor of your princely will, from you for to agnize.”

In this instance, however, it signifies to know ; as likewise in the following, from the same piece :

“ Why so ? I pray you let me agnize.” STEEVENS.

A na-

A natural and prompt alacrity,
 I find it hardness ; and do undertake
 This present war against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 † I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
 Due reference of place, and exhibition ;
 With such accommodation, and besort,
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
 Be't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend a gracious ear⁵ ;
 And let me find ° a charter in your voice,
 To assist my simpleness⁷.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,

⁴ *I crave fit disposition for my wife ;*

Due reference of place, and exhibition, &c.] I desire, that proper *dispositon* be made for my wife, that she may have *precedency* and *revenue*, accommodation and *company*, suitable to her rank.

For *reference* of place, the old quartos have *reverence*, which Hammer has received. I should read,

Due preference of place. — JOHNSON.

Exhibition is allowance. The word is at present used only at the universities. See vol. i. p. 154. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *Most gracious duke,*

To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of the same epithet, reads : “ — your *prosperous* ear ; ” i. e. your *propitious* ear.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *a charter in your voice]* Let your favour *privilege* me.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *To assist my simpleness.]* The first quarto reads this as an unfinished sentence :

And if my simpleness — STEEVENS.

8 My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord⁹ :

1 I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me.
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

8 *My down-right violence and storm of fortunes?* But what violence was it that drove her to run away with the Moor? We should read,

My down-right violence to forms, my fortunes.

WARBURTON.

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

I would rather continue to read *Storm of fortunes* on account of the words that follow, viz. *May trumpet to the world*.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. i :

“ the southern wind

“ Doth play the trumpet to his purposes.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ ——— so

“ Doth valour shew and valour's worth divide

“ In storms of fortune.” STEEVENS.

9 *Even to the very quality of my lord :*] The first quarto reads, *Even to the utmost pleasure*, &c. STEEVENS.

Quality here may mean *profession*. “ I am so much enamour'd of Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniences incident to a *military life*, and to attend him to the wars.” “ I cannot merveyle (said lord Essex to Mr. Ashton, a puritan preacher who was sent to him in the Tower) though my protestations are not believed of my enemies, when they so little prevaile with a man of your *quality*.” MALONE.

1 *I saw Othello's visage in his mind :*] It must raise no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance so little engaging; I saw his face only in his mind; the greatness of his character reconciled me to his form. JOHNSON.

Oth. Your voices, lords ²,—'beseech you, let her will

Have a free way.

Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it not ;

To please the palate of my appetite ;

*Nor to comply with heat, (the young effects,

In

² *Your voices, lords :*] The folio reads, *Let her have your voice.*
STEEVENS.

³ *Vouch with me—*] Thus the second quarto and the folio.
STEEVENS.

⁴ *Nor to comply with heat (the young effects, In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;*] As this has been hitherto printed and stopped, it seems to me a period of as stubborn nonsense, as the editors have obtruded upon poor Shakspeare throughout his works. What a preposterous creature is this Othello made, to fall in love with and marry a fine young lady, when *appetite* and *heat*, and *proper satisfaction*, are *dead* and *defunct* in him ! (For, *defunct* signifies nothing else, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically :) but if we may take Othello's own word in the affair, he was not reduced to this fatal state.

—or, *for I am declin'd*

Into the vale of years ; yet that's not much.

Again, Why should our poet say, (for so he says as the passage has been pointed) that the young *effect* heat? Youth, certainly, has it, and has no occasion or pretence of *affecting* it. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add so absurd a collateral epithet as *proper*? But *affects* was not designed there as a verb, and *defunct* was not designed here at all. I have by reading *distinct* for *defunct*, rescued the poet's text from absurdity ; and this I take to be the tenor of what he would say ; “ I do not beg her company with me, merely to please myself ; nor to indulge the heat and *affects* (i. e. affections) of a new-married man, in my own distinct and proper satisfaction ; but to comply with her in her request, and desire of accompanying me.” *Affects* for *affections*, our author in several other passages uses. THEOBALD.

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects

In my defunct and proper satisfaction :] i. e. with that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raised and created. This is the meaning of *defunct*, which has made all the difficulty of the passage. WARBURTON.

I do not think that Mr. Theobald's emendation clears the text from embarrassment, though it is with a little imaginary improvement received by Hanmer, who reads thus :

In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :

And

*Nor to comply with heat, affects the young
In my distinct and proper satisfaction.*

Dr. Warburton's explanation is not more satisfactory : what made the difficulty will continue to make it. I read,

———— I beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

Affects stands here, not for love, but for passions, for that by which any thing is affected. *I ask it not*, says he, *to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires*, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.

Mr. Upton had, before me, changed *my* to *me* ; but he has printed young *effects*, not seeming to know that *affects* could be a noun.

JOHNSON.

Theobald has observed the impropriety of making Othello confess, that all youthful passions were *defunct* in him ; and Hammer's reading may, I think, be received with only a slight alteration, I would read,

“ ——— I beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, and young affects,
In my *distinct* and proper satisfaction ;
But to be, &c.

Affects stands for *affections*, and is used in that sense by Ben Jonson in *The Case is altered*, 1609 :

“ ——— I shall not need to urge
“ The sacred purity of our *affects*.”

So, in Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619 :

“ No doubt *affects* will be subdu'd by reason.”

There is, however, in *The Bondman*, by Massinger, a passage which seems to countenance and explain ——— the young affects in me *defunct*, &c.

“ ——— youthful heats,
“ That look no further than your outward form,
“ Are long since *buried* in me.”

Timoleon is the speaker. STEEVENS.

I would venture to make the two last lines change places,

———— I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects ;

But

And heaven defend : your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me ; No, ° when light-wing'd toys
Of

But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
In my desunct and proper satisfaction.

And would then recommend it to consideration, whether the word *desunct* (which would be the only remaining difficulty) is not capable of a signification, drawn from the primitive sense of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context.

TYRWHITT.

I would propose to read, In my *desunct*, or *desunct'd*, &c. i. e. I do not beg her company merely to please the palate of my appetite, nor to comply with the heat of lust which the *young man affects*, i. e. loves and is fond of, in a gratification which I have by marriage *desunct'd*, or inclosed and guarded, and made my own property. *Unproper beds*, in this play, mean, beds not peculiar or appropriate to the right owner, but common to other occupiers. In the *Merry Wives*, &c. the marriage vow was represented by *Ford* as the ward and *desunct* of purity or conjugal fidelity. “ I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, and a thousand other her *desuncts*, which are now too strongly embattel'd against me.” The verb *affect* is more generally, among ancient authors, taken in the construction which I have given to it, than as Mr. Theobald would interpret it. It is so in this very play, “ Not to *affect* many proposed matches,” means not to *like*, or *be fond of* many proposed matches.

I am persuaded that the word *desunct* must be at all events ejected. *Othello* talks here of his appetite, and it is very plain that Desdemona to her death was fond of him after wedlock, and that he loved her. How then could his conjugal desires be dead or *desunct* ? or how could they be *desunct* or discharged and performed when the marriage was not consummated ? TOLLER.

— *desunct*, &c.] To *desunct*, is to forbid. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, late edit. ver. 564 :

“ Wher can ye seen in any maner age
“ That highe God *desuncted* mariage,
“ By expresse word ?”

From *desendre*, Fr. STEEVENS.

° — when light-wing'd toys

Of feather'd Cupid, feel with wanton dulness

My speculative and offic'd instrument—] Thus the folio.

The quarto reads—

— when light-wing'd toys

And feather'd Cupid foils with wanton dulness

My speculative and offic'd instruments—

Of feather'd Cupid, feel with wanton dulness
 My speculative and active instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint by business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation?!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
 And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
 Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you;
 And such things else of quality and respect,
 As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
 A man he is of honesty, and trust:
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
 Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[To Brab.]
^s If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen.

All these words (in either copy) mean no more than this: *When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for seeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them, &c.*

STEEVENS.

⁷ — my estimation!] Thus the folio; the quarto—*reputation.*
 STEEVENS.

⁸ *If virtue no delighted beauty lack,*] This is a senseless epithet. We should read *belighted beauty*, i. e. white and fair.

WARBURTON.

Hammer reads, more plausibly, *delighting*. I do not know that *belighted* has any authority. I should rather read,

If virtue no delight or beauty lack.

Delight,

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; ⁸ have a quick eye to see;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt duke, and Senators.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago, My Desdemona must I leave to thee: I pry'thee, let thy wife attend on her; And bring them after in the ⁹ best advantage.— Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour Of love, of worldly matter and direction, To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello, and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is fillineſs to live, when to live is a tor-

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

There is no ſuch word as—*belighted*. The plain meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itſelf, then your virtuous ſon-in-law of courſe is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted*, for *delighting*; Shakspeare often uſes the active and paſſive participles indifferently. Of this practice I have already given many inſtances. The ſame ſentiment ſeems to occur in the *Twelfth Night*:

“ In nature is no blemiſh, but the mind;

“ None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

“ *Virtue is beauty.*” — STEEVENS

Delighted is uſed by Shakspeare in the ſenſe of *delighting*, or *delightful*. See *Cymbeline*, act v:

“ Whom beſt I love, I croſs to make my gift,

“ The more delay'd, *delighted*.” TYRWHITT.

⁸ — *have a quick eye to ſee*] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The folio reads,

— *if thou haſt eyes to ſee.* STEEVENS.

⁹ — *beſt advantage.*—] Faireſt opportunity. JOHNSON.

ment,

ment : and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous ! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years : and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of ² a Guinea hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens ; to the which, our wills are gardeners : so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; either have it steril with idleness, or manur'd with industry ; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance ³ of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions : But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scyon ⁴.

² —a *Guinea-ben*,—] A showy bird with fine feathers.
JOHNSON.

A *Guinea-ben*, was anciently the cant term for a prostitute. So, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640 :

“ —Yonder's the cock o'the game
“ About to tread yon *Guinea-ben* ; they're billing.”
STEEVENS.

³ *If the balance*] The folio reads—If the *brain*. STEEVENS.
Beam, which Mr. Theobald suggested, was probably our author's word, on a revision of his play. The transcriber's ear in this, I believe, as in many other instances might have deceived him ; *beam* having been, pronounced at that time, *bame*.
MALONE.

⁴ — a sect or *scyon*,] Thus the folio and quarto. A *sect* is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting*. The modern editors read—a *set*. STEEVENS.

Rod.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come; be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow thou these wars; & defeat thy favour with an usurped beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: ⁶ it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money; the food that to him now is ⁷ as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly

⁵ — defeat *thy favour with an usurped beard.*—] This is not English. We should read *dissheat* thy favour, *i. e.* turn it out of its seat, change it for another. The word *usurped* directs us to this reading. WARBURTON.

It is more English, to *defeat*, than *dissheat*. To *defeat*, is to *undo*, to *change*. JOHNSON.

Defeat is from *defaire*, Fr. to *undo*. Of the use of this I have already given several instances. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration.*—] There seems to be an opposition of terms here intended, which has been lost in transcription. We may read, *it was a violent conjunction, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration*; or, what seems to me preferable, *it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequel*.

JOHNSON.

I believe the poet uses *sequestration* for *sequel*. He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *sequor*. *Sequestration*, however, may mean no more than *separation*. So, in this play — “a *seque^rer* from liberty.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *as luscious as locusts,*—] Whether you understand by this the insect or the fruit, it cannot be given as an instance of a delicious morsel, notwithstanding the exaggerations of lying travellers. The true reading is *lobocks*, a very pleasant confection introduced into

shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is fated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must : therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst : If sanctimony and a frail vow, ⁸ betwixt an erring

into medicine by the Arabian physicians ; and so very fitly opposed both to the bitterness and use of coloquintida.

WARBURTON.

— *bitter as coloquintida.*] The old quarto reads—as *acerb* as coloquintida.

Dr. Warburton, through his rage to introduce an uncommon word, is mistaken. At *Tonquin* the insect *Locusts* are considered as a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich ; and are sold in the markets, as larks and quails are in Europe. It may be added, that the Levitical law permits four sorts of them to be eaten.

An anonymous correspondent informs me, that the fruit of the locust-tree is a long black pod, which contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice of much the same consistency as fresh honey. This (says he) I have often tasted.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *betwixt an erring Barbarian*——] We should read *errant* ; that is, a vagabond, one who has no house nor country.

WARBURTON.

Hammer reads, *errant*. *Erring* is as well as either. JOHNSON.
So, in *Hamlet* :

“ ‘Th’ extravagant and *erring* spirit hies
“ To his confine.” STEEVENS.

An *erring Barbarian* ; perhaps meaning a *rover* from *Barbary*. He had before said, “ You’ll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horse.” MALONE.

The word *erring* is sufficiently explained by a passage in the first scene of the play, where Roderigo tells Brabantio that his daughter was

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortune,
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger.

Erring is the same as *erraticus* in Latin.

The word *erring* is used in the same sense in some of Orlando’s verses in *As You Like It* :

“ Tongues i’ll hang on every tree,
“ That shall civil sayings shew

“ Some

erring Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue⁹?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive¹ in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you²?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd³. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse⁴. [Exit Roderigo.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

“Some, how brief the life of man

“Runs his *erring* pilgrimage.”

MONCK MASON.

⁹ — *If I depend on the issue?*] These words are wanting in the first quarto STEEVENS.

¹ *conjunctive.*] The first quarto reads, *communicative.*

STEEVENS.

² *What say you?*] This speech is omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

³ *I am chang'd.*] This is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.*] The folio omits this line. STEEVENS.

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I should time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will⁵,
 A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife:—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature⁶,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have't;—It is engender'd:—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit.

⁵ — *to plume up, &c.*] The first quarto reads—to *make up*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *The Moor is of a free and open nature,*] The first quarto reads

The Moor, a free and open nature too,
 That thinks, &c. STEEVENS.

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

*The capital of Cyprus.**A platform.**Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.**Mont.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?*1 Gent.* Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.*Mont.* Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at
land ;A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
If it had ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortice ? What shall we hear of this ?*2 Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
For do but stand upon the foaming shore^s,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds ;⁷ — *when mountains melt on them,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,“ — when *the huge mountain melts.*”This latter reading might be countenanced by the following passage in the Second Part of *King Henry IV* :

“ ——— the continent

“ Weary of solid firmness, *melt* itself

“ Into the sea” — STEEVENS.

The quarto is surely the better reading ; it conveys a more natural image, more poetically expressed. Every man who has been on board a vessel in the Bay of Biscay, or in any very high sea, must know that the vast billows seem to melt away from the ship, not on it. MONCK MASON.

^s — *the foaming shore,*] The elder quarto reads—*banning* shore, which offers the bolder image ; *i. e.* the shore that execrates the ravage of the waves. So, in *King Henry VI. P. I.*“ Fell, *banning* hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue.”

STEEVENS.

The

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
main,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
⁹ And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inhelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How? is this true?

3. *Gent.* 'The ship is here put in,
A Veronese: Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant

⁹ *And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:]* Alluding to the star *Arctophylax*. JOHNSON.

The elder quarto reads—*ever-sir'd pole*. STEEVENS.

¹ *The ship is here put in,*

A Veronese; Michael Cassio, &c.] The author of *The Revival* is of opinion, that the poet intended to inform us, that Othello's lieutenant Cassio was of Verona, an inland city of the Venetian state; and adds, that the editors have not been pleased to say what kind of ship is here denoted by a *Veronessa*. By a *Veronessa* or *Veronesè* (for the Italian pronunciation must be retained, otherwise the measure will be defective) a ship of Verona is denoted; as we say to this day of ships in the river, such a one is a *Dutchman*, a *Jamaica-man*, &c. STEEVENS.

Veronessa, a ship of Verona. But the true reading is *Veronessè*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

— The ship is here put in,

A Veronesè. —

It was common to introduce *Italian* words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. So Spencer in the *Faerie Queen*,

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak
of comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea side, ho!

As well to see the vessel that's come in,

B. iii. C. xiii. 10.

With sleeves dependant *Albenese* *wife*.

The author of the Revival observes, that “the editors have not
“been pleased to inform us what kind of ship is here denoted by
“the name of a *Veronessa*.” But even supposing that *Veronessa* is
the true reading, there is no sort of difficulty. He might just
as well have inquired, what kind of a ship is a *Hamburger*. This
is exactly a parallel form. For it is not the species of the ship
which is implied in this appellation. Our critic adds, “the poet
“had not a ship in his thoughts. —He intended to inform us,
“that Othello's lieutenant, Cassio, was *of Verona*. We should
“certainly read,

“ — The ship is here put in.

“ A Veronese, Michael Cassio, (&c.)

“ Is come on shore.” —

This regulation of the lines is ingenious. But I agree with Ham-
mer, and I think it appears from many parts of the play, that
Cassio was a Florentine. In this speech, the *third gentleman*,
who brings the news of the wreck of the Turkish fleet, returns
his tale, and relates the circumstances more distinctly. In his *for-*
mer speech he says, “*A noble ship of Venice* saw the distress of the
Turks.” And here he adds, “The very ship is just now put
into our port, and she is a *Veronese*.” That is, a ship fitted out or
furnished by the people of Verona, a city of the Venetian state.

WARTON.

I believe we are all wrong. *Verona* is an inland city. Every
inconsistency may, however, be avoided, if we read *The Verones-*
sa, *i. e.* the name of the ship is the *Veronessa*. Verona, how-
ever, might be obliged to furnish ships towards the general de-
fence of Italy. STEEVENS.

As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;
Even 'till we make the main', and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

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

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor ; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

Mont. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas. ³ His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot

Of

¹ *Even 'till we make the main, &c.]* This line and half is wanting in the eldest quarto. STEEVENS.

² — *warlike isle,]* Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—*worthy isle.* STEEVENS.

³ *His bark is stoutly timber'd, —————*

Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,

Stand in bold cure.] I do not understand these lines. I

know not how *hope* can be *surfeited to death*, that is, *can be increased, till it is destroyed* ; nor what it is to *stand in bold cure* ; or why *hope* should be considered as a disease. In the copies there is no variation. Shall we read

Therefore my fears, not surfeited to death,

Stand in bold cure ?

This is better, but it is not well. Shall we strike a bolder stroke, and read thus ?

Therefore my hopes, not forfeited to death,

Stand bold, not sure. JOHNSON.

Therefore my hopes not surfeited to death,

Stand in bold cure.] Presumptuous hopes, which have no foundation in probability, may be said to forfeit themselves to death, or forward their own dissolution. To *stand in bold cure*, is to erect themselves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel expression occurs in *K. Lear*, act iii. sc. 6.

“ This rest might yet have balm'd his broken senses,

“ Which, if conveniency will not allow,

“ *Stand in hard cure.*”

Again,

—his

Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail !

Cas. What noise ?

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

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy ;
Our friends, at least. [Guns heard.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall. [Exit.

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately : he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame ;

—his life, with thine, &c.

Stand in assured loss.

In bold cure means, in confidence of being cured. STEEVENS.

A surfeit being a sickness arising from an *excessive* over-charge of the stomach, the author, with his usual licence, uses it for any species of *excess*.—The meaning, I think, is—*Therefore my hopes, not being destroyed by their own excess, but being reasonable and moderate, are like to be fulfilled.*

Or rather,

—*Therefore my hopes of his safety, which indeed are faint and weak, but not entirely destroyed by excess of despondency, may chance to be fulfilled.*

The word *surfeit* having occurred to Shakspeare, led him to consider such a hope as Cassio entertained, (not a sanguine, but a faint and languid, hope, — “*sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,*”) as a *disease*, and to talk of its *cure*. A passage in *Twelfth Night*, &c. where a familiar phraseology is used, may serve to strengthen this interpretation, while at the same time it shews that there is here no corruption in the text :

“ Give me *excess* of it ; that *surfeiting*,

“ The appetite may *sicken*, and so *die*. MALONE.

* *Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;*] I read,

Very expert, and of approv'd allowance. JOHNSON.

Expert and approv'd allowance is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertness*. This mode of expression is not unfrequent in Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
 5 And, in the essential vesture of creation,

Does

3 *And in the essential vesture of creation;*

Does bear all excellency—] It is plain that something very hyperbolical was here intended. But what is there as it stands? Why this, that in the essence of creation she bore all excellency. The expression is intolerable, and could never come from one who so well understood the force of words as our poet. The *essential vesture* is the same as *essential form*. So that the expression is nonsense. For the *vesture of creation* signifies the *forms* in which created beings are cast. And *essence* relates not to the *form*, but to the *matter*. Shakspeare certainly wrote :

And in terrestrial vesture of creation.

And in this lay the wonder, that all created excellence should be contained within an earthly mortal form. WARBURTON.

I do not think the present reading inexplicable. The author seems to use *essential*, for *existent*, *real*. She excels the praises of invention, says he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *invested* her, *bears all excellency*. JOHNSON.

Does bear all excellency—] Such is the reading of the quartos; for which the folio has this :

And in the essential vesture of creation
 Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus;

Does tire the ingenious verſe.

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

The reading of the quarto is so flat and unpoetical, when compared with that sense which seems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily wish some emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to signify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dress*. The verb *to attire*, is often so abbreviated. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633 :

“—Cupid's a boy,

“And would you *tire* him like a senator?”

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, act ii. sc. 2.

“—To save the money he spends in *tiring*, &c.”

The *essential vesture of creation* tempts me to believe it was so used on the present occasion. I would read something like this :

And in the essential vesture of creation
 Does tire the ingenuous virtue.

i. e. invests her artless virtue in the fairest form of earthly substance.

Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, act. v. Lorenzo calls the body—
“the muddy *vesture* of decay.”

It may, however, be observed, that the word *ingener* did not anciently signify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*, but any *ingenious person*, any *master of liberal science*.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, act i. sc. 1.

“No, Silius, we are no good *ingeners*,

“We want the fine arts,” &c.

Ingener therefore may be the true reading of this passage: and a similar thought occurs in the *Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1:

“For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,

“And make it *halt* behind her.”

In the argument of *Sejanus*, Jonson likewise says, that his hero “worketh with all his *ingene*,” apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the poet wrote:

“Does *tire* the *ingene* ever.

This is very near the word exhibited by the folio. MALONE.

The reading of the folio, though incorrectly spelled, appears to have been,

Does *tire* the *ingincer*;

which is preferable to either of the proposed amendments; and the meaning of the passage would then be, “One whose real perfections were so excellent, that to blazon them would exceed the abilities of the ablest masters.”

The sense attributed to the word *tire*, according to this reading, is perfectly agreeable to the language of poetry. Thus Dryden says:

“For this an hundred voices I desire,

“To tell thee what an hundred tongues would *tire*;

“Yet never could be worthily exprest,

“How deeply those are seated in my breast.”

And in the last act of *The Winter's Tale*, the Third Gentleman says, “I never heard of such another encounter, which *lames* report to follow it, and *undoes* description to do it.” The objection to the reading of *inginer*, is, that although we find the words *ingine*, *inginer*, and *inginous* in Jonson, they are not the language of Shakspeare; and I believe indeed that Jonson is singular in the use of them. MONCK MASON.

Caf. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
 6 Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
 As having sense of beauty, do omit
 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
 The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Caf. She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-
 tain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
 A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
 And bring all Cyprus⁸ comfort!—O, behold!—

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!—

6 *Traitors ensteep'd* —] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The first copy reads—*enscorp'd*, of which every reader may make what he pleases. Perhaps *enscorp'd* was an old English word borrowed from the French *escarpe*, which Shakspeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed.

I once thought that the poet had written—*traitors ensarf'd*, i. e. muffled in their robes, as in *Julius Cæsar*. So, in *Hamlet*: “My sea-gown *scarf'd* about me;” and this agrees better with the idea of a traitor: yet whatever is gained one way is lost another. The poet too often adopts circumstances from every image that arose in his mind, and employing them without attention to the propriety of their union, his metaphorical expressions become inextricably confused. STEEVENS.

7 *Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,*] Thus the folio. The quarto with less animation:

And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms. STEEVENS.

8 *And bring all Cyprus comfort!*] This passage is only found in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees :—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

Within.] A sail, a sail! [Guns heard.

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news:— [An Attendant goes out.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome,
mistress. [To Emilia.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.

[Kisses her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iag. In faith, too much²;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of
doors,

¹ *See for the news.]* The first quarto reads, *So speaks this voice.*
STEEVENS.

² *In faith, too much;]* Thus the folio. The first quarto thus:
I know too much;
I find it, I; for when, &c. STEEVENS.

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
 3 Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
 Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
 beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am Turk ;
 You rise to play, and go to bed to work,

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
 shouldst praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't ;
 For I am nothing, if not 5 critical.

Des. Come on, assay :—There's one gone to the
 harbour ?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
 The thing I am, by seeming otherwise,—

3 *Saints in your injuries, &c.*] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity. JOHNSON.

In Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 1589, I meet with almost the same thoughts :—“ We limit the comely parts of a woman to
 “ consist in four points ; that is, to be, shrew in the kitchen,
 “ a saint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the
 “ bed ; as the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour to
 “ K. Edward the Fourth.”

Again, in a play of Middleton's, called *Blurt Master Constable* ;
 or, *The Spaniard's Night-walk*, 1602 :

“ —according to that wise saying of you, you be saints in
 “ the church, angels in the street, devils in the kitchen, and
 “ apes in your bed.”

Again, in the *Miseries of enforced Marriage*, 1607 : “ Women
 are in churches saints, abroad angels, at home devils.”

Puttenham, who mentions all other contemporary writers, has not once spoken of Shakspeare ; so that it is probable he had not produced any thing of so early a date. STEEVENS.

See also Meres's *Wit's Treasury*, p. 48. EDITOR.

4 *O, fie upon thee, slanderer !*] This short speech is, in the quarto, unappropriated ; and may as well belong to *Æmil*a as to *Desdemona*. STEEVENS.

5 —critical.] That is, censorious. JOHNSON.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all : But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd ! How if she be black and witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit⁶.

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolish ?

Iago. ⁷ She never yet was foolish that was fair :
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast
thou for her that is foul and foolish ?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise
ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance !—thou praisest the worst
best. ⁸ But what praise couldst thou bestow on a de-
serving

⁶ —her blackness fit.] The first quarto reads *hit*. STEEVENS.

⁷ She never yet was foolish, &c.] We may read,

She ne'er was yet so foolish that was fair,

But even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Yet I believe the common reading to be right : the law makes the
power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural* ; there-
fore, since the foolishest woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no
pretty woman is ever foolish. JOHNSON.

⁸ But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman,
indeed ?] The hint for this question, and the metrical reply of
Iago is taken from a strange pamphlet, called *Choice, Chance, and*
Change, or Conceits in their Colours, 1606 ; when after *Tidero* has
described many ridiculous characters in verse, *Arnofilo* asks him,
“ But

erving woman indeed? ² one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
 Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
 Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;
 She that, being anger'd, her revenge being
 nigh,
 Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
 She that in wisdom never was so frail,
 To change the cod's head for the salmon's
 tail ³;
 She that could think, and ne'er disclose her
 mind,
 See suitors following, and not look behind ⁴;

“But, I pray thee, didst thou write none in commendation of some worthy creature?” *Tidoro* then proceeds like *Iago* to repeat more verses. STEEVENS.

² — *one, that in the authority of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself;*] The editor, Mr. Theobald, not understanding the phrase, *To put on the vouch of malice*, has altered it to *put down*, and wrote a deal of unintelligible stuff to justify his blunder. *To put on the vouch of any one*, signifies, to call upon any one to vouch for another. So that the sense of the place is this, one that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst venture to call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was some commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice.

WARBURTON.

To put on the vouch of malice, is to assume a character vouched by the testimony of malice itself. JOHNSON.

— *put on the vouch.*] *To put on* is to *provoke*, to *incite*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—the powers above

“*Put on* their instruments.” STEEVENS.

³ *To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;*] *i. e.* to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. STEEVENS.

⁴ *See suitors following, and not look behind;*] The first quarto omits this line. STEEVENS.

She

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. ⁵ To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most ⁶ profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; ⁸ I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.

⁵ *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing, she was at the best, of no other use, than *to suckle children, and keep the accounts of a household.* The expressions *to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer,* are only instances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows himself to be possessed of, where he says, *O! I am nothing, if not critical.*

STEEVENS.

⁶ *—profane—*] Gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. So Brabantio, in the first act, calls Iago *profane* wretch.

JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson in describing the characters in *Every Man out of his Humour*, styles Carlo Buffone, a publick, scurrilous, and *profane* jester. STEEVENS.

⁷ *—liberal counsellor?*] *Liberal* for *licentious.* WARBURTON.

How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?] But in what respect was Iago a *counsellor*? He caps sentences, indeed: but they are not by way of *advice*, but *description*: what he says, is, reflections on character and conduct in life. For this reason, I am very apt to think, our author wrote *censurer.*

THEOBALD.

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

JOHNSON.

⁸ *—I will gyve thee—*] *i. e.* catch, shackle. POPE.

The first quarto reads, “I will *catch* you in your own *courtships*;” the second quarto, “I will *catch* you in your own courtship.” The folio as it is in the text. STEEVENS.

You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the fir in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—

[Trumpet.

The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calmness⁷,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die⁸,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,

⁶ — *well kiss'd and excellent courtesy;—*] This I think should be printed, *well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy!* Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtesies. JOHNSON.

The old quarto confirms Dr. Johnson's emendation.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *calmness,*] The folio reads *calmes*. MALONE.

⁸ — *If I were now to die,*

'Twere now to be most happy.] So Cherea, in *The Eunuch of Terence*, act iii. sc. 5.

“ Proh Jupiter!

“ Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfeci,

“ Ne vita aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet ægritudine.”

MALONE.

That

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Even as our days do grow !

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers !—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy :
And this, and this⁹, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now !
But I'll let down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
¹News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus ?
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
²I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou³ the master to the citadel ;

⁹ *And this, and this, &c. Kissing her.]* So, in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion* :

“ I prythee chide if I have done amiss,
“ But let my punishment be *this and this.*”

“ *Kissing the Moor.*”

MALONE.

Marlow's Play was written before that of Shakspeare, who might possibly have acted in it. STEEVENS.

¹ *News, friends ;]* The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now friends.* I would observe once for all, that (in numberless instances in this play, as well as in others) where my predecessors had silently and without reason made alterations, I have as silently restored the old readings. STEEVENS.

² *I prattle out of fashion.—]* Out of method, without any settled order of discourse. JOHNSON.

³ *— the master—]* The pilot of the ship. JOHNSON.

He

He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
Come hither. If thou be't valiant; as (they say)
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in
their natures more than is native to them,—list me.
The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of
guard²:—First, I must tell thee this,—Desdemona
is directly in love with him.

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

Iago. ³Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first
lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her
fantastical lies: And will she love him still for pra-
ting⁴? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye
must be fed; and what delight shall she have to
look on the devil? ⁵When the blood is made dull

²—*the court of guard*—] i. e. the place where the guard
musters. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

“Thus have I pass'd the round and *court of guard*.”

Again, in the *Beggar's Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“Visit your *courts of guard*, view your munition.”

STEEVENS.

³*Lay thy finger thus*,—] On thy mouth, to stop it while thou
art listening to a wiser man. JOHNSON.

⁴*And will she love him still for prating?*] The folio reads—
To love him still for prating. STEEVENS.

⁵*When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should
be a game to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite; love
inclines in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties;—*
This, it is true, is the reading of the generality of the copies:
but, methinks, it is a very peculiar experiment, when the blood
and spirits are dulled and exhausted with sport, to raise and re-
cruit them by sport: for *sport* and *game* are but two words for
the same thing. I have retrieved the pointing and reading
of the elder quarto, which certainly gives us the poet's sense;
that when the blood is dulled with the exercise of pleasure, there
should be proper incentives on each side to raise it *again*, as the
charms of beauty, equality of years, and agreement of manners
and disposition; which are wanting in *Othello* to rekindle Des-
demona's passion. THEOBALD.

with

with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it⁶, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, fir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Caſſio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conſci- onable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection? why, none; why none: A ſlippery and ſubtle knave; a finder out of occaſions; that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never preſent itſelf: A devilish knave! beſides, the knave is handſome, young; and hath all thoſe re- quiſites in him, that folly and⁷ green minds look after: A peſtilent complete knave; and the wo- man hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; ſhe is full of moſt bleſs'd⁸ condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figs' end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes; if ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding! Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index, and ob-

⁶ — again to inflame it,] Thus the quarto 1622. It is the fo- lio reads—*a game* STEEVENS.

⁷ — green minds —] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully form- ed. JOHNSON.

⁸ — condition.] Qualities, diſpoſition of mind. JOHNSON.

scure prologue⁹ to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course² you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very³ sudden in cholery and, haply, with his trunchéon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; ⁴ whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means, I shall

⁹ — *an index and obscure prologue, &c.*] That indexes were formerly prefixed to books, appears from a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ And in such *indexes* though but small pricks

“ To their *subsequent* volumes, there is seen

“ The baby figure of the giant mass

“ Of things to come at large.” MALONE.

¹ — *tainting*—] Throwing a slur upon his discipline.

JOHNSON.

² — *other course*—] The first quarto reads, *cause*.

STEEVENS.

³ — *sudden in cholery*;—] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent.

JOHNSON.

⁴ — *whose qualification shall come, &c.*] Whose resentment shall not be so *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well tasted*, as not to retain *some bitterness*. The phrase is harsh, at least to our ears.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps *qualification* means *fitness to preserve good order, or the regularity of military discipline*. STEEVENS.

shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel:

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, ⁵ like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul, 'Till I am even with him⁶, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong

⁵ —*like a poisonous mineral,*—] This is philosophical. Mineral poisons kill by corrosion. JOHNSON.

⁶ 'Till I am even with him,] Thus the quarto, 1622; the first folio reads:

'Till I am *even'd* with him.
i. e. Till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Second Part:

“The stately walls he rear'd, levell'd, and *even'd*.”

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:

“For now the walls are *even'd* with the plain.”

Again, in *Stanyburst's* translation of the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582: —“*numerum cum navibus æquat.*” —

“—with the ships the number is *even'd*.” STREEVENS.

That judgment cannot cure. ⁷Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, ⁸ whom I trash

For

7—Which thing to do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace

For this quick hunting, stand the putting on,] A trifling, insignificant fellow may, in some respects, very well be called *trash*; but the metaphor is not preserved. For what agreement is there betwixt *trash*, and *quick hunting*, and *standing the putting on*? The allusion to the *chace*, Shakspeare seems to be fond of applying to Roderigo, who says of himself towards the conclusion of this act:

I follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.

I suppose therefore that the poet wrote,

If this poor brach of Venice, ———

which is a low species of *hounds of the chace*, and a term generally used in contempt: and this completes and perfects the metaphorical allusion, and makes it much more satirical. Vilius, in his notes on Gratius, says, “*Racha Saxonibus canem significabat, unde Scoti hodie Rache pro cane femina habent, quod Anglis est Brache. Nos verò (he speaks of the Hollanders) Brach non quemvis canem sed sagacem vocamus. So the French, Braque, est de chien de chasse. Menage Etimol.*” WARBURTON.

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For his quick hunting, ———] Just the contrary. He did not trace him, he put him on, as he says immediately after. The old quarto leads to the true reading:

——— whom I do crush

For his quick hunting. ———

Plainly corrupted from *cherish*. WARBURTON.

——— whom I do trace] It is a term of hunting or field sports; to trace sometimes signifies to follow, as *Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2.

“*Now all joy trace the conjunction;*”

and a dog or a man traces a hare: but to trace a dog, in those sports, is to put a trace, or pair of couples upon him; and such a dog is said to be traced. The sense, then, of

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is this, whom I do associate to me for the purpose of ruining Cassio the sooner. T. Row.

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old quartos (in the same part of the line) read *crush*, signifying indeed the same as *trash*, but plainly corrupted from it. To *trash* a hound is a term of hunting still used in the North, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to correct, to *rate*. *Crush* was never the *technical* expression on this occasion; and only found a place here as a more familiar word with the printers. The sense is, "If this hound Roderigo, whom I *rate* for quick hunting, for over-running the scent, will but *stand* the putting on, will but have patience to be fairly and properly put upon the scent, &c." This very hunting term to *trash*, is metaphorically applied by our author in the *Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

"*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, whom t'advance, and whom
To * *trash* for overtopping."——

To *trash* for overtopping; i. e. "What suitors to check for their too great forwardness." Here another phrase of the field is joined with to *trash*. To *overtop* is when a hound gives his tongue above the rest, too loudly or too readily; for which he ought to be *trash'd* or rated. *Topper*, in the good sense of the word, is a common name for a hound. Shakspeare is fond of allusions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. This explication of *trash* illustrates a passage in the *Bonduca* of Beaumont and Fletcher, which has been hitherto misunderstood and misrepresented; and where the use of the word equally reflects light on our author. Act i. sc. 1.

"*Car.* I fled too

"But not so fast: your jewel had been lost then,
"Young *Hengo* there; he *trash'd* me."

Here *Bonduca* and *Nennius* are accusing *Caratach* of running away from the Romans. *Caratach* answers, "It is very true, *Nennius*, that I fled from the Romans — But recollect, I did not run so fast as you pretend: I soon stood still to defend your favourite youth *Hengo*:—He STOPPED my *flight*, and I saved his life." In this passage, where *trash* properly signifies *check*, the commentators substitute *trace*: a correction, which entirely destroys the force of the context, and the spirit of the reply.

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To *trash* likewise signifies to *follow*. So, in the *Puritan*, 1675: "A guarded lackey to run before it, and py'd liveries to come *trashing* after it." The repetition of the word *trash* is much in Shakspeare's manner, though in his worst. In a subsequent scene, Iago calls Bianca—*trash*. STEEVENS.

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'I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;
 Abuse him to the Moor ' in the rank garb, —
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward
 me,
 For making him egregiously an' afs,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd ;
 'Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

A street.

Enter Herald, with a proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and va-
 liant general, that, upon certain tidings now ar-
 riv'd, importing the ³ mere perdition of the Turkish
 fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some
 to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to
 what sport and revels his addiction ⁴ leads him ; for,
 besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration
 of his nuptials : So much was his pleasure should
 be proclaimed. All offices are open ; and there is

⁹ *I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;*] A phrase from the
 art of wrestling. JOHNSON.

¹ — *in the right garb,*] The quarto reads *in the rank garb*,
 which I think is right. *Rank garb*, I believe, means, *grossly*, i.
 e. *without mincing the matter*. So, in Marston's *Dutch Courte-
 zan*, 1604 :

“ Whither, in the *rank* name of madness, whither ? ”

STEEVENS.

² *Knavery's plain face is never seen, —*] An honest man acts
 upon a plan, and forecasts his designs ; but a knave depends up-
 on temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own
 purpose, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

³ — *mere perdition —*] *Mere* in this place signifies *entire*. See
 vol. i. 7. vii. 278. 433. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *his addiction*] The first quarto reads, *his mind*.

STEEVENS.

full

full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven blefs the ifle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello!
 [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

The castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
 Michael, good night : To-morrow, with your ear-
 lieft,
 Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear
 love ;

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;
[To Desdemona.]

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
 Good night. [Exeunt Othello, and Desdemona.]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago : We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten
 o'clock : ^s Our general cast us thus early, for the
love

^s Our general cast us—] That is, appointed us to our stations. To cast the play, is, in the style of the theatres, to assign to every actor his proper part. JOHNSON.

Perhaps cast us only means dismissed us, or got rid of our company. So, in one of the following scenes, " You are but now
cast

love of his Desdemona : whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for Jove.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

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

Caf. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks, it founds a parley of provocation.

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

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not ⁶ an alarm to love ?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

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

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

Iago. O, they are our friends ; but one cup : I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that

cast in his mood ;" i. e. *turn'd out of your office in his anger* ; and in the first scene it means to *dismiss*.

So, in the WITCH, a MS. 'Tragi-comedy, by Middleton :

" She *cast off*

" My company betimes to night, by tricks, &c."

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *an alarm*—] The *voice* may *sound an alarm* more properly than the *eye* can *sound a parley*. JOHNSON.

The eye is often said to *speak*. Thus we frequently hear of the *language of the eye*. Surely that which can *talk* may, without any violent stretch of the figure be allowed to *sound a parley*. The folio reads *parley to provocation*. REMARKS.

⁷ — *is it not an alarm to love ?*] The quartos read, — 'tis an alarm to love. STEEVENS.

was ^s craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

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

Cas. Where are they ?

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

Cas. I'll do't ; but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,
Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep ; and he's to watch :
Three lads of Cyprus⁹,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
¹ The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle ;—But here they come :
² If consequence do but approve my dream,

My

^s — 'craftily qualified—] Slightly mixed with water. JOHNSON.

⁹ Three lads of Cyprus,] The folio reads—Three else of Cyprus. STEEVENS.

¹ The very elements—] As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum* ; as quick in opposition as fire and water. JOHNSON.

² If consequence do but approve my dream,] All the printed copies concur in this reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the poet's intention ; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If consequence do but approve my deem,

i. e. my opinion, the judgment I have formed of what must happen. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

Cres. *I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?*

THEOBALD.

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have ³ given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [*Iago sings.*]

And let me the canakin clink, clink;

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span⁴;

Why then, let a soldier drink,

Some wine boys!

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman ⁵ so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago.

This reading is followed by the succeeding editions. I rather read,

If consequence do but approve my scheme.

But why should *dream* be rejected? Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*. JOHNSON.

³ — *given me a rouse, &c.*] A *rouse* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large.

So in *Hamlet*; and in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ — — our friends may tell

“ We drank a *rouse* to them.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *A life's but a span*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

“ Oh, man's life's but a span.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *so exquisite*—] The quarto reads *so expert*. This accomplishment in the English is likewise mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Captain*:

“ *Lod.* Are the Englishmen

“ Such stubborn drinkers?”

Piso.

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

*6 King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the taylor — lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho !

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again ?

Cas. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the ge-

6 Pifo. ——— not a leak at sea

6 Can suck more liquor ; you shall have their children

6 Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old

6 Able to knock a Dane down." STEEVENS.

6 King Stephen, &c.] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in a curious work lately printed, intitled, *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*, consisting of old heroic ballads, songs, &c. 3 vols. 12°. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* : " *King Stephen wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them passing costly.*" STEEVENS.

7 — lown.] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

neral,

neral, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mont. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a foldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
'The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
'He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

[*He'll watch the horologe a double set,*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uses the word *horologe* in more places than one.

“Well fikerer was his crowing in his loge

“Than is a clock or abbey *horologe*” JOHNSON.

So Heywood in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:

“The divell is in *thorologe*, the houres to trye,

“Searche houres by the sunne, the devyl's dyall wyll lye,

“The devyl is in *thorologe*, nowe cheere in bowles,

“Let the devyl keepe our clockes, while God keepe our

“soules.” STEEVENS.

Mont.

Mont. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils ; Is not this true ?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo ?
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. [*Exit Rod.*

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ' ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action, to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island :
I do love Cassio well ; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark ! what noise ?
[*Cry within,—Help ! help !*

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave !—teach me my duty !
I'll beat the knave ¹ into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant ; [*Staying him.*

¹ — *ingraft infirmity* :] An infirmity rooted, settled in his constitution. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation seems to fall short of the poet's meaning. The qualities of a tree are so changed by being engrafted, that its future fruits are not such as would have naturally sprung from the stock, but derive their qualities from the graft inserted into it. Conformably to this idea, is the assertion of Hamlet concerning the same vice in his countrymen :

“ They clepe us drunkards, &c.” See p. 299. HENLEY.

² — *into a twiggen bottle.*] A twiggen bottle is a *wicker'd bottle* ; and so the quarto reads. STEEVENS.

I pray

I pray you, fir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, fir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk?

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny. [*They fight.*

[*Aside to Rod.*

[*Exit Roderigo.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—fir,—Montano, fir;—
Help masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo³, ho!—

[*Bell rings.*

The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, ⁴ I am hurt to the death;—
he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

³ —*Diablo*—] I meet with this exclamation in Marlow's *King Edward II.* 1522: “*Diablo?* what passions call you these?”

STEEVENS.

⁴ —*I am hurt to death*— he dies.] *Montano* thinks he is mortally wounded, yet by these words he seems determined to continue the duel, and to kill his antagonist *Cassio*. So when *Roderigo* runs at *Cassio*, in the 5th act, he says,—“Villain, thou dy’st.”

TOLLET.

He dies, i. e. he shall die. He may be supposed to say this as he is offering to renew the fight. STEEVENS.

The first quarto reads—

’*Zounds*, I bleed still; I am hurt to death.

And adds in the margin—*he faints*. This shews that the words—*he dies*—were at first ignorantly inserted by the editors of the folio (where alone they are found), who were misled by *Cassio*’s saying that he was “hurt to death;” and afterwards thinking it necessary to omit the oath that originally stood in this line, they absurdly supplied its place, by introducing this improper marginal direction into the text. MALONE.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—fir,—Montano,—
gentlemen,—

Have you forgot⁵ all place of sense and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage⁶,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell,⁷ it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'it dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even
now,

⁸ In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

⁵ —all sense of place and duty?] So Hanmer. The rest,
—all place of sense and duty?] JOHNSON.

⁶ —to carve forth his own rage,] So the quarto. The read-
ing of the folio—*for his own rage*, is perhaps better.

MALONE.

⁷ —it frights the isle

From her propriety.—] From her regular and *proper state*.
JOHNSON.

⁸ *In quarter*,—] In their quarters; at their lodging.

JOHNSON.

Rather at *peace, quiet*. They had been on that very spot (the
court or platform, it is presumed before the castle) ever since
Othello left them, which can scarcely be called being *in their*
quarters, or *at their lodging*. REMARKS.

Oth.

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now of
fends me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays

9 —you are thus forgot?] i. e. you have thus forgot yourself.
STEEVENS.

1 That you unlace—] Slacken, or loose. Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps strip of its ornaments. JOHNSON.

2 —spend your rich opinion,—] Throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

3 —self-charity—] Care of one's self. JOHNSON.

4 And passion, having my best judgment collied,] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. The word is used in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ — like lightning in the collied night.”

To *colly* anciently signified to besmut, to blacken as with coal. So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love*, 1608.—“ carry thy link a't'other side the way, thou collov'st me and my ruffe.” The word (as I am assured) is still used in the midland counties.

Mr. Tollet informs me that *Wallis' Hist. of Northumberland*, p. 46. says, “ — in our northern counties it [i. e. a fine black clay

Affays to lead the way : if I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
 And ⁵ he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety ⁶ !

clay or ochre] is commonly known by the name of *Colloz* or *Killoz*, by which name it is known by Dr. Woodward, &c." The Doctor says it had its name from *Kolloz*, by which name, in the North, the *smut* or *grime* on the top of chimneys is called. *Colly*, however, is from *coal*, as *collier*. Hanmer reads—*choler'd*.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —*he that is approv'd in this offence,*] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *and on the court and guard of safety!*] This, it must be confessed, is the reading of all the old copies. Yet I have no doubt that the words were transposed by mistake at the press, when the first quarto was printed, which the other editions have followed. I would read :

— on the court of guard and safety.

The *court of guard* was formerly a military phrase, meaning the guard-room. So, in *Sir J. Oldcastle*, 1600 :

“ We'll keep this *court of guard*

“ For all good fellows' companies that come.”

The phrase is also used in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ If we be not relieved within this hour,

“ We must return to *the court of guard*.”

I have since observed that the same phrase has occurred already in this play, which puts the emendation proposed beyond a doubt : “ —the lieutenant to-night watches on *the court of guard*.”—A familiar mistake has happen'd again in the present scene, where, in the old copy we find—

Have you forgot all *place of sense* and duty ?

instead of—all *sense of place*, &c. MALONE.

As a collocation of words as seemingly perverse occurs in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is justified there, in the following instance, —

“ I shall desire *you of* more acquaintance.”

I forbear to disturb the text in the passage under consideration.

STEEVENS.

'Tis

'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't ?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help ;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Left, by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath ; which, 'till to-night,
I ne'er might say before : When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust ; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report :—
But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

7 *If partially affin'd, —] Affin'd is bound by proximity of relationship ; but here it means related by nearness of office. In the first scene it is used in the former of these senses :*

“ If I, in any just term, am *affin'd*
“ To love the Moor.” STEEVENS.

Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear ?

Oth. All's well now sweeting : Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon :—

^s Lead him off.— [*To Montano, who is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town ;

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

Come, Desdemona ; 'tis the soldier's life,

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I
have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal
part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—
My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you
had receiv'd some bodily wound ; there is more of-
fence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is
an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without
merit, and lost without deserving : You have lost no
reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a
loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the
general again : You are but now ¹ cast in his mood,
a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even

^s *Lead him off.*] I am persuaded, these words were originally
a marginal direction. In our old plays all the stage-directions
were couched in imperative terms :—*Play musick—Ring the bell—*
Lead him off. MALONE.

² — *there is more offence, &c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio
reads,—*there is more sense, &c.* STEEVENS.

¹ — *cast in his mood,*—] Ejected in his anger. JOHNSON.

so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion : sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caf. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? ² and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains ! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts !

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough ; How came you thus recover'd ?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath : one unperfectness flows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler : As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again ; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths

² — *and speak parrot?*] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. So Skelton,

“ These maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,
“ Freshly they dress and make swete my houre,
“ With *spake parrot* I pray you full courteously thei saye.”

WARBURTON.

So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597 :

“ Thou pretty *parrot speak* a while.”

These lines are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, ³ for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morn-

³ — for that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement, of her parts and graces.—] I remember, it is said of Antony, in the beginning of his tragedy, that he who used to fix his eyes altogether on the dreadful ranges of war:

“ —now bends, now turns,
“ The office and devotion of their view
“ Upon a strumpet's front.”

This is finely expressed; but I cannot persuade myself that our poet would ever have said, any one devoted himself to the devotement of any thing. All the copies agree; but the mistake certainly arose from a single letter being turned upside down at press,

THEOBALD.

ing, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain ?

When ⁴ this advice is free I give, and honest,
 Probable to thinking ⁵, and (indeed) the course
 To win the Moor again ? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit ; she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the ⁶ free elements : And then for her
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so enfetters'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
 To council Cassio ⁷ to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good ? Divinity of hell !
⁸ When devils will their blackest sins put on,

⁴ —*this advice is free*—] This counsel has an appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will. JOHNSON.

Rather *gratis*, not paid for, as his advice to Roderigo was.

HENLEY.

⁵ *Probable*] The old editions concur in reading *probal*. There may be such a contraction of the word, but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet, abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*free elements* :] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*to this parallel course*,] Parallel, for even ; because parallel lines run even and equidistant. WARBURTON.

Parallel course ; i. e. a course level, and even with his design.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *When devils will their blackest sins put on,*

They do suggest—] When devils would *instigate* men to the commission of the most atrocious crimes. To *suggest*, in old language, is to *tempt*. MALONE.

They

They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
 As I do now : For, while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust ;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch ;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo ?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a
 hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My
 money is almost spent ; I have been to-night ex-
 ceedingly well cudgell'd ; and, I think, the issue will
 be—I shall have so much experience for my pains :
 and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit³,
 return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience !—
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees ?
 Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witch-
 craft ;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio :
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet

⁹ *I'll pour this pestilence—*] Pestilence, for poison.

WARBURTON.

¹ *That she repeals him—*] That is, recalls him. JOHNSON.

² *That shall enmesh them all.—*] A metaphor from taking birds
 in meshes. POPE.

Why not from the taking fish, for which purpose nets are more
 frequently used ? MONCK MASON.

³ — *a little more wit,*] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads
 — *and with that wit.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe.*] Of many dif-
 ferent

Yet fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe :
 Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
 Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
 Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :—
 Nay, get thee gone.— [Exit Roderigo,
 Two things are to be done,—
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
 I'll set her on ;
 Myself the while, will draw ^s the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife :—Ay, that's the way ;
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

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

Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
 Something that's brief ; and bid—good-morrow, ge-
 neral, [Musick plays ; and enter Clown.

ferent things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once ; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fairer against the sun*. Hamner has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment ; for he reads,

Those fruits which blossom first, are not first ripe.
 I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to Hamner.

JOHNSON.

^s —will draw] The old copies read—to draw, which may be right, and consistent with the tenor of this interrupted speech. Iago is still debating with himself concerning the means to perplex Othello. STEEVENS.

Clown.

Clown. ⁶ Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

Mus. How, fir, how !

Clown. Are these I pray you, call'd wind instruments ?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, fir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, fir ?

Clown. Marry, fir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you : and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, ⁷ of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, fir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again : but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, fir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, ⁸ for I'll away ; Go ; ⁹ vanish into air ; away.

[*Exeunt Mus.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech : Wilt thou do this ?

Clown. She is stirring, fir ; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit *Clown.*

⁶ *Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?*] The venereal disease first appeared at the siege of Naples. JOHNSON.

⁷ *—of all loves.—*] The folio reads—*for love's sake.*

STEEVENS.

⁸ *—for I'll away—*] Hammer reads, *and hic away.* JOHNSON.

⁹ *—vanish into air.]* So the folio and one of the quartos. The eldest quarto reads—*Vanish away.* STEEVENS.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in for your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he
loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front',
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in;

^x *To take the safest occasion by the front,]* This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you ². [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state ³:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt

S C E N E III.

An open place before the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good madam, do ; I know, it grieves my
husband,
As if the case were his ⁴.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

² *I am much bound to you.*] This speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

³ —*state:*] The folio reads—*senate*. MALONE.

⁴ *As if the case were his.*] The folio reads—As if the *cause* were his. STEEVENS.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, fir, I thank you : You do love my lord ;
You have known him long ; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but lady,
⁵ That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that ; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
⁶ I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does

⁵ *That policy may either last so long,*] He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-admission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. JOHNSON.

⁶ *I'll watch him tame,*—] It is said, that the ferocity of beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep. JOHNSON.

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep, and it is to the management of those Shakspeare alludes. So, in Cartwright's *Lady Errant* :

“ — we'll keep you,
“ As they do hawks, *watching* untill you leave
“ Your wildness.”

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1616 : “ — your only way to deal with women and parrots, is to *keep them waking.*”

Again, in *Sir W. D'Avenant's Just Italian*, 1630 :

“ The've *watch'd* my hardy violence so *tame.*”

Again, in the *Booke of Haukyng, Huntynge, &c.* bl. l. no date :
“ *Wake* her all nyght, and on the morrowe all daye, and then she will be previ enough to be reclaymed.” STEEVENS.

With

With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at a distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
¹ His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, ² and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

¹ *His present reconciliation take:*] Cassio was to be reconciled to his general, not his general to him, therefore *take* cannot be right. We should read *make*, WARBURTON.

To *take his reconciliation*, may be to accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled. JOHNSON.

² — *and not in cunning,*] *Cunning*, for design, or purpose, simply, WARBURTON.

Oth.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. Ay sooth ; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
³ To suffer with him : Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other
time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home ;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday
morn ;

Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn ;—
I pray thee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, ⁴ the wars must make examples
Out of their best) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check ; When shall he come ?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on ⁵. What ! Michael
Cassio,

That

³ *To suffer with him :*] The first quarto reads — I suffer with him. MALONE.

⁴ — — *the wars must make examples*

Out of their best, —] The severity of military discipline must not spare the *best men* of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome *example*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *so mammering on ?*] To hesitate, to stand in suspense. The word often occurs in old English writings, and probably takes its original from the French *m'Amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer.

HANMER.

I find the same word in *Arctifus*, a comedy, 1540: "I stand in doubt, or in a *memorynge* between hope and fear."

Again,

That came a wooing with you ; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could dō much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he
will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize⁶ and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny the nothing :
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,—
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no : Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I will come to
thee straight.

Des. Æmilia, come : —Be it as your fancies teach
you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with Æmil.*

Oth. ' Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
But

Again, in Thomas Drant's translation of the third Satire of
the second Book of Horace, 1567 :

“ Ye, when she daynes to send for him, then *mammeryng*
he dothe doute ” STEEVENS.

⁶ — full of poize —] *i. e.* of weight. So, in *The Dumb
Knight*, 1633 :

“ They are of *poize* sufficient—”

Again,
“ But we are all prest down with other *poize*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Excellent wretch !—Perdition catch my soul,*

But I do love thee ! &c.] The meaning of the word *wretch*,
is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of Eng-
land a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the
utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which per-
haps

But I do love thee! and ⁸ when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago.

haps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her, *Excellent wretch!* It may be expressed:

Dear, harmless, helpless Excellence. JOHNSON.

Sir W. D'Avenant uses the same expression in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the same meaning. It occurs twice: "*Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modesty she stifles up her utterance." STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *when I love thee not,*

Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation, and confusion. JOHNSON,

——— *when I love thee not,*

Chaos is come again.] There is another meaning possible. *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end;* i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The first explanation may be more elegant, the second is perhaps more easy. Shakspeare has the same thought in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"For he being dead, with him his beauty slain,

"And, beauty dead, black *Chaos comes again.*" STEEVENS.

The passage does not strike me in the same light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnson; as *Othello* hath not at this time the smallest doubt of his wife's fidelity. He means, I think, to say, — *ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos.* Shakspeare probably preferred — "*Chaos is come again,*" to "*Chaos shall come again,*" — as more bold and expressive. *Muretus*, a poet of the 16th century, has exactly the same thought:

"Tunc meo elabi possis de pectore, Lacci,

"Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminisse tui?

"Ante vel illius mundi compage soluta

"Tetras in antiquum sit reditura Chaos;"*

The

* This line of *Muretus* is here quoted from an incorrect edition. The false quantity in it, however, was sufficiently obvious; but as such mistakes are sometimes to be met with among modern writers of Latin verse, (especially the *Poetae Italorum*) I passed over the present imperfection with pointing it out to the public. Yet perhaps we should read with an older copy of this author, printed at Paris in his life-time:

Tetras in antiquum, &c.

i. e. *quaternio elementorum*, the four elements out of which the universe was made. MALONE.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her?

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought?

Too

The meaning of Shakspeare appears very clearly from the following passage in the *Winter's Tale*, where the same thought is more fully expressed:

“ ——— It cannot fail

“ But by the violation of my faith—and then

“ Let nature crush the sides of the earth together,

“ And mar the seeds within.” MALONE.

9 — *her.*] So all the old copies. Rowe altered the word to *it*.

MALONE.

9 — *By heaven he echoes me,*

As if there were some monster in his thought, &c.] Thus the eldest quarto. The second quarto reads:

———— Why dost thou echo me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought, &c.

The

Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean something :

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife ; What did'st not like ?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed ?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit : If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost ;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
They are close delations, working from the heart,
That

The folio reads :

— Alas thou echo'st me,

As if, &c. — STEEVENS.

They are cold dilations working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.] i. e. these stops and breaks are *cold dilations*, or cold keeping back a secret, which men of phlegmatic constitutions, whose hearts are not swayed or governed by their passions, we find, can do : while more sanguine tempers reveal themselves at once, and without reserve. But the Oxford editor for *cold dilations*, reads *distillations*. WARBURTON.

I know not why the modern editors are satisfied with this reading, which no explanation can clear. They might easily have found, that it is introduced without authority. The old copies uniformly give, *close dilations*, except that the earlier quarto has *close denotements* ; which was the author's first expression, afterwards changed by him, not to *cold dilations*, for *cold* is read in no ancient copy : nor, I believe, to *close dilations*, but to *close delations* ; to *occult and secret accusations*, working involuntarily from the heart, which, though resolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its *passion* of resentment. JOHNSON.

This reading is so much more elegant than the former, that
one

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Caffio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Caffio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminatè ; and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions

one cannot help wishing it to be right. But *dilatations* sounds to me too classical to have been used by Shakspeare.

The old reading—close *dilatations* (in the sense of *secret expositions of the mind*) is authorized by a book of that age, which our author is known to have read:—“After all this foul weather follows a calm *dilatament* of others' too forward harmfulness.”—*Rosalynde or Euphues golden Legacie*, by Thomas Lodge, 1592.

MALONE.

Cold dilatations, is the reading of the three latter folios.

REMARKS.

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !] There is no sense in this reading. I suppose Shakspeare wrote,

—'would they might seem knave. WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning is, 'would they might no longer seem, or bear the shape of men. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, 'would they might not seem honest !

MALONE.

³ Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,

⁴ Though I ——— perchance, am vicious in my
guess,

(As,

³ *Keep leets and law-days, —*] *Leets, and law-days, are synonymous terms. "Lect (says Jacob, in his Law Dictionary) is otherwise called a law-day." They are there explained to be courts, or meetings of the hundred, "to certify the king of the good manners, and government, of the inhabitants," and to enquire of all offences that are not capital. The poet's meaning will now be plain. — Who has a breast so little apt to form ill opinions of others, but that soul suspicious will sometimes mix with his fairest and most candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to enquire of the offences apprehended. STEEVENS.*

⁴ *Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,]* Not to mention that, in this reading, the sentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewise highly absurd: I beseech you give yourself no uneasiness from my unsure observance, *though I am vicious in my guess.* For his being an ill guesser was a reason why Othello should not be uneasy: in propriety, therefore, it should either have been, *though I am not vicious, or because I am vicious.* It appears then we should read:

I do beseech you,

Think, I, perchance, am vicious in my guess.

Which makes the sense pertinent and perfect. WARBURTON.

Though I—perchance, am vicious in my guess,] That abruptness in the speech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be easily accounted for. Iago seems desirous by this ambiguous hint, *though I—* to inflame the jealousy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expression that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pause in the speech, which Iago turns off at last to another purpose, and find a more certain cause of discontent, and a greater degree of torture arising from the doubtful consideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumstance of aggravation.

We may suppose him imagining to himself, that Iago mentally
continued

(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom yet^s,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands:

But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

continued the thought thus, *Though I—know more than I choose
to speak of.*

Vicious in my guess does not mean that he is an *ill-guesser*; but
that he is apt to put the worst construction on every thing he at-
tempts to account for. STEEVENS.

^s —that your wisdom yet;] Thus the folio. The quarto thus:
— I entreat you then

From one that so imperfectly *conjeets*,
You'd take no notice —————

To *conjeet*, i. e. to *conjecture*, is a verb used by other writers.
So, in *Acolasius*, a comedy, 1540:

“ Now reason I, or *conjeet* with myself.”

Again,

“ I cannot forget thy saying, or thy *conjecting* words.”

STEEVENS.

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-ey'd monster, ⁷ which doth mock
The

7 — *which doth mock*

The meat it feeds on—] i. e. loaths that which nourishes and sustains it. This being a miserable state, Iago bids him beware of it. The Oxford Editor reads :

———— *which doth make*

The meat it feeds on. —————

Implying that its suspicions are unreal and groundless, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his general think, as appears from what follows :

That cuckold lives in bliss, &c.

In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous : and therefore bids him beware of jealousy, not that it was an *unreasonable*, but a *miserable* state ; and this plunges him into it, as we see by his reply, which is only

O misery! WARBURTON.

I have received Hamner's emendation ; because *to mock*, does not signify *to loath* ; and because, when Iago bids Othello *beware of jealousy, the green-eyed monster*, it is natural to tell why he should beware, and for caution he gives him two reasons, that jealousy *often* creates its own cause, and that, when the causes are real, jealousy is misery. JOHNSON.

In this place, and some others, *to mock* seems the same with *to mamock*. FARMER.

If Shakspeare had written—*a* green-ey'd monster, we might have supposed him to refer to some creature existing only in his particular imagination ; but *the* green-ey'd monster seems to have reference to an object as familiar to his readers as to himself.

It is known that the *tyger* kind have *green-eyes*, and always play with the victim to their hunger, before they devour it. So, in our Author's *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

“ Like soul night-waking cat he doth but dally,

“ While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth—”

Thus, a jealous husband, who discovers no certain cause why he may be divorced, continues to sport with the woman whom he suspects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to punish. There is no beast that can be literally said to *make* its own food, and therefore I am unwilling to receive the emendation of Hamner, especially as I flatter myself that a glimpse of meaning may be produced from the ancient reading.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the contested word occurs again :

“ ——— tell him

“ He *mocks* the pauses that he makes.”

The meat it feeds on : That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who,

i. e. he plays wantonly with those intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation.

Should such an explanation be admissible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this :—*Beware, my lord, of yielding to a passion which as yet has no proofs to justify its access. Think how the interval between suspicion and certainty must be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuse her your bed, or drive her from your heart ; but, like the capricious savage, must continue to sport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to destroy.*

A similar idea occurs in *All's Well that ends Well* :

“ so lust doth play
“ With what it loaths.”

Such is the only sense that I am able to draw from the original text. What I have said, may be liable to some objections, but I have nothing better to propose. That jealousy is *a monster* which often *creates* the suspicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted according to Hamner's proposition ; but is it *the monster* ? (*i. e.* a well-known and conspicuous animal) or whence has it *green eyes* ? *Yellow* is the colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy. It must be acknowledged that he afterwards characterizes it as

——— a monster,

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

but yet —— “ What damned minutes counts he o'er, &c.” is the best illustration of my attempt to explain the passage. To produce Hamner's meaning, a change in the text is necessary. I am counsel for the old reading. STEEVENS.

Yellow is not always the colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy ; for we meet in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ —— shudd'ring fear, and *green-ey'd* jealousy.”

By “ *the green-ey'd monster*,” I believe, Shakspeare only means —that green-eyed monster, which doth mock, &c. If we understand it in this way, it is the same, as if he had said—a *green-ey'd monster*.

The passage alluded to by Mr. Steevens, in my opinion, strongly confirms the emendation proposed by sir Thomas Hanmer [*make*]:

“ —— jealousy will not be answer'd so ;

“ They are not ever jealous for the cause,

“ But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a *monster*,

“ Begot upon itself, born on itself.”

It is, strictly speaking, as false, that any monster can *beget* or be *born* on itself, as it is, that any monster can make his own food ; but, poetically, both are equally true of that monster,
JEALOUSY.

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
 loves ⁸!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;

In *Measure for Measure*, act i. edit 1623, *make* is printed instead of *mock*. MALONE.

It is so difficult, if not impossible, to extract any sense from this passage as it stands, even by the most forced construction of it, and the slight amendment proposed by Hanmer, renders it so clear, elegant, and poetical, that I am surprized the editors should hesitate in adopting it, and still more surprized they should reject it. As for Mr. Steevens's objection, that the definite article is used, not the indefinite, he surely need not be told in the very last of these plays, that Shakspeare did not regard such minute inaccuracies, which may be found in every play he wrote.

When Mr. Steevens compares the jealous man, who continues to sport with the woman he suspects, and is determined to destroy, to the tiger who plays with the victim of his hunger, he forgets that the meat on which jealousy is supposed to feed, is not the woman who is the object of it, but the several circumstances of suspicion which jealousy itself creates, and which cause and nourish it. So *Æmilia*, at the end of the third act in answer to *Desdemona*, who speaking of *Othello's* jealousy says,

Alas the day ! I never gave him cause

Replies,

But jealous fools will not be answered so,
 They are not jealous ever for the cause,
 But jealous, for they are jealous—'tis a monster
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

This passage is a strong confirmation of Hanmer's reading,

The same idea occurs in *Massinger's Picture*, where *Matthias*, speaking of the groundless jealousy he entertained of *Sophia's* possible inconstancy, says,

“ ——— but why should I nourish
 “ A fury here, and with *imagin'd food*,
 “ Holding no real ground on which to raise
 “ A building of suspicion she was ever,
 “ Or can be false ?

Imagin'd food, is food created by imagination; the food that jealousy makes and feeds on. MONCK MASON.

⁸ — *strongly loves!*] Thus the quarto; the folio,—*soundly loves*. STEEVENS.

But

But riches, fineless, is ' as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor : —
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No, to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsuffolate, and blown surmises³,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jea-
lous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :

Not

² *But riches, fineless,—*] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures. JOHNSON.

¹ — *as poor as winter,*] Finely expressed : *winter* producing no fruits. WARBURTON.

² *To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,*] This odd and far-fetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before Hamner's, by being printed, *exsufflicate*. The allusion is to a bubble. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts, to suspicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty shew without solidity ; or that, in consequence of such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the virtue of my wife.

JOHNSON.

³ — *blown surmises,*

Matching your inference.] That is, — such as you have mentioned in describing the torments of jealousy. The part of Iago's speech particularly alluded to is that where he says,

But, Oh, what damned moments counts he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves.

MONCK MASON.

⁴ *Where virtue is, these are most virtuous :*] An action in itself indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application. JOHNSON.

I know not why the modern editors, in opposition to the first quarto and folio, read *most* instead of *more*.

A passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is perhaps the best comment on the sentiment of Othello : “ I have those good hopes of

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
 For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago ;
 I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have
 reason

To shew the love and duty that bear I you
 With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;
 Wear your eye—thus, not jealous nor secure :
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
⁵ Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to't :
 I know ⁶ our country's disposition well ;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not shew their husbands ; their best con-
 science

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown ⁷.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
⁸ And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

Oth.

her, education promises : his disposition she inherits ; which *makes fair gifts fairer.*" *Gratior e pulchro veniens et corpore virtus.*

STEEVENS.

Most is the reading of the second folio. REMARKS.

⁵ *Out of self-bounty be abus'd ;—]* *Self-bounty*, for inherent generosity. WARBURTON.

⁶ *—our country disposition—*

In Venice—] Here Iago seems to be a Venetian.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.]* The folio perhaps more clearly reads :

Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *And, when she seem'd—]* This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 'To feel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—

He thought, 'twas witchcraft :—But I am much
 to blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
 Comes from my love :—But, I do see, you are
 mov'd ;—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
 'To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
 Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,

misc or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those, who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act, by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence.

The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another ; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON.

^s *To feel her father's eyes up, close as oak, —*] The *oak* is (I believe) the most *close-grained* wood of general use in England. *Close as oak*, means, *close as the grain of the oak*. I see no cause for alteration.

To feel is an expression taken from falconry. So, in Ben Jonson's *Catiline* :

“ — would have kept

“ Both eyes and beak *feel'd* up, for six sesterces.”

STEEVENS.

^s *To grosser issues,*] *Issues*, for conclusions. WARBURTON.

My

¹ My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend :—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.—

Oth. No, not much mov'd :—

I do not think, but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think
so !

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point : As, —to be bold
with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of our own clime, complexion, and degree ;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell, in such, a ² will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me ; I do not in position,

¹ *My speech would fall into such vile success,*] *Success*, for succession, *i. e.* conclusion ; not prosperous issue. WARBURTON.
I rather think there is a depravation, and would read :

My speech will fall into such vile excess.

If *success* be the right word, it seems to mean *consequence* or *event*, as *successo* is used in Italian. JOHNSON.

I think *success* may, in this instance, bear its common interpretation. What Iago means, seems to be this : “Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such an infamous degree of success, as my thoughts do not even aim at.” Iago, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have said *fall into success*, and *vile success*, because he would appear to Othello, to wish that the enquiry into Desdemona's guilt might prove fruitless and unsuccessful. STEEVENS.

The following passages will perhaps be considered as proofs of Dr. Johnson's explanation.

Palace of Pleasure, bl. 1.

“Then the poor desolate women, fearing least their case would sorte to some pitifull *success*.”

Promos and Cassandra, 1578 :

“God forbyd all hys hope should turne to such *success*.”

HENDERSON.

² —will most rank,] *Will*, is for wilfulness. It is so used by Aseham. A *rank will*, is *self-will* overgrown and exuberant.

JOHNSON.

Distinctly

Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel :
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe : Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going,

Oth. Why did I marry ?—This honest creature,
doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord,—I would, I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time ;
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
³ You shall by that perceive him and his means :
Note, if your lady ⁴ strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. ⁵ Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit,

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, ⁶ with a learned spirit,

³ *You shall by that perceive him, and his means,*] You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—strain his entertainment*] Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Fear not my government.*] Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. JOHNSON.

⁶ *—with a learned spirit,*] *Learned*, for experienced.

WARBURTON.

The construction is, He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings. JOHNSON.

Of human dealings : 7 If I do prove her haggard,
 8 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 9 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To

7 — *If I do prove her haggard,*] A *baggard* hawk, is a *wild* hawk, a *bazok unreclaimed*, or *irreclaimable*. JOHNSON.

A *baggard* is a particular species of hawk. It is *difficult to be reclaimed*, but not *irreclaimable*.

From a passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, it appears that *baggard* was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton : “ Is this your perch, you *baggard*? fly to the stews.”

Turberville says, that “ the *baggart* falcons are the most excellent birds of all other falcons.” *Latham* gives to the *baggart* only the second place in the *valued file*. In *Holland's Leaguer*, a comedy, by Shakerly Marmyon, 1633, is the following illustrative passage :

“ Before these courtiers lick their lips at her,
 “ I'll trust a wanton *baggard* in the wind.”

Again,

“ For she is ticklish as any *baggard*,
 “ And quickly lost.”

Again, in *Two Wise Men, and all the Rest Fools*, 1619 : “ the admirable conquest the falconer maketh in a hawk's nature ; bringing the *wild baggard* having all the earth and seas to scour over uncontrollably, to attend and obey, &c.” *Haggard*, however, had a popular sense, and was used for *wild* by those who thought not on the language of falconers. STEEVENS.

8 *Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,*] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. HANMER.

In Heywood's comedy, called *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617, a number of these terms relative to hawking occur together :

“ Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her ;
 “ Rebeck her not ; rather stand still and check her.
 “ So : seize her gets, her *jesses*, and her bells.”

STEEVENS.

9 *I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind*

To prey at fortune.—] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind ; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark.

JOHNSON.

I'll whistle her off, &c.] This passage may possibly receive illustration from a similar one in *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*,

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black ;
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers ' have : Or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much ;—
 She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
 Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 That keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones ;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base :
 'Tis destiny unthunnable, like death ;
 Even then this² forked plague is fated to us,
 When

p. 2. sect 1. mem. 3. “ As a long-winged hawke, when he is
 “ first *whistled off the fist*, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetch-
 “ eth many a circuit in the ayre, still soaring higher and higher,
 “ till he comes to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game
 “ is sprung, comes down amaine, and *stoups* upon a sudden.”
 PERCY.

Again, in *The Spanish Gipsie*, 1653, by Middleton and Rowley :

“ — That young *lannerd*,

“ Whom you have such a mind to ; if you can *whistle her*

“ To come to *fist*, make trial, play the young *falconer*.”

A *lannerd* is a species of hawk. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* :

“ — he that basely

“ *Whistled* his honour *off to the wind*, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ Chamberers] i. e. men of intrigue. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590 :

“ Fal'n from a souldier to a *chamberer*.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, ver. 4935 :

“ Only through youth the *chamberere*.”

Thus, in the French poem :

“ Par la jeunesse la *chamberiere*.” STEEVENS.

² —*forked plague*—] In allusion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow which, once infix'd, cannot be extracted. JOHNSON.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. PERCY.

Dr. Johnson's may be right. I meet with the same thought in Middleton's comedy of *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608 :

“ While the broad arrow, with the *forked head*,

“ Misses his brows but narrowly.”

Again,

When we do quicken. Desdemona comes ³ :

Enter Desdemona, and Æmilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders ⁴
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. ⁵ Your napkin is too little;

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Desd. and Oth.*

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:

Again, in *King Lear*:

“—though the *fork* invade

“The region of my heart. ———

Mr. Malone supports the explanation of Dr. Percy, by the following passage in Machin's *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“Women, why were you made for man's affliction?

“You devils, shap'd like angels, through whose deeds

“Our *forked shames* are made most visible.”

Again, from *Tarlton's News out of Purgatorie*: “—dub the old Squire Knight of the *forked order*.” STEEVENS.

³ *Desdemona comes*:] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:
Look where she comes. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*the generous islanders*] Are the islanders of *rank, distinctions*.
So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“The *generous* and gravest citizens

“Have hent the gates.

Generous has here the power of *generosus*, Lat. This explanation, however, may be too particular. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Your napkin, &c.*] See vol. iii. p. 384 STEEVENS.

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
 (For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
 That she reserves it ever more about her,
 To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out⁶,
 And give it Iago:
 What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
 I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Æmil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
 For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

⁶ — [*I'll have the work ta'en out.*] That is, copied. Her first thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona. But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca. BLACKSTONE.

—— [*I'll have the work ta'en out,*

And give it to Iago.] This scheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief copied, and restoring the original to Desdemona, was, I suppose, introduced by the poet to render Æmilia less unamiable.

It is remarkable, that when she perceives Othello's fury on the loss of this token, though she is represented as affectionate to her mistress, she never attempts to relieve her from her distress; which she might easily have done, by demanding the handkerchief from her husband, or divulging the story, if he refused to restore it.—But this would not have served the plot.

MALONE.

⁷ [*I nothing, but to please his fantasy.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

I nothing know but for his fantasy. STEEVENS.

Æmil.

Æmil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And, ⁸ to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with it, that you have
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. ⁹ Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit. Æmil.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;

⁸ ——— to the advantage, &c.] I being *opportunately* here, took it up. JOHNSON.

⁹ Be not you *known* on't] The folio reads,—
Be not *acknowne* on't.

Perhaps (says Mr. Malone) *acknowne* was a participial adjective from the verb to *acknowledge*.—Do not *acknowledge* any thing of this matter. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy is fully confirmed by the following passage in *Cornelia*, a tragedy, by Thomas Kyd, 1594:

“ Our friend's misfortunes doth encrease our own.

“ *Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknowne*.”

MALONE.

Again, in *The Life of Ariosto*, subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando*, p. 418, edit. 1607: “ Some say, he was married to her privilie, but durst not be *acknowne* of it.

PORSON.

But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so¹:—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy,² nor mandra-
gora.

[*I did say so.*] This is a most unmeaning sentence, in the mouth of such a speaker, and at such a time. If we can suppose this part of this play to have been taken down by the ear; and so handed to the first editors, a similarity of sounds might perhaps lead to a discovery of the true text. Iago has just got the fatal handkerchief, and is commenting upon it in his hand:

In Cassio's lodging will I lose *this* napkin.

—*This* may do something.

But seeing Othello coming, he stops short, and hastily proceeds to conceal it. Possibly then this may be the reading:

—*Hide it!*—*so—so—*

Look where he comes! —”

So, so, is no uncommon interjection with Shakspeare; when a man is surprized in an action which he wishes to conceal. Othello uses it in this play, when interrupted by Emilia in the horrid act of killing Desdemona. BLACKSTONE.

—*I did say so*: —] As this passage is supposed to be obscure, I shall attempt an explanation of it:

Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealousy* (says he) *with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur; &c.*

—I did say so;

Look where he comes! —

i. e. I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation. STEEVENS.

As Mr. Steevens has by his interpretation elicited some meaning (though I still think an obscure one) out of this difficult hemistic, I readily retract my amendment: being of opinion that such bold and licentious conjectures can never be warranted unless where the sense is quite desperate. BLACKSTONE.

² —*nor mandragora,*] The *mandragoras* or *mandrake* has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. See vol. viii. p. 162.

STEEVENS.

Nor all the drowfy syrups of the world,
 3 Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
 rack:—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
 Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sence had I of her stolen hours of lust?*

I saw

3 *Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
 Which thou hadst yesterday.]* The old quarto reads,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

And this is right, and of much greater force than the common
 reading: not to sleep, being finely called defrauding the day of
 a debt of nature. WARBURTON.

To *owe* is, in our author, oftener to *possess*, than to *be indebted*,
 and such was its meaning here; but as that sence was growing less
 usual, it was changed unnecessarily by the editors to *hadst*; to the
 same meaning, more intelligibly expressed. JOHNSON.

* *What sence had I, &c.]* A similar passage to this and what fol-
 lows it, is found in an *unpublished* tragi-comedy by Thomas Mid-
 dleton, called THE WITCH.

“ I feele no ease, the burthen's not yet off
 “ So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.
 “ Oh, 'tis a paine of hell to know one's shame!
 “ Had it byn hid and don, it had ben don happy;
 “ For he that's ignorant lives long and merry.”

Again:

“ Had'st thou byn secret, then had I byn happy;
 “ And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
 “ Now here I stand a stayne to my creation,
 “ And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
 “ The understanding of this base adultery, &c.”

This is utter'd by a jealous husband who supposes himself to have
 just destroy'd his wife.—

Again, *Iago* says:

Dangerous conceits, &c.—
 ——— with a little act upon the blood
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.

Thus *Sebastian*, in Middleton's play:—

“ When a suspect doth catch once, it burnes maynely.”

A scene

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;
 I slept the next night well ^s, was free and merry ;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
 He that is robb'd not, wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,
 Farewel the tranquil mind ! farewel content !
 6 Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,

A scene between *Francisca* and her brother *An'onio*, when she first excites his jealousy, has likewise several circumstances in common with the dialogue which passes between *Iago* and *Othello* on the same subject.

This piece contains also a passage very strongly resembling another in *Hamlet*, who says :—“ I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.”—Thus, *Almachildes* :—“ There is some difference betwixt my joviall condition and the lunary-state of madnes. I am not quight out of my witts : I know a bawd from an aqua-vitæ shop, a strumpet from wild fire, and a beadle from brimstone.”

For a further account of this MS. play, see a note on Mr. Malone's *Attempt to ascertain the order in which the pieces of Shakspeare were written* :—Article, *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

^s *I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads :

I slept the next night well, *fed well* ; was free and merry.

STEEVENS.

6 *Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,* —

Farewel the neighing steed, &c.] In a very ancient drama entitled *Common Conditions*, printed about 1576, Sedmond, who has lost his sister in a wood, thus expresses his grief :

“ But farewell now, my couriers brave, attrapped to the ground,

“ Farewell ! adue all pleasures eke, with comely hauke and hounde !

“ Farewell ye nobles all, farewell eche martial knight,

“ Farewell ye famous ladies all, in whom I did delight !

“ Adue my native soile, adue Arbaccus kyng,

“ Adue eche wight, and martial knight, adue eche living thyng !”

One is almost tempted to think that Shakspeare had read this old play. MALONE.

That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !

7 Farewel the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The

7 Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the EAR-PIERCING fife,] Dr. Warburton has offered *fear-sperſing*, for *fear-diſperſing*. But *ear-piercing* is an epithet ſo eminently adapted to the *fife*, and ſo diſtinct from the ſhrillneſs of the trumpet, that it certainly ought not to be changed. Dr. Warburton has been cenſured for this propoſed emendation with more noiſe than honeſty, for he did not himſelf put it in the text. JOHNSON.

The ſpirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakſpeare as uſual, paints from the life ; thoſe instruments accompanying each other being uſed in his ages by the Engliſh ſoldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely diſcontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the laſt. It is commonly ſuppoſed that our ſoldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the laſt rebellion : but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even uſed at all by them. It was firſt uſed within the memory of man among our troops by the Britiſh guards, by order of the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maſtricht, in the year 1747, and thence ſoon adopted into other Engliſh regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they ſerved. This instrument, accompanying the drum, is of conſiderable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Aſhmolean Muſeum at Oxford, painted 1525, repreſenting the ſiege of Pavia by the French king where the emperor was taken priſoner, we ſee *fifes* and *drums*. In an old Engliſh treatiſe written by William Garrard before 1587, and publiſhed by one captain Hichecock in 1591, intitled *The Art of Warre*, there are ſeveral wood cuts of military evolutions, in which theſe instruments are both introduced. In *Rymer's Fœdera*, in a diary of king Henry's ſiege of Bulloigne 1544, mention is made of the *drommes* and *viſſeurs* marching at the head of the king's army. Tom. xv. p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were alſo much uſed at ancient feſtivals, ſhews and proceſſions. Gerard Leigh, in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, deſcribing a Chriſtmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, ſays, “ We entered the prince his hall, “ where anon we heard the noiſe of *drum* and *fife*,” p. 119. At a ſtately maſque on Shrove-Sunday, 1510, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinſhed mentions the entry “ of a *drum* “ and *fife* apparelled in white damaske and grene bonnettes.” Chron. iii. 805, col. 2. There are many more inſtances in Holinſhed, and Stowe's *Survey of London*.

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!⁸
And O you mortal engines,⁹ whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;

From the old French word *viffler*, above-cited, came the English word *whiffler*, which anciently was used in its proper *literal* sense. Strype, speaking of a grand tilting before the court in queen Mary's reign, 1554, says, from an old journal, that king Philip and the challengers entered the lists, preceded by "their *whifflers*, their footmen, and their armourers." *Eccles. Memor.* iii. p. 211. This explains the use of the word in Shakspeare, where it is also literally applied. *Hen. V.* act iv. sc. ult.

" — behold the British beach

" Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,

" Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,

" Which like a *mighty whiffler* 'fore the king,

" Seems to prepare his way."

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning, which it at present obtains in common speech, and became an appellation of contempt. *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, *a fellow hired to pipe at processions.* WARTON.

In the old dramatic piece, intitled *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, 2d edit. 1630. *Tobacco* says to *Beer*:

" — it will become your duty to obey me."

To which *Wine* replies:

" You our sovereign! a mere *whiffler*!"

Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611;

" — he was known

" But only for a swaggering *whiffler*." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!*] Sir William D'Arvenant does not appear to have been scrupulous of adopting almost Shakspeare's own words. So, in *Albovine*, 1629:

" Then *glorious war*, and all *proud circumstance*

" That gives a soldier noise, for *evermore farewell*."

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *whose rude throats*] So Milton. *P. L.* b. 6.

" From those *deep-throated engines*," &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads—*whose wide throats.*

STEEVENS.

Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

[*Catching hold on him.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul¹,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see it ; or (or at least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on : or, woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more : ² abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate ;
Do deeds to make heaven weep³, all earth amaz'd
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven defend me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?—
God bewi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st⁴ to make thine honesty a vice !—
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend⁵, fith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay :—Thou should'st be honest.

¹ —mine eternal soul,] Perhaps the quarto, 1622, more forcibly reads :

— man's eternal soul.

Shakspeare might have designed an opposition between *man* and *dog*. STEEVENS.

² —abandon all remorse ;] I believe, *remorse* in this instance, as in many others, signifies *pity*. STEEVENS.

³ Do deeds to make heaven weep,] So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven

“ As make the angels weep. STEEVENS.

⁴ That liv'st] Thus the quarto. The folio—*that lov'st*—

STEEVENS.

⁵ —fith—] The word anciently used instead of *since* ; and so the quartos read. STEEVENS.

Iago. I should be wife, for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. ⁶ By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
I'll have some proof : Her name that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—'Would, I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion ;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ? nay, I will,

Iago. And may ; But, how ? how satisfied, my
lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?
Behold her tupp'd ?⁷

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect : Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?
It is impossible, you should see this,
⁸ Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,

⁶ *By the world, &c.*] This speech is not in the first edition.
POPE.

⁷ *Behold her tupp'd ?*] A ram in Staffordshire and some other
counties is called a *tup*. So, in the first act :
— an old black ram

Is *tupping* your white ewe. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Were they as prime as goats,—*] *Prime* is *prompt*, from the
Celtic or British *prim*. HAMMER.

So, in the *How-breaker, or the Faire Maid of Clifton*, 1535 :

“ More *prime* than goats or monkies in their prides.”

STEEVENS.

If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. ⁹ Give me a living reason that she's disloyal,

Iago. I do not like the office :

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty, and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;
Cry,—*O sweet creature !* and then kiss me hard ;
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips : and lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh, and kiss ; and then
Cry,—*Cursed fate ! that gave thee to the Moor !*

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this ¹ denoted a foregone conclusion ;

² 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

⁹ *Give me a living reason—*] *Living*, for speaking, manifest. WARBURTON.

The reading of the folio is smoother :

Give me a living reason she's disloyal. MALONE.

¹ — *a foregone conclusion :*] *Conclusion*, for fact.

WARBURTON.

² *Othel* ² *'Tis a shrewd doubt, &c.*] The old quarto gives this line, with the two following, to Iago ; and rightly.

WARBURTON.

I think it more naturally spoken by Othello, who, by dwelling so long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to enforce it.

JOHNSON.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : ³ yet we see nothing done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O that the slave had forty thousands lives ;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !
⁴ Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy ⁵ hollow cell !

Yield

³ ——— *yet we see nothing done ;*] This is an oblique and secret mock at Othello's saying, *Give me the ocular proof.*

WARBURTON.

⁴ *Now do I see 'tis true.*——] The old quarto reads,

Now do I see 'tis time.——

And this is Shakspeare's, and has in it much more force and solemnity, and preparation for what follows : as alluding to what he had said before :

——— *No, Iago !*

I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove ;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this,

Away at once with love or jealousy.

This *time* was now come. WARBURTON.

⁵ ——— *hollow hell !*] This is a poor unmeaning epithet. The old quarto reads,

Arise black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !

Which the editors not knowing what to make of, altered it as above. It should be read thus :

Arise, black vengeance, from the unhallow'd cell !

Meaning the infernal regions. WARBURTON.

The

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and ⁶ hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate ! ⁷ swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For, 'tis of aspicks' tongues !

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago : [⁸ Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er

The hollow bell is the reading of the folio. I do not perceive that the epithet *hollow* is at all unmeaning, when applied to hell, as it gives the idea of what Milton calls,

“ ——— the void profound
“ Of unessential night.”

The very same phrase indeed occurs in Jasper Heywood's translation of Seneca's *Thyestes* 1560, “ Where most prodigious ugly things the *hollow bell* doth ride.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Milton's *Paradise Lost* b. i. ver. 314 :

“ He call'd so loud that all the *hollow* deep
“ Of *hell* refounded.” H. T. W.

⁶ ——— hearted *throne*,] *Hearted* throne, is the heart on which thou wast *enthroned*. JOHNSON.

Iago uses the same word, though with a meaning somewhat different :

— My cause is *hearted*. STEEVENS.

A passage in *Twelfth Night* fully supports the reading of the text, and Dr. Johnson's explanation of it :

“ It gives a very echo to the *seat*
“ Where *Love* is *thron'd*.” MALONE.

⁷ — *swell, bosom, &c.*] i. e. *swell*, because the fraught is of poison. WARBURTON.

⁸ — *Like to the Pontic sea, &c.*] This simile is omitted in the first edition : I think it should be so, as an unnatural excursion in this place. POPE.

— *Like the Pontic sea.*] Every reader will, I durst say, abide by Mr. Pope's censure on this passage. When Shakspeare grew acquainted with such particulars of knowledge, he made a display of them as soon as opportunity offered. He found this in the Second Book and 97th Chapter of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* as translated by Philemon Holland, 1601 : “ And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retir-eth backe againe within Pontus.”

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontic, and the Helleipont;
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 'Till that a capable⁹ and wide revenge
 Swallow them up.—Now, 'by yond' marble heaven,¹
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow [He kneels.
 I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Iago kneels.
 Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
 You elements that clip us round about!
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up
 The execution² of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's service! ³ let him command,
 And

Mr. Edwards, in his *Mss.* notes, conceives this simile to allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whose impress, Camden, in his *Remains*, says, was the Caspian sea, with this motto, SINE REFLEXU. STEEVENS.

⁹ —a capable and wide revenge

Capable] Ample; capacious. So, in *As You Like It*:

“The cicatrice and capable impressure.”

So, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by Nashe, 1595: “Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, Dæmon, a capable name, of gods, of men, and of devils.”

It may however mean *judicious*. In *Hamlet* the word is often used in the sense of *intelligent*. What Othello says in another place seems to favour this latter interpretation:

Good; good;—the justice of it pleases me.

MALONE.

¹ —by yond' marble heaven,] In *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, I find the same expression:

“Now by the marble face of the welkin,” &c.

STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Melida*, 1602:

“And pleas'd the marble heavens.” MALONE.

² The execution —] The first quarto reads *excellency*.

STEEVENS.

³ —let him command,

And to obey, shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever.] Thus all the old copies, to manifest depravation of the poet's sense. Mr. Pope has attempted an emendation, but with his old luck and dexterity:

Not

And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What

Not to obey, shall be in me remorse, &c.

I read, with the change only of a single letter :

Nor, to obey, shall be in me remorse, &c.

i. e. Let your commands be ever so bloody, remorse and compassion shall not restrain me from obeying them. THEOBALD

— *Let him command,*

And to obey, shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever.] Thus the old copies read, but

evidently wrong. Some editions read, *Not to obey* ; on which the editor Mr. Theobald takes occasion to alter it to, *Nor to obey* ; and thought he had much mended matters. But he mistook the sound end of the line for the corrupt ; and so by his emendation, the deep deligning Iago is foolishly made to throw off his mask, when he had most occasion for it ; and without any provocation, stand before his captain a villain confessed ; at a time, when, for the carrying on his plot, he should make the least show of it. For thus Mr. Theobald forces him to say, *I shall have no remorse to obey your commands how bloody soever the business be.* But this is not Shakspeare's way of preserving the unity of character. Iago, till now, pretended to be one, who, though in the trade of war he had slain men, yet held it the very stuff of the conscience to do no contrived murder ; when, of a sudden, without cause or occasion, he owns himself a ruffian without *remorse*. Shakspeare wrote and pointed the passage thus :

— *Let him command,*

And to obey shall be in me. REMORD

What bloody business ever.

i. e. however the business he sets me upon may shock my honour and humanity, yet I promise to go through with it, and obey without reserve. Here Iago speaks in character, while the sense and grammar are made better by it.

So Skelton :

“ *And if so him fortune to write and plaine,*

“ *As sometimes he must vices remorde.”*

And again :

“ *Squire, knight, and lord,*

“ *Thus the churche remorde.”* WARBURTON.

Of these two emendations, I believe, Theobald's will have the greater number of suffrages ; it has at least mine. The objection against the propriety of the declaration in Iago, is a cavil ; he does not say that he has no principle of remorse, but that it shall not operate against Othello's commands. *To obey shall be in me, for I will obey you,* is a mode of expression not worth the pains here taken to introduce it ; and the word *remorde* has not in the quo-

tation

What bloody work soever⁴.

Oth.

tation the meaning of *withhold*, or *make reluctant*, but of *reprove*, or *censure*; nor do I know that it is used by any of the contemporaries of Shakspeare.

I will offer an interpretation, which, if it be received, will make alteration unnecessary, but it is very harsh and violent. Iago devotes himself to wronged Othello, and says, *Let him command whatever bloody business*, and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of *tenderness*, to obey him; not of malice to others, but of *tenderness* for him. If this sense be thought too violent, I see nothing better than to follow Pope's reading, as it is improved by Theobald. JOHNSON.

——— *Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,*

What bloody work soever.] Mr. Upton, in his *Critic. Observ.* p. 200, proposes to read:

And to obey shall be in me no remorse.

This reading the author of *The Revision* approves; and Mr. Edwards seems to acquiesce in that of Theobald.

The different emendations of different commentators are laid before the public for its determination on their merits; and I believe the present one, who is to throw in his conjecture with the rest, may say at last with Deiphobus,

——— *explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

Iago offers, in the most solemn manner, to risque himself for the service of Othello. *Let him command*, says he, *whatever bloody business*, and the *remorse* that follows the perpetration of such a deed shall be *entirely my own*. It shall be *remorse in me, in me alone*. I not only undertake to execute the bloody part of the business, but likewise to take upon myself the *horrors of remorse* inseparable from the action. Iago makes use of this specious argument, the better to prevail on Othello to entrust the murder to his hands.

After all, I believe Dr. Johnson's interpretation to be the best; and can only claim the merit of supporting his sense of the word *remorse*, i. e. *pity*, by the following instances.

In *Lord Surrey's Translation of the 4th Æneid*, Dido says to her sister:

“ Sister I crave thou have *remorse* of me.”

Again,

⁴ *What bloody work soever.*] So the quartos. The folio:
What bloody business ever. STEEVENS.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request :
But let her live.

Again, in *King Edward III*, 1599, that Prince speaking to the citizens of Calais :

“ But for yourselves, look you for no *remorse*.”

Again, in *Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599 :

“ Who taketh no *remorse* of womankind.”

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600 :

“ Here stand I craving no *remorse* at all.”

I could add many more instances, but shall content myself to observe that the sentiment of Iago bears no small resemblance to that of *Arviragus* in *Cymbeline* :

“ I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,

“ And praise myself for charity.” STEEVENS.

If I am not deceived, this passage has been entirely mistaken. I read :

“ Let *him* command.

“ An' to obey shall be in *me* remorse,

“ What bloody business ever——”

And for *if* is sufficiently common : and *Othello's* impatience breaks off the sentence ; I think, with additional beauty.

FARMER.

Before I saw Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakspeare, my opinion of this passage was formed, and written, and thus I understood it :

“ Let him command any bloody business, and to obey shall be in me an act of pity and compassion for wrong'd Othello. *Remorse* frequently signifies pity, mercy, compassion, or a tenderness of heart, unattended with the stings of a guilty conscience.

TOLLET.

The examples quoted by Mr. Tollet and some by Mr. Steevens I have omitted, as I think those already inserted are sufficient to prove the meaning of the word. Mr. Monck Mason says, he may venture to assert, that Shakspeare seldom if ever uses the word in any other sense. EDITOR.

And to obey *shall be in me* remorse.] This mode of speaking is not confined to Shakspeare. Thus in *Purchas's Pilgrim*, vol. iv. 1196 :

“ It could *not be in them* to make resistance.”

HENDERSON.

Oth.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another apartment in the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant Cassio
lies ?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clown. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier
lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to ; Where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you ² where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown. I know not where he lodges ; and for me
to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies
there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out ? and be edify'd by
report ?

³ *Clown.* I will catechize the world for him ; that
is, make questions, and make them answer.

² *To tell you, &c.]* This and the following speech are wanting
in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

³ *Clown. I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make ques-
tions and by them answer.]* This *Clown* is a fool to some purpose.
He was to go seek for one ; he says, he will ask for him, and by
his own questions make answer. Without doubt we should read,
and bid them answer ; i. e. the world ; those whom we question.

WARBURTON.

Des.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him, I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Æmilia* ? [Exit.]

Æmil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of ⁴ cruzadoes : And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think, the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Lock, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till Cassio be Call'd to him.—How is it with you, my lord ?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady :—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble ! —

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand : This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart ;— Hot, hot, and moist : ⁵ This hand of yours requires A fe-

⁴ —*cruzadoes* :—] A Portuguese coin, in value three shillings sterling. GREY.

So called from the cross stamped upon it. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Hot, hot, and moist* :] Ben Jonson seems to have attempted a ridi-

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
 Much castigation, exercise devout ;
 For here's a young and sweating devil here,
 That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
 A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
 For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : ' The hearts, of old, gave
 hands ;

But

a ridicule on this passage, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, act v. sc. 2. where Sogliardo says to Saviolina : " How does my sweet Lady ? *hot and moist ? beautiful and lusty ?*" STEEVENS.

Ben Jonson was ready enough on all occasions to depreciate and ridicule our author; but in the present instance, I believe, he must be acquitted ; for *Every Man out of his Humour* was printed in 1600, and written probably in the preceding year ; at which time, we are almost certain that *Othello* had not been exhibited. MALONE.

' — *The hearts, of old, gave hands ;*

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.] It is evident that the first line should be read thus,

The hands of old gave hearts ;

Otherwise it would be no reply to the preceding words,

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart :

Not so, says her husband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts ; but the custom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expression of *new heraldry* was a satirical allusion to the times. Soon after James the First came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets for money. Amongst their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a hand *gules* in an *escutcheon argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author : by which he insinuates, that some then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts* ; that is, *money* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchase the *honour*. But the finest part of the poet's address in this allusion, is the compliment he pays to his old mistress Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raising money by this creation, was the reduction of Ulster, and other parts of Ireland ; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulster. Now the method used by Elizabeth in the reduction of that kingdom was so different from this, the dignities she conferred being on those who employed their *steel*, and not their *gold* in this service, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compared to her successor

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend

in this point of view: nor was it uncommon for the dramatic poets of that time to satirize the ignominy of James's reign. So Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One says, *I will send thee to Amboyna in the East Indies for pepper*. The other replies, *To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd*. Again, in the same play, a sailor says, *Despise not this pitch'd canvas, the time was we have known them lined with Spanish ducats*. WARBURTON.

The historical observation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She says, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his suspicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank*, he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark, that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it.

JOHNSON.

I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 284, and Spelman's Epigram there cited.

“ ————— florentis nomen honoris
“ Indicat in clypei fronte cruenta manus.
“ Non quod sævi aliquid, aut stricto fortiter ense
“ Hostibus occisis gesserit iste cohors.”

BLACKSTONE.

—our new heraldry, &c.] I believe this to be only a figurative expression, without the least reference to king James's creation of baronets. The absurdity of making Othello so familiar with British heraldry, the utter want of consistency as well as policy in any sneer of Shakspeare at the badge of honours instituted by a Prince whom on all other occasions he was solicitous to flatter, and at whose court this very piece was acted in 1613, very strongly incline me to question the propriety of Dr. Warburton's historical explanation. STEEVENS.

A passage in *Hamlet* on the subject of matrimony, in which *hands and hearts* are again introduced, may serve to support the opinion of those, who think our author had here no particular allusion to the creation of the order of Baronets:

“ Since love our *hearts*, and *Hymen* did our *hands*
“ Unite commutual in most sacred bands.” MALONE.

7 —salt and sorry rheum—] The old quartos has,
——salt and sullen rheum——

That

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord:

Oth. That which I gave you:

Des. I have it not about me:

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord:

Oth. That is a fault: That handkerchief⁸

Did an Ægyptian to my mother give:

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she
kept it;

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but, if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly; and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

That is, a *rheum absolutely troublesome*. I think this better:

JOHNSON:

⁸ *That handkerchief*

Did an Egyptian to my mother give:] In the account of this tremendous handkerchief, are some particulars which lead me to think, that here is an allusion to a fact, heightened by poetical imagery. It is the practice in the eastern regions, for persons of both sexes to carry handkerchiefs very curiously wrought: In the MS. papers of Sir John Chardin, that great oriental traveller, is a passage which fully describes the custom. "The mode of wrought handkerchiefs (says this learned enquirer); is general in Arabia; in Syria, in Palestine, and generally in all the Turkish empire. They are wrought with a needle, and it is the amusement of the fair sex there, as among us the making tapestry and lace. The young women make them for their fathers, their brothers, and by way of preparation before hand for their spouses, bestowing them as favours on their lovers. They have them almost constantly in their hands in those warm countries, to wipe off sweat." But whether this circumstance ever came to Shakspeare's knowledge, and gave rise to the incident, I am not able to determine. WHALLEY.

To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition;
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl¹, that had 'number'd in the world
The sun to course² two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts⁴.

Des. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to it well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never
seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

¹ *A sibyl, &c.*] This circumstance perhaps is imitated by Ben Jonson in the *Sad Shepherd*:

“A Gypsian lady, and a right beldame,
“Wrought it by moon-shine for me, and star-light, &c.”
STEEVENS.

² —number'd—

¹ *The sun to course—*] i. e. number'd the sun's courses: badly expressed. WARBURTON.

The expression is not very infrequent: we say, *I counted the clock to strike four*; so she number'd the sun 'to course, to run two hundred compasses, two hundred annual circuits. JOHNSON.

² —to course—] The first quarto reads, —to make— STEEVENS.

³ *And it was dy'd in mummy,*—] The balsamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know, that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary; and yet I have been informed, that this fanciful medicine still holds a place in the shops where drugs are sold. So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:
“—make *mummy* of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries.”

Again, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

“That I might tear their flesh in mamocks, raise
“My losses, from their carcases turn'd *mummy*.”

STEEVENS

⁴ —which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*with the skilful*

Conserves, &c. STEEVENS.

Des.

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and ^s rash ?

Oth. Is it lost ? is it gone ? speak, is it out of the way ?

Des. Heaven blefs us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; But what an if it were ?

Oth. Ha !

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, fir, but I will not now : This is a trick, to put me from my suit ; I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief : my mind mis-gives.

Des. Come, come ; You'll never meet a more sufficient man,

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio ⁶.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time, Hath founded his good fortunes on your love ; Shar'd dangers with you ;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. Insooth, you are to blame,

Oth. Away !

[*Exit Othello.*]

Æmil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief : I am most unhappy in the loss of it,

Æmil. ⁷ 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man :

They

⁵ —*rash* ?] Is *vehement, violent.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *I pray talk me of Cassio.*] This and the following short speech are omitted in all ancient editions but the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *'Tis not a year or two shews us a man :*] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author intended the action of this play to be considered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at Cyprus, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable seems to have been in one

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;
 They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,
 They belch us. Look you ! Cassio, and my husband,

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must do't ;
 And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ? what's the news
 with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech you,
 That, by your virtuous means, I may again
 Exist, and be a member of his love,
 Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
 Intirely honour ; I would not be delay'd :
 If my offence be of such mortal kind,
 That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
 Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

continual progress, nor can I see any vacuity into which a *year*
or two, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night
 of Othello's arrival, a feast was proclaimed ; at that feast Cassio
 was degraded, and immediately applies to Desdemona to get him
 restored. Iago indeed advises Othello to hold him off a while,
 but there is no reason to think, that he has been held off a long
 while. A little longer interval would increase the probability of
 the story, though it might violate the the rules of the drama. See
 act v. sc. 2. JOHNSON.

This line has no reference to the duration of the action of this
 play or to the length of time that Desdemona had been married.
 What Emilia says, is a sort of proverbial remark, of general ap-
 plication, where a definite time is put for a indefinite. Besides,
 there is no necessity for fixing the commencement of Emilia's *year*
or two, to the time of the marriage, or the opening of the piece.
 She would with more propriety refer to the beginning of the ac-
 quaintance and intimacy between the married couple, which
 might extend beyond that period. STREEVENS.

⁸ — *the office of my heart,*] The elder quarto reads,
 — *the duty of my heart.*

The author used the more proper word, and then changed it, I
 suppose, for fashionable diction ; but, as fashion is a very weak
 protectress, the old word is now ready to resume its place.

JOHNSON.

Can

Can ransom me into his love again,
 But to know so must be my benefit ;
 So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
 And shut myself up in some other course,
 To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,
 My advocacy is not now in tune ;
 My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
 Were he ² in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,

² *But to know so, must be my benefit.]*

“ Si nequeo placidas affari Cælaris aures,

“ Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi.” JOHNSON.

¹ *And shoot myself up — —]* This is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have,

And shut myself up — — JOHNSON.

The quarto 1630 (like the folio) reads,

And shut myself up — —

I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea seems taken from the confinement of a monastic life. The words, *forc'd content*, help to confirm the supposition. The meaning will therefore be, “ I will put on a constrained appearance of being contented, and shut myself up in a different course of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief from the accidental hand of charity.”

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Macbeth* :

“ — — and shut up

“ In measureless content.”

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

“ Whose basest stars do shut us up in wishes.” STEEVENS.

I cannot agree with Mr. Steevens in approving of the present reading, nor of course, in his explanation of this passage, but think the quarto right, which reads *shoot* instead of *shut*. — To say that a man will shut himself up in a course of life, is language such as Shakspeare would never make use of, even in his most whimsical or licentious moments.

One of the meanings of the verb *to shoot* is to *push suddenly*, or to *push forward* ; and in that sense it is used in this place. Cassio means to say, that if he finds he has no chance of regaining the favour of the general, he will push forward into some other line of life, and seek his fortune ; but I think it probable we ought to read, — And shoot myself upon some other course, instead of *up in some other course*. MONCK MASON.

² *— in favour, — —]* I. i. l. 6, in countenance. JOHNSON.

As I have spoken for you all my best ;
 And stood ³ within the blank of his displeasure,
 For my free speech ! You must a while be patient :
 What I can do, I will ; and more I will,
 Than for myself I dare ; let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Æmil. He went hence but now,
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen, the cannon
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air ;
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother ; - And can he be angry ?
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him ;
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry ? [*Exit.*]

Des. I prythee, do so, - Something, sure, of
 state, -

Either from Venice ; or ⁴ some unhatch'd practice,
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him, -
 Hath puddled his clear spirit : and, in such cases,
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.
⁵ For let our finger ach, and it endues
 Our other healthful members, ev'n to a sense
 Of pain : Nay, we must think, men are not gods ;
 Nor of them look for such observancy.
 As fits the bridal. - Besprew me much, Æmilia,

³ — *within the blank of his displeasure,*] Within the *shot* of his anger. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *some unhatch'd practice,*] Some treason that has not taken effect. JOHNSON.

⁵ *For let our finger ach, and it endues
 Our other healthful members with a sense
 Of pain—*] *Endues with a sense of pain,* is an expression, which, though it might be endured, if it were genuine, cannot deserve to be introduced by artifice. The copies, both quarto and folio, read, *Endues our other healthful members even to a sense of pain.* I believe it should be rather, *Subdues our other healthful members to a sense of pain.* JOHNSON.

I was (^s unhandfome warrior as I am)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my foul ;
 But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you
 think ;
 And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
 Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a monster,
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
 mind !

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout :
 If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona, and Emilia.*]

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What make you from home ?
 How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?
 Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
 What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?
 Eightscore eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,

⁶ — (*unhandfome* warrior as I am)] How this came to be so
 blundered, I cannot conceive. It is plain Shakspeare wrote,
 ——— *unhandfome* wrangler as I am.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— *she* wrangling queen.” WARBURTON.

Unhandfome warrior, is evidently *unfair* assailant. JOHNSON.

More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been prefs'd:
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief,
* Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance;
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.

7 —*more convenient time*] The folio has,
—— *more continue time*,

Time less interrupted, time which I can call more my own. It gives a more distinct image than *convenient*. JOHNSON.

The word occurs again in *Timon*, 1c. 1:

“ —— breath'd, as it were,

“ To an untirable and *continue* goodness.” STEEVENS.

8 *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, Pick out the work; and leave the ground plain; but Copy this work in another handkerchief. JOHNSON.

So, in a comedy, by Middleton, called *Women beware of Women*:

“ —— she intends

“ To *take out* other works in a new sampler.”

Again, in the preface to P. Holland's *Pliny*, 1601: “Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and *take out* their patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decayed.” STEEVENS.

So, in Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii* vol. ii. p. 578. 581. and 585. “to *take out* the arms,” means to copy them.

TOLLET.

I like

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
 (As like enough it will) I'd have it copy'd :
 Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Caf. I do attend here on the general;
 And think it no addition, nor my wish,
 To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Caf. Not, that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
 And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Caf. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
 For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

An open place before the Castle.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,
 To kifs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kifs.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
 An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Why, I pray you? This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

— I must be circumstanc'd.] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

Rather, I must give way to circumstances.

MONCK MASON.

Oth.

Oth. 7 Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm ?
It is hypocrisy against the devil :

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
8 The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip :
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then ?

7 *Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm ?*

It is hypocrisy against the devil :] This observation seems strangely abrupt and unoccasioned. We must suppose that Iago had, before they appeared in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to Othello ; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done ; it might be only for the trial of their virtue ; as was reported of the Romish saint Robert D'Arbrissel and his nuns. To this we must suppose Othello here replies ; and like a good protestant. For to the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, Shakspeare little heeds how these sentiments are circumstanced.

WARBURTON.

Hypocrisy against the devil, means hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON.

8 *The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.*] It is plain, from the whole tenor of the words, that the speaker would distinguish this strange fantastical presumption from other lesser kinds of indiscretion, where prudence is off its guard. But this reading does not distinguish it from any other, it being true of all who run into temptation, that *the devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.* The true reading, therefore, without question, is this :

The devil their virtue tempts not ; they tempt heaven.

i. e. they do not give the devil the trouble of throwing temptations in their way : they seek them out themselves, and so tempt heaven by their presumption. This is a just character of the extravagance here condemned and distinguishes it from other inferior indiscretions. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare had probably in view a very popular book of his time, *The Beehive of the Roman Church.* “ There was an old wife, called *Julia*, which would take the young men and maides, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they should not one byte another, nor kicke backwardes with their heeles, she did lay a crucifix between them.” FARMER.

Iago.

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot
it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you
wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

Oth.

⁹ *Boding to all*—] Thus all the old copies. The moderns
less grammatically,

Boding to ill—— JOHNSON.

The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house,
in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jesu of Malta*,
1633:

“ Thus like the sad presaging *raven*, that tolls
“ The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
“ And in the shadow of the silent night
“ Does shake contagion from her sable wing.”

MALONE.

¹ *Convinc'd or supplied them*,] I cannot understand the vulgar
reading. I read, *convinc'd or supplied*. My emendation makes
the sense of the passage easy and intelligible: that there are some
such long-tongued knaves in the world, who, if they through the
force of importunity extort a favour from their mistress, or if
through *her own fondness* they make her *pliant* to their desires, can-

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but, be you well assur'd ;
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. Why, that he did, — I know not what he did.

Oth. What ? what ?

Iago. Lie —

Oth. With her ?

Iago. With her, on her ; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her ! lie on her ! — We say, lie on
her, when they belie her : Lie with her ! that's ful-
some. Handkerchief, confessions, — handkerchief.
— To confess, and be hang'd for his labour². —
First, to be hang'd, and then — to confess : — I trem-

not help boasting of their success. To *convince*, here, is not, as
in the common acceptation, to make sensible of the truth of any
thing by reasons and arguments ; but to *overcome*, *get the better*
of, &c. THEOBALD.

Convinc'd] *Convinc'd*, for conquer'd, subdued.

WARBURTON:

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — his two chamberlains

“ Will I, with wine and wassel so *convince* ? ”

Again, in the same play :

“ — their malady *convincees*

“ The great assay of art ”

Dr. Farmer is of opinion that *supplied* has here the same mean-
ing as supplicated. SREEVENS.

Theobald's emendation evidently hurts, instead of improving,
the sense ; for what is, *suppled*, but *convinced*, i. e. subdued.
But *supplied* (the original reading) relates to the words — “ vo-
luntary dotage,” as *convinced* does to “ their own importunate
suit.” *Having by their importunacy conquered the resistance of a*
mistress, or in compliance with her own request, and in consequence of
her unsolicited fondness, gratified her desires. MALONE.

² — to confess and be hang'd —] This is a proverbial saying. It
is used by Marlow, in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

“ Blame us not, but the proverb — *Confess and be hang'd.* ”

It occurs again, in *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*,
1593 : And in one of the old collections of small Poems there
is epigram on it. All that remains of this speech, including the
words *to confess*, is wanting in the first quarto. SREEVENS.

ble at it.—Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, ⁴ without some instruction. It is

3 —*shadowing passion*—] The modern editions have left out *passion*. JOHNSON.

4 —*without some instruction*.—] The starts and broken reflections in this speech have something very terrible, and shew the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies. But the words we are upon, when set right, have a sublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *instruction* for *induction* (for so it should be read) has indeed sunk into arrant nonsense. Othello is just going to fall into a swoon; and as is common for people in that circumstance, feels an unusual mist and darkness, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vast sublimity of thought, is compared to the season of the sun's eclipse, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the sun. This being the allusion, the reasoning stands thus: "My nature could never be thus overshadowed, and falling, as it were, into dissolution, for no cause. There must be an *induction* of something: there must be a real cause. My jealousy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, words only, could not shake me thus, and raise all this disorder. My jealousy therefore must be grounded on matter of fact." Shakspeare uses this word in the same sense, in *Richard III*.

"A dire *induction* am I witness to."

Marston seems to have read it thus in some copy, and to allude to it in these words of his *Fame*:

"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous!"

WARBURTON.

This is a noble conjecture, and, whether right or wrong, does honour to its author. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any necessity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, *Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without instruction. It is not words that shake me thus.* This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities. JOHNSON:

is not words, that shake me thus :—Pish ! — Noses, ears, and lips :—Is it possible ?—Confess !—Handkerchief !—O devil !—

[Falls in a trance]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are
caught ;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach,—What, ho ! my lord !
My lord, I say ! Othello !—How now, Cassio ?

Enter Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter ?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy ;
This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday :

Cas. Rub him about the temples :

Iago. No, forbear :

The lethargy must have his quiet course ;

Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction.] However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief) it produces stupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shews, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so over powers it, that he falls into a trance; the natural consequence.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

5 Noses, ears, and lips :] Othello is imagining to himself the familiarities which he supposes to have passed between Cassio and his wife. So, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ Cheek to cheek,—meeting noses—

“ Kissing with inside lip, &c.—”

If this be not the meaning, we must suppose he is meditating a cruel punishment for Desdemona and her suspected paramour :

“ ———raptis

“ *Auribus, et trunicas inhonesta vulnere naves.*” STEEVENS.

If

If not, he foams at mouth ; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight ; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit Cassio.]

How is it, general ? have you not hurt your head ?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

Iago. I mock you ! no by heaven :

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man,

Oth. A horned man's⁹ a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous
city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it.

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you : there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie¹ in those improper beds,

⁹ *A horned man*—] In *Much Ado about Nothing*, I omitted to attempt the illustration of a passage where Benedick says—"there is no staff more honourable than one *tipt with horn*." Perhaps he alludes to the staff which was anciently carried before a challenger. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 669 : "—his baston (a staffe of an elle long, made taper-wise, *tipt with horne*) &c. was borne before him." STEEVENS.

¹ —*in those improper beds*,] *Unproper*, for common.

WARBURTON.

So, in *The Arcadia*, by Shirley, 1640 :

"Ever woman shall be common.—"

"Every woman common ! what shall we do with all
the *proper* women in *Arcadia* ?

"They shall be common too."

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*. B. 2. fol.

"And is his *proper* by the lawe."

Again, in the *Mastive*, &c. an ancient collection of epigrams and satires, no date :

"Rose is a fayre, but not a *proper* woman,

"Can any creature *proper* be, that's common ?"

STEEVENS.

Which they dare swear peculiar ; your case is better,
 O, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's acrh-mock,
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
 And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;
 And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise ; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart ;
 Confine yourself but in a patient² list.
 Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your
 grief³,

(A passion most unfuiting such a man)
 Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;
 Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;
 The which he promis'd. Do but⁴ encave yourself,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

² —*list*.] For attention ; act of listening. JOHNSON.

It appears to me that a plain sense is on this occasion rejected in favour of one more remote ; and perhaps no instance of such a use of the word *list* can be brought in support of it. The obvious meaning of *list*, or *lists*, is *barriers, bounds*. Keep your temper, says iago, within the *bounds of patience*. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ The ocean over-peering of his *list*,

“ Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste, &c.”

COLLINS.

Again, in *King Henry V.* act v. sc. 2. “ —you and I cannot be confined within the weak *list* of a country fashion.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I :

“ The very *list*, the very utmost bound,

“ Of all our fortunes.

Chapman, in his translation of the 16th Book of Homer's *Odyssy*, has expressed the same thought :

“ —let thy heart

“ Beat in fix'd *confines* of thy bosom still.”

Again, in *All's Well that End's Well*, act ii. sc. 1 : “ — you have restrain'd yourself within the *list* of too cold an adieu.”

STEEVENS.

³ —*ere while, mad with your grief*,] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads :

—o'erwhelmed with your grief. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*encave yourself*,] Hide yourself in a private place.

JOHNSON.

That

That dwell in every region of his face ;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife ;
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago ?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
 But (dost thou hear ?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss ;
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

(Othello withdraws.)

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
 Buys herself bread and cloaths : it is a creature,
 That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
 To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;—
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter :—Here he comes :—

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
 Whose want even kills me.

s Or shall I say, your're all in all in spleen,] I read :

Or shall I say, you're all in all a spleen.

I think our author uses this expression elsewhere. JOHNSON:

A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a *spleen*.—The old reading, however, is not inexplicable. We still say, such one is *in* wrath, *in* the dumps, &c. The sense therefore is plain. Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ That, in a *soleen*, unfolds both heaven and earth.”——

STEEVENS:

6 And his unbookish jealousy—] Unbookish, for ignorant.

WARBURTON.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. ⁷ Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

[*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her!—what? ⁸ a customer! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholsome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh, that win. [*Aside.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. ⁹ Have you scor'd me? Well.

[*Aside.*

Cas.

⁷ *Do you triumph? Roman? do you triumph?*] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What* (says he) *you are now triumphing as great as a Roman?* JOHNSON.

⁸ *— a customer! —*] A common woman, one that invites custom. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“ I think thee now some common *customer*.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Have you scor'd me? —*] Have you made my reckoning? have you settled the term of my life? The old quarto reads, *stored me*. Have you disposed of me? have you laid me up?

JOHNSON.

To

Caf. This is the monkey's own giving out : she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me ; now he begins the story. [*Aside.*

Caf. She was here even now ; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians and thither comes the bauble ; by this hand ¹ she falls thus about my neck ;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio ! as it were : his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me ; so hales, and pulls me : ha, ha, ha !—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber : O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me ! look, where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caf. 'Tis such another ² fitchew ! marry, a perfum'd

To score originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance. Spenser, in the first Canto of his *Faery Queen*, speaking of the Cross, says :

“ Upon his shield the like was also *scor'd*.”

Again, b. ii. c. 9 :

“ — why on your shield, so goodly *scor'd*,

“ Bear you the picture of that lady's head ?”

But it was soon figuratively used for setting a *brand* or *mark* of disgrace on any one. “ Let us *score* their backs,” says Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* ; and it is employed in the same sense on the present occasion. STEEVENS.

¹ —by this hand—] This is the reading of the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

² —fitchew !—] A polecat. POPE.

fum'd one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work,—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!
[*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.
[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more.
[*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Shakspeare has in another place mentioned the lust of this animal. He tells Iago, that she is as lewd as the *polecat*, but of better scent, the polecat being a very stinking animal.

JOHNSON.

A *pole-cat* was anciently one of the cant terms for a strumpet.

STEEVENS.

Iago

Iago. Yours, by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing :—
A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night ; for she shall not live : No, my heart is turn'd to stone ; I strike it and it hurts my hand . O, the world hath not a sweeter creature : she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her ! I do but say what she is :—So delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician ! O, she would sing the savageness out of a bear :—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times :—And then, of so gentle a condition !—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain : But yet the pity of it, Iago !—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes :—Cuckold me !

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I'll

3 —No, my heart is turn'd to stone ; I strike it and it hurts my hand.—] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakspeare, is sure to be received, and as often counteracts his *pathos*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 8 :

“ ——— throw my heart

“ Against the flint and hardness of my fault,

“ Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

“ And finish all foul thoughts.” STEEVENS.

not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again :—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison ; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated,

Oth. Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker : You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

Come from the duke : and, see, your wife is with him,

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a letter.]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you ; How does lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach : but you shall make all well,

Oth. Are you sure of that ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. ' This fail you not to do, as you will—'

[*Reads.*]

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt by lord and Cassio ?

Des.

Des. A most unhappy one ; I would do much
To ² atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wife ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him ;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil !

[*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in
Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it : 'Tis very much ;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

³ If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls ⁴ would prove a crocodile :—
Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

² — atone them,—] Make them *one* ; reconcile them.

JOHNSON.

³ *If that the earth would teem, &c.*] If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Each drop she falls*] *To fall* is here a verb active. So, in the *Tempest* :

“ —when I rear my hand do you the like,
“ *To fall it on Gonzalo.*” STEEVENS.

Des.

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, fir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn: Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, And turn again ; and she can weep, fir, weep ; And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,— Very obedient ;—⁷ Proceed you in your tears.— Concerning this, fir,—O well-painted passion !— I am commanded home.—Get you away ; I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate, And will return to Venice ;—Hence avaunt !—

[*Exit Desdemona.*

Cassio shall have my place^s. And,—fir, to-night, I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, fir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies⁹ !

[*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate

⁷ —*Proceed you in your tears.*—] I cannot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Desdemona *to continue weeping*, which *proceed you in your tears* (as the passage is at present pointed) must mean. He rather would have said,

—————*Proceed you in your tears ?*—————

What ! will you still continue to be a hypocrite by a display of this *well-painted passion* ? WARNER.

⁸ *Cassio shall have my place.*] Perhaps this is addressed to *Desdemona*, who had just expressed her joy on hearing *Cassio* was deputed in the room of her husband. Her innocent satisfaction in the hope of returning to her native place is construed by Othello into the pleasure she received from the advancement of his rival.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Goats and monkies !*] In this exclamation Shakspeare has shewn great art. *Iago*, in the first scene in which he endeavours to awaken his suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, tells him it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be “as prime as goats, as hot as monkies.”—These words we may suppose, still ring in the ears of *Othello*, who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation : —*Iago's* words were but too true—now indeed I am convinced that they are as hot as “goats and monkies.” MALONE.

Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? ' whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

' ——— *whose solid virtue*

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze nor pierce,] But it is no commendation to

the most solid virtue to be free from the attacks of fortune; but that it is so impenetrable as to suffer no impression. Now to *graze* signifies only *to touch the superficies* of any thing. That is the attack of fortune: and by that virtue is tried, but not discredited. We ought certainly therefore to read:

Can neither raze nor pierce.

i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The ignorant transcribers being acquainted with the phrase a *bullet grazing*, and *shot* being mentioned in the line before, they corrupted the true word. Besides, we do not say, *graze* a thing; but *graze on* it.

WARBURTON.

I have ventured to attack another part of this sentence, which my ingenious friend slipped over. I cannot see for my heart, the difference betwixt the shot of *accident* and dart of *chance*. The words and things they imply are purely synonymous; but that the poet intended two different things seems plain from the *discretive* adverb. Chance may afflict a man in some circumstances; but other distresses are to be accounted for from a different cause. I am persuaded our author wrote:

The shot of accident, nor dart of change, &c.

And, in a number of other places, our poet industriously puts these two words in opposition to each other. THEOBALD.

To *graze* is not merely to touch superficially, but to strike not directly, not so as to bury the body of the thing striking in the matter struck.

Theobald trifles, as is usual. *Accident* and *chance* may admit a subtle distinction; *accident* may be considered as the *act*, and *chance* as the *power* or agency of fortune; as, *It was by chance that this accident befel me.* At least, if we suppose all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation.

JOHNSON.

I do not see the least ground for supposing any corruption in this passage. As *pierce* relates to *the dart of chance*, so *graze* is referred to *the shot of accident*. The expression is still used; we still say *he was grazed by a bullet.* MALONE.

Iago.

Iago. He is that he is ; I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife !

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well ; Yet 'would I knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas !

It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him ;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech : Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Another apartment in the castle.

Enter Othello, and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?

Æmil. Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together,

Æmil. But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them,

Oth. What, did they never whisper ?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way ?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing ?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth.

Oth. That's strange.

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither ;—go.— [*Exit Æmilia.*
She says enough ;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Æmilia, with Desdemona.

Des. My lord what is your will ?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. [*To Æmilia.*] Some of your function, mistress ;
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :
Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Æmilia.*

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech im-
port ?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ;
Your true and loyal wife.

² *But not your words.*] This line is added out of the first edition. POPE.

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Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as
hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How
am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the ' time of scorn

To

³ — *time of scorn*] The reading of both the elder quartos
and the folio is,

— for *the time* of scorn.

Mr. Rowe reads, — *band* of scorn; and succeeding editors have
silently followed him.

I would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in
favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy:

— *the time of scorn.*

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*—the
time when we are to be judged—*the day of judgment*—the instant
when we suffer calamity—*the moment of evil*; and why may we
not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it,
by the title of *the time of scorn*? Thus, in *Soliman and Per-
sida*, 1597:

“ So,

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have⁴ garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

“ So sings the mariner upon the shore,

“ When he hath past the dangerous *time of storms*.”

Again, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

“ I'll poison thee; with murder curbe thy paths,

“ And make thee know a *time of infamy*.”

Othello takes this idea from a clock. *To make me* (says he) *a fixed figure* (on the dial of the world) *for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at!* STEEVENS.

Might not Shakspeare have written—

— for *the scorn of time*

To point his slow unmoving finger at?

i. e. the marked object for the contempt of all ages and all time.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time*?

However, in support of the reading of the old copies, it may be observed, that our author has personified *scorn*, in his 88th Sonnet:

“ When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,

“ And place my merit in the *eye of scorn*.”—

The epithet *unmoving* (the folio reads—*and moving*) may likewise be supported by Shakspeare's 104th Sonnet, in which this very thought is expressed:

“ Ah! yet doth beauty, like a *dial-band*,

“ *Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,*

“ So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,

“ Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.”

MALONE.

Perhaps we should read, — *slowly moving finger at*. I should wish to reject the present reading, for even then the word *slow* implied some degree of motion, though that motion may not be perceptible to the eye. *The time of scorn* is a strange expression, to which, I cannot reconcile myself; I have no doubt but it is erroneous, and wish we had authority to read *band of scorn*, instead of *time*. MONCK MASON.

⁴ — *garner'd up my heart*;] That is, *treasured up*; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined. JOHNSON.

To

To knot and gender in!—⁵ turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, -my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. ⁶ O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'ft so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'Would, thou hadst
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper⁷, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed⁸!—O thou public commoner!

I should

⁵ — *Turn thy complexion there, &c.*] At such an object do thou, *patience*, thyself change colour; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look as grim as hell*. The old editions and the new have it,

I here look grim as hell.

I was written for *ay*, and not since corrected. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *O thou weed!*] Dr. Johnson has, on this occasion, been unjustly censured for having stifled difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore observe, that Othello's speech is printed word for word from the folio edition, though the quarto reads:

O thou black weed!

Had this epithet, *black*, been admitted, there would still have remained an incomplete verse in this speech: no additional beauty would have been introduced; but instead of it, a paltry antithesis between the words *black* and *fair*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Was this fair paper, &c.*] Massinger has imitated this passage in *The Emperor of the East*:

“ ———can you think

“ This master piece of heaven, this precious vellum

“ Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,

“ Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom

“ In capital letters writ upon't?” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Committed!*] This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

This word in Shakspeare's time, besides its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love.

Hence

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deed.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—Impudent
strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,⁹
From any other¹ foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall she saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That marry'd with Othello.—You, mistress,

Enter Æmilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

Hence perhaps it is so often repeated by *Othello*.—So, in Sir Tho. Overbury's *Very Woman*, 1610: "She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that she may go for a maid, but she has been lain with in her understanding." The word is used in the same sense in *King Lear*: "Commit not with man's sworn spouse."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, first Part:

"—if all *committers* stood in a rank,
" They'd make a lane in which your shame might dwell."

MALONE.

¹ *If to preserve this vessel for my lord.*] This expression, as well as many others, our author has borrowed from the sacred writings:—"to possess his *vessel* in sanctification,"—1 Thess. iv. 4.

MALONE.

⁹ — any other,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—any *bated*. STEEVENS.

And keep the gate of hell ; You ! you ! ay, you !
We have done our course ; there's money for your
pains ;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[Exit.

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?—
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my
lord ?

Des. With who ?

Æmil. With my lord, madam ?

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : Do not talk to me, *Æmilia* ;
I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember ;—
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here is a change indeed ! [Exit.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
* The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

Enter Iago, with Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is it
with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young
babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

¹ *Who is thy lord ?*] This, and the following speech, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

² *The small'st opinion on my least misuse ?*] The old quarto reads :
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.
Which I think is better. JOHNSON.

Iago.

Iago. What is the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms: upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,

³ —upon his callet.] *Callet* is a lewd woman; so called (says Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. This head-dress is mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetic Lady*:

“The wearing the *callot*, the politic hood.”

The word is likewise found in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, a satyre, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde; no date:

“Yf he call her *calat*, she calleth hym knave agayne.”

STEEVENS.

—such terms upon his callet.] This word is of great antiquity in the English language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love*:

“C, for calet, for of, we have O,

“L, for leude, D, for demeanure, &c.” PERCY.

I meet this word in *The Translation of Ariosto*, 1591:

“And thus this old ill-favour'd spitefull *callet*—”

Harrington, in a note on that line, says that “*callet* is a nickname used to a woman,” and that “in Irish it signifies a *witch*.” MALONE.

Has not devis'd this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Æmil. A haltar pardon him ! and hell gnaw his bones !

Why should he call her, whore ? who keeps her company ?

What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base ⁴ notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—

O, heaven, that such companions ⁵ thou'dst unfold ;

And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascals naked through the world,

Even from the east to the west !

Iago. ⁶ Speak within door.

Æmil. O, fie upon him ! some such squire he was,

That turn'd your wit ⁷ the seamy side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?

Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel ⁸ ;—

⁴ — *notorious* —] For *gross*, not in its proper meaning for *known*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *such companions*] *Companion*, in the time of Shakspeare was used as a word of contempt in the same sense as *fellow* is at this day. See vol. vii. p. 461. vol. viii. p. 97. vol. ix. p. 229.

MALONE.

⁶ *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *the seamy side without* :] That is, *inside out*. JOHNSON. This idea has already occurred. Iago speaks of Roderigo as of one,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Here I kneel, &c.*] The first quarto omits the rest of this speech. STEEVENS.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse, or thought⁹, or actual deed;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
 To do the act that might the addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does ' chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [Trumpets,
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
² And the great messengers of Venice stay:
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona, and Emilia.

Enter Roderigo,

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me,

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device,
 Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st
 from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the

⁹ *Either in discourse, or thought,]* The folio reads—discourse
 of thought—and perhaps rightly. See Milton, P. L. b. v l. 488,
 STEEVENS.

¹ — *chide with you.*] This line is from the quarto, 1622.

STEEVENS.

² *And the great messengers of Venice stay;]* Thus the quarto,
 The folio reads:

The messengers of Venice stay the meat. STEEVENS.

least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances, are no kin together,

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect³ and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitations; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and

³ —and acquaintance;—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—
and acquitance. STEEVENS.

your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night shew it: If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is a special commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it⁴.

Rod.

⁴ — and the night grows to waste:] I suppose Iago means to say, that it is near midnight. Perhaps we ought to read *wast*. The folio reads—*wast*, as it does in the following line in *Hamlet*:

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir,—O, Desdemona !—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be return'd forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look it be done. [*Exit.*]

Des. I will, my lord.

Emil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent : He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me !

Des. It was his bidding ; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu : We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him !

“ In the dead *wast* and *middle* of the night.”

So also, in the *Puritan*, a comedy, 1607 :

“ ————— ere the day

“ Be spent to the *girdle*, thou shalt be free.”

The words however may only mean—the *night* is *wasting apace*.

MALONE.

Des.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on
the bed.

Des. All's one :—Good father ! how foolish are
our minds ?—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara ;
She was in love ; * and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her : she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it : That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,
But

* —and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,

And did forsake her.—] We should read :

—and he, she lov'd, forsook her,

And she prov'd mad.----- WARBURTON.

I believe that *mad* only signifies *wild, frantick, uncertain.*

JOHNSON.

We still call a wild girl a *mad-cap* : and, in the first Part of
King Henry VI, are mentioned,

“ *Mad*, natural graces that extinguish art.”

Again, in the *Two Gentleman of Verona* :

“ Come on, you *mad-cap*.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* : “ Do you hear, my *mad*
wenches ?” STEEVENS.

5 —I've much ado,

But to go hang my head—] I have much ado to do any thing
but hang my head. We might read :

Not to go hang my head.

This is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions
which has improved the play. The rest seem to have been added
for the sake of amplification, or of ornament. When the imagina-
tion had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the
horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for spe-
cious additions. This addition is natural. Desdemona can at first
hardly forbear to sing the song ; she endeavours to change her
train of thoughts, but her imagination at last prevails, and she
sings it. JOHNSON.

From

But to go hang my head all o' one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd
barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. ⁶ *The poor soul sat singing* ⁷ *by a sycamore tree.*

Sing all a green willow; [Singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans;*

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c.

Pr'ythee, hye thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Æmil. It is the wind.

From *I have much to do*, to *Nay, that's not next*, was inserted
after the first edition, as likewise the remaining part of the song.

⁶ *The poor soul, &c.*] This song, in two parts, is printed in a
late collection of old ballads; the lines preserved here differ
somewhat from the copy discovered by the ingenious collector.

JOHNSON.

⁷ —*sat singing*—] Thus the old copies: but the song as
published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of
Ancient English Poetry*, reads,—“*sat fighting*.” STEEVENS.

Des. ⁸ *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do
itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so¹.—O, these men,
these men!—

Doth thou in conscience think,—tell me, *Æmilia*,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great
price
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Æmil. In troth, I think I should; and undo't,

⁸ *I call'd my love false love;—*] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were properly added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

⁹ *—you'll couch with more men.*] This verb is found also in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

“ — O, if thou couch

“ But one night with her——” MALONE.

It is used likewise in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — couching with the lawyers clerk.” STEEVENS.

¹ *I have heard it said so.*] This as well as the following speech, is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for all the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage¹, as

Would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think², it is their husband's faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant³ our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some
grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see, and
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think, it is; And doth affection breed it?

¹ — *to the vantage,*] i. e. to boot, over and above.

STEEVENS.

² *But I do think, &c.*] The remaining part of this speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

³ — *our former having—*] Our former allowance of expence.

JOHNSON.

I think,

I think it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
 It is so too: And have not we affections?
 Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
 Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night: + Heaven me such
 usage send,
 Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Iago, and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will
 he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
 Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
 It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy
 sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
 'Tis but a man gone;—forth, my sword; he dies.
 [*Stands apart.*]

⁴ — *heaven me such uses send,*] Such is the reading of the folio, and of the subsequent editions; but the old quarto has:
 — *such usage send.* —

Usage is an old word for *custom*, and, I think, better than *uses*.

JOHNSON.

Iago.

Iago. ^s I have rubb'd this young quat almost to
the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain⁶: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

^s In some editions,

I've rubb'd this young gnat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry] This is a passage much controverted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a *gudgeon*; not that a *gudgeon* can be *rubbed* to much *sense*, but that a man grossly deceived is often called a *gudgeon*. Mr. Upton reads *quail*, which he proves, by much learning, to be a very choleric bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnat*, which is found in the early quartos. Theobald would introduce *knot*, a small bird of that name. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is *rubbed to sense*. Roderigo is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *scab*. *To rub to the sense, is to rub to the quick,*

JOHNSON.

The same explanation appeared in a magazine in the year 1748. EDITOR.

So, in *The Devil's Law-case*, 1623: "O young *quat*! incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—whether he be a *yong quat* of the first yeers revennew, or some austere and sul-len-fac'd steward, &c."

Such another thought occurs in Ben Johnson's *Catiline*:

"—mutt have their disgraces still new *rubb'd*,

"To make them smart, &c." STEEVENS.

⁶ —*my gain*:] The quartos read—*my game*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'ft.

[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'ft;
I will make proof of thine.

[Fight. Cassio wounds Roderigo: Iago cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.]

Rod. O, I am slain!

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Othello, above.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villian that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace⁷:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart⁸ those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted;

Thy

⁷ *And your fate hies apace:*] Thus the first quarto. The second quarto and the folio read—And your *unblest* fate hies.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Forth of my heart, &c.*] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads, *For of*: perhaps the true reading is, *For off, &c.*

But Mr. Whalley observes to me that the reading of the quarto may be the true one. *Forth* signifies both *out* and *from*. So in *Hamlet*:

“*Forth* at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.”

Again in Jonson's *Volpone*,

“*Forth* the resolved corners of his eyes.”

Mr.

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico, and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very dreadful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villian!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is ' a heavy night: These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murder?

Mr. Henley had also made the same observation, and in proof of it produced the following passages. Richard III.

“ I clothe my naked villany

“ With old odd ends, stol'n *forth* of holy writ.”

Again,

“ Humphrey Hoare that called upon your grace,

“ To breakfast once *forth* of my company.”

EDITOR.

9 — *no passage?*] No passengers? nobody going by?

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ Now in the stirring *passage* of the day.” STEEVENS.

1 — *a heavy night*;] A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Upon the *heavy* middle of the night.” STEEVENS.

Lod.

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry ?

Caf. Here, here ; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter ?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously ?

Caf. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains !
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done
this ?

Caf. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains !—
What are you there ? come in, and give some help.
[*To Lod. and Gra.*]

Rod. O, help me here !

Caf. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave ! O villain !

[*Iago stabs him.*]

Rod. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !—O !
O, O !

Iago. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these
bloody thieves ?—

How silent is this town !—Ho ! murder ! murder !
What may you be ? are you of good, or evil ?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico ?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy ; Here's Cassio hurt by
villains.

Gra. Cassio !

Iago. How is it, brother ?

Caf. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !—

Light, gentlemen ;—I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus; I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter²: So.—O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman³,

Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure;—O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon; These bloody accidents must excuse my manners, That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

² *Lend me a garter, &c.*] This speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

³ *Alas my friend, my dear countryman!*] This passage incontestably proves that Iago was meant for a Venetian.

N. B. All the notes to which no names are subscribed, are taken from the last Oxford edition. STEEVENS.

Iago.

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said:—
the chair:— [*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[*To Bianca.*]
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here,
Cassio,
Was my dear friend; What malice was between
you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear
him out o' the air.— [*Cassio is borne off.*]
Stay you, good gentlemen⁴—look you pale, mis-
tress?

Do you perceive the gashness⁵ of her eye?
Nay, if you stare⁶, we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the mat-
ter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,
Æmilia,
Go know of Cassio where he sup'd to-night:
What, do you shake at that?

⁴ — good gentlemen.] Thus the folio. The quartos read,
gentlewoman. STEEVENS:

⁵ — the gashness,] So the folio. The quartos read, *jestures.*
STEEVENS.

⁶ Nay, if you stare,] So the folio. The quartos read, *stirre.*
STEEVENS.

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Æmil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Æmilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or fordoes⁷ me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*A bed-chamber: Desdemona in bed, asleep. A light
burning.*

Enter Othello.

*Oth.*⁸ It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—

⁷ — or fordoes me quite.] To *forde*, is to undo, to ruin, to destroy. See vol. iii. p. 132. STEEVENS.

⁸ *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,*—

Let me not name it—] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning, I think, is this: “I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but *it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause.*”

JOHNSON.

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. STEEVENS.

It

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men?
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me :--but once put out thy light²,

¹ *Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.*] This is the second attempt of Othello to justify what he has undertaken. First he says, *It is the cause*, i. e. his own *cause*; now he is willing to suppose himself the preventer to succeeding mischief to others.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!*] So it should be printed. The meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life; he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites. WARBURTON.

This has been considered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* dispute about it with the *author himself* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a spirit to it which I fear was not intended. It seems to have been only a *play upon words*. *To put the light out* was a phrase for *to kill*. In the *Maid's* tragedy, *Melantius* says,

——'Tis a justice, and a noble one,

“ *To put the light out of such base offenders.*” FARMER.

Put out the light. This phrase is twice used in *Sidney's Arcadia* for killing a lady, p. 460 and 470, edit. 1633

Again, in an unpublished play, called *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, by George Chapman, licensed by sir George Buc, October 31st, 1611: (now in the library of the earl of Shelburne, who honour'd me with the use of it)

“ —— O foul of cunning!

“ Came that arch subtilty from thy lady's counsel,

“ Or thine own sudden craft? confess to me

“ How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions,

“ *Or all thy light goes out.*” STEEVENS.

² — *put out thy light,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*put out thine.* STEEVENS.

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature²,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 That can thy light relumine³. When I have
 pluck'd thy⁴ rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.
 O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice herself to break her sword !—Once more.—
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after :—Once more, and this the
 last :

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears :⁵ This sorrow's heavenly ;
 It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

² *Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,*] So in *Palmerin D'Oliua* 1588, p. 1. “— those that beheld her esteemed her for the chiefest piece of workmanship that ever nature framed.”

EDITOR.

³ — *relumine.*] The folio reads—*relume*. The first quarto—*return* : the second quarto—*relumine*. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *thy rose,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,
 “ ——— the rose.”

Again, the quarto reads,

“ I'll smell *it* on the tree.” STEEVENS.

The folio,

“ I'll smell *thee* on the tree.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *This sorrow's heavenly ;*] This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion.

I wish these two lines could be honestly ejected. It is the fate of Shakspeare to counteract his own pathos. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet would not have retained both these images had he published the play himself, though in the hurry of composition he threw them both upon paper. The first seems adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile, the second from a passage in the scripture. STEEVENS.

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Ham!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know
not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ft.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and
gave thee,
Thou gav'ft to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

⁷ *I would not kill thy soul.*] Sir W. D'Avenant has borrowed this thought in his *Albovine King of Lombardy*, 1629:

“I am not fraught with devil's spleen; I would

“Not hurt *thy soul*.” STEEVENS.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury ; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, heaven have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too !—I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love : I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his
hand.

O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—

^s A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him :—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee :

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

^s *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.*] This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me* kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when *I thought to have sacrificed* thee to justice, with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.

It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads, *thou dost stone thy heart* ;—which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forcest me* to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the *murdered* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy punishment should have been *a sacrifice* atoning for thy crime.

I am glad that I have ended my revival of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

Oth.

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. ' Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O; banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

⁸ — *hath ta'en order for't*] i. e. has taken measures. So, in Holinshed's *Reign of King John*: “— he took such order for him, that he was despoiled of all his goods and benefices,” p. 174.

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

“ I will take order for that presently.” MALONE.

⁹ *Had all his hairs been lives,*] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatic performances prior to Shakspeare's *Othello*. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

“ Know Cæsar, had I now as many lives

“ As there are stones, or hairs upon my head,

“ I would,” &c.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

“ — but if all

“ My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged

“ In such a cause.” STEEVENS.

³ *Being done,*

There is no pause.] The first quarto omits this speech.

STEEVENS.

Oth.

*Oth.*² It is too late.

[*He smothers her.*

Æmilia within.

My lord, my lord ! what ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ?—Not dead ? not yet quite dead ?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.

Æmil. What ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. Who's there ?

Æmil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes ;—'tis Æmilia :—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death ;
The noise was high.—Ha ! no more moving ?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in ? Were't good ?
I think, she stirs again :—No.—What's the best ?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :—
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife³ :

² *It is too late.*] After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the sacred name, thrice repeated. As this must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies.

STEEVENS.

This alteration was probably made in consequence of the statute of the 3d of James I. c. 21. which lays a penalty for the profane use of the name of God, &c. in stage-plays interludes, May-games, &c. TOLLET.

The statute was necessary ; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (those of *Chapman* in particular) abound with the most wanton and shocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in such an irreverend manner on the stage.

STEEVENS.

³ *My wife ! my wife ! what wife ?—I have no wife :*] “ *Filium unicum adolescentulum habeo : ah ! quid dixi habere me ? imo habui, Chreme.*” *Ter Heautont.*

STEEVENS.

O in-

O insupportable ! O heavy hour !
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon ; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Æmil. I do beseech you I may speak with you.
O, good my lord !

Oth. I had forgot thee : O, come in *Æmilia* :—
Soft,—by and by :—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou ? What's the matter with thee now ?
[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder
done.

Oth. What ? now ?

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon ;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd !
And Cassio kill'd !—

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd ? Then murder's out of
tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. ⁴ O, falsely, falsely murder'd !

Æmil.

⁴*O falsely, falsely murder'd!*] It cannot be supposed that a person who had been effectually *strangled* or *smothered*, could speak again ; for if the power of breathing returned after the instrument of suffocation was removed, no act of violence had in reality taken place by which the conclusion of life could be brought on. But such is the peculiar fate of *Desdemona*, that she is supposed to be smothered, revives to acquaint us that *she smothered herself*, and then dies without any ostensible cause of death. I am of opinion that

Æmil. Alas ! what cry is that ?

Oth. That ! what ?

Æmil. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice :—
Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !
Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. O, who hath done
This deed ?

Des. No body ; I myself ; farewell :
Commend me to my kind lord ; O, farewell. [*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

that some theatrical direction has been omitted ; and that when Othello says :

Not dead ? not yet quite dead ?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain :—

So, &c.

He then stabs her, repeating the two last words, as he repeats the blow. Thus Virgil :

“ —*sic, sic* juvat ire sub umbras.”

After the repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again, with propriety, and yet very soon expire ; as says Cassio or Rodrigo :

—even but now he spake,

After long seeming dead.

The first resolution of Othello was to poison her, but from this measure he is dissuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to use the poinard ; but, his tenderness awaking, he cannot bear to deform those beauties which he had so often approached with other sensations and for different purposes. Therefore says he :

—I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster :

And this resolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averse to employing those means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect.

If this apparent want of a play-house direction had occasioned any absurdity in the original representation of the play, probably it is glanced at by Ben Jonson in the *Alchemist*, act v. “ Did'st hear a cry, said'st thou ? Yes, sir, like unto a man that had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.” STEEVENS.

Æmil.

Æmil. Alas, who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so ; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell⁵ ;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil !

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore⁶.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was⁷ false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

Oth. Cassio did tup her ; ask thy husband else :
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity ; Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband ?

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband ?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first⁸ ;

⁵ She's, like a liar, gone to *burning hell*] Here is nothing faulty in this passage, but it may be read,

She's, like a liar gone to *burn in hell*.

The vulgar denunciation of future vengeance is, I think, *you'll burn in hell* for this. WHALLEY

⁶ *She turn'd to folly and she was a whore.*] *Folly* signifies here, as in the sacred writings, *depravity of mind*. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture *folly*.”

MALONE.

⁷ —*false as water.*] As water that will support no weight, nor keep any impression. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*that told me first* ;] The folio reads, “—that told me *on her first*,” STEEVENS.

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iteration ? woman ?
I say, thy husband.

Æmil. ¹ O mistress, ² villainy hath made mocks
with love !

My husband say, that she was false ?

Oth. He, woman ;

I say, thy husband ; Do'st understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Æmil. Do thy worst :

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. ³ Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !

As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed,—

⁹ *iteration*, —] The folio reads—*iterance*. STEEVENS.

¹ *Æmil.*] The first quarto omits this and the following speech.
STEEVENS.

² — villainy *has made mocks with love!*] *Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of a violent passion. JOHNSON.

³ *Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,*
As I have to be hurt.—] *Power* for *will*: for *will* signifying both ability and inclination, and *power* signifying ability, he uses *power* for inclination. But the Oxford Editor, not understanding his author's phraseology any better when he had ended than when he had begun with him, alters, *As I have to be hurt*, to, *As I have to bear hurt*: which yet does not mend the matter, had the poet here used *power* in the sense of ability. WARBURTON.

The Oxford Editor saw well the meaning of his author, but weakened his expression. She means to say, *I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict*. JOHNSON.

I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives :—Help ! help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ; Murder, murder !

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter ?—How now, general ?

Æmil. O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false ;
I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain ;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought : and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false ?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie : an odious, damned lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie :—
She false with Cassio !—Did you say, with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress ; Go to, ⁴ charm your
tongue.

⁴ —*charm your tongue.*] By this expression, *Charm your tongue*, the poet meant no more than to make Iago say, Apply some power, strong as *a charm* would be, to your tongue ; for nothing less can stop its volubility. So, *Henry VI. Part III* :

“ Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue*.”

So, Ben Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels* :

“ — *charm your skipping tongue*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 9 :

“ That well could *charm his tongue*, and time his speech.”

Again, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619 :

“ The surest way to *charm* a woman's tongue,

“ Is to break her neck :—a politician did it.”

Pliny informs us, that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase to *charm* a tongue might have originated.

STEVENS.

Æmil.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
to speak;
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon O monstrous act!

Æmil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villainy!
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you
home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Othello looking on his wife.*]

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*]
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece.
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd:

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

5 — *my mistress, &c.*] This line, and the following six
speeches, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

A thousand times committed; Cassio confests'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works

With

* *A thousand times committed:—*] This is another passage which seems to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include. JOHNSON.

*That she with Cassio had the act of shame
A thousand times committed. —*

And again :

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.] I am not convinced from these passages only, that a longer space is comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include.

What Othello mentions in the first instance, might have passed still more often, before they were married, when Cassio went between them ; for she, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in respect of Othello, might have done so in respect of Cassio, when there was time enough for the occurrence supposed to have happened. A jealous person will aggravate all he thinks, or speaks of ; and might use a *thousand* for a much less number, only to give weight to his censure : nor would it have answered any purpose to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline* :

“ — spare your arithmetic ;
“ Once, and a million.”

The latter is a proverbial expression, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Æmilla's reply perhaps was dictated by her own private experience ; and seems to mean only, “ that it is too soon to judge
“ of a husband's disposition ; or that Desdemona must not be sur-
“ prised at the discovery of Othello's jealousy, for it is not even
“ a year or two that will display all the failings of a man.”

Mr. Tollet, however on this occasion has produced several instances in support of Dr. Johnson's opinion ; and as I am unable to explain them in favour of my own supposition, I shall lay them before the public.

Act iii. sc. 3. Othello says :

What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, was free and merry :
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

On *Othello's* wedding night he and Cassio embark'd from Venice, where *Desdemona* was left under the care of *Iago*. They all meet at Cyprus ; and since their arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. *Iago*

With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token

had not then infused any jealousy into *Othello's* mind, nor did he suspect any former intimacy between *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, but only thought it “ apt and of great credit that she loved him.” What night then was there to intervene between *Cassio's* kisses and *Othello's* sleeping the next night well ? *Iago* has said, “ I lay with *Cassio* lately,” which he could not have done, unless they had been longer at *Cyprus* than is represented in the play ; nor could *Cassio* have kept away, for the space of a whole week, from *Bianca*. STEEVENS.

It was an handkerchief, &c.] *Othello* tells his wife, act iii. sc. 10 :

— that handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give.

And here he says :

It was an handkerchief, —
My father gave my mother.

This last passage has been censured as an oversight in the poet : but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by *Othello*, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.

This circumstance of the handkerchief is perhaps ridiculed by *Ben Jonson*, in his *Poetaster*—“ you shall see me do *the Moor* ; master, lend me your scarf.” STEEVENS.

I question, whether *Othello* was written early enough to be ridiculed by the *Poetaster*. There were many other *Moors* on the stage.

It is certain at least, that the passage,

“ Our new heraldry is *hands*, not *hearts*.”

could not be inserted before the middle of the year 1611.

FARMER.

If the allusion in the *Poetaster* (which was printed in 1601) were to *Othello*, it would fix its date much earlier than I conceive it to have been written.—But the allusion in the passage quoted, is not to *Othello*, but to an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.—In the *Poetaster*, *Pyrgus*, who says, you “ shall see me do *the Moor*,” proceeds in the same scene, and repeats an absurd speech of the *Moor's* in the *Battle of Alcazar*, beginning with this line :

“ Where art thou, boy ? where is *Calipolis* ?”

which ascertains the allusion to be to that play. MALONE.

My father gave my mother.

Æmil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:— I hold my peace,
fir? no,

No, I will speak as liberal ⁶ as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief,
thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Æmil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give it my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago stabs his wife, then runs out.*]

Oth. 7 Are there no stones in heaven,

But

⁶ —as the north;] The old quarto reads,

I'll be in speaking liberal as the air.

Liberal, is free, under no controul. This quality of the North-wind is mentioned in *Victoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

“And let th' irregular North wind sweep her up.”

Again, in *Jeronimo*, i. e. the first part of the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the sea.”

STEEVENS.

7 *Are there no stones in heaven*

But what serve for *the thunder*? —] What occasion for other,

3 B 2

when

But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress's side!

Gra. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather: I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave. [Exit *Mon.* and *Gra.*

when those would serve his purpose? For he wanted a thunderbolt for Iago. Without question, Shakspeare wrote and pointed the line thus:

Are there no stones in heaven?

For what then serves the thunder?—

i. e. Are there no bolts in heaven for this villain? for what purpose then serves the thunder, that instrument of his vengeance?

WARBURTON.

Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder?—This emendation of Dr.

Warburton's is surely unnecessary.

Othello does not want a thunderbolt for Iago. He only asks, if there are no lesser degrees of chastisement more proportioned to the guilt of mortals, ready to drop down on such villains as Iago, though Omnipotence withholds its thunder, as too noble an instrument for the punishment of crimes like his?

The same thought occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609:

“Is there no thunder left? or is't kept up

“In stock, for heavier vengeance?”

Shakspeare, might however mean, does heaven reserve its thunder only to make a noise? has it no implements of mischief to punish as well as terrify?

“—quum fulmina torques

“Necquicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes

“Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miscent?”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's last explanation of this passage appears to be just. We cannot suppose that Othello in the paroxysm of resentment, agitation and despair, should think any crimes more heinous than that of Iago—It is difficult indeed to conceive a crime that demanded a heavier punishment. MONCK MASON.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword :—
But why should honour out-live honesty ?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy song bode, lady ?
Hark, can'st thou hear me ? I will play the swan,
And die in musick. *Willow, willow, willow* :—
Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee cruel Moor :
So come my soul to blifs, as I speak true ;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, ' the ice brook's-temper ;—
O, here

⁸ *And die in music, &c.*] This, and the two former lines of the speech, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *the ice-brook's temper ;*] In the first edition it is *Isebrooke's temper*. Thence corrupted to *Ice-brook's*.—*Ebro's temper* ; the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world are the Catalonian fuses. POPE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water. JOHNSON.

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following passages in Martial. It was undoubtedly the *brook* or *rivulet* called *Salo* (now *Xalon*), near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge ; and to the icy quality of the waters, they were indebted for their stubborn temper :

“ Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo
“ Et ferro Plateam suo fonantem,
“ Quam fluctu tenui sed inquieto
“ Armorum Salo temperator ambit.”

Again,

“ Quibus remissum corpus astringes brevi,
“ Salone qui ferrum gelat.”

Again,

“ Pugio, quem curvis signat brevis orbita venis,
“ Stridentem gelides hunc Salo tinxit aquis.”

Again, in *Justin*, l. 44. “ Præcipua his quidem ferri materia sed aqua ipsa ferro violentior ; quippe temperamento ejus ferrum acrius redditur ; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in *Bilbili* fluvio aut *Chalybe* tingatur. Unde etiam *Chalybes* fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præstare dicuntur.”

O, here it is :—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold ! I have a weapon :

A better never did itself sustain ¹

Upon a soldier's thigh ; I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop :—But, O vain boast !

Who can controul his fate ? 'tis not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;

dicuntur.” These parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms. STEEVENS.

I incline to read :

It is a sword of Spain, 'tis *ebroes* temper.

If we suppose that the words [*'tis ebroes*] were huddled together either in transcribing or composing, thus, [*'tisebroes*] the compositor in running it over with his eye, might (to make it sense as he thought (add a couple of letters and divide the words thus (*tb'isebroes*) which is nearly as it stands in the old quarto.

I doubt whether *ice-brooks* are usual in the climate of Spain.

BLACKSTONE.

¹ *A better never did itself sustain*

Upon a soldier's thigh.] So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634 :

“ — On his thigh a sword

“ Hung by a curious baldricke, when he frowns,

“ To seal his will by ; *better, on my conscience,*

“ *Never was soldier's friend.*” MALONE.

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires ;—Where should Othello go ?
 Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd
 wench ² !

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
 Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight !
 Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—
 O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?
 Dead ? O ! O ! O !

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio brought in ; Montano, with Iago
 prisoner ; and Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate
 man ?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello ; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down ³ towards his feet ;—but that's
 a fable ;

² — *O ill-starr'd wench !*] This and the six preceding lines,
 are omitted in the first quarto. *Wench* originally signified only a
 young woman. *Cassandra*, in *Whetstone's Promos, &c.* 1578,
 says of herself ;

“ Oh wretched *wench*, where may I first complayne ?”

Again,

“ Therefore, sweet *wenche*, helpe me to rue my woe.”

The word is used without any dishonourable meaning in the
 Bible.

“ And a *wench* told him, &c.”

And again, by Gavin Douglas, in his version of the *Æneid* :

“ —audetque viris concurrere *virgo*.”

“ This *wensche* stoutlye rencounter durit with men.”

STEEVENS.

³ — *towards his feet* ;] To see if, according to the common
 opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, fir ; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die⁴.

Lod. O thou Othello that was once so good,
Fall'n⁵ in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, any thing :
An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : What you know,
you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word,

Lod. What ? not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath be-
fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not : Here is a let-
ter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
And here, another ; the one of them imports

⁴ *For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.*] The same thought has
already occurred in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ —'Tis well thou'rt gone—

“ If it be well to live. STEEVENS.

⁵ *—in the practice—*] In the snare, by the stratagem.

JOHNSON.

The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross !

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;
But that, belike, Iago⁵ in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff !—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber :
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast : And even but now he spaké,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with
us ;

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his : You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state :—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.

⁵ — *in the interim*] The first copy has, *in the nick*. It was, I suppose, thought upon revision, that *nick* was too familiar.

JOHNSON.

I have

I have done the state some service, and they know it;
 No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters;
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
⁶ Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
 speak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
 Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme; ⁷ of one, whose hand,
 Like the base Judcan, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
 eyes,

Albeit

⁶ *Speak of me as I am;—*] The first quarto reads, *Speak of them as they are.* The present reading, which is the reading of the folio, has more force. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *of one, whose hand,*

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe;—] I have restored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occasioned probably by the word *tribe* just after: I have many reasons to oppose this opinion. In the first place, the most ignorant Indian, I believe, is so far the reverse of the *dung-bill-cock* in the *fable*, as to know the estimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the thought itself would not be just. Then, if our author had designed to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago observed, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*: and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to the reading *Judian*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to; which is much less obvious: but has Shakspeare never done this, but in this single instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judran*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the story so little obvious as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called *MARIAM, the Fair Queen of JEWRY*. I shall only add, that our author might write *Judian*,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

Drop

or *Judean*, (if that should be alledged as any objection) instead of *Judean*, with the same licence and change of accent, as, in his *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second syllable of Euphrates in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewise taken by Spenser, of whom our author was a studious imitator.

THEOBALD.

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away] The elder quarto reads *Judian*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet*, where an ill player is described,

“ — to out-herod Herod.”

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Cressida*, a lover says of his mistress,

“ There she lies a PEARL.” —

And again,

“ Why she is a *pearl*, whose price,” &c.

WARBURTON.

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe.] I cannot join with the learned critics in conceiving this passage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of India, in respect of *pearls*, or the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jephtha and his daughter.

Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another person who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with some circumstances of the *meanest villainy*, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *base* in the former and most common sense, whose fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuse with it; and the crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the *furiis agitatus amor*, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it; as there was *spirit* at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as

hardly

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their

hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an instance in Virgil, b. XI. where after Camilla and her attendants have been described as absolute Amazons ;

“ At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon

“ Unum exerta latus pugnae pharetrata Camilla.

“ At circum lectæ comites,” &c.

we find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themselves, to Hippolyta or Penthesilea, surrounded by their companions :

“ Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis

“ Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis :

“ Seu circum Hypoliten, seu cum se martia curru

“ Penthesilea refert.”

What is this but bringing a fact into comparison with itself? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-supposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remembered. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare, the following tale ; though, at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name.

A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the 'change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shewn at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificos, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly into the sea before them all.

Though

Their med'cinable gum : Set you down this :

And

Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scatter'd remains of that vindictive nation.

Shakspeare's seeming aversion to the Jews in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen my supposition ; and as that nation, in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falstaff is justifying himself in *Henry IV.* he adds, "If what I have said be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew Jew," *i. e.* one of the most suspected characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of Macbeth ; and the vigilance for gain, which is described in Shylock, may afford us reason to suppose the poet was alluding to a story like that already quoted.

Richer than all his tribe, seems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light ; and may mean, that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a set of men generally trading in them.* Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the course of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the similes of the Euxine sea flowing into the Propontick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The rest of his speeches are more free from mythological and historical allusions, than almost any to be found in Shakspeare, for he is never quite clear from them ; though in the design of this character he seems to have meant it for one who had spent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of use to him in his military capacity. It should be observed, that most of the flourishes merely ornamental were added after the first edition ; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations sometimes forgot his original plan.

The metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman, may, for aught I know, be very common ; but in the instances Dr. Warburton has brought to prove it so, there are found circumstances that immediately shew a woman to have been meant. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"HER BED IS INDIA, there she lies a pearl."

"Why SHE is a pearl whose price hath launch'd, &c."

In Othello's speech we find no such leading expression ; and are therefore

And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,

Where

therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

Either we are partial to discoveries which we make for ourselves, or the spirit of controversy is contagious; for it usually happens that each possessor of an ancient copy of our author is led to assert the superiority of all such readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the last edition. On this account, our present republication (and more especially in the celebrated plays) afford a greater number of these diversities than were ever before obtruded on the public. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feast of *thats* and *whiches*; and thenceforward it may be prophesied, that all will unite in a wish that the selection had been made by an editor, rather than submitted to their own labour and sagacity.

To this note should be subjoined [as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them] that the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction. When mistakes have such effects, who would regret having been mistaken, or be sorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation sometimes has to the right, though he has not been so lucky as to produce at once authorities which could not be questioned, or decisions to which nothing could be added? STEEVENS.

I abide by the old text, “the base *Judian*.” Shakspeare seems to allude to *Herod* in the play of *Marianne*:

“I had but one inestimable *jewel*—

“Yet I in suddaine choler cast it downe,

“And dasht it all to pieces.”—— FARMER.

Mr. Theobald is often unfaithful in his account of the ancient copies. He says, he has restored *Judean* from the elder quarto; but both the quartos read—*Indian*, as does the second folio. *Judean* is found only in the folio, 1623. In the MS. of that age *n* is scarcely distinguishable from *u*, and they who are conversant with the press well known, that if by negligence a dot is omitted over *i*, a compositor always considers it as an *e*. Hence probably the mistake in the first folio. It is surely no trivial objection to the reading *Judean*, that *there is no such word*. The country is *Judæa*, or *Judéa*, and the derivative must be *Judéan*. For these reasons, I believe *Indian* to have been our author's

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him——thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, 'ere I kill'd thee;—No way
 but this. [Falling upon Desdem.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss? [Dies.]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
 weapon;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [To Iago.]

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—

thor's word. *His tribe* perhaps does not refer either to *Judæan* or *Indian*, but to the pearl: *A pearl richer than* the whole class of pearls. *His for its* is common in our author.

Whether we understand pearl in its primitive or figurative sense, I strongly incline to read *Indian*, because, I think, the pearl would naturally bring the people of the East to Shakespeare's mind; the connexion in his time being considered so strong, that a contemporary author has distinguished the inhabitants of *India* by an epithet founded on the circumstance of their abounding in pearls:

“——where the bright sun with his neighbour beams

“Doth early light the *pearled Indians*.”

Cornelia, a tragedy by T. Kyd, 1594.

MALONE.

⁸ *Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk*] I am told that it is immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boasting of his own audacity. ANON.

⁹ *Killing myself to die upon a kiss.*] So, in the Second Part of Marlow's *Tamburlaine* 1590:

“Yet let me kiss my lord before I dye,

“And let me dye with kissing of my lord.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *O spartan dog!*] The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind. HANMER.

Let

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you. ² To you, lord gover-
 nor,

²— To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this bellish villain;] Rymer, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor strength of judgment to make a critic, as appears from his *Edgar*, and his *Remarks on Shakspeare*, had yet just enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticism on the *Poets of the last age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, transcribed from the French commentators on *Aristotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and insolence. Almost the only remark on Shakspeare, which, I think, deserves an answer, is upon Iago's character, which he thus censures. *To entertain the audience (says he) with something new and surprising, against common sense and nature, he would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false, ungrateful rascal, instead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing soldier, a character constantly worn by them for some thousands of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of sense, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Aristotle*, that each character should have manners convenient to the age, sex, and condition.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores, &c.

says Horace. But how has our critic applied it? According to this rule it is confessed, that a soldier should be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatic character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only soldier in this play been Iago, the rule had been transgressed, and Rymer's censure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* must have given the character of the soldiery; which had been unjust and unnatural. But if a *number* of the same order be represented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this according to nature and common sense. Now in this play there are many of the order of the soldiery; and all, excepting Iago, represented as open, generous, and brave. From *these* the soldier's character is to be taken; and not from Iago, who is brought as an exception to it: unless it be unnatural to suppose there could be an exception; or that a villain ever insinuated himself into that corps. And thus Shakspeare stands clear of this impertinent criticism. WARBURTON.

Remains

Remains the censure³ of this hellish villain ;
 The time, the place, the torture,—O inforce it !
 Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*]

³ —the censure] i. e. the sentence. See vol. i. p. 145.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *This heavy act with heavy heart relate.*] The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous; boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge ; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once in his interest and his vengeance ; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence; her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction; and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation ; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend ; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story ; and the narrative in the end, though it tells

but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

JOHNSON.

T H E E N D.

