

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. IX.

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME the NINTH.

CONTAINING

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
CYMBELINE.
KING LEAR.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON and SONS,
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M D C C L X X X V .

T R O I L U S

A N D

C R E S S I D A.

VOL. IX.

B

PRE-

PREFACE to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. *Newes.*

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vaine-ly: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeas'd with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-witted then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more than ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such favored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testerne well bestowed) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedie in Terence or Plautus. And beleve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

P R O.

P R O L O G U E.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes ¹ orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: ² Priam's six-gated city
 (Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenoridas) with massy staples,

And

¹ *The princes orgillous,*—] Orgillous, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of *Richard Cueur de Lyon*:

“His atyre was orgulous.” STEEVENS.

² ——— *Priam's six-gated city,*
 (Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
 And Antenonidus) with massie staples,
 And corresponfive and fulfilling bolts,

Stirre up the sons of Troy.—] This has been a most miserably mangled passage through all the editions; corrupted at once into false concord and false reasoning. Priam's *six-gated city stirre* up the sons of Troy?—Here's a verb plural governed of a nominative singular. But that is easily remedied. The next question to be asked is, In what sense a city, having six strong gates, and those well barred and bolted, can be said *to stir* up its inhabitants? unless they may be supposed to derive some spirit from the strength of their fortifications. But this could not be the poet's thought. He must mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitched their tents upon the plains before Troy; and that the Trojans were securely barricaded within the walls and gates of

P R O L O G U E.

*And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts³,
Sperrs up the sons of Troy.—*

Now

their city. This sense my correction restores. To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word *Speren*, signifies to *shut up*, *defend by bars*, &c. THEOBALD.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. 5. c. 10 :

“ The other that was entred, labour'd fast

“ To *sperre* the gate, &c.”

Again, in the romance of the *Squyr of lowe Degre* :

“ *Sperde* with manie a dyvers pynne.”

And in the *Visions of P. Plowman* it is said that a blind man
“ *unsparryd* his eine.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. II. chap. 12 :

“ When chased home into his holdes, there *sparred* up in gates.”

Again, in the 2nd Part of Bale's *Actes of Eng. Notaryes* : “ The dore thereof oft tymes opened and *speared* agayne.” STEEVENS.

“ Therto his cyte | compassed enuyrowne

“ Hadde gates VI to entre into the towne :

“ The firste of all | and strengest eke with all,

“ Largest also | and moſte pryncypall,

“ Of myghty byldyng | alone pereleſs,

“ Was by the kinge called | Dardanydes ;

“ And in storye | lyke as it is founde,

“ Tymbria | was named the seconde ;

“ And the thyrde | called Helyas,

“ The fourthe gate | hyghte also Cetheas ;

“ The fyfthe Trojana, | the ſyxth Anthonydes,

“ Stronge and myghty | both in werre and pes.”

Lond. empr. by R. Pynſon, 1513, Fol. b. ii. ch. 11.

The *Troye Boke* was somewhat modernized, and reduced into regular stanzas, about the beginning of the last century, under the name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailles in open Field against the Grecians ; wherein there were slaine on both Sides Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thousand, Fourſcore and Sixe Men.—*Fol. no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and several other critics, have erroneously quoted as the *original* ; and observe in consequence, that “ if Chaucer's *coin* were of greater *weight* for deeper learning, Lydgate's were of a more refined standard for purer language : so that one might mistake him for a modern writer.” FARMER.

On other occasions, in the course of this play, I shall insert quotations from the *Troye Boke modernized*, as being the most intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

³ —fulfilling bolts,] To *fulfill* in this place means to fill till there

P R O L O G U E.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
⁴ A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,——
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er ⁵ the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 114:

“ A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,

“ Fulfilled of all curtosie.”

Again:

“ Fulfilled of all unkindship.” STEEVENS.

To be “ fulfilled with grace and benediction” is still the language of our Litany. BLACKSTONE.

⁴ A prologue arm'd,——] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.

JOHNSON.

⁵ ——the vaunt——] i. e. the *avant*, what went before.

STEEVENS.

Persons Represented.

Priam,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Calchas,
Antenor,

} *Trojans.*

Margarelon, *a bastard son of Priam.*

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites,

} *Greeks.*

Helen, *wife to Menelaus.*

Andromache, *wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *daughter to Priam, a prophetess.*

Cressida, *daughter to Calchas.*

Alexander, *Cressida's servant.*

Boy, *page to Troilus.*

Servant to Diomed.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other attendants.

SCENE, *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

TROY.

Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troi. Call here my varlet², I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?

Each

² The story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus and Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard ; (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartholme-we his first Triumph* : “ Since *Lollius* and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that gloſe”) but Dryden goes yet further He declares it to have been written in Latin verſe, and that Chaucer tranſlated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greateſt part of his materials for the ſtructure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a tranſlator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Meſſina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretenſis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On theſe, as Mr. Warton obſerves, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taſte of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction eaſily admitted ; at the ſame time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic ſtories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again 1480 : at Straſburgh 1486, and *ibidem* 1489. It appears to have been tranſlated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into Engliſh in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. ſo that there muſt have been yet ſome earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto ſeen or heard of, unleſs his firſt tranſlator had re- courſe to a manuſcript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and

8 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan.

Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus* and *Cressida*."

STEEVENS.

Troilus and Cressida.] Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged, from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politic, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to the *Malecontent*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to the *English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print." STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against *Robert Green*, the author

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended³?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

thor of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres: "Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Conycatching M. G.?" *Defence of Conycatching*, 1592.

This note was not merely inserted to expose the *craft of authorship*, but to show the *price* which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to ascertain the *name* of the writer of *Orlando Furioso*, which was not hitherto known. *Greene* appears to have been the first poet in England who sold the same piece to different people. *Voltaire* is much belied, if he has not followed his example. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a *late editor*, I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs intirely from the copy in the *second folio*. FARMER.

I have consulted *eleven copies* of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any one of them. STEEVENS.

² — *my varlet*,] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt: "—diverse were releved by their *varlets*, and conveied out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the church-yard of faint Nicas at Arras:

"Cy gift Hakin et son *varlet*,
"Tout di-armè et tout di-pret,
"Avec son espè et falloche, &c." STEEVENS.

Concerning the word *varlet*, see *Recherches historiques sur les cartes a jouer*. Lyon 1757, p. 61. M. C. T.

³ *Will this geer ne'er be mended?*] There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the *Interlude of K. Darius*, 1565:

"Wyll not yet *this gere be amended*,
"Nor your sinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

Tamer

Tamer than sleep, ⁴ fonder than ignorance;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
⁵ And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, ⁶ must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddesses e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench ⁷ at sufferance than I do.
 At Priam's royal table do I fit;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
 So, traitor!—⁸ when she comes!—When is she
 thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

⁴ —fonder than ignorance;] *Fonder*, for more childish.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *And skill-less, &c.*] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

⁶ —must tarry the grinding.] *Folio*: must needs tarry, &c.

MALONE.

⁷ *Doth lesser blench*—] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. See Vol. IV. p. 321. STEEVENS.

⁸ —when she comes!—When is she thence?] *Folio*:

Then she comes when she is thence. MALONE.

Troi.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison
between the women,—But, for my part, she is my
kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise
her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yester-
day, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cas-
sandra's wit: but—

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!
In whose comparison⁹ all whites are ink,

Writing

⁹ ———*Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!
In whose comparison, &c.]*

There is no reason why Troilus should dwell on Pandarus's
handling in his discourse the voice of his mistress, more than her
eyes, her hair, &c. as he is made to do by this punctuation, to
say nothing of the harshness of the phrase—to *handle a voice*.

The passage, in my apprehension, ought to be pointed thus:

———Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest, in thy discourse, o that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink, &c.

Handlest is here used metaphorically, with an allusion at the
same time to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand*
and *handlest* is perfectly in our author's manner.

Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, ¹ and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman ! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her ;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as
she is : if she be fair, 'tis the better for her ; an she
be not, ² she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi.

The circumstance itself seems to have strongly impressed itself
on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra
should be touched :

“ ———To let a fellow that will take rewards

“ And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with

“ My play-fellow, your *hand*—this kingly seal

“ And plighter of high hearts.” MALONE,

¹ ———*and spirit of sense*

Hard as the palm of ploughman !———]

In comparison with Cressid's hand, says he, *the spirit of sense*,
the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which
implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger
says in his *Exercitations*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard
as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. Warburton
reads :

———*spite of sense :*

Hanmer,

———*to th' spirit of sense.*

It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in
spite of sense ; for though he often does it in *spite of the sense* of
others, his own senses are subdued to his desires. JOHNSON.

²———*she has the mends———]* She may mend her complexion
by the assistance of cosmetics. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means—*She may make the best of a bad bar-
gain.*

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“ I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have
the mends in my own hands.”

Again, in S. Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579 : “ —turne him

4

with

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-amoor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*
[*Sound alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,

with his back full of stripes, and *his hands laden with his own amends.*"

Again, in the *Wild-Goose Chase*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The mends are in mine own hands, or the surgeon's."

STEVENS.

As

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
 Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not
 afield?

Troi. Because not there; This woman's answer
 forts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
 Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-
 day!

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
 But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

A street.

Enter Cressida, and Alexander her servant.

Cre. Who were those went by.

Serv. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. ³ Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

⁴ Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And

³ ———Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd,——]

Patience sure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expression, be said to be *like* one. We should read:

Is as *the* virtue fix'd,——

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the goddess Patience itself. So we find Troilus a little before saying:

*Patience herself, what goddess ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.*

It is remarkable that Dryden, when he altered this play, and found this false reading, altered it with judgment to:

———whose patience
Is fix'd like that of heaven.

Which he would not have done had he seen the right reading here given, where his thought is so much better and nobler expressed. WARBURTON.

I think the present text may stand. Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. If I would alter it, it should be thus:

——Hector, whose patience
Is *all* a virtue fix'd,——

All, in old English, is the *intensive* or enforcing particle.

JOHNSON.

⁴ Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,] Does the poet
mean

16 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Serv. The noise goes, this: There is among the
Greeks

mean (says Mr. Theobald) *that Hector had put on light armour?* mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose? So, Fairfax, in Tasso's *Jerusalem*:

“ The other princes put on *harness light*

“ As footmen use—————”

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that Hector was sprightly in his arms even before sunrise? or is a conundrum aimed at, in sun rose and harness'd light? Was any thing like it? But to get out of this perplexity, he tells us, that a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary, and so changes it to harness-dight. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will at any time let the poet's sense through the critic's fingers: and the Oxford editor very contentedly takes up with what is left behind, and reads harness-dight too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, to make all construction unnecessary.* WARBURTON.

How does it appear that Hector was to fight on foot rather to-day, than on any other day? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot. JOHNSON.

It is true that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback; yet such of them as make a second appearance in the *Æneid*, like their antagonists the Rutulians, had cavalry among their troops. Little can be inferred from the manner in which Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy are introduced at the conclusion of the funeral games, as Virgil very probably, at the expence of an anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to the military exercises instituted by Julius Cæsar, and improved by Augustus. It appears from different passages in this play, that Hector fights on horseback; and it should be remembered, that Shakspeare was indebted for most of his materials to a book which enumerates Esdras and Pythagoras among the bastard children of king Priamus. Shakspeare might have been led into his mistake by the manner in which Chapman has translated several parts of the Iliad, where the heroes mount their chariots or descend from them. Thus B. 6. speaking of Glaucus and Diomed:

“ ———From horse then both descend.” STEEVENS.

A lord

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him, Ajax.

Cre. Good ; And what of him ?

Serv. They say he is a very man ⁵ *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of
their particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man into
whom nature hath so crowded humours, ⁶ that his
valour is crushed into folly, his folly fauced with dis-
cretion : there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath
not a glimpse of ; nor any man an attaint, but he
carries some stain of it : he is melancholy without
cause, and merry against the hair ⁷ : He hath the
joints of every thing ; but every thing so out of
joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no
use ; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry.

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the
battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and
waking.

⁵ ——— *per se*, ———] So in Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide* :

“ Of faire Cresseide the floure and *a per se*

“ Of Troie and Greece.”

Again, in the old comedy of *Wily beguiled* :

“ In faith, my sweet honeycomb, I'll love thee *a per se* &c.”

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602 :

“ That is the *a per se* of all, the creame of all.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *that his valour is crushed into folly*, ———] To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *against the hair* :] is a phrase equivalent to another now in use ——— *against the grain*. The French say — *à contrepoil*. See Vol. V. p. 408.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. ⁸ Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at ⁹ Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That we were talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

⁸ *Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?—*] *Good morrow, Alexander,* is added in all the editions, says Mr. Pope, very absurdly, Paris not being on the stage.—Wonderful acuteness! But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called Alexander; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this: Pandarus is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character: and it is natural for him, so soon as has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely *ἐν ᾧθελίᾳ*, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of Cressida's man? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late *editor*, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander* the Great, *Pope Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common *varlet*. THEOBALD.

⁹ *—Ilium?*] Was the palace of Troy. JOHNSON.

Pan.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek¹, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the² compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter³?

Pan.

¹ ———a merry Greek———] *Græcari* among the Romans signified to play the reveller. STEEVENS.

² ———compass'd window,——] The *compass'd window* is the same as the *bow-window*. JOHNSON.

³ ———so old a lifter?] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief* by Green, in his *Art of Coney-catching*, printed 1591: on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. Jonson uses the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*:

“ One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting*.”

Again

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;— she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cre. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:——But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;——Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“——cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers.”

Again, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:

“Broker or pandar, cheater or *lifter*.” STEEVENS.

Hlistus, in the Gothic language, signifies a *thief*. See *Archæolog.* Vol. V. p. 311. BLACKSTONE.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. ⁴ *One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him.* But there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a retreat.*]

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by

⁴ *Two and fifty hairs,—*] I have ventured to substitute *one and fifty*, I think with some certainty. How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons? THEOBALD.

their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest,

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. ⁵ That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the foundest judgment in Troy, whosoever; and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, ⁶ the rich shall have more.

Hector

⁵ *That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,——]*

“ Antenor was _____

“ Copious in words, and one that much time spent

“ To jest, when he was in companie,

“ So driely, that no man could it espie;

“ And therewith held his countenance so well,

“ That every man received great content

“ To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,

“ When he was pleasant, and in merriment:

“ For tho' that he most commonly was sad,

“ Yet in his speech some jest he always had.”

Lidgate, p. 105.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *——the rich shall have more.]* To give one the nod, was a phrase signifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this sense, alluding to the expression give, and should be read thus:

——the mich shall have more.

i. e. *much.* He that has much folly already shall then have more.

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Cre. So I do.

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Pan. You shall see.

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Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks!—there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha!

This was a proverbial speech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The *Oxford editor* alters it to:

———*the rest shall have none.* WARBURTON.

I wonder why the commentator should think any emendation necessary, since his own sense is fully expressed by the present reading. Hammer appears not to have understood the passage. That to *give the nod* signifies to *set a mark of folly*, I do not know; the allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did in our author's time, and long before, signify *a silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that *a noddy shall have more nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist? JOHNSON.

To *give the nod*, was, I believe, a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies. See Vol. I. p. 143. STEEVENS.

'would

'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's⁷; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give⁸ an eye to boot.

⁷ — his helm more hack'd than Hector's;—] So in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, b. iii. 640:

“ His helme to herwin was in twenty places, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — an eye to boot.] So the quarto. The folio, with less force, Give money to boot. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die 'i the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye⁹,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you like.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; ' upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to

⁹ —no date in the pye,—] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Act I.

“ —your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge than in your cheek.” STEEVENS.

¹ —upon my wit, to defend my wiles;—] So read both the copies: yet perhaps the author wrote:

Upon my wit to defend my *will*.

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

defend

defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. ² At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy.*]: I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd.——

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, ³ joy's soul lies in the doing:

² *At your own house; there he unarms him.*] These necessary words are added from the quarto edition. POPE.

The words added are only, *there he unarms him.* JOHNSON.

³ —*joy's soul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given:

——the *soul's joy* lies in doing. JOHNSON.

It is the reading of the 2d folio. REMARKS.

That

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :
 * That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,——
 Atchievement is, command ; ungain'd, beseech :
 † Then though ‡ my heart's content firm love doth
 bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

The Grecian camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon; Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd :
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand ;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought

* *That she*——] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

† *Then though*——] The quarto reads *then* ; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that*. JOHNSON.

‡ *my heart's content*——] *Content*, for *capacity*. WARBURTON.

That

That gav't furnis'd shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a ⁷ broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. ⁸ With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, ⁹ Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare fail
Upon her ¹ patient breast, making their way

⁷ *Broad*] So the quarto; the folio reads *loud*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *With due observance of thy goodly seat,*] *Goodly* is an epithet that carries no very great compliment with it; and Nestor seems here to be paying deference to Agamemnon's state and pre-eminence. The old books have it,—*to thy godly seat: godlike*, as I have reformed the text, seems to me the epithet designed; and is very conformable to what Æneas afterwards says of Agamemnon:

Which is that *god* in office, guiding men?
So *godlike seat* is here, state supreme above all other commanders.
THEOBALD.

This emendation Theobald might have found in the quarto, which has:

————the *godlike seat*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words.*] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

¹ ———*patient breast,*————] The quarto not so well:
————*ancient breast*. JOHNSON.

With

² With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis; and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the faucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize³,
Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies flee under shade, Why, then, the ⁴ thing of
courage,

As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,

⁵ Returns to chiding fortune.

² *With those of nobler bulk?*] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusely express'd:

“ Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis
“ Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes
“ Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,
“ Invasitque vias; it eodem augusta phaselus
“ Æquore, et immensi partem sibi vendicat austri.”

Pope has imitated the passage. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *by the brize*] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

“ ——— Have ye got the *brize* there?
“ Give me the holy sprinkle.”

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona, or the White Devil*, 1612:

“ I will put *brize* in his tail, set him a gadding presently.”

See Vol. VIII. p. 238. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *the thing of courage*,] It is said of the tyger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

HANMER.

⁵ *Returns to chiding fortune*.] For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

Ulyss,

Ulyss. Agamemnon,——

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece;
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,——hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,——most mighty for thy place and sway,——

[*To Agamemnon.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,——

[*To Nestor.*

I give to both your ⁶ speeches,——which were such.

As

⁶ ——speeches,——which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should——knit all Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue:——]

Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristic excellencies of their different eloquence, strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to shew the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue.—I once read for *band*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text right.—To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of *engraving* laws and public records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Measure for Measure*, act V. sc. i. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

“——it deserves *with characters of brass*

“ A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time

“ And razure of oblivion.”——

So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *hatch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to
read,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brags; and such again,

As

read,—*hatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*; the same metaphor being used by Timon, act IV. sc. iv. to Phryne and Timandra:

“ ————*hatch* your poor thin roofs

“ With burthens of the dead———.”

But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *hilt* of swords. See Cotgrave in v. *Haché*; hacked, &c. also, *Hatched*, as the *hilt of a sword*; and in v. *Hacher*; to hacke, &c. also to *hatch a hilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*:

“ When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,

“ *Hatch'd* in the life of him.———”

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

———*a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree*

On which the heavens ride;———

he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a conjecture, that the true reading may possibly be:

———*a bond of awe*.

The expression is used by Fairfax in his 4th Eclogue, *Muses Library*, p 368:

“ Unty these *bonds of awe* and cords of duty.”

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary; *hatch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver.

The word is metaphorically used by Heywood in the *Iron Age*, 1632:

“ ————his face

“ Is *hatch'd* with impudency three-fold thick.”

And again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humourous Lieutenant*:

“ His weapon *hatch'd* in blood.”

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

“ Double and treble gilt,———

“ *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time.”

Again, more appositely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“ Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*

“ *With silver*.”———

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*. because
its

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

⁷ *Agam.* Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Therites opes his mastiff jaws,

its operations were visible, though his voice like the wind, was
unseen. STEEVENS.

In the following verses in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly
the same picture is given. The fifth line of the first stanza
strongly confirms Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, who wishes to
read—*hatched* in silver; or rather supports Mr. Steevens's
interpretation of the word in the text, which he has shewn
might bear the same meaning. With respect to the breath or
speech of Nestor, here called a *bond of air*, which Mr. Steevens
has well explained, it is so truly Shakspearian, that I have not
the smallest doubt of the genuineness of the expression. The
stanzas above alluded to are these:

“ There pleading you might see grave *Nestor* stand,
“ As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
“ Making such sober action with his hand,
“ That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the fight;
“ In speech, it seem'd *his beard all silver white*
“ Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
“ Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.
“ About him was a press of gaping faces,
“ Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,
“ All jointly list'ning but with several graces,
“ As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
“ Some high, some low; the painter was so nice:
“ The scalps of many almost hid behind
“ To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.”

What is here called *speech that beguiled attention*, is in the text
a *bond of air*. Shakspeare frequently calls words *wind*. So, in
one of his poems:

“ —Sorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind of words*.”

MALONE.

⁷ *Agam. Speak, &c.]* This speech is not in the quarto.

JOHNSON.

We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

³ The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
⁹ When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

² The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
center,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insiture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a king,

³ *The specialty of rule*—] The particular rights of supreme authority. JOHNSON.

⁹ *When that the general is not like the hive,*] The meaning is, *When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, what honey is expected? what hope of advantage?* The sense is clear, the expression is confused. JOHNSON.

² *The heavens themselves,*—] This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: "If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year blend themselves; what would become of man?"

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,] i. e. the center of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, then in vogue, is the center of the solar system.

WARBURTON.

Sans

Sans check; to good and bad: ² But, when the
 planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states ³

Quite

² ——— *But, when the planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander, &c.]*

I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*.

JOHNSON.

The poet's meaning may be somewhat explained by Spenser, to whom he seems to be indebted for his present allusion:

“ For who so list into the heavens looke,
 “ And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
 “ Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
 “ Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
 “ They all are *wandred* much; that plaine appeares.
 “ For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
 “ Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
 “ Hath now forgot where he was plait of yore,
 “ And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.
 “ And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
 “ So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
 “ That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne
 “ Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
 “ So now all *range*, and do *at random rove*
 “ Out of their proper places far away,
 “ And all this world with them amisse doe move,
 “ And all his creatures from their course astray,
 “ Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.”

Faery Queen, B. V. c. i,
 STEEVENS.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. ANONYMOUS.

³ ———, *married calm of states*] The epithet married, which is
 D 2 used,

Quite from their fixure ? ⁴O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
⁵The enterprize is sick ! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and ⁶brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy : The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe :
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead :
 Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)

used to denote an intimate union, is employ'd in the same sense by Milton :

“ ———— Lydian airs
 “ *Married to immortal verse.*”

Again,

“ ———— voice and verse
 “ *Wed your divine sounds.*”

Again, in Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's *Eden* :

“ ———— shady groves of noble palm-tree sprays,
 “ Of amorous myrtles and immortal bays ;
 “ Never unlev'd, but evermore they're new,
 “ Self-arching, in a thousand arbours grew.
 “ Birds *marrying* their sweet tunes to the angels' lays,
 “ Sung Adam's bliss, and their great Maker's praise.”

The subject of Milton's great poem would naturally have led him to read this description in Sylvester. This quotation I owe to Dr. Farmer.

Shakspeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

⁴ ———— O, *when degree is shak'd,*] I would read :

————— So *when degree is shak'd.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *The enterprize*————] Perhaps we should read :

Then *enterprize is sick!*———— JOHNSON.

⁶ ———— *brotherhoods in cities,*] Corporations, companies, con-
fraternities. JOHNSON.

Should

Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking.

And this neglection of degree it is,
⁷ That by a pace goes backward, ⁸ with a purpose
 It hath to climb: The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick,
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and ⁹ bloodless emulation:

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day

⁷ *That by a pace—*] That goes backward *step by step*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *—with a purpose*

It has to climb:—]

With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting
 his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

Folio—*in a purpose*. MALONE.

⁹ *—bloodless emulation:*] An emulation not vigorous and ac-
 tive, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

Breaks scurril jests ;
 And with ridiculous and aukward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,¹
 Thy toplefs deputation he puts on ;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and found
 Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage²,—
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming³
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unshar'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fuity stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
 Cries—*Excellent !—'tis Agamemnon just.*—
Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
 That's done ;—⁴ as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :

¹ *Thy toplefs deputation*—] *Toplefs* is that which has nothing topping or overtopping it ; supreme ; sovereign. JOHNSON.

So, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604 :

“ Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
 “ And burnt the *toplefs* towers of Ilium ? ”

Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598 :

“ And *toplefs* honours be bestow'd on thee.”

STEEVENS.

² *'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage.*] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*. See *The Account of ancient Theatres*.

MALONE.

³ *Such to-be-pitied and o'er-rested seeming*—] We should read, I think,—*o'er-wrested*. *Wrested* beyond the truth ; overcharged. The word hitherto given has no meaning.

MALONE.

⁴ ——— *as near as the extremest ends, &c.*] The parallels to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. JOHNSON.

Yet

Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
 'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
 Arming to answer in a night alarm.
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
 And with a palsy-fumbling⁵ on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
 Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;—*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
⁶ All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to ⁷ make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and ⁸ bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle: and sets Therfites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)

⁵ —a palsy fumbling—] This should be written—*palsy-fumbling*, i. e. paralytic fumbling. TYRWHITT.

⁶ All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Atchievements, plots, &c.]

All our good grace exact, means our excellence irreprehensible.

JOHNSON.

⁷ —to make paradoxes.] Paradoxes may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given:

————to make parodies. JOHNSON.

⁸ —bears his head

In such a rein,————]

That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bristles*. JOHNSON.

To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
 Foretell pre-science, and esteem no act
 But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
 They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war :
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine ;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent ?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you ?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,

⁹ *How rank soever rounded in with danger.] A rank weed is a high weed. The modern editions silently read :*

How hard soever————— JOHNSON.

¹ ————— *and know, by measure*

Of their observant toil, the enemies weight,—]

I think it were better to read :

————— *and know the measure,*

By their observant toil, of th' enemies' weight. JOHNSON.

Do a fair message to his ² kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than ³ Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
⁴ A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence ⁵,
And ⁶ bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?

² ———kingly ears?] The quarto:

—————kingly eyes. JOHNSON.

³ ———Achilles' arm] So the copies. Perhaps the author wrote:

—————Alcides' arm. JOHNSON.

⁴ *A stranger to those most imperial looks]* And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:

*But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now.*

Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of king Henry VI; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decoration. STEEVENS.

⁵ *I ask that I might waken reverence,*] The folio has:

I; I ask, &c.

which is, I believe, right. Agamemnon says with surprize,

“Do you ask how Agamemnon may be known?”

Æneas replies:

“Ay, I ask (that I might waken reverence)

“Which is that god in office, &c.” MALONE.

⁶ ———bid the cheek——] So the quarto. The folio has:

—————on the cheek————— JOHNSON.

Which

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls⁷,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and, Jove's
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas ?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you ?

Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him ;
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

⁷ —————they have galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart.]

As this passage is printed, I cannot discover any meaning in it. If there be no corruption, the semicolon which is placed after *swords*, ought rather to be placed after the word *accord* ; of which however the sense is not very clear. I suspect that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and would read

—————they have galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and Jove's a god
Nothing so full of heart.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Sleek o'er your rugged looks ; be bright and jovial
“ Among your guests to-night.” MALONE.

Agam.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind ;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpets sound.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector; Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and ⁸ long-continu'd truce
Is ⁹ rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one, amongst the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress ¹ more than in confession
(With truant vows ² to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
³ In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,

⁸ —long-continued truce] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken ; in this very act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.* JOHNSON.

⁹ —rusty—] Quarto, *resty.* JOHNSON.

¹ —more than in confession,] *Confession*, for *profession.*

WARBURTON.

² —to her own lips he loves)] That is, *confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.* JOHNSON.

³ In other arms than hers—] *Arms* is here used equivocally for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier.

MALONE.

To

Act TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
 If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, ⁴ and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas ;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home : But we are foldiers ;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandfire suck'd : he is old now ;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host ⁵
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
⁶ And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn ;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world : His youth in flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand ;

⁴ ———and not worth

The splinter of a lance.——]

This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *But if there be not in our Grecian host*] The first and second folio read—*Grecian mould.* MALONE.

⁶ *And in my vantbrace*——] An armour for the arm, *avantbras.* POPE.

Milton uses the word in his *Sampson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632 :

“ ———peruse his armour,

“ The dirt's still in the *wantbrace.*” STEEVENS.

To our pavilion shall I lead you, fir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent :
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.]

Manent Ulysses, and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor,——

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
⁷ Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis ;
 Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride ⁸
 That hath to ⁹ its maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
 Or, shedding, breed a ' nursery of like evil,
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how ?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. ² The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 Whose

⁷ *Be you my time, &c.]* i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity.

⁸ ——*the seeded pride, &c.]* Shakspeare might have taken this idea from *Lyte's Herbal*, 1578 and 1579. The Oleander tree or Nerium “ hath scarce one good propertie. It may be compared to a Pharisee, who maketh a glorious and beautiful show, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature.”——“ It is high time &c. to supplant it (i. e. pharasaism) for it hath already floured, so that I feare it will shortly *seede*, and fill this wholesome soyle full of wicked Nerium.” TOLLET.

⁹ *its maturity]* folio—*this maturity.* MALONE.

¹ ——*nursery—]* Alluding to a plantation called a nursery.
 JOHNSON.

² *The purpose is perspicuous even as substance, Whose grossness little characters sum up :*] That is, the purpose is

44 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
 If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, ⁴ and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas ;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home : But we are soldiers ;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandfire suck'd : he is old now ;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host ⁵
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
⁶ And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn ;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world : His youth in flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand ;

⁴ ———and not worth

The splinter of a lance.——]

This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *But if there be not in our Grecian host]* The first and second folio read—*Grecian mould.* MALONE.

⁶ *And in my vantbrace—]* An armour for the arm, *avantbras.* POPE.

Milton uses the word in his *Sampson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632 :

“ ———peruse his armour,

“ The dint's still in the *wantbrace.*” STEEVENS.

To our pavilion shall I lead you, fir.
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 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.]

Manent Ulysses, and Nestor.

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 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis ;

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride⁸
 That hath to⁹ its maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
 Or, shedding, breed a¹ nursery of like evil,
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how ?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.*² The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
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⁷ *Be you my time, &c.*] i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity.

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⁹ *its maturity*] folio—*this maturity.* MALONE.

¹ ——*nursery*——] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery.

JOHNSON.

² *The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,*

Whose grossness little characters sum up :] That is, the purpose
 is

Whose grossness little characters sum up :
³ And, in the publication, make no strain,
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
 As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
 'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
 Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; Whom may you else
 oppose,

That can from Hector bring ⁴ those honours off,
 If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
 Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
 With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
 Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
 In this wild action: for the success,
 Although particular, shall give a ⁵ scantling
 Of good or bad unto the general;

is as plain as *body* or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression. WARBURTON.

Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, i. e. numerals. So in the prologue to *K. Henry V* :

———a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little place, a million.

The *gross sum* is a term used in the *Merchant of Venice*. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. STEEVENS.

³ *And, in the publication, make no strain,*] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaim'd, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says :

I do not strain at the position.

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOBALD.

⁴ ———*those honours*———] Folio—*his honour*. MALONE.

⁵ ———*scantling*] That is, a *measure, proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. JOHNSON.

And.

And in such indexes, although ⁶ small pricks
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
⁷ Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
 Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
 Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
 And think perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
⁸ The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; What are
 they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
 Were he not proud, we all should ⁹ share with him :
 But he already is too insolent ;
 And we were better parch in Africk sun,

⁶ —small pricks] Small points compared with the volumes.
 JOHNSON.

⁷ Which entertain'd,—] These two lines are not in the quarto.
 JOHNSON.

⁸ The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By shewing the worst first.] The folio reads :
 The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
 Shall shew the better.

The alteration was probably the author's. MALONE.

⁹ —share—] So the quarto. The folio, wear. JOHNSON.

Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax¹ draw
 The sort² to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance as the better man,
 For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes;
Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
³ Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*
 A C T

¹ ———*blockish Ajax*———] Shakspeare on this occasion has deserted Lidgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax:

“ Another Ajax (surnamed Telamon)
 “ There was, a man that *learning did adore, &c.*”
 “ Who did so much in eloquence abound,
 “ That in his time the like could not be found.”

Again:

“ And one that *hated pride and flattery, &c.*”

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is represented as “ strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor polliticke.”

STEEVENS.

² *The sort*———] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.

³ *Must tarre the mastiffs on,*———] *Tarre*, an old English word signify-

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax, and Therfites.

Ajax. Therfites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Therfites,——

Ther. And those boils did run?——Say so,——did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. *[Strikes him.]*

Ther. ⁵ The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord ⁶!

Ajax. ⁷ Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handfomeness.

Ther.

signifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, Act IV. sc. i.

“——like a dog

“Snatch at his master that doth *tar* him on.” POPE.

⁴ Act II.] This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The plague of Greece*——] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——beef-witted lord!] So in *Twelfth-Night*:

“——I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:*] The reading obtruded upon us by Mr. Pope, was *unsalted leaven*, that has no authority or countenance from any of the copies; nor that approaches in any degree to the traces of the old reading, you *whinid'st* leaven. This, it is true, is corrupted and unintelligible;

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee

ble; but the emendation, which I have coined out of it, gives us a sense apt and consonant to what Ajax would say, *unwinnow'd'st leaven*.——“Thou lump of sour dough, kneaded up out of a flower unpurged and unsifted, with all the dross and bran in it.——”

THEOBALD.

Speak then, thou whinid'st leaven,] This is the reading of the old copies: it should be *windyest*, i. e. most windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with Therites' character. WARBURTON.

Hanmer preserves *whinid'st*, the reading of the folio; but does not explain it, nor do I understand it. If the folio be followed, I read, *vinew'd*, that is *mouldy leaven*. Thou composition of *mustiness* and *sourness*.——Theobald's assertion, however confident, is false. *Unsalted* leaven is in the old quarto. It means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakspeare wrote first *unsalted*; but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNSON.

Unsalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, says: “Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying.”

Again, in Tho. Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

“For being long kept they grow hore and *vinewed*.”

STEEVENS.

In the preface to James Ist's Bible, the translators speak of *fencwed* (i. e. *vinewed* or *mouldy*) traditions. BLACKSTONE.

In Dorsetshire they at this day call cheese that is become mouldy, *vinny* cheese. There can be no doubt therefore that Shakspeare wrote——*vinied'st* leaven. MALONE.

the

the loathfomeſt ſcab ⁸ in Greece. When thou art forth in the incurſions, thou ſtrikeſt as ſlow as another.

Ajax. I ſay; the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and rail'eſt every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as Cerberus is at Proſerpina's beauty, ⁹ ay that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs Therſites!

Ther. Thou ſhouldeſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf ¹!

Ther. He would ² pun thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a failor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whoreſon cur! [Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. ³ Thou ſtool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou ſodden-witted lord! thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows; ⁴ an aſſinego

⁸ ——*in Greece.*] The quarto adds theſe words: *when thou art forth in the incurſions, thou ſtrikeſt as ſlow as another.*

JOHNSON.

⁹ ——*ay that thou bark'ſt at him.*] I read, O that thou bark'dſt at him. JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, ſhould have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

¹ *Cobloaf!*] A cruſty uneven loaf is in ſome counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

² ——*pun thee into ſhivers*——] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*. JOHNSON.

It is uſed by P. Holland in his tranſlation of Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. b. xxviii. ch. 12: “——*punned* altogether and reduced into a liniment.” Again, b. xxix. ch. 4. “The gall of theſe lizards *punned* and diſſolved in water.” STEEVENS.

³ *Thou ſtool for a witch!*—] In one way of trying a *witch* they uſed to place her on a chair or ſtool, with her legs tied acroſs, that all the weight of her body might reſt upon her ſeat; and by that means, after ſome time, the circulation of the blood would be much ſtopped, and her ſitting would be as painful as the wooden horſe. DR. GREY.

⁴ ——*an aſſinego*——] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Aſinaio* is Italian, ſays

52 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Asinego may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant *afs*! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Therfites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Hammer, for an *afs-driver*: but in *Mirza*, a tragedy by Rob. Baron, Act III. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

“ _____the stout trusty blade,
“ That at one blow has cut an *asinego*
“ Afunder like a thread.” _____

“ This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian sham-sheers, or cemeters, which are crooked like a crescent, of so good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor.”

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *afs*, than an *afs-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *asinego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an idiot: “ They apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an *asinego* of me.” See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

“ _____all this would be forsworn, and I again an *asinego*,
as your sister left me.” STEEVENS.

Asinego is Portuguese for a little *afs*. MUSGRAVE.

E

Ther.

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not

voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therfites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old ⁵ Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therfites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace ⁶ when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil.

⁵ —Nestor—whose wit was mouldy ere their grandsires had nails—] This is one of these editors' wise riddles. What! was Nestor's wit mouldy before his grandsires toes had any nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change, as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

⁶ —when Achilles' brach bids me,—] The folio and quarto read,—Achilles' brooch. Brooch is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' hangers-on.

JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles' dog. STEEVENS.

Brooch, which is the reading of all the old copies, had perhaps formerly some meaning at present unknown. In the following passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde or Euphues' Golden Legacie*, 1592, it seems to signify something very different from a pin or a bodkin: "His bonnet was green, whereon stood a copper brooch with the picture of St. Denis."

Perhaps Achilles's *brooch* may mean, the person whom Achilles holds so dear; so highly estimates. So, in *Hamlet*:

" —He

Achil. There's for you, Pátroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

T R O Y.

Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

“ —He is the *broach* indeed,

“ And gem of all the nation.” MALONE.

I have little doubt of *broch* being the true meaning as a term of contempt.

The meaning of *broche* is well ascertained—a spit—a *bodkin*; which being formerly used in the Ladies' dress, was adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments. Hence in old Lists of jewels are found *bratches*,

I have a very magnificent one, which is figured and described by Pennant, in the second volume of his *Tour to Scotland*, p. 14, in which the spit or bodkin forms but a very small part of the whole.

The present *shirt buckles* may well be called *broches*.

Hence, to *broach* a cask of liquor—Turn-broche, &c. &c. L.

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks ;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, add what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
*Shall be struck off:—*Hector, what say you to't ?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
 As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
 Dread Priam,
 There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out— *Who knows what follows ?*
 Than Hector is : The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. 'Let Helen go :
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst ⁷ many thousand dismes,
 Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours :
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours ; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten ;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up ?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother !
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
⁸ The part-proportion of his infinite ?

⁷ ——— *many thousand dismes,*] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the Prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554 :

“ The *disme* goeth to the battaile.”

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of Rich. II.* :

“ ——— so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *The part-proportion of his infinite ?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.* The modern editors silently give :

The vast proportion——. JOHNSON.

And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
 priest,
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
 reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm:
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
 Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
 thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
 Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hel. But value dwells not in particular will;
 It holds his estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the god;
 And the will dotes, that is inclinable

To

⁹ *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd?—*] These two lines are misplaced
 in all the folio editions. POPE.

² *And the will dotes, that is inclinable*] Old edition, not so
 well, has it *attributive*. POPE.

By

To what infectiously itself affects,

² Without some image of the affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have ³ foil'd them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in ⁴ unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

By the old edition Mr. Pope means the old quarto. The folio has, as it stands, *inclinable*.—I think the first reading better; *the will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects*; that first causes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNSON.

² *Without some image of the affected merit.*] We should read:
———*the affected's merit.*

i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.

WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit* so *affected* be really there. JOHNSON.

³ ——*foil'd them*; ——] So reads the quarto. The folio
——*spoil'd them*.—— JOHNSON.

⁴ ——*unrespective* sieve,] That is, into a *common voider*.
Sieve is in the quarto. The folio reads,

———*unrespective* fame;

for which the second folio and modern editions have silently printed,

———*unrespective* place. JOHNSON.

Wrinkles

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes ⁵ pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
⁶ And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
⁷ But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice,

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

⁵ —pale *the morning*.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,

—stale *the morning*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And do a deed that fortune never did,*] If I understand this passage, the meaning is: "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *But thieves,*—] Hanmer reads,—*Base thieves*—

JOHNSON.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Ces. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
elders⁸,

Soft infancy, that nothing can't but cry,
Add to my clamours⁹! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troil. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot¹⁰ distaste the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:

And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us

Such things as would offend the weakest spleen

To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

⁸ ———mid-age and wrinkled elders.] The folio has:
———wrinkled old.

Perhaps the poet wrote:

———wrinkled *ela*. MALONE.

⁹ Add to my clamours!] Folio—*clamour*. MALONE.

¹⁰ —distaste—] Corrupt; change to a worse state. JOHNSON.

As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one befotted on your sweet delights :
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion ? can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Heñ. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said
 well ;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd, but superficially ; not much

Unlike

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle¹ thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy :
 The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 Twixt right and wrong ; For pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners ; Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband ? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection ;
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their² benumbed wills, resist the same ;
³ There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,——
 As it is known she is,——these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd : Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion

¹ ——*Aristotle*——] Let it be remembered as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classick authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius's *Thebaid*, Aphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on this occasion, somewhat should be attributed to his augural profession, yet if he could so freely, nay, even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophets as well as himself, or they could not have understood him. STEEVENS.

² ——*benumbed wills*,——] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

³ ——*There is a law*——] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations.

JOHNSON.

* Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still ;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than ⁵ the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown ;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us :
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits :
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst ⁶ emulation in the army crept ;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

* *Is this, in way of truth : —*] Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion ; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—the performance of our heaving spleens,*] The execution of spite and resentment. JOHNSON.

⁶ *—emulation—*] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

S C E N E III.

*The Grecian Camp.**Achilles' Tent.**Enter Thersites.*

How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! ²would, it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer⁷. If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, ⁸without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the ⁹bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket.

⁷ *Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer.]* The folio has—*engineer*,—which seems to have been the word formerly used. So, *truncheon*, *pioneer*, *mutiner*, &c. MALONE.

⁸ *—without drawing the massy iron,—]* That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web*. They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

—without drawing the massy iron,] Folio—*irons*.

MALONE.

⁹ *—the bone-ach!—]* In the quarto, *the Neapolitan bone-ache*.

JOHNSON.

I have

I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen.
What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Therfites? Good Therfites, come in and rail.

Ther. 'If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven blefs thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therfites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

* *If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation:*] Here is a plain allusion to the counterfeit piece of money called a *slip*, which occurs again in *Romco and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. and which has been happily illustrated in a note on that passage. There is the same allusion in *Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. sc. v.

W HALLEY.

Patr. Thy lord, Therfites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll² decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and³ Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Therfites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therfites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therfites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand⁴ of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body:—Come in with me, Therfites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions,

² —decline the whole question.—] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

³ —Patroclus is a fool.] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

⁴ —of the prover.—] So the quarto. JOHNSON.
The folio profanely reads,—to the creator. STEEVENS.

and bleed to death upon. ^s Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all!

[Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

⁶ He shent our messengers; and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick; sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[To Agamemnon.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

^s ——— Now the dry, &c.] This is added in the folio.

JOHNSON.

⁶ He sent our messengers;—] This nonsense should be read:

He shent our messengers;—i. e. rebuked, rated.

WARBURTON.

This word is used in common by all our ancient writers. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. VI. c. vi.

“ Yet for no bidding, not for being *shent*,

“ Would he restrained be from his attendement.”

Again, *ibid.*

“ He for such baseness shamefully him *shent*.”

STEEVENS.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong⁷ composition, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints⁸, but none for courtesy;

His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this⁹ noble state, To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—

⁷ —composition,—] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong counsel.* JOHNSON.

⁸ *The elephant hath joints, &c.*] So, in *All's lost by Lust*, 1633:

“ ————Is she pliant?”

“ Stubborn as an *elephant's leg*, no bending in her.”

Again, in *All Fools*, 1605:

“ I hope you are no *elephant*, you have joints.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ —noble state,] Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

Noble state rather means *the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.* STEEVENS.

In support of Dr. Johnson's exposition of this word, it may be observed, that *state* was formerly applied to a single person. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: “ ———The archbishop of Grenada saying to the archbishop of Toledo that he much marvelled, he being so great a *state*, would visit hospitals.”——

Again, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*:

“ The Greek demands her, whither she was going,

“ And which of these two great *estates* her keeps.”

MALONE.

We are too well acquainted with these answers :
 But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
 Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
 Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason
 Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,—
 Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
 Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;
 Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
 Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
 We come to speak to him : And you shall not sin,
 If you do say—we think him over-proud,
 And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
 Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than
 himself,

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And ¹ under-write in an observing kind
 His humourous predominance ; yea, watch
² His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
 That, if he over-hold his price so much,
 We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report——
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give.³

¹ ——under-write——] To *subscribe*, in Shakspeare, is to obey. JOHNSON.

So in *King Lear* : “ You owe me no subscription.”

STEEVENS.

² *His pettish lunes*,——] This is Hanmer's emendation of his pettish *lines*. The old quarto reads :

His course and time.

This speech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions.

JOHNSON.

³ ——allowance give] *Allowance* is *approbation*. So, in *King Lear* :

——if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience.”

STEEVENS.

Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit. Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he
thinks himself

A better man than I?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—
he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant,
As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your
virtues

The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle; and whate'er praises itself
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engen-
dering of toads⁴.

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself; Is it not
strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow,

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

⁴ ———[*the engendering of toads.*] Whoever wishes to compre-
hend the whole force of this allusion, may consult the late Dr.
Goldsmith's *History of the World, and animated Nature*, vol. VII,
p. 92, 93. STEEVENS.

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for requests sake
only,

He makes important: Possess he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it⁵
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance⁶ with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminatè himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,

⁵ ———*the death-tokens of it*] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

“ Now like the fearful *tokens* of the plague

“ Are mere fore-runners of their ends.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ———*with his own seam* ;] *Seam* is *grease*. STEEVENS.

By going to Achilles ;
 That were to enlard his fat-already pride ;
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid ;
 And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause !

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
 I'll pass him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll ⁸ pheeze his
 pride :—

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. ⁹ Not for the worth that hangs upon our
 quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,——

Nest. How he describes himself ! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness, [*Aside.*

⁷ *I'll pass him o'er the face.*] i. e. strike him with violence.
 So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, 1623 :

“ ——when the batt'ring ram

“ Were fetching his career backward, to pass

“ Me with his horns to pieces.”

Again, *Churchyard's Challenge*, 1596, 91 : “ ——the pot
 “ which goeth often to the water comes home with a knock,
 “ or at length is *pushed* all to pieces. EDITOR.

⁸ ——pheeze his pride :—] To pheeze is to comb or curry.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Stevens has explained the word *Feaze*, as Dr. Johnson
 does, to mean the untwisting or unravelling a knotted skain of
 silk or thread. I recollect no authority for this use of it. To
feize is to drive away ; and the expression *I'll feize his pride*,
 may signify, I'll humble or lower his pride. See Vol. III.
 p. 417. WHALLEY.

⁹ *Not for the worth*——] Not for the value of all for which
 we are fighting. JOHNSON.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [Aside.]

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.]

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [Aside.]

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [Aside.]

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: ² force him with praises: [Aside.]

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [To Agamemnon.]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man——But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!

¹Would, he were a Trojan!

¹ *Ajax.* I will knead him, I will make him supple, he's not yet thorough warm.

Nest. Force him with praises, &c.]

The latter part of Ajax's speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assigned to Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he will do to Achilles; he'll pass him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords, he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. Nestor and Ulysses slyly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Nestor craftily hints, that Ajax is not warm yet, but must be crammed with more flattery. THEOBALD.

² —force him—] i. e. stuff him. Farcir, Fr. STEEVENS.

Nest.

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or furly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor; and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To finewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn³, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

⁴ *Nest.* Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

³ ——like a bourn,—] A *bound* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *K. Lear*, act III. sc. vi:

“Come o'er the *bound*, Bessy, to me.”

See a note on this passage. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Nest.* *Ay, my good son.*] In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. JOHNSON.

Shall I call you father?] Shakspeare had a custom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*. STEEVENS.

To call together all his state of war ;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy : To-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast :
 And here's a lord, — come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep :
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
 deep. *[Exeunt.]*

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

T R O I L.

The Palace.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.]

Pan. Friend ! you ! pray you, a word : Do not
 you follow the young lord Paris ?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean ?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman ; I
 must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised !

Pan. You know me, do you not ?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better ; I am the lord Pan-
 darus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace ?

Pan. Grace ! not so, friend ; honour and lordship
 are my titles : — What musick is this ?

Serv.

Serv. I do but partly know, fir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, fir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, fir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, fir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, fir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, fir: Marry, fir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty,⁵ love's invifible foul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, fir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris, and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

⁵ ———love's visible soul,—] So Hanmer. The other editions have *invifible*, which perhaps may be right, and may mean the *soul of love* invifible every where else. JOHNSON.

Pan.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so⁶ in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord.——My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,——

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a four offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such

⁶ ——*in fits.*] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in music, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*: in the third of these significations it occurs in *All for Money*, a tragedy, by T. Lupton, 1574:

“*Satan.* Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a *fitte*.”

STEEVENS.

words;

words; no, no.—⁷ And, my lord, he desires you; that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, ⁸ with my disposer Cressida.

⁷ *And, my lord, he desires you,——*] Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen; but I have followed the copies. JOHNSON.

⁸ *——with my disposer Cressida.*] I think *disposer* should; in these places, be read *dispouser*; she that would separate Helen from him. WARBURTON.

I suspect that, *You must not know where he sups*, should be added to the speech of Pandarus; and that the following one of Paris should be given to Helen. That Cressida wanted to separate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Cressida had any power over Paris, are circumstances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture by the author of *The Revival*. By giving, however, this line, *I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning may be obtained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to Pandarus, and, by her *deposer*, means—she who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine. STEEVENS.

I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.] The words: *I'll lay my life*—are not in the folio. MALONE.

The dialogue should perhaps be regulated thus:

Par. Where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen?

Par. My cousin will fall out with you.

[*To Helen.*

Pan. You must not know where he sups.

[*To Paris.*

Helen. I'll lay my life with my deposer Cressida.

She calls Cressida her *deposer*, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus in a preceding scene is ready to swear she *lov'd more than Paris*. REMARKS.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you^{are} wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy⁹.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out¹, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth,² sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots back and doe:

⁹ *Par. I spy.*] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hie, spy, hie*. STEEVENS.

¹ *Falling in, after falling out, &c.*] i. e. The reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two. TOLLET.

² *—sweet lord,—*] In the quarto *sweet lad*. JOHNSON.

*The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds³;
But tickles still the store,*

*These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
⁴ Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Hey ho!*

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and

³ —*that it wounds,*] i. e. that which it wounds. MUSGRAVE:

⁴ *Yet that which seems the wound to kill,*] *To kill the wound* is no very intelligible expression, nor is the measure preserved. We might read:

*These lovers cry,
Oh! oh! they die!
But that which seems to kill,
Doth turn, &c.
So dying love lives still.*

Yet as *the wound to kill* may mean *the wound that seems mortal*, I alter nothing. JOHNSON.

*These lovers cry,—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:]* So, in our author's *Venus and*

Adonis:

“ For I have heard it [love] is a *life in death*,
“ That *laughs and weeps*, and all but in a breath!”

MALONE.

all

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 81

all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. Sound a retreat.*]

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Pandarus' garden.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus' man.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I will bring her
straight. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, ^s tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a

^s —and too sharp in sweetness,] So the folio and all modern editions; but the quarto more accurately:

—tun'd too sharp in sweetness. JOHNSON.

sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit Pandarus.

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty⁶.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame⁷, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, ⁸ we'll put you i'the files.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. ⁹ So, so; rub on, and
kiss

⁶ Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.] Rowe seems to have imitated this passage in his *Ambitious Stepmother*, Act I:

“ Well may th' ignoble herd
“ Start, if with heedless steps they unawares
“ Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius
“ Awe with superior greatness all beneath him.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ —you must be watch'd ere you be made tame,—] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*:
—to watch her as we watch these kites. STEEVENS.

⁸ —we'll put you i'the files.—] Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places.

HANMER.

⁹ So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.] The allusion is to bowling. What we now call *the jack*, seems in Shakspeare's time to have been termed *the mistress*. A bow! that *kisses the jack*, or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on*

kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. ' The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—

is a term at the same game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

“ ————— So, a fair riddance;

“ There's three *rubs* gone; I've a clear way to the *mistress*.”

Again, in *Vittoria Corrombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:

Flam. “ I hope you do not think——

Cam. “ That noblemen *bowl* booty; 'faith his cheek
“ Hath a most excellent bias; it would fain jump
with my *mistress*.”

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“ *Mini.* Since he hath hit *the mistress* so often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers.

“ *Sir Vaugh.* Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jesu I'll never *bowl* in your alley.” MALONE.

² ———— *The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river:—*] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *falcon* we generally understand the *female*. THEOBALD.

I think we should rather read:

————— at the *tercel*, ——— TYRWHITT.

In Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, l. iv. 410. is the following stanza, from which Shakspeare may have caught a glimpse of meaning, though he has not very clearly expressed it. Pandarus is the speaker:

“ What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce

“ In o thing were, and in non othir wight;

“ If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,

“ If this be godely, she is glad and light.

“ And this is faire, and that can gode aright,

“ Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,

“ *Both heroner and faucon for riverse.*”

Again, in Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses*, bl. l. 4to. 1567:
“ ———— how is that possible to make a froward kite a forward *hawke to the ryver*.” P. 159. b. STEEVENS.

*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably—*Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistresses to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it²: no perfection in rever-
sion

² —our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it:—] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare,*

sion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, ³ his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown⁴.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

bare, 'till merit louer part no affection, in reversion, &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

³ —his addition shall be humble.—] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

Addition is still the term used by conveyancers in describing the quality and condition of the parties to deeds, &c. EDITOR.

⁴ —they'll stick where they are thrown.] This allusion has already occur'd in *Measure for Measure*:

Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

STEEVENS.

Cre.

Cre. Hard to seem won ; but I was won, my lord,
 With the first glance that ever——Pardon me ;—
 If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
 I love you now ; but not, 'till now, so much
 But I might maiter it :—in faith, I lye ;
 My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
 Too headstrong for their mother : See, we fools !
 Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us,
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?
 But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man ;
 Or, that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue ;
 For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel : Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence,

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;
 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss :
 I am ashamed ;—O heaven's ! what have I done ?—
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid ?

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave 'till to-morrow
 morning,——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady ?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try :

^s I have a kind of self resides with you ;
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

^s *I have a kind of self resides with you ;*] So, in our author's
 123d Sonnet :

“ ———— for I, being pent in thee,

“ Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.” MALONE.

To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than
love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: ⁶ But you are wise;
Or else you love not; ⁷ For to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
² Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of

⁶ ——— But you are wise,
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read:
——— but we're not wise,
Or else we love not; to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might; ———

Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom,
replies: "That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the
power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union." JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might; ———] This is from Spenser, *Shep-
herd's Cal. March*:

"To be wise, and eke to love,

"Is granted scarce to gods above." TYRWHITT.

"*Amare et sapere vix a Deo conceditur.*" Pub. Syr.

Spenser, whom Shakspeare followed, seems to have misunder-
stood this proverb. Marston, in the *Dutch Courtezan*, 1606, has
the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation:

"But raging lust my fate all strong doth move,

"The gods themselves cannot be wise and love."

MALONE.

² Might be affronted with the match——] I wish "my inte-
grity

Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
 How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right ?
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similies, truth tir'd with iteration,——
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As

grity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love." JOHNSON.

[*And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine ; and means, " Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned wordly policy."

WARBURTON.

*True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similies : truth, tir'd with iteration,——]*

The metre, as well as the sense, of the last verse will be improved, I think, by reading :

Want similies of truth, tir'd with iteration.

So, a little lower in the same speech :

Yet after all comparisons of Truth. TYRWHITT.

[*As true as steel*——] It should be remembered that mirrors, in the time of our author, were made of plates of polished steel. So, in *The Renegado*, by Massinger :

" Take down the looking-glass ;—here is a mirror

" *Steel'd* so exactly, &c."

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, by Heywood, 1601 :

" For thy *steel-glass* wherein thou wont'st to look,

" Thy chrystal eyes gaze in a chrystal brooke."

One of Gascoigne's pieces is called the *Steel-glass* ; a title, which, from the subject of the poem, he appears evidently to have used as synonymous to *mirror*.

The same allusion is found in an old piece entitled *The Pleasures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of queen Elizabeth :

Behold

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

“ Behold in her the lively glasse,
“ The pattern true as steel——”

As true as steel therefore means——*as true as the mirror which faithfully represents every image that is presented before it.*

MALONE.

^s ——*plantage to the moon,*] I formerly made a silly conjecture that the true reading was :

——*planets to their moons.*

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before Galileo had discovered the Satellites of Jupiter : so that *plantage to the moon* is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or sown, which was therefore done in the increase :

“ Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
“ Rite crescentem face noctilucam,
“ Prosperam frugum”——— Hor. lib. iv. od. 6.

WARBURTON.

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plantain*, in Latin, *plantago*, which was, I suppose, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the moon.

JOHNSON.

Plantage is the French word for a *plantation*, a *planting*, or *setting*. See Boyer's and Cotgrave's Dictionaries. In the French translation of Dr. Agricola's *Agriculture*, *Plantage a rebours* is frequently used for *planting reverse*. TOLLET.

Shakspeare speaks of *plantain* by its common appellation in *Romeo and Juliet* ; and yet in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591, *Mandrake* is called *Mandrage* :

“ Sow next thy vines *mandrage*.”

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the encrease or waning of the moon.——Dryden does not appear to have understood the passage, and has therefore altered it thus :

As true as flowing tides are to the moon.

As true as steel is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate's *Troy Book* where he speaks of Troilus, l. ii. ch. 16 :

“ Thereto in love *trewe as any stele*.” STEEVENS.

True as plantage to the moon.] This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* : “ The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull : so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength ; decaieing in the *wane* ; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade.” FARMER.

As

As iron to adamant⁴, as earth to the center,——
 Yet, after all comparifons of truth,
⁵ As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 As true as Troilus fhall crown up the verfe,
 And fanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
 If I be false, or fwerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itfelf,
 When water-drops have worn the ftones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion fwallow'd cities up,
 And mighty ftates characterlefs are grated
 To dufty nothing: yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falfehood! when they have faid——as false
 As air, as water, wind, or fandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifers calf,
 Pard to the hind, or ftep-dame to her fon;
 Yea, let them fay, to ftick the heart of falshood,
 As false as Creffid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: feal it, feal it; I'll
 be the witnefs.——Here I hold your hand; here, my
 coufin's. If ever you prove false to one another,
 fince I have taken fuch pains to bring you together,
 let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's
 end after my name, call them all——Pandars; let
 all ⁶ inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women
 Creffids,

⁴ ——*as iron to adamant*——] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*,
 1599:

“As true to thee as *steel to adamant*.” MALONE.

⁵ *As truth's authentic author to be cited,*] Troilus fhall crown
the verfe, as a man *to be cited as the authentic author of truth*; as
 one whose proteftations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——*inconstant men*——] So Hanmer. In the copies it is *con-*
stant. JOHNSON.

Though Hanmer's emendation be plausible, I believe Shak-
 fpeare wrote *constant*. He feems to have been lefs attentive to
 make Pandar talk confequentially, than to account for the ideas
actually annexed to the three names. Now it is certain, that,
in

Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III,

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomed, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. ⁷ Appear it to your mind,
That,

in his time, a *Troilus* was as clean an expression for a constant lover, as a *Cressida* and a *Pandar* were for a jilt and a pimp.

TYRWHITT.

⁷ ————— *Appear it to your mind,
That, through the fight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy.* —————]

This reasoning perplexes Mr. Theobald; "He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a merit of (says the editor). I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to be somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a *true priest*, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service." The editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I do not know what he means by "the motives of his oratory," or, "from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit." But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the
Greeks

That, "through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd

Greeks that what he did for his own preservation, was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakspeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave*, in order to make him talk like a *fool*. Though that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But Shakspeare was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverse*ness is all the editor's own, who interprets,

———*through the sight I have in things to come,*
I have abandon'd Troy———

to signify, "by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you;" whereas the true sense is, "Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native country." That he could not mean what the editor supposes, appears from these considerations: First, if he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said:

I have———expos'd myself,
From *certain* and possess'd conveniencies,
To *doubtful* fortunes;———

Secondly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of Troy was a secret hid from the inferior gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingencies, whose existence *they* did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened, Troy would fall. And this secret they communicated to Cassandra only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that Troy could not be taken unless Achilles went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *palladium*; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.——The sense here given will admit of no dispute amongst those who know how acceptable a *scer* was amongst the Greeks. So that this Calchas, *like a true priest*, if it needs must be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the Greeks than the Asiatics, there would be a greater demand for it. WARBURTON.

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by unconstrained

Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniencies,
 To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many registred in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
 Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still deny'd : But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage ; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,

constrained good-will ; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception, being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explication that it will yet admit. JOHNSON.

^s ———through the sight I bear in things, to Jove] This passage in all the modern editions is silently depraved, and printed thus:

———through the sight I bear in things to come.

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning.

JOHNSON.

———to *love*, might mean——to the consequences of Paris's *love* for Helen. STEEVENS.

⁹ In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Diom. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomed, and Calchas.*

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on
him:

If so, I have 'derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—

⁹ *In most accepted pain.*] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton
after him, read:

In most accepted pay.

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage.
Her presence, says Calchas, shall strike off, or recompence the ser-
vice I have done, even in these labours which were most accepted,

JOHNSON.

¹ ———derision *med'cinable,*] All the modern editions have *deci-*
sion. The old copies are apparently right. The folio in this
place agrees with the quarto, so that the corruption was at first
merely accidental. JOHNSON.

So

So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with
me ?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with
us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to
bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
 Doth one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
 Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
 Something in me not worth that rich beholding
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
 I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
 Writes me, That man—² how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without, or in,—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
 The beauty that is borne here in the face,
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself

² ———how dearly ever parted,] i. e. how exquisitely soever his virtues be divided and balanced in him. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: “Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable *parts*, proportioned as one's thoughts would with a man.” WARBURTON.

I do not think that in the word *parted* is included any idea of *division*; it means, *however excellently endowed*, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's exposition is strongly supported by a subsequent line:

“ ———That no man is the lord of any thing,
 “ (Though in and of him there is much consisting)
 “ Till he communicate his *parts* to others.”

So, *Perfius*:

“ Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire, hoc sciat alter.”

See also the *Dramatis Personæ* of B. Jonson's *Every Man out of Humour*: “MACILENTE, a man well-*parted*; a sufficient scholar, &c.” MALONE.

³ To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself ⁴,
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :
 Who, ⁵ in his circumstance, expressly proves—
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there is much consisting)
 'Till he communicate his parts to others :
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 Where they are extended ; which, like an arch, re-
 verberates

The voice again ; or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
 And apprehended here immediately

⁶ The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
 What things again most dear in the esteem,

³ *To others' eyes, &c.*

(That most pure spirit, &c.)

These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. POPE.

⁴ *—nor doth the eye itself,]* So, in Julius Cæsar :

“ No Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,

“ But by reflexion, by some other things.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *—in his circumstance,——]* In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The unknown Ajax,]* Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

And poor in worth! ⁷ Now shall we see to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

⁸ How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is ⁹ feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecean lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. ¹ Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail

⁷ ——— *Now we shall see to-morrow*
An act that very chance doth throw upon him
Ajax renown'd.] I would read:
Ajax renown.

The passage as it stands in the folio is hardly sense. If *renown'd* be right, we ought to read:

By an act, &c. MALONE.

⁸ *How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,*] To creep is to keep out of sight from whatever motive. Some men keep out of notice in the hall of fortune, while others, though they but play the ideot, are always in her eye, in the way of distinction.

JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— *feasting* ———] Folio. The quarto has *fasting*. Either word may bear a good sense. JOHNSON.

¹ *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,*] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path:
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue; If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost²;—
 Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement³ to the abject rear,
⁴ O'er run and trampled on: Then what they do in
 present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was; ⁵ for beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—

² ——— and there you lie:] These words are not in the folio.
 JOHNSON.

Nor in any other copy that I have seen. I have given the
 passage as I found it in the folio. STEEVENS.

³ ———to the abject rear,] So Hamner. All the editors be-
 fore him read:

————to the abject, near. JOHNSON.

⁴ O'er run, &c.] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the
 horse, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present.

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

Or, like a gallant horse———— JOHNSON.

⁵ The modern editors read:

For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service, &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a more easy lapse of num-
 bers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakspeare.

JOHNSON.

That

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
⁶ And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee⁷,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
⁸ Made emulous missions' mongst the gods themselves,
 And

⁶ *And go to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.*]

In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine observation transmitted in the old *folios*. Mr. Pope saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the text; because he would not *indulge his private sense* in attempting to make sense of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given to the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read:

*And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted.*

THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption than such as Shakspeare's incorrectness often resembles. He has omitted the article *to* in the second line: he should have written:

More laud than to gilt o'er-dusted. JOHNSON.

⁷ ————*The cry went once on thee,*] The folio has:
 ————out on thee. MALONE.

⁸ *Made emulous missions*——] *Missions for divisions*, i. e. goings out, on one side and the other. WARBURTON.

The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. JOHNSON.

It means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakspeare very probably adopted from Chapman's translation

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters?

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
¹ Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
² Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (³ with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreasure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,

translation of Homer. In the fifth book Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. STEEVENS.

¹ —one of Priam's daughters.] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS.

² Knows almost, &c.] For this elegant line the quarto has only,
Knows almost every thing. JOHNSON.

I think we should read, *of Plutus' gold.* So, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, Act IV:

“ 'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
“ Lock'd in the heart of earth”——

It should be remember'd however, that *mines of gold* were anciently supposed to be *guarded by demons.* STEEVENS.

² *Keeps place with thought;——*] i. e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity.* The expression is exquisitely fine: yet the Oxford editor alters it to *keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty.

WARBURTON.

³ ——(with whom relation

Durst never meddle)——] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands found her trump;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our brave Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewel, my lord: I as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

Pat. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook ⁴ to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by
 him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves;
⁵ Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

⁴ ———to air.] So the quarto. The folio:

————to airy air. JOHNSON.

⁵ Omission to do &c.] By neglecting our duty we commission or enable that danger of dishonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

Achil. Go call Therfites hither, sweet Patroclus :
I'll fend the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour fav'd !

Enter Therfites.

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector ; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand : ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning : bites his lip ⁶ with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out ; and so there is ; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever ; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me : I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax* ; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general ? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion ! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

⁶ —with a politic regard,—] With a sly look. JOHNSON.

Achil,

Achil. Thou must be my embassador to him, Therfites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains;

brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on⁷.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles, and Patroclus.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*

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

A street in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas, and Servant, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomed, &c. with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business
Should rob my bed mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good-morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

⁷ —to make catlings on.] It has been already observed that a *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of *catgut*. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called *Simon Catling*. STEEVENS.

Æne. Health to you, valiant fir,
⁷ During all question of the gentle truce :
 But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
 As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
 Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
 But when contention and occasion meet,
 By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
 With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. ⁸ And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
 With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
 Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
 Welcome, indeed! ⁹ By Venus' hand I swear,
 No man alive can love, in such a fort,
 The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

⁷ *During all question of the gentle truce :]* I once thought to read :

During all quiet of the gentle truce.

But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation. JOHNSON.

⁸ *And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly*

With his face back in humane gentleness.] Thus Mr. Pope in his great sagacity pointed this passage in his first edition, not deviating from the error of the old copies. What conception he had to himself of a lion *flying in humane gentleness*, I will not pretend to affirm: I suppose he had the idea of *as gently as a lamb*, or, as what our vulgar call an Essex lion, a calf. If any other lion fly with his face turned backward, it is fighting all the way as he retreats: and in this manner it is Æneas professes that he shall fly when he's hunted. But where then are the symptoms of *humane gentleness*? My correction of the pointing restores good sense, and a proper behaviour in Æneas. As soon as ever he has returned Diomedes' brave, he stops short, and corrects himself for expressing so much fury in a time of truce; from the fierce soldier becomes the courtier at once; and, remembering his enemy to be a guest and an ambassador, welcomes him as such to the Trojan camp. THEOBALD.

⁹ *—By Venus' hand I swear,]* This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand. WARBURTON.

I believe Shakspeare had no such allusion in his thoughts. He would hardly have made Æneas civil and uncivil in the same breath. STEEVENS.

Dio.

Dio. We sympathize :—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun !
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse ;

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I
know not.

Par. ' His purpose meets you ; 'Twas to bring
this Greek

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him
For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid :
Let's have your company ; or, if you please,
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore : I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you ;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help ;
The better disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me
true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus ?

² *His purpose meets you ;* —] I bring you his meaning and
his orders. JOHNSON.

Dio.

Dio. Both alike :

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
 (Not making any scruple of her foyle)
 With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 The lees and dregs of ² a flat piece ;
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
³ Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good words breath,
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,

² ——— a flat tamed piece ;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which
 the spirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

³ Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more ;
 But he as he, which heavier for a whore.] I read :
 But he as he, each heavier for a whore.

Heavy is taken both for *weighty*, and for *sad* or *miserable*. The
 quarto reads :

But he as he, *the* heavier for a whore.

I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must
 then be read thus :

But he as he. Which heavier for a whore ?

That is, for a whore staked down, which is the heavier.

JOHNSON.

As the quarto reads,

————— *the* heavier for a whore.

I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense ap-
 pears to be this : the merits of either are sunk in value, because
 the contest between them is only for a strumpet. STEEVENS.

Dispraise

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
 But we in silence hold this virtue well,——
⁵ We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
 Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Pandarus' house.

Enter Troilus, and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
 He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not;
 To bed, to bed: ⁶ Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
 As infants' empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you aweary of me?

Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
 Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
⁷ And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
 I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

⁵ *We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*] I believe the meaning is only this: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the feller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read, *not sell.* STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, requires we should read *condemn.*

TYRWHITT.

⁶ *——Sleep kill——*] So the old copies. The moderns have:
——Sleep seal—— JOHNSON.

⁷ *And dreaming night will hide our joys.*] The folio reads:
——hide our eyes. MALONE.

Troi.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays,

⁸ As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
⁹ With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry:
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [*within*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus ¹.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-
heads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressida?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

⁸ *As tediously*——] The folio has:

As hideously as hell. JOHNSON.

⁹ *With wings more momentary-swift than thought.*] The second folio reads:

With wings more momentary, *swifter* than thought.

MALONE.

¹ *Enter Pandarus.*] The hint for the following short conversation between Pandarus and Cressida is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, book 3. v. 1561.

“ Pandare, a morowe which that commin was

“ Unto his necè gan her faire to grete,

“ And saied all this night so rained it alas!

“ That all my drede is, that ye, necè fwete,

“ Have little leisir had to slepe and mete,

“ All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,

“ That some of us I trowe ther heddis ake.

“ Cresseide answerde, nevir the bet for you,

“ Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your hertè care

“ God helpe me so, ye causid all this fare, &c.”

STEEVENS.

You

You bring me to do², and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll
ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ³ a poor capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd
'o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
thing.—

How earnestly they knock!—prayer you, come in;

[*Knock.*

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you
beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

² —to do,——] To *do* is here used in a wanton sense. See Vol. II. p. 15. Vol. IV. p. 70. Vol. VIII. p. 552. COLLINS.

³ —a poor chipochia!——] This word, I am afraid, has suffered under the ignorance of the editors; for it is a word in no living language that I can find. Pandarus says it to his niece, in a jeering sort of tenderness. He would say, I think, in English—*Poor innocent! Poor fool! hast not slept to-night?* These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchia*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOBALD.

Pan.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,
I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—
What should he do here?

Æne. Who!——nay then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;
Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My ⁴ matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
⁵ Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

⁴ ———matter is so rash:—] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

——aconitum, or rash gunpowder. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Delivered to us; &c.*] So the folio. The quarto thus:

Delivered to him, and forthwith. JOHNSON.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; ^o the secrets of
neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus, and Æneas.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The
devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.
A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's
neck!

Enter Cressida.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was
here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
lord? gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I
am above!

^o ———the secrets of nature,

Have not more gift in taciturnity.]

This is the reading of both the elder folios; but the first verse
manifestly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. Pope
substitutes:

————the secrets of neighbour Pandar.

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he professes all his various
readings to be) it is founded on the credit of such copies, as it
has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventured to make
out the verse thus:

The secret'st things of nature, &c.

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the mysteries of nature, of occult philo-
sophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has allusions of this
sort in several other passages. THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the old quarto. So great is the ne-
cessity of collation. JOHNSON.

The secrets of nature could hardly have been a corruption of
"the secrets of neighbour Pandar." Perhaps the alteration was
made by the author, and that he wrote:

Good, good, my lord; the *secretest* of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"————the *secretest* man of blood."

MALONE.

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,[?] Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep.—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks; Crack my clear voice with fobs, and break my heart With founding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

[?] —Time, force, and death,] The second folio reads,
 —Time and death. MALONE.

S C E N E III.

*Before Pandarus' house.**Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Diomedes, &c.*

Par. It is great morning⁸; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit Troi.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*An apartment in Pandarus' house.**Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.*

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?

⁹ The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,

And

⁸ ———great morning;———] *Grand jour*; a Gallicism.

STEEVENS;

⁹ *The grief, &c.*] The folio reads:

*The grief is fine, full perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it.———*

The quarto otherwise:

*The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it.———*

Violenteth

And violenteth in a sence as strong
 As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak or colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief:
 My love admits no qualifying dross;
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me
 embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—————o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse;
 we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so 'strained a purity,

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps
 it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority.

JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. *Violenceth* is used by Ben Jonson
 in *The Devil is an Ass*:

“Nor nature *violenceth* in both these.”

and Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with this verb as spelt in
 the play of Shakspeare: “His former adversaries *violented* any
 thing against him.” *Fuller's Worthies, in Anglesea.*

Dr. Farmer likewise adds the following instance from Latimer,
 p. 71. “Maister Pole *violentes* the text for the maintenance of
 “the Bishop of Rome.”

The modern reading was:

And in its sence is no less strong, than that

Which causeth it.————— STEEVENS.

‘——strain'd——] So the quarto. The folio and all the
 moderns have *strange.* JOHNSON.

That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me,

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath;
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them;
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aeneas [*within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

² *With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,*] *Consign'd* means sealed; from *consigno*, Lat. So, in *King Henry V*: "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to." Our author has the same idea in many other places. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"But my *kisses* bring again,

"*Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted."

MALONE.

³ *Distasted with the salt of broken tears.*] Folio:
Distasting, &c. MALONE.

Troi.

Troi. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so⁴
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pan.*]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks⁵!—
When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of
heart,—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

⁶ For I will throw my glove to death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

⁴ *Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, Come! to him that instantly must die.*] An obscure
poet (Flatman) has borrowed this thought:

“ My soul just now about to take her flight,

“ Into the regions of eternal night,

“ Methinks, I hear some gentle spirit say,

“ Be not fearful, *come away!*”

After whom, Pope:

“ Hark! they whisper; angels say,

“ Sister spirit, *come away.*” MALONE.

⁵ *A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!*] So, in *A man's
World my Masters*, 1640, a man gives the watchmen some money,
and when they have received it he says: “ the merry Greeks un-
derstand me.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *For I will throw my glove to death—*] That is, I will
challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNSON.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens!—be true again?

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love: ⁷ The Grecian youths

Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts ⁸ with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt ⁹, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discourive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

⁷ ————— *The Grecian youths*

*Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;]* The folio reads;
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
Their loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er, &c.

I suppose the author wrote:

They're loving—————

The quarto omits the middle line:

The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise— MALONE.

⁸ ————— *with person,]* Thus the folio. The quarto reads,
with portion. STEEVENS.

⁹ ————— *the high lavolt,]* The *lavolta* was a dance. It is elsewhere mentioned, where several examples are given, STEEVENS.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris [*within.*] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth¹ catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; ² the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and truth,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomed.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you:

¹ ———catch mere simplicity;] The meaning, I think, is *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

² ———the moral of my wit

Is—plain, and true,——] That is, the governing principle of my understanding; but I rather think we should read:

———the motto of my wit

Is, plain and true—— JOHNSON.

Surely *moral* in this instance has the same meaning as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III, sc. iv.

“Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus.”

Again, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, Act IV, sc. iv.

“———he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or moral* of his signs and tokens.” TOLLET.

At

At the port³, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
 And, by the way, ⁴ possess thee what she is.
 Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
 As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
 So please you, save the thanks this prince expects;
 The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
 Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
 You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
⁵ To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
 In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
 I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
 I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
 Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
 To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
 I'll answer to my ⁶ lust: And know you, lord,

I'll

³ *At the port,*—] The *port* is the *gate*. STEEVENS.

⁴ —possess thee *what she is.*] I will make thee fully understand. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. JOHNSON.

⁵ *To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee,*
By praising her.—] To *shame the zeal* of a petition is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote:

To shame the zeal—

and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously; you see I am a *passionate* lover by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's* delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings*. WARBURTON.

⁶ —*my list*:—] This I think is right, though both the old copies read *lust*. JOHNSON.

What

I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troil. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida. Sound trumpet.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field
with him,

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

What is the difference, in our old writers, between *lust* and *list*?
STEEVENS.

Dio.] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably
added at the revision. JOHNSON.

But why should *Diomed* say, *Let us make ready straight*? Was
he to tend with them on Hector's heels? Certainly not. *Dio.*
has therefore crept in by mistake; the line either is part of *Pa-*
ris's speech, or belongs to *Deiphobus*, who is in company. As
to *Diomed*, he neither goes along with them, nor has any thing
to get ready:—he is now walking with *Troilus* and *Cressida*,
towards the gate, on his way to the Grecian camp.

REMARKS.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

*The Grecian Camp.**Enter Ajax arm'd, Agamemnon, Achilles; Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy sphered^s bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressida?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

^s — *bias cheek*] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona, or the White Devil*, 1612:

“ ————'Faith his cheek

“ Has a most excellent *bias*” ———— STEEVENS.

Nest.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kifs.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kissed in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;

And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kifs;—this mine:
Patroclus kiffes you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kifs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kifs, sir:—Lady, by your
leave.

Cre. In kissing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. ⁹ Both take and give.

Cre. ¹ I'll make my match to live,

The kifs you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kifs.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

⁹ *Both take and give.*] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

¹ *I'll make my match to live.*] I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse kifs than I give. JOHNSON.

I believe this only means—I'll lay my life. TYRWHITT.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kifs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. ² Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kifs,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. ³ Never's my day, and then a kifs of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[*Diomed leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sence.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and ⁴ motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give ⁵ a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For ⁶ sluttish spoils of opportunity,

² *Why, beg then.*] For the sake of rhyme we should read:

Why beg two.

If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

³ *Never's my day, and then a kifs of you.*] I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulysses beg a kifs; he asks that he may have it:

When Helen is a maid again——

She tells him that then he shall have it:

When Helen is a maid again——

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due;

Never's my day, and then a kifs for you.

But I rather think that Ulysses means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

⁴ *——motive of her body.*] *Motive, for part that contributes to motion.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *——a coasting——*] An amorous address; courtship.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *——sluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

And

And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Æneas, Troilus, &c. with attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be done to him

That victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little

'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,] In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—*securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo*. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this sense peculiar to Shakspeare, "for, says he, I have not been able to trace it elsewhere." This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of the *Spanish Tragedy*:

"O damned devil! how *secure* he is."

In my lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults*, "neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hoby's translation of *Castilio*, 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscan tongue."

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

Aga.

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this;—

In the extremity of great and little,
* Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek.
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Aga. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,] It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that Æneas should immediately say, *If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?* To Achilles I have ventured to place it; and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point. THEOBALD.

As the old copies agree, I have made no change. JOHNSON.

* *Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;*] Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

Half

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that fame that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;

For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;

Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies⁹ an impair thought with breath:

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath,¹ subscribes

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,

Is more vindicative than jealous love:

They call him Troilus; and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and, with private soul,

Did in great Ilion² thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

[*Trumpets cease.*

⁹ ———an impair thought——] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON:

So in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "——nor is it more *impaire* to an honest and absolute man, &c." STEEVENS.

¹ ———Hector——subscribes

To tender objects;—] That is, *yields, gives way*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear*, *subscrib'd* his power, i. e. submitted.

STEEVENS.

² ———thus translate him to me.] Thus explain his character.

JOHNSON.

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds-in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainfay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus :—

Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. ³ Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On

³ Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes, Cries, This is he ;) could promise to himself, &c.] That is to say, " You, an old veteran warrior, threaten to kill me, when not the young son of Achilles (who is yet to serve his apprenticeship in war, under the Grecian generals, and on that account called *Νεοπτόλεμος*) dare himself entertain such a thought." But Shakspeare meant another sort of man, as is evident from,

On whose bright crest, &c.

which

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself

A thought

which characterises one who goes foremost and alone; and can therefore suit only *one*, which *one* was Achilles, as Shakspeare himself has drawn him:

*The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The line and the forehead of our host.*

And, again:

*Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.*

And indeed the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied; and this was Achilles, with whom Hector had his final affair. We must conclude then that Shakspeare wrote:

*Not Neoptolemus's fire irascible,
On whose bright crest——*

Irascible is an old school term, and is an epithet suiting his character, and the circumstances he was then in:

“*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.*”

But our editor, Mr. Theobald, by his *obscure diligence*, had found out that Wynken de Worde, in the old chronicle of *The three Destructions of Troy*, introduces one Neoptolemus into the ten years quarrel, a person distinct from the son of Achilles; and therefore will have it, that Shakspeare here means no other than the Neoptolemus of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpose, that this fancy was absurd. For first, Wynken's Neoptolemus is a common-rate warrior, and so described as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, it is not to be imagined that the poet should on this occasion make Hector refer to a character not in the play, and never so much as mentioned on any other occasion. Thirdly, Wynken's Neoptolemus is a warrior on the Trojan side, and slain by Achilles. But Hector must needs mean by one “*who could promise a thought of added honour torn from him,*” a warrior amongst his enemies on the Grecian side.

WARBURTON.

After all this contention, it is difficult to imagine that the critic believes *mirable* to have been changed to *irascible*. I should sooner read,

Not Neoptolemus th' admirable;

as I know not whether *mirable* can be found in any other place.

The correction which the learned commentator gave to Hamlet:

Not Neoptolemus' fire so mirable,

as it was modest than this, was preferable to it. But nothing is more remote from justness of sentiment, than for Hector to cha-

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further will you do.

Hect. * We'll answer it ;

The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As feld I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

raeterise Achilles as the father of Neoptolemus, a youth that had not yet appeared in arms, and whose name was therefore much less known than his father's. My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself ; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion, &c.* 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will shew :

“ Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,
“ By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
“ Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,
“ Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
“ O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie !
“ For multitude of people was there mortificate
“ With condigne Priamus, and all his progenie,
“ And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate.”

In Lidgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen :

“ The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,
“ That had his haire as blacke as any jet, &c.” p. 102.

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father :

“ Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wise
“ Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
“ To fetch his son yong *Pyrrhus*, to the end
“ He may revenge his father's death, &c.” p. 237.

STEEVENS.

In the margin of Phaer's translation of Virgil, (*Æn.* II.) a book that Shakspeare certainly had read, *Neoptolemus* and *Pyrrhus* are called *brothers*. MALONE.

* *We'll answer it :*] That is, answer the *expectance*.

JOHNSON.

Dio.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see^s your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. ⁶ Worthy of arm! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To Troilus.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
ing;—

³ —your knights.] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastic followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the Iliad, is very liberal of the latter.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Worthy of arms!*—] Folio. *Worthy all arms!* Quarto. The quarto has only the two first, second, and the last line of this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision.

JOHNSON.

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

⁷ *Men.* The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!

⁸ Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

⁹ Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;

That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestler: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

⁷ *Men.*] The author of THE REMARKS supposes this speech
to belong to *Aeneas*. EDITOR.

⁸ *Mock not, &c.*] The quarto has here a strange corruption:
Mock not thy affect, the untraded carth. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Despising many forfeits and subduements,*] Thus the quarto.
The folio reads:

And seen thee scorning *forfeits and subduements.*

JOHNSON.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
tention,

' As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would, they could.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee
to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue ;
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do busk the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. ² I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now,

¹ *As they contend*—] This line is not in the quarto.

JOHNSON.

² *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!*—] Should we not
read—*though?* Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your
tent,

³ Now, Hector, I have sed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint ⁴.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee ;

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;
But there's more in me ; than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so opprefs me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, there, or there ?
That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud
man,

To answer such a question : Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

tent, I shall draw him first into mine. So, in Beaumont and
Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, Act III. sc. i :

“ ————O dissembling woman,

“ Whom I must reverence *though*.———” TYRWHITT.

The repetition of *thou !* was anciently used by one who meant
to insult another. So, in *Twelfth Night* : “ ————if thou *thou'st*
him some thrice, it shall not be amiss.” Again, in the *Tempest* ;

“ Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou !*

Again, in the first scene of the fifth act of this play of *Troilus
and Cressida* : “ ————thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou !*”

STEEVENS.

³ Now, Hector, I have sed mine eyes on thee ;] The hint for
this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken
from Lidgate. See page 178. STEEVENS.

⁴ And quoted joint by joint.] To quote is to observe. See
Vol. I. p. 168, and other places. STEEVENS.

As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him⁵.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we⁶: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

⁵ ————*the general state, I fear,*

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.]

i. e. I am aware that the Greeks will not wish you to meet him singly; insinuating that it would be bad policy in them to desire the man who had the greatest reputation for valour, to run such a hazard of being foiled. STEEVENS.

⁶ ————*convive*———] To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I find it several times used in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. 1. no date. STEEVENS.

Concur together, severally intreat him.—

⁷ Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Troilus, and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus;
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *Beat loud the tabourines,——*] For this the quarto and the
latter editions have,

To taste your bounties.——

The reading which I have given from the folio seems chosen at
the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*.

JOHNSON.

Tabourines are small drums. The word occurs again in
Antony and Cleopatra. See Vol. VIII. p. 274. STEEVENS.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Achilles' Tent.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?

² *Thou crusty batch of nature,——]* *Batch* is changed by Theobald to *botch*, and the change is justified by a pompous note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more strange, Hanmer has followed him. *Batch* is any thing *baked*. JOHNSON.

Batch does not signify any thing baked, but all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Cataline* :

“ Except he were of the same meal and *batch*.”

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612 :

“ The best is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world.”

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600 :

“ Hast thou made a good *batch*? I pray thee give me a new loaf.”

Again, in *Every man in his humour* :

“ Is all the rest of this *batch*?” *Thersites* had already been called *cobloaf*. STEEVENS.

Ther.

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. ^o The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. ¹ Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, ² cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tenter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, ³ you ruinous butt; you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no.

^o *The surgeon's box*,—] In this answer Therites only quibbles upon the word *tent*. HANMER.

¹ *Male varlet*,—] HANMER reads *male barlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. JOHNSON.

This expression is met with in *Decker's Honest Whore*: "This a male varlet, sure, my lord!" FARMER.

² ——— *cold palsies*—] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *you ruinous &c.*] Patroclus reproaches Therites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

JOHNSON.

The same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*

Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form. STEVENS.

Ther.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, ⁴ thou idle immaterial skein of fleive silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a fore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water flies; diminutives of nature!

Pat. ⁵ Out, gall!

Ther. ⁶ Finch egg?

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite from my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

⁷ A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fail, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;

My major-vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Ther sites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain; these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of

⁴ — *thou idle immaterial skein of fleive silk,*—] All the terms used by Ther sites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Out, gall!*] *Hanmer* reads *nut gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read *Out gall!*

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Finch-egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *A token from her daughter, &c.*] This is a circumstance taken from the story book of the three destructions of Troy.

HANMER.

madmen.

madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: ^s And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice

^s *And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull;—the primitive statue, and OBLIQUE memorial of cuckolds;] He calls Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter, that is, as himself explains it, the bull, on account of his horns, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the primitive statue of cuckolds; i. e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character. But how was he an oblique memorial of cuckolds? can any thing be a more direct memorial of cuckolds, than a cuckold? and so the foregoing character of his being the primitive statue of them plainly implies. To reconcile these two contradictory epithets therefore we should read:*

————an OBELISQUE memorial of cuckolds.

He is represented as one who would remain an eternal monument of his wife's infidelity. And how could this be better done than by calling him an *obelisque memorial*? of all human edifices the most durable. And the sentence rises gradually, and properly from a *statue* to an *obelisque*. To this the editor Mr. Theobald replies, that *the bull is called the primitive statue*: by which he only giveth us to understand, that he knoweth not the difference between the English articles *a* and *the*. But by the *bull* is meant Menelaus; which title Therites gives him again afterwards—*The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it—THE BULL has the game*—But the Oxford editor makes quicker work with the term *oblique*, and alters it to *antique*, and so all the difficulty is evaded. WARBURTON.

The author of *The Revisal* observes (after having controverted every part of Dr. Warburton's note, and justified Theobald) that “the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition, that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns.” STEEVEN'S.

May we not rather suppose, that Shakspeare, who is so frequently licentious in his language, meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*?

MALONE.

forced

forced with wit, turn him? To an afs, were nothing; he is both afs and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and afs. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be a Menelaus,——I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Therfites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.——Hey-dey! spirits, and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomed, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

⁹ ——forced with wit,——] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery.—In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By *loving quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably falacious. Mr. *Upton* says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this quality in the bird. A similar allusion occurs in *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640:

“——the hot desire of *quails*,

“To yours is modest appetite.” STEEVENS.

In old French *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. In the *Diët. Comique par Le Roux*, under the article *caille* are these words:

“Chaud comme une *caille*——

“*Caille* coiffée—Sobriquet qu'on donne aux femmes.”

Signifie femme éveillé amoureuse.” So, in Rabelais:—“*Cailles* coiffées mignonment chantans.”—which *Motteux* has thus rendered (probably from the old translation) *coated quails* and laced mutton, waggishly singing. MALONE.

¹ ——*spirits and fires!*] This Therfites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught : Sweet, quoth a ! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt Agam. and Menel.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent ; I'll keep you company. [*To Troilus.*

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses : ² he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound ; but when he performs, astronomers foretel

² ———He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound ;——] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says, *Brabbling curs never want sore ears.* ANON.

it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: ³ they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—

Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

*Enter Troilus, and Ulysses, at a distance; after them
Thersites.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark;

A word with you. [Whispers.

Troi. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man

May sing her, if he can take ⁴ her cliff; she's noted.

Dio.

³ —they say, he keeps a Trojan drab.—] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lidgate. STEEVENS.

⁴ —her cliff;] That is, her key. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.
VOL. IX. L_a Cliff.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyss. Lift!

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come tell a pin: You are forsworn.——

Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick; to be——secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomed,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio, employing musical terms, says,

“——Will none but my *C. cliff* serve your turn?”

Again, in *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:

“—————that's a bird

“Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes.”

STEVENS.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Left your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:

⁵ You flow to great distraction: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's
torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will
you go?

You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

⁵ *You flow to great distraction:—*] So the moderns. The folio has:

You flow to great distraction.—

The quarto:

You flow to great destruction.—

I read:

You show too great distraction.— JOHNSON.

I would adhere to the old reading. *You flow to great destruction*, or *distraction*, means, the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomed, or to the *height of madness* from the predominance of your own passions.

STEEVENS.

Troi. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump,
and potatoe finger, tickles these together! ⁶ Fry,
lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cre. Here, Diomed, ⁷ keep this sleeve.

Troi.

⁶ *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together!*]

Potatoes were anciently regarded as provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note, which, on account of its length, is given at the end of the play. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *keep this sleeve.*] The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 12:—
“ One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare
“ on his helme the glove of his deareling.”

Again, in the second canto of the *Barons' Wars* by Drayton:

“ A lady's *sleeve* high-spirited *Hattings* wore.”

Again, in the *MORTE ARTHUR*, p. 3. ch. 119:

“ When queen Genever wist that Sir Launcelot beare the red *sleeve* of the faire maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her minde for anger.” *Holinshed*, p. 844, says K. Henry VIII. “ had on his head a ladies *sleeve* full of diamonds.” The circumstance, however, was adopted by Shakspeare from Chaucer. *T. and C.* l. 5. 1040: “ She made him were a pencell of her *sleeve*.” A *pencell* is a small *pennon* or streamer. STEEVENS.

In an old play (in six acts) called *Histrionastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are introduced by way of interlude: and *Cressida* breaks out:

“ O

Troi. O beauty!
Where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,——

Troi. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
^s As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you
shall not;
I'll give you something else.

“ O Knight, with valour in thy face,
“ Here take my skreene, wear it for grace,
“ Within thy helmet put the same,
“ Therewith to make thine enemies lame.”

A little old book, *The Hundred Hystories of Troye*, tells us,
“ *Bryseyde* whom master *Chaucer* calleth *Cressyde*, was a damofell
of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full
of vagaunt condicions.” FARMER.

^s *As I kiss thee.*—] In old editions,
As I kiss thee.——

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had
the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously: and Diomed snatches
it back from her. THEOBALD.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. ⁹ By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy
horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it
is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then.

[*Exit.*

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
'Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But

⁹ *By all-Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] i. e. the stars which she points to. WARBURTON.

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

“The silver-shining queen he would distain;

“Her twinkling hand-maids too, by him defil'd,

“Through night's black bosom should not peep again.”

MALONE.

¹ *Troilus, farewell!*] The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lidgate; for

² But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
 Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind:
 What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. ³ A proof of strength she could not publish
 more,

Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lye in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,

⁴ That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
 As if those organs had deceptious functions,

for though the latter mentions them more characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakspeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. *Lidgate*, speaking of Cressida, says only:

“ She gave her heart and love to Diomede,
 “ To shew what trust there is in woman kind;
 “ For she of her new love no sooner sped,
 “ But Troilus was clean out of her mind,
 “ As if she never had him known or seen,
 “ Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean.”

STEEVENS.

² *But with my heart, &c.]* I think it should be read thus:
 But *my heart with* the other eye doth see. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:

But with *the other eye my heart* doth see. TYRWHITT.

³ *A proof of strength she could not publish more.]* She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

⁴ *That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears.]* i. e. That turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves.

THEOBALD.

This is the reading of the quarto. JOHNSON.

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. ⁵ I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage⁶
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Tber. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
⁷ If there be rule in unity itself,

This

⁵ *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks, apt, without a theme,
For depravation——] Critick has here, I think, the signifi-
cation of Cynick. So, in *Love's Labour Lost*:

“ And critick Timon laugh at idle toys.”

MALONE.

⁷ *If there be rule in unity itself,*] I do not well understand what is meant by *rule in unity*. By *rule* our author, in this place as in others, intends *virtuous restraint, regularity of manners, command of passions and appetites*. In *Macbeth*:

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.——

But I know not how to apply the word in this sense to *unity*. I read:

Or, If there be rule in *purity* itself,
If there be rule in *verity* itself.

Such

This is not she. O madness of discourse,
 That cause sets up with and against itself!
 Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance,

Such alterations would not offend the reader, who saw the state of the old editions, in which, for instance, a few lines lower, *the almighty sun* is called *the almighty fenne*.—Yet the words may at last mean, If there be *certainty in unity*, if it be a rule that *one is one*. JOHNSON.

^b ——— against itself!] The folio reads:

——— against thyself. MALONE.

⁹ Bi-fold authority! ———] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us:

By foul authority! ———

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against himself* upon authority which he knows *not to be valid*. The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt; ———] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of reason. JOHNSON.

² As is *Arachne's broken woof to enter*.] The syllable wanting in this verse the modern editors have hitherto supplied. I hope the mistake was not originally the poet's own; yet one of the quartos reads with the folio, *Ariachna's broken woof*, and the other *Ariathna's*. It is not impossible that Shakspeare might have written *Ariadne's broken woof*, having confounded the two names or the stories, in his imagination; or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth. I do not remember that *Ariadne's loom* is mentioned by any of the Greek or Roman poets, though I find an allusion to it in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, 1607:

“ ——— instead of these poor weeds, in robes

“ Richer than that which *Ariadne* wrought,

“ Or *Cytherea's* airy-moving vest.”

Again:

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another³ knot, five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her⁴ o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss.

Again:

“ ———thy tresses, *Ariadne's* twines,
 “ Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd.”

Spanish Tragedy.

Again, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

“ Leads the despairing wretch into a maze;
 “ But not an *Ariadne* in the world
 “ To lend a *clew* to lead us out of it,
 “ The very maze of horror.”

Again, in *Law Tricks*, 1608:

“ ——— come *Ariadne's* *clew*, will you unwind?”

Again, in John Florio's translation of Montaigne: “ He was to me in this inextricable labyrinth like *Ariadne's* *thread*.”

STEEVENS.

³ ———*knot, five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger, 1632:

“ Your *fingers* tie my heart-strings with this touch,
 “ In true *knots*, which nought but death shall loose.”

MALONE.

⁴ ———*o'er-eaten faith,* ———] Vows which she has already swallowed *once over*. We still say of a faithless man, that he has *eaten his words*. JOHNSON.

*The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.*

I believe our author had a less delicate idea in his mind. “ Her *o'er-eaten* faith” means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was *surfeited*, and, like one who has *over-eaten* himself, had *thrown off*. All the preceding words, the *fragments*, *scraps*, &c. show that this was Shakspeare's meaning.—So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“ Give me *excess* of it [musick]; that *surfeiting*
 “ The *appetite* may *sicken*, and so *die*.”

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry IV. P. II*:

“ The

Ulyss. ^s May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troil. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

- “ The commonwealth is *sick* of their own choice;
- “ Their *over-greedy love* hath *surfeited*.
- “ O thou fond many! with what applause
- “ Did'st thou beat heaven with blessing Bolinbroke,
- “ Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
- “ And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,
- “ Thou, beastly *fiender*, art so *full of him*,
- “ That thou provok'st thyself to *cast him up*.”

MALONE.

^s *May worthy Troilus*——] Can Troilus really feel on this
occasion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm
Ulysses. JOHNSON.

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
adieu:—

Farewel, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast,⁶ and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them!

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

The palace of Troy.

Enter Hector, and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

⁶ —and wear a castle on thy head!] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security.

So in the *most ancient and famous history of the renowned Prince Arthur, &c.* Edit. 1634. ch. 158: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine, therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soone come after, and breake the strongest castle that thou hast upon thy head." — *Wear a castle*, therefore, seems to be a figurative expression, signifying, *Keep a castle over your head*; i. e. live within the walls of your castle. In Urry's Chaucer, Sir Thopas is represented with a castle by way of crest to his helmet. STEEVENS.

And. ⁷ My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Confort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of fally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,

² For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,

And:

⁷ *My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache, might be either taken from Lydgate, or the following passage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Prestes Tale*, late edit. v. 15147:

“ Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
“ That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
“ She dremed on the same night beforne,
“ How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
“ If thilke day he went into bataille:
“ She warned him, but it might not availle;
“ He went forth for to fighten natheles,
“ And was yslain anon of Achilles.” STEEVENS.

² *For us to count*——] This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness:

——do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it is as lawful
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity. JOHNSON.

I believe

And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. ⁹ It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the ¹ dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not; brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
² Which better fits a lion, than a man.

I believe we should read—*For we would give much, to use violent thefts, i. e. to use violent thefts, because we would give much.* The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one.

TYRWHITT.

⁹ *It is the purpose—*] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. “The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent.” JOHNSON.

¹ *—dear man*] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read, *—brave* man.

The repetition of the word *is* in our author's manner. JOHNSON.

² *Which better fits a lion,—*] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

JOHNSON.

Hect.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth:

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled¹ with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin!

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,

¹ ———with recourse of tears;] i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. WARBURTON.

To tell thee—that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. ² O farewell, dear Hector.

Look, how thou dy'st ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth ³ !
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

Troi. Away !——Away !——

Cas. Farewel. Yet, soft :—Hector, I take my
leave :

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

² O farewell, dear Hector !] The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate.

STEEVENS.

³ ——shrills her dolours, &c.] So in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613 :

“ Through all th' abyfs I have shrill'd thy daughter's loss,
to my concave trump.” STEEVENS.

Hect.

Heet. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: The gods with safety stand
about thee! [Exit Priam. Alarums.

Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve⁴.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally
ptifick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this
girl; and what one thing, what another, that I
shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum
in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that,
unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think
on't.—What says she there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter from
the heart; [Tearing the letter.

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

⁴ According to the quartos 1609, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*; for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. The conclusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the scene here and placing it at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned, are to be found.

STEEVENS.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. ⁵ Hence, broker lacquey!——ignomy and
shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Between Troy and the camp.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Therites.*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet: that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. ⁶ O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They set me up, in policy, that mungril cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and

⁵ *Hence, brothel, lacquey!——*] For *brothel*, the folio reads *brother*, erroneously for *broker*, as it stands at the end of the play where the lines are repeated. Of *brother* the following editors made *brothel*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, &c.]* But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being *swearing* rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that *sneering* is the true reading. They had colloqued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with insincere praises, only in order to have stirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

will

will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin⁹ to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter Diomed, and Troilus.

Troi. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Div. Thou dost mis-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee! [*They go off fighting.*]

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy
whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's
match?

'Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing
knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But
a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's
become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have

⁹ —to proclaim barbarism, —] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

¹ *Art thou of blood and honour?*] This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, as is the following one in the speech of Diomed:

And am her knight by proof. STEEVENS.

It appears from *Segar on Honor, Military and Civil*, folio, 1602, p. 122, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged, might refuse the combat. EDITOR.

swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle,
 Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.
 [Exit.

S C E N E V.

The same.

Enter Diomed, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse²;
 Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
 Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
 Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
 And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
 Hath beat down Menon: ³ bastard Margarelon
 Hath Doreus prisoner;
 And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
 Upon the pashed corpes of the kings
 Epistrophus and Cediis: Polixenes is slain;
 Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes

² ——— *take thou Troilus' horse.*] So in Lydgate:
 "That Troilus by maine and mighty force
 "At unawares, he cast down from his horse.
 "And gave it to his squire for to beare
 "To Cressida, &c." STEEVENS.

³ ——— *bastard Magarelon*] The introduction of a bastard son
 of Priam, under the name of Magarelon, is one of the circum-
 stances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of*
Troy. THEOBALD.

The circumstance was taken from *Lydgate*, p. 194:
 "Which when the valiant knight, Margareton,
 "One of king Priam's bastard children," &c.

STEEVENS.

Sore hurt and bruis'd : ⁴ the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers ; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
Now here he fights ⁵ on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly, or die, like ⁶ scaled sculls

Before

⁴ ————*the dreadful Sagittary*
Appals our numbers : ————]

“ Beyond the royalme of Amasonne came an auncyent kynge,
“ wyfe and dyscreete, named Epytrophus, and brought a M.
“ knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called SAGIT-
“ TAYRE, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore,
“ a man : this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen
“ rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe : *this beste made*
“ *the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.*”

The Three Destructions of Troy, printed by Caxton. THEOBALD.
———*the dreadful Sagittary*] A very circumstantial account of
this Sagittary is likewise to be found in *Lydgate*, p. 174.

STEEVENS.

⁵ ————*on Galathe his horse,*] From *The Three Destructions of*
Troy is taken this name given to Hector's horse. THEOBALD,

“ Cal'd Galathe (the which is said to have been)

“ The goodliest horse,” &c. *Lydgate*, p. 142.

Again, p. 175 :

“ And fought, by all the means he could, to take

“ Galathe, Hector's horse,” &c.

Heywood, in his *Iron Age*, 1632, has likewise continued the
same appellation to Hector's horse :

“ My armour, and my trusty Galatee,”

Heywood has taken many circumstances in his play from *Lydgate*.
John Stephens, the author of *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, (a play
commended by *Ben Jonson* in some lines prefixed to it) has
mounted Hector on an elephant. STEEVENS.

⁶ ————*scaled sculls*] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swim-
ming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with
the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is
derived from a little book called *The English Expositor*, London,

Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
 And there ⁷ the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chip'd, come to
 him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution ;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,

printed by John Legatt, 1616. The word likewise occurs in
 Lylly's *Midas*, 1592 :

“ He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a
scull of pheasants.” The humour of this short speech consists in
 a mis-application of the appropriate terms of one amusement, to
 another. Again, in Milton :

“ —————each bay

“ With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals.

“ Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales

“ Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft

“ Bank the mid sea.” STEEVENS.

Sculls and *shoals*, have not only one and the same meaning,
 but are actually, or at least originally, one and the same word.
 A *scull* of herrings (and it is to those fish that the speaker al-
 ludes) so termed on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is else-
 where called a *shoal*. REMARKS.

⁷ ———the strawy Greeks,——] In the folio it is,

——the straying Greeks,—— JOHNSON.

As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Another part of the field.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy
head!

Enter Diomed.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my
office,

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Troi. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,
thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

M 4

Dio.

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both,^s you cogging Greeks; have
at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest
brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee,
Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

^s —you cogging Greeks,—] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia Mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in respect of Diomed at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called in the North—a *gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks. “*Testimoniorum religionem & fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.*” Again—“*Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.*” STEEVENS.

He shall not carry him ; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off :—Fate, hear me what I say !
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in armour.

Hec. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a goodly
mark :—

No ? wilt thou not ?—⁹ I like thy armour well ;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But

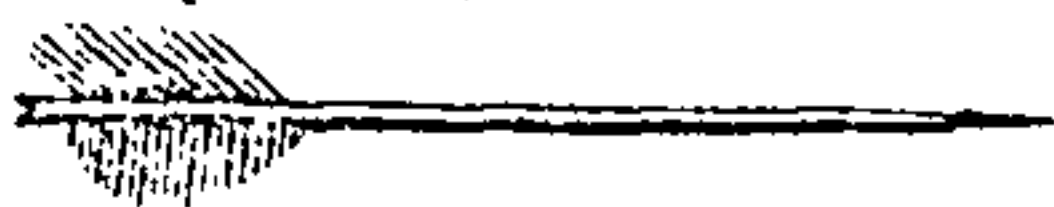
⁹ ——— *I like thy armour well ;*] This circumstance is taken from Lydgate's poem, p. 196 :

“ ——— Guido in his historie doth shew
“ By worthy Hector's fall, who coveting
“ To have the sumptuous armor of that king, &c.
“ So greedy was thereof, that when he had
“ The body up, and on his horse it bare,
“ To have the spoil thereof such haste he made
“ That he did hang his shield without all care
“ Behind him at his back, the easier
“ To pull the armour off at his desire,
“ And by that means his breast clean open lay.” &c.

This furnished Shakspeare with the hint for the following line :
I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek. STEEVENS.

¹ *I'll frush it, ———*] The word *frush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. *Hanmer* explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. JOHNSON.

To *frush* a chicken, is a term in carving which I cannot explain. I am indebted for this little knowledge of it to E. Smith's *Complete Huswife*, published in 1741. The term is as ancient as Wynkyn de Worde's *Book of Keruvinge*, 1508. Holinshed, describing the soldiers of Richmond making themselves ready, says, “ they bent their bows, and *frushed* their feathers ;” and (as Mr. Tollet has observed) employs it again in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29 : “ When they are sore *frusht* with sickness, or to farre withered with age.” To *frush*, in this first instance, says he, signifies to change the feathers from their natural smooth and sloping position, to a rough perpendicular one, whereby the arrow



lies the steadier to its mark, and whistles in the air. In the second instance, it means to *disorder*. The word seems to be sometimes

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

The same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms².
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

times used for any action of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed.

So, in Hinde's *Eliofra Libidinoso*, 1606:

“High cedars are *frusht* with tempests, when lower shrubs are not touched with the wind.”

Again, in Hans Beer-pot's *Invisible Comedy*, &c. 1618:

“And with mine arm to *frush* a sturdy lance.”

Again, in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. l. no date;

“—smote him so courageously with his sworde, that he *frusht* all his helm, wherewith the erie fell backward, &c.”

Again, in Stanyhurst's translation of the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:

“All the *frushts* and leavings of Greeks, of wrathful Achilles.”

Again,

“_____yf that knight Ætheous haplye

“Were *frusht*, or remanent, &c.”

Again, in Sir John Mandevile's account of the magical entertainments exhibited before the *Grate Chan*, p. 285:

“And then they make knyghtes to jousten in armes fulle lustyly, &c.—and they *fruschen* togidere fulle fiercely.”

STEEVENS.

² _____execute your arms.] Thus all the copies; but surely we should read—*aims*. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

*The same.**Enter Therites, Menelaus, and Paris.*

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

*[Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.]**Enter Margarelon.**Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.*Ther.* What art thou?*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IX.

*Another part of the field.**Enter Hector.*

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even

³ Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. ⁴ I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. ⁵ Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I
seek. [*Hector falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain;

Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

³ *Even with the vail—*] The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun: not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been inclosed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The *Oxford Editor*, I believe, was misinformed; for in the old story-book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Hammer mentions:

“ Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand
“ Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles
“ Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,
“ The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour
“ As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death.”

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus in his fourth book:

“ Oh thou, *Homer*, for shame be now red,
“ And thee amase that holdest thy selfe so wyse,
“ On Achylles to set suche great a pryse
“ In thy bokes for his chyvalrye,
“ Above echone that dost hym magnyfye,
“ That was so fleyghty and so full of fraude,
“ Why gevest thou hym so hye a prayse and laude?”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Strike, fellows, strike;—*] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. HAMMER.

Achil,

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

° And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.

Sound retreat. Shout.

S C E N E X.

The same.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
and the rest, marching.*

Agr. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

° *And, stickler-like,——*] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by *Sidney*. “Anthony (says *Sir Tho. North* in his translation of *Plutarch*) was himself in person a *stickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough.” They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers*—*sidesmen*. So again, in a comedy called, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by *Heywood* and *Rowley*: “’tis not fit that every apprentice should with his shop-club play between us the *stickler*.”

Again, in the tragedy of *Faire Mariani*, 1613:

“And was the *stickler* ’twixt my heart and him.”

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

“As *sticklers* in their nation’s enmity.” STEEVENS.

The author of *THE REMARKS* objects to this derivation of the word *stickler*, and adds, that it is simply from the verb *stickle*, or interfere, to take part with, to busy one’s self on either side.

EDITOR.

Aga.

Aga. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

Another part of the field.

Enter Æneas, and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field;
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy⁷!
I say, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

⁷ *Never go home, &c.*] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

⁸ *—smile at Troy!*] Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the rest of Troilus's wish, were we to read:

—smite at Troy,
I say, at once! STEEVENS.

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives^s,
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-
 fiz'd coward!

No space of earth shall funder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas, &c.*]

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord; do you hear?

Troi.^t Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit Troilus.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
 Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
 despis'd!

O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a'
 work, and how ill requited! Why should our endea-

^s *Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,*] I adopt the conjecture of a deceased friend, who would read *welland*, i. e. weeping Niobes. The Saxon termination of the participle in *and*, for *ing*, is common in our old poets, and often corrupted at the press. So in Spenser:

His glitter *and* armour shined far away.

Where the common editions have *glitter and*. WHALLEY.

^t *Hence, broker lacquey!—*] So the quarto. The folio has *brother*. JOHNSON.

your be so ² lov'd, and the performance so loath'd?
 what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me
 see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 'Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
 But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
 cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
 It should be now, but that my fear is this—
³ Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
'Till

² *lov'd*,———] Quarto; *desir'd*, folio. JOHNSON.

³ *Some galled goose of Winchester*———] The public stews were
 anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester.

POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following
 passage in one of the old plays, of which my negligence has lost
 the title:

“ Collier! how came the *goose* to be put upon you?

“ I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Winchester* in *Henry* the
 Third's days, and many *French* women coming out of the Isle of
Wight thither, &c. there were many punks in the town, &c.”

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Win-*
chester goose. So, in Chapman's comedy of *Monsieur D'Olive*,
 1606:

“ ——the famous school of England call'd

“ *Winchester*, famous I mean for the *goose*,” &c.

Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called, *An Execration on Vulcan*:

“ ——this a sparkle of that fire let loose,

“ That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian goose*,

“ Bred on the back in time of popery,

“ When *Venus* there maintain'd a mystery.”

In

'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

In an ancient satire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, bl. 1. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following list of the different residences of harlots :

“ There came such a wynde fro *Winchester*,
“ That blewe these women over the ryver,
“ In wherye as I wyll you tell :
“ Some at faynt *Kateryns* stroke agrounde,
“ And many in *Holborne* were founde,
“ Some at saynte *Gyles* I trowe :
“ Also in *Ave Maria Aly*, and at *Westminster* ;
“ And some in *Shordyche* drewe theder,
“ With grete lamentacyon ;
“ And by cause they have lost that fayre place,
“ They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in space, &c.”

Hence the old proverbial simile, “ As common as *Coleman Hedge* :” now *Coleman-street*. STEEVENS.

There are more hard, bombastical phrases in the serious part of this Play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six Plays of *Shakspeare*. Take the following specimens:—*Tortive*,—*persistive*,—*protractive*,—*importless*,—*insisture*,—*deracinate*,—*dividable*. And in the next Act,—*past-proportion*,—*unrespective*,—*propugnation*,—*self-assumption*,—*self-admission*,—*assubjugate*,—*kingdom'd*, &c. TYRWHITT.

THIS play is more correctly written than most of *Shakspeare's* compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention ; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both *Cressida* and *Pandarus* are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer ; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature ; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. *Shakspeare* has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of *Caxton*, which was then very popular ; but the character of *Thersites*, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after *Chapman* had published his version of *Homer*. JOHNSON.

The first seven books of *Chapman's Homer* were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the most honoured now living instance of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Essex, Earl Marshall, &c* : and an anonymous Interlude, called *Thersytes his Humours and Conceits*, had been published in 1598. STEEVENS.

178 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together.]

Luxuria was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our old English writers. In the *Summe Theologie Compendium* of Tho. Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio, Adulterium, Incestus, Stuprum, Raptus, &c.* and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title, *De Luxuria*. Hence in K. Lear, our author uses the word in this peculiar sense :

“ To't *Luxury* pell-mell, for I want soldiers.”

And Middleton, in his *Game of Chesse*, 1625 :

“ ——— in a room fill'd all with *Aretine's* pictures,

“ (More than the twelve labours of *Luxury*)

“ Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummel see

“ Of *Lucrece's* dagger.” ———

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger*? ——— This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780.

“ This plant, which is called of some *Skyrrits* of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes* ——— There is not any that hath written of this plant ——— therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust, and that with great greediness.*”

Drayton, in the 20th song of his *Polyolbion*, introduces the same idea concerning the *skirret* :

“ The *skirret*, which, some say, in falllets *stirs the blood.*”

Shakspeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :

“ ——— Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let a *tempest of provocation* come.”

Ben Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in *Every Man out of his Humour*, among other *good unctuous meats* ;

So T. Heywood, in the *English Traveller*, 1633 :

“ Caviare, sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes

“ And a *potato pie*: besides all these,

“ What thinkest rare and costly?”

Again,

Again, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633 :

“ —truly I think a marrow-bone pye, candied eringoes, preserved *dates*, or *marmalade* of cantharides, were much better harbingers; *cock-sparrows* stew'd, dove's-brains, or swan's pizzels, are very *provocative*; ROASTED POTATOES, or boiled skerrets, are your only lofty dishes.”

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

“ If she be a woman, marrow-bones and *potatoe-pies* keep me, &c.”

Again, in *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620 :

“ You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,
 “ Artichokes, *potatoes*, and your butter'd crab;
 “ They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner.”

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611 :

“ ——— a banquet of oyster-pies, skerret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whetstones of venery.”

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612 :

“ *Potatoes* eke, if you shall lack,
 “ To corroborate the back.”

Again, in *Jack's Drum's Entertainment*, 1601 :

“ —by Gor an me had know dis, me woode have eat some *potatoes*, or ringoe.”

Again, in sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649 :

“ You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;
 “ A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*.”

Again, in *The Ghost*, 1640 :

“ Then, the fine broths I daily had sent to me,
 “ *Potatoe* pasties, lusty marrow-pies, &c.”

Again, in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610 :

“ Give your play-gull a stool, and my lady her fool;
 “ And her usher *potatoes* and marrow.”

Nay, so notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W. the old translator of the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When *Menæchmus* goes to the house of his mistress *Erotium* to bespeak a dinner, he adds, “ Harke ye, some oysters, a marrow-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and *potato-roots*; let our other dishes be as you please.”

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a Hec Conycatcher and a Shee Conycatther*, 1592 : “ I pray you, how many badde profittes againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have verie fewe tenants, the hospitall woulde wante patientes, and the surgeons much woorke: the apothecaries would have surphaling water and *potato-roots* lye deade on their handes.”

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson.

“ —'tis your only dish, above all your *potatoes* or oyster-pies in the world.”

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ A banquet—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,
“ And as I take it, cantharides—Excellent !”

Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by the same authors :

“ Will your lordship please to taste a fine *potato* ?
“ ’Twill advance your wither’d state,
“ Fill your honour full of noble itches, &c.”

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ Will your ladyship have a *potatoe-pie* ? ’tis a good stirring
dish for an old lady after a long lent.”

Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by the same authors :

“ —————Oh, for some eringoes,
“ *Potatoes*, or cantharides !”

Again,

“ See provoking dishes, candied eringoes
“ And *potatoes*.”

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger :

“ —————he hath got a pye
“ Of marrow-bones, *potatoes* and eringoes.”

Again, in Massinger’s *New Way to pay old Debts* :

“ —————’tis the quintessence
“ Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
“ Knuckles of veal, *potatoe roots* and marrow,
“ Coral and ambergris, &c.

Again, in the *Guardian*, by the same author :

“ —————Potargo,
“ *Potatoes*, marrow, caviare——”

Again, in the *City Madam*, by the same :

“ —————prescribes my diet, and foretells
“ My dreams when I eat *potatoes*.”

Taylor, the Water Poet, likewise, in his character of a *Baron*, ascribes the same qualities to this genial root.

Again, Decker in his *Gull’s Hornbook*, 1609 :

“ *Potato-pies* and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery, &c.”

Again, in *Marston’s Satires*, 1599 :

“ —————camphire and lettice chaste,
“ Are now cashier’d—now *Sophi* ’ringoes eate,
“ Candi’d *potatoes* are Athenians’ meate.”

Again, in Holinshed’s *Chronicle, Description of England*, p. 167.

“ Of the *potato* and such *venerous roots*, &c. I speake not.”

Lastly, in sir John Harrington’s *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596 :

“ Perhaps you have been used to your dainties of *potatoes*, of *caveare*, *eringus*, plums of *Genowa*, all which may well encrease your appetite to severall evacuations.”

In the *Good Huswives Jewell*, a book of cookery published in 1596, I find the following receipt to make a *tarte that is a courage to a man or woman* :

“ Take

“ Take two *quinces* and two or three *burre* rootes, and a POTATON; and pare your POTATON and scrape your roots and put them into a quart of wine, and let them boyle till they bee tender and put in an ounce of *dates*, and when they be boiled tender, drawe them through a strainer, wine and all, and then put in the yolkes of eight egges, and the braynes of three or four *cocke-sparrowes*, and straine them into the other, and a little rose-water, and seeth them all with sugar, cinnamon, and ginger, and cloves, and mace; and put in a little sweet butter, and set it upon a chafing-dish of coles between two platters, to let it boyle till it be something bigge.”

Gerard elsewhere observes in his Herbal, that “ *potatoes* may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and frame many comfortable conserves and *restorative* sweetmeats.”

The same venerable botanist likewise adds, that *the stalk of clot-burre* “ being eaten rawe with salt and pepper, or boiled in the broth of fat meat, is pleasant to be eaten, and *stirreth up venereal motions*. It likewise strengtheneth the *back*, &c.”

Speaking of *dates*, he says, that “ thereof be made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nourishing medicines, and that procure *lust of the body very mightily*.” He also mentions *quinces* as having the same virtues.

We may likewise add, that Shakspeare’s own authority for the efficacy of *quinces* and *dates* is not wanting. He has certainly introduced them both as proper to be employed in the wedding dinner of Paris and Juliet:

“ They call for *dates* and *quinces* in the pastry.”

It appears from Dr. Campbell’s *Political Survey of Great-Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of *Virginia potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish fort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sifarum Peruvianum*, i. e. the *skirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*, and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be *a native of Mexico*.

The accumulation of instances in this note is to be regarded as a proof how often dark allusions might be cleared up, if commentators were diligent in their researches. COLLINS.

C Y M B E L I N E.

N 4

Persons Represented.

Cymbeline, *king of Britain.*

Cloten, *son to the queen by a former husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a gentleman married to the princess.*

Belarius, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

Guiderius, } *disguised under the names of Polydore and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

Philario, *an Italian, friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *ambassador from Rome.*

Pisanio, *servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman.

Cornelius, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

C Y M B E L I N E.

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

Cymbeline's palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. ² You do not meet a man, but frowns :
our bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter ?

1 Gent.

¹ Mr. *Pope* supposed the story of this play to have been borrow'd from a novel of *Boccace* ; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from *Shakspeare*, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*. STEEVENS.

² *You do not meet a man, but frowns : our BLOODS
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem, as does the king's.]*

The thought is this : we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the king's looks. *We no more obey the heavens [the sky] than our courtiers obey the heavens [God].* By which it appears that the reading—*our bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of *colour*, but by change of *countenance*. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore :

—OUR BROWS

No more obey the heavens, &c.

Which is evident from the precedent words,

You do not meet a man but *frowns*.

And

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He

And from the following,

————— But not a courtier,
Altho' they wear their *faces* to the *bent*
Of the king's *look*, but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they *scowl* at. ———

The *Oxford Editor* improves upon this emendation, and reads,
————— our *looks*

Nor more obey the *heart* ev'n than our courtiers.

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment. WARBURTON.

This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations proposed, Hammer's is the more licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: his reasoning upon his own reading is so obscure and perplexed, that I suspect some injury of the press. — I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—no more obey the laws of heaven,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—than our courtiers:—that is, than the bloods of our courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs,—still seem, as doth the king's.* JOHNSON.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*:

“ For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden,”

Again, in *K. Lear*, act IV. sc. ii.

“ ——— Were it my fitness

“ To let these hands obey my *blood*.”

In *K. Henry VIII.* act III. sc. iv. is the same thought:

“ —subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,

“ As I saw it inclin'd.” STEEVENS.

I would propose to make this passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter:

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers

Still seem, as does the *king*. ———

That is, *Still look as the king does*; or, as he expresses it a little differently afterwards:

————— wear their *faces* to the *bent*

Of the king's *look*.

TYRWHITT.

The

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow
 'Til at late he married) hath referr'd herself
 Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
 Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
 Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
 Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
 queen,

That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
 Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath mis'd the princess, is a thing,
 Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
 (I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
 And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one his like, there would be something failing
 In him that should compare. I do not think,
 So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
 Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far³.

1 *Gent.* ⁴ I do extend him, sir, within himself;
 Crush

The original reading was probably this:

—our bloods

No more obey the heavens; *they are* courtiers:

Still seem as does the king's.

i. e. our countenances no longer depend on each *skyey* influence,
 by which in the ordinary course of things they are regulated;
 they are become mere courtiers: still are dress'd either in smiles or
 frowns, according to *the bent of the king's look*. MALONE.

³ *You speak him far.*] i. e. you praise him extensively.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Malone proposes to read *fair*. EDITOR.

⁴ *I DO EXTEND him, sir, within himself;*] I extend him
 within himself: my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his me-
 rit. JOHNSON.

Perhaps

Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth ?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root : His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
'Two other sons ; who, in the wars o'the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand : for which, their
father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection ; calls him Posthumus ;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :
Put to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd ; and
In his spring became a harvest : ^s Liv'd in court,
(Which

Perhaps this passage may be somewhat illustrated by the following lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii :

“ ———no man is the lord of any thing,
“ 'Till he communicate his parts to others :
“ Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
“ 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
“ Where they are *extended*,” &c. STEEVENS.

To *extend* means here, as in many other places, to estimate, or appretiate.—*However highly I estimate him, my estimation is still short of his real value.* So, in a subsequent scene of this play : “ The approbations of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to *extend* him.”

The term is, originally, legal. MALONE.

^s ————*li-v'd in court,*

(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd :] This encomium

(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child

comium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised, is truly rare. JOHNSON.

^s *A glass that featur'd them;—*] Such is the reading in all the modern editions, I know not by whom first substituted, for
A glass that feared them;—

I have displaced *featur'd*, though it can plead long prescription, because I am inclined to think that *feared* has the better title. *Mirreur* was a favourite word in that age for an *example*, or a *pattern*, by noting which the manners were to be formed, as dress is regulated by looking in a glass. When Don Bellianis is stiled *The Mirrour of Knighthood*, the idea given is not that of a glass in which every knight may behold his own resemblance, but an example to be viewed by knights as often as a glass is looked upon by girls; to be viewed, that they may know, not what they are, but what they ought to be. Such a glass may *fear the more mature*, as displaying excellencies which they have arrived at maturity without attaining. To *fear*, is here, as in other places, to *fright*.

If *feated* be the right word, it must, I think, be explained thus: *a glass that formed them*; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly wrong in saying that *Mirrour of Knighthood* does not give the idea of a *glass*, but of an *example*. *Miroir de Chevalerie*, *Specchio di cavalleria*, *Espejo de cavallerias*, are all a *looking-glass for chivalry*. And so is the word properly rendered in our English versions of the History of Don Quixote, who is called “a looking-glass, in which all the valiant knights of the world may behold themselves. REMARKS.

Feated is the old reading.

This passage may be well explained by another in the first part of *King Henry IV*:

—He was indeed the glass
 Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves.

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet, as

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.

To dress themselves therefore may be to form themselves.

Dresser, in French, is to form. To *dress* a Spaniel is to break him in.

Feat is nice, exact. So in the *Tempest*:

—look, how well my garments sit upon me,
 Much feater than before.

A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she the sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so con-
vey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gen-
tleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

S C È N E II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,

To feat therefore may be a verb meaning—to render nice, exact: by the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended to regulate their external appearance. STEEVENS.

After

After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
 ('Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
 O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-

¹ (*Always reserv'd my holy duty*)—] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

² *Though ink be made of gall.*] Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit,

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?——
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up ³ my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*

conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink, with the animal *gall*, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal gall* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter ; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, " Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

³ *And fear up my embracements from a next*

With bonds of death !——] Shakspeare may poetically call the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapp'd, *the bonds of death*. If so, we should read *cere* instead of *fear*.

Why thy canoniz'd bones hearfed in death
Have burst their *cerements* ?

To *fear up*, is properly to *close up by burning* ; but in this passage the poet may have dropp'd that idea, and used the word simply for to *close up*. STEEVENS.

While

* While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods!——
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
fight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; ⁵ thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo.

* *While sense can keep thee on!——*] The folio (the only ancient and authentic copy of this play) reads:

While sense can keep it on!——
which I believe to be right. The expression means, *while sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have power.*

STEEVENS.

⁵ *———thou heapest*

A year's age on me!] Dr. Warburton reads:

A yare age on me.

It seems to me, even from Skinner, whom he cites, that *yare* is used only as a personal quality. Nor is the authority of Skinner

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; ⁶ a touch more rare
Subdues

sufficient, without some example, to justify the alteration. Ham-
mer's reading is better, but rather too far from the original copy:

—————*thou heapest many*
A year's age on me.

I read:

—————*thou heap'st*
Years, ages, *on me.* JOHNSON.

I would receive Dr. Johnson's emendation: he is however mis-
taken when he says that *yare* is used only as a personal quality.
See *Antony and Cleopatra*:

Their ships are *yare*, yours heavy.

Yare, however, will by no means apply to Dr. Warburton's sense.
STEEVENS.

⁶ ————*a touch more rare*

Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *Rare* is used often for *eminently*
good; but I do not remember any passage in which it stands for
eminently bad. May we read:

—————*a touch more near.*

“*Cura decem propior luctusque domesticus angit.*” Ovid.

Shall we try again:

—————*a touch more rear.*

Crudum vulnus. But of this I know not any example. There is
yet another interpretation, which perhaps will remove the diffi-
culty. *A touch more rare*, may mean *a nobler passion*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. sc. ii.

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches*,
Do strongly speak to us.

Again, in the *Tempest*:

Hast thou, which art but air, a *touch*, a feeling
Of their afflictions? &c.

A *touch* is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in
this sense. So in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, a masque, 1623:

“You must not, Phillis, be so sensible

“Of these small *touches* which your passion makes.”

“———Small *touches*, Lydia! do you count them small?”

Again:

“When pleasure leaves a *touch* at last

“To shew that it was ill.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

“So deep we feel impressed in our blood

“That *touch* which nature with our breath did give.”

A touch

Subdues all pangs, all fears.'

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle, And did avoid a ⁷ puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus: You bred him as my playfellow; and he is A man, worth any woman; over-buys me Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

They were again together: you have done

[To the queen.

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

A touch more rare is undoubtedly a more exquisite feeling, a superior sensation. So as Dr. Farmer observes to me in France's Church. He is speaking of Mars and Venus, "When sweet tickling joyes of tutching came to the highest poynt, when two were one," &c. STEEVENS.

—a puttock.] A kite. JOHNSON.

O . 2

Queen.

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me:

[*Exit.*

You shall at least, go see my lord aboard:
For this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it——
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the back-side the town.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies!

[*Aside.*]

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, ⁸ her beauty and her brain go not together: ⁹ She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.]

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an afs, which is no great hurt. [Aside.]

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [Exeunt.]

⁸ ———her beauty and her brain, &c.] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, "Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together. JOHNSON.

⁹ ———She's a good sign,——] If *sign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *constellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence*. But I rather think, from the answer, that he wrote *shine*. So, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"As if, from thence, they borrowed all their *shine*."

WARBURTON.

There is acuteness enough in this note, yet I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward shew*. JOHNSON.

The same allusion is common to other writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

"—————a common trull,

"A tempting *sign*, and curiously set forth

"To draw in riotous guests."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by the same authors:

"Stand still, thou *sign* of man.——"

To understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

*Imogen's apartments.**Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.*

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'd every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen; happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; ² for so long

As

¹ —————'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is.—] i. e. Should one of his letters miscarry, the loss would be as great as that of offer'd mercy. But the Oxford Editor amends it thus:

—————'twere a paper lost,

With offer'd mercy in it. WARBURTON.

I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal.

A thought resembling this occurs in *All's well that ends well*:

“ Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried.”

Dr. Warburton's opinion may, however, be supported from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, b. iii. l. 185:

“ The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd

“ Their sinful state, and to appease betimes

“ Th' incens'd deity, while offer'd grace

“ Invites. STEEVENS.

² ————— for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or ear,

Distinguish him from others.—] But how could Posthumus make himself distinguished by his ear to Pisanio? By his tongue

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; ³ 'till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his ⁴ next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,

he might to the other's ear: and this was certainly Shakspeare's
intention. We must therefore read:

As he could make me with *this* eye or ear,
Distinguish him from others.——

The expression is *δεικτικῶς*, as the Greeks term it: the party
speaking points to that part spoken of. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:

——— for so long
As he could *mark* me with his eye, or *I*
Distinguish———

The reason of Hanmer's reading was, that Pisanio describes no
address made to the *ear*. JOHNSON.

³ ——— 'till the diminution

Of space *had pointed him sharp as my needle:*] *The diminution*
of space, is the diminution of which space is the cause. Trees are
killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting*, not *blasted*
lightning. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *next vantage.*] *Next opportunity.* JOHNSON.

How

How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear,

The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; ⁵ or ere I could
Give him that parting kifs, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
⁶ Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter

⁵ ————— or ere I could

Give him that parting kifs, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words;—] Dr. Warburton pronounces as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were *adieu Posthumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has observed, “ she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Shakes all our buds from growing.*] A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. JOHNSON.

————— *the tyrannous breathing of the north,*

Shakes all our buds from growing.

A great critic proposes to read:

Shuts all our buds from blowing:

and his emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, which I have no doubt were written by Shakspeare. Emilia is speaking of a *rose*:

“ It is the very emblem of a maid.

“ For when the *west* wind courts her gently,

“ How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

“ With her chaste blushes?—when the *north* comes near
her

“ Rude and impatient, then like chastity,

“ She locks her beauties in her *bud* again,

“ And leaves him to base briars.” FARMER.

I think

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dis-
patch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

R O M E.

An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman¹.

Iac. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which² makes him both without and within.

I think the old reading may be sufficiently supported by the following passage in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

“Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May.”

Again, in the *Taming of a Shrew*:

“Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *shake* fair *buds*.”

STEEVENS.

¹ —and a Frenchman.] The old copy reads—a Frenchman, a Dutchman. and a Spaniard. STEEVENS.

² —makes him—] In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you. JOHNSON.

French.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) ³ words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, ⁴ under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar ⁵ without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

³ —words him—a great deal from the matter.] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

⁴ —under her colours,—] Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNSON.

⁵ —without more quality.—] The folio reads *less quality*. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration. STEEVENS.

French.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindnefs : I was glad ⁶ I did atone my countryman and you ; it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, ſir, I was then a young traveller ; ⁷ rather ſhunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences : but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords ; and by ſuch two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, aſk what was the difference ?

French. Safely, I think : 'twas a contention in publick, ⁸ which may, without contradiction, ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our country miſtreſſes : This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſte, conſtant, qualified, and leſs attemptible, than any the rareſt of our ladies in France.

⁶ ——— [*I did atone, &c.*] To *atone* ſignifies in this place to *reconcile*. So Ben Jonſon, in *The Silent Woman* :

“ There had been ſome hope to *atone* you.”

Again, in Heywood's *Engliſh Traveller*, 1633 :

“ The conſtable is call'd to *atone* the broil.”

See Vol. VII. p. 474. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— [*rather ſhunn'd to go even with what I heard, &c.*] This is expreſſed with a kind of fantaſtical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than ſuch intelligence as I had gathered myſelf.

JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— [*which may, without contradiction,——*] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. JOHNSON.

Iach.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; ' though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparifon) had been fomething too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. ' If ſhe went before
others

' —*though I profess, &c.*] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his miſtreſs, and regard her not with the fondneſs of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer.

JOHNSON.

' —*If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours outluſtres many I have beheld, I could not believe ſhe excelled many, —*] What? if ſhe did really excel others, could he not believe ſhe did excel them? Nonſenſe. We muſt ſtrike out the negative, and the ſenſe will be this, “ I can eaſily believe your miſtreſs excels many, tho' ſhe be not the moſt excellent; juſt as I ſee that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, though I know there are other diamonds of much greater value.”
WARBURTON.

The old reading, I think, may very well ſtand; and I have therefore replaced it. “ If (ſays Iachimo) your miſtreſs went before ſome others I have ſeen, only in the ſame degree your diamond outluſtres many I have likewiſe ſeen, I ſhould not admit on that account that ſhe excelled many: but I ought not to make myſelf the judge of who is the faireſt lady, or which is the brighteſt diamond, till I have beheld the fineſt of either kind which nature has hitherto produced.” The paſſage is not nonſenſe. It was the buſineſs of Iachimo to appear on this occaſion as an infidel to beauty, in order to ſpirit Poſthumus to lay the wager, and therefore will not admit of her excellence on any comparifon.

The author of *The Reviſal* would read:

I could but believe. — STEEVENS.

I ſhould explain the ſentence thus: “ Though your lady excelled as much as your diamond, *I could not believe ſhe excelled many*; that is, I too *could* yet believe that there are many whom ſhe did not excel.” But I yet think Dr. Warburton right.

JOHNSON.

Dr. War-

others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know: strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the

Dr. Warburton's alteration makes perfect sense, but the word *not* is not likely to have crept into the text without foundation. Printers sometimes omit, and sometimes misrepresent an author's words, but I believe, scarcely ever insert words without even the semblance of authority from the manuscript before them; and therefore, in my apprehension, no conjectural regulation of any passage ought to be admitted, that requires any word of the text to be expunged, without substituting another in its place. Omissions in the old copies of our author, are, I believe, more frequent than is commonly imagined. In the present instance, I suspect he wrote:

I could not *but* believe, &c.

Thus the reasoning is exact and consequential.—*If she exceeded other women that I have seen, in the same proportion that your diamond surpasses others that I have beheld, I could not but acknowledge that she excelled many; but I have not seen the most valuable diamond, nor you the most beautiful woman; and, therefore, I cannot allow that she excels all.*

As the passage now stands, even with Mr. Steevens's explanation, the latter member of the sentence——*but I have not seen, &c.* is not sufficiently opposed to the former. MALONE.

other

other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, ² to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal ³ abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more: a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

² ———to convince the honour of my mistress;————] Convince for overcome. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ———their malady convinces

“ The great essay of art.” JOHNSON.

³ ———abus'd————] Deceiv'd. JOHNSON.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the ⁴ approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold as dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. ⁵ You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—⁶ If I bring you no sufficient

⁴ —approbation—] Proof. JOHNSON.

⁵ *You are a friend, and therein the wiser.*—] I correct it:

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:

—But, I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

WARBURTON.

You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Iach.* —If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are

sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;— provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain uneduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight

are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, &c.

Post. *I embrace these conditions, &c.*] This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Posthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Posthumus, namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus: *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are yours.* WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakspeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both.

JOHNSON.

away for Britain ; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve : I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus, and Iachimo.*
French. Will this hold, think you ?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;
Make haste : Who has the note of them ?

Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ;

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :

But I beseech your grace, (without offence ; My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have Comanded of me these most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death ; But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes ? distill ? preserve ? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in

Other

7 Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. 8 You highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

[*Aside.*
To Pisanio.

Cor. [*Aside.*] 9 I do not like her. She doth think,
she has

Strange

7 Other conclusions?—] Other experiments. I commend, says
Walton, an angler that tries conclusions, and improves his art.

JOHNSON.

8 Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:]

There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet
I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought
would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived
to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in
later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without
pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to
erect their heads among human beings.

Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor. JOHNSON.

9 I do not like her.—] This soliloquy is very inartificial.
The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is nei-
ther

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature : Those, she has,
 Will stupify and dull the sense awhile :
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
 dogs ;

Then afterward up higher : but there is
 No danger in what shew of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou
 think, in time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
 When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master : greater ; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is : ^a to shift his being,
 Is to exchange one misery with another ;
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,

ther resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet
 makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows.

JOHNSON.

I do not like her.——] This soliloquy, however inartificial
 in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasi-
 ness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on
 recollection that the queen had mischievous ingredients in her
 possession, unless they were undeceived as to the quality of
 them ; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of
 Imogen to life. STEEVENS.

^a ——to shift his being,] To change his abode. JOHNSON.

To be depender on a thing ² that leans ?
 Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,
 [The Queen drops a p^hial : Pisanio takes it up.
 So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
 It is a thing I make, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death ; I do not know
 What is more cordial :—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
³ Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :

[Exit Pisanio.

Think on my words.—A sly, and constant knave ;
 Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
⁴ Of leigers for her sweet ; and which she, after,

² ———that leans ?] That *inclines* towards its fall. JOHNSON.

³ *Think what a chance thou changest on ;——*] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into,

Think what a *chance* thou *chancest* on ;——

and Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on ;——

but unnecessarily. The meaning is : “ think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service.” STEEVENS.

The correction of the old copy (*chancest*) is strongly supported by a line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Let there *bechance* him pitiful *mischances* !” MALONE.

⁴ *Of leigers for her sweet ;——*] A *leiger* ambassador, is one that resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest.

JOHNSON.

Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

Imogen's apartment.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! ⁵ but most miserable

⁵ ————*but most miserable*

Is the desire that's glorious. ————]

Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and causes it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that's glorious*; which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters to, *The degree that's glorious.* WARBURTON.

Is the desire that's glorious: 'Blessed be those,
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter

6 ———Blessed be those,
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.———]

The last words are equivocal; but the meaning is this: Who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for, or desire. **WARBURTON,**

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the present text, rather than change it, yet will propose, but with great diffidence, a slight alteration:

———Bless'd be those,
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
With reason's comfort.———

Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments.

JOHNSON.

I shall venture at another explanation, which, as the last words are admitted to be equivocal, may be proposed. "To be able to refine on calamity (says she) is the miserable privilege of those who are educated with aspiring thoughts and elegant desires. Blessed are they, however mean their condition, who have the power of gratifying their honest inclinations, which circumstance bestows an additional relish on comfort itself."

"You lack the *season* of all natures, sleep." *Macbeth.*

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"———the memory of misfortunes past
"Seasons the welcome."——— **STEEVENS.**

Imogen's sentiment, is in my apprehension, simply this:—
Had I been stolen away in my infancy, or (as she says in another place) born a neat-herd's daughter, I had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called, a glorious station; and most miserable is such a situation! Wretched is the wish of which the object is glory! Happier far are those, how low soever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional zest to comfort itself, and renders it something more; or, (to borrow our author's words in another place) which keeps comfort always fresh and lasting.

A line in *Timon* may perhaps prove the best comment on the former part of this passage:

"O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!"

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Gives a letter.

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [Aside.
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imogen reads.

—He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses
I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly,
as you value your trust.

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Of the verb *to season*, as explained by Mr. Steevens, so many instances occur, that there can, I think, be no doubt of the propriety of his interpretation. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, 1594:

“ This that did *season* all my four of life——”

Again, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ How much salt water thrown away in haste,

“ To *season* love, that of it doth not taste!”

MALONE.

Iach.

Iach. Thanks fairest lady.—
 What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
 eyes [*Aside.*
 To see this vaulted arch, ⁷ and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above, ⁸ and the twinn'd stones
Upon

⁷ ———and the rich crop
 Of sea and land,——] He is here speaking of the *covering*
 of sea and land. Shakspeare therefore wrote:

———and the rich *cope*. WARBURTON.

Surely no emendation is necessary. The *vaulted arch* is alike
 the *cope* or covering of *sea and land*. When the poet had spoken
 of it once, could he have thought this second introduction of it
 necessary? The *crop of sea and land* means only the productions
 of either element. STEEVENS.

⁸ ———and the twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach?——] I have no idea in what
 sense the beach, or shore, should be called *number'd*. I have
 ventur'd, against all the copies, to substitute:

Upon th' unnumber'd beach?——

i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epi-
 thet as coupled to that word. But, I rather think, the poet in-
 tended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of *Ovid's Meta-*
morphosis:

“ (In *nova* fert animus *mutatas* dicere formas
 Corpora.)”——

And then we are to understand the passage thus: *and the infinite*
number of twinn'd stones upon the beach. THEOBALD.

Upon th' unnumber'd beach?] Sense and the antithesis oblige
 us to read this nonsense thus:

Upon the *humbled* beach?——

i. e. because daily insulted with the flow of the tide.

WARBURTON.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is
 perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd*
shells, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might
 read *twin'd*; that is, *twisted*, *convolved*: but this sense is more
 applicable to shells than to stones. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and
 shape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*. So in the *Maid*
of the Mill, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

——“ But is it possible that two faces

“ Should be so *twinn'd* in form, complexion, &c.”

Again

Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed,

Imo.

Again in our author's *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. iv:

Are still together, who *twin* as 'twere, in love.

The author of *The Revisal* conjectures the poet might have written *spurn'd* stones. He might possibly have written that or any other word.—In *Coriolanus* a different epithet is bestowed on the beach:

“ Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach

“ Fillop the stars”——

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. vi. c. 7.

“ But as he lay upon the *humbled* grass.” STEEVENS.

I think we may read the *umbered*, the *shaded* beach. This word is met with in other places. FARMER.

Theobald's conjecture is supported by a passage in *K. Lear*:

“ ——the murm'ring surge

“ 'That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes”——

Th' unnumber'd, and *the number'd*, approach so nearly in sound, that it is difficult for the ear to distinguish one from the other.

MALONE.

Should make desire vomit emptiness,

Not so allur'd to feed.] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing. WARBURTON.

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the eyes and the judgment would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiety yet unsatisfy'd desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,
[*To Pisanio.*
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
'He's strange, and peevish.

Pis.

it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had nothing to eject. JOHNSON.

No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have both taken the pains to give their different senses of this passage; but I am still unable to comprehend how desire, or any other thing, can be made *to vomit emptiness*. I rather believe the passage should be read thus:

Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit, emptiness
Not so *allure* to feed.

That is, Should *not so*, [in such circumstances] *allure* [even] *emptiness to feed*. TYRWHITT.

This is not ill conceived; but I think my own explanation right. *To vomit emptiness* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude. JOHNSON.

We might read—*vomit to emptiness*. The oddity and indelicacy of this passage may be kept in countenance by the following circumstance in the tragedy of *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

“Now will I essay to vomit if I can;

“Let him hold your head, and I will hold your stomach, &c.”

“Here money shall make as though he would vomit.”

Again: “Here pleasure shall make as though he would vomit.”

STEEVENS.

* *He's strange, and peevish.*] He is a foreigner, and easily fretted. JOHNSON.

Strange,

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamefome: he is called
The Briton reveller².

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces³

The

Strange, I believe, signifies *shy* or *backward*. So Holinshed, p. 735: "——brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange*."

Peevish anciently meant weak, silly. So in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in Lyly's *Galatea*, when a man has given a conceited answer to a plain question, Diana says, "let him alone, he is but *peevish*." Again, in *Love's Metamorphoses* by Lyly, 1601: "In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and *peevishness*." Again, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peevish* cattel among us in Englande." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peevish* sheep,

"No ship of Epidamnum stays for me." STEEVENS.

² ——he is called

The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, late edit. v. 4369:

"That he was cleped Perkin *revelour*." STEEVENS.

³ ——he furnaces

The thick sighs from him:——] So in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "——*furnaceth* the univerrall sighes and complaintes of this transposed world."

STEEVENS.

Again,

The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O!

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be,—will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

Again, in *As you Like It*:

“ ———— And then the lover,

“ *Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad.*”

MALONE.

I was

I was about to say, enjoy your———But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, ⁴ timely knowing,
⁵ The remedy then born) discover to me
⁶ What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
⁷ Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs ⁸
That mount the Capitol; ⁹ join gripes with hands
Made

⁴ ———*timely knowing,*] Rather *timely known.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *The remedy then born——*] We should read, I think:
The remedy's then born——. MALONE.

⁶ *What both you spur and stop.*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

What both you spur and stop.] I think Imogen means to enquire what is that news, that intelligence, or information, you profess to bring, and yet withhold: at least I think Dr. Johnson's explanation a mistaken one, for Imogen's request supposes Iachimo an agent, not a patient. Sir J. HAWKINS.

I think my explanation true. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Fixing it only here:*] The folio, 1623, reads—*fixing.* The reading of the text is that of the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ ———*As common as the stairs*

That mount the Capitol——;] Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase “as common as the highway.” STEEVENS.

⁹ ———*join gripes with hands, &c.*] The old edition reads,
———join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (*falsehood* as
With labour) then *by* peeping in an eye, &c.

Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood, as
With labour) then lie pceping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery¹,
Would make the greatest king double! to be
partner'd

With tomboys²,³ hir'd with that self-exhibition

Which

I read,

——then *lye* peeping——

The author of the present regulation of the text I do not know,
but have suffered it to stand, though not right. *Hard with
falshood* is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of
hands. JOHNSON.

——join gripes with hands

Made hourly hard by falshood, as by labour;

Then glad myself with peeping in an eye,] Mr. Rowe first
regulated the passage thus, as it has been handed down by suc-
ceeding editors; but the repetition which they wished to avoid,
is now restored, for if it be not absolute nonsense, why should we
refuse to follow the old copy? STEEVENS.

¹ ——to an empery,] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign
command; now obsolete. Shakspeare uses it in another play:

“Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own.”

STEEVENS.

² *With tomboys,]* We still call a masculine, a forward girl, a
tomboy. So in Middleton's *Game at Chess*:

Made threescore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton.”

Again,

Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,⁴
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "If thou should'st rigg up and down in our jackets, thou wouldst be thought a very *tomboy*."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*:

"What humourous *tomboys* be these?—

"The only gallant *Messalinas* of our age."

It appears, from several of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of pleasure, in the time of Shakspeare, often wore the habits of young men. So in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The Stout Cripple of Cornwall*:

"And therefore kept them secretlie

"To feede his fowle desire,

"Apparell'd all like gallant youthes

"In Page's trim attyre.

"He gave them for their cognizance

"A purple bleeding heart,

"In which two silver arrowes seem'd

"The same in twaine to part.

"Thus secret were his wanton sports,

"Thus private was his pleasure;

"Thus *harlots* in the shape of men

"Did wast away his treasure."

Verstegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy*. "*Tumbe*. To dance. *Tumbod*, danced; hecrof wee yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy*: our name also of *tumbling* cometh from hence."

STEEVENS.

³ ——— *hir'd with that self-exhibition*] *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *such boil'd stuff*,] So in the *Old Law* by Massinger:

"———look *parboil'd*,

"As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house."

STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is,—*such corrupted stuff*; from the substantive *boil*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"———boils and plagues

"Plaster you o'er!" MALONE.

(As

(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as fure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips^o.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound

His

^o *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

“ ————she swears him to his good abearing,

“ Whilst her faire sweet lips were the books of swearing.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *As in a Romish stew,*—] *Romish* was in the time of Shakespeare used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ ————my mother deem'd me chang'd,

“ Poor woman! in the loathsome *Romish* stews:”

and the author of this piece seems to have been a scholar.

His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon,
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him:
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. ² He sits 'mongst men, like a descended
 god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
 In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him

Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, by Glapthorne, 1640:

“ A *Romish* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome.”

Again, in Tho. Drant's translation of the first epistle of the
 second book of Horace, 1567:

“ The *Romish* people wise in this, in this point only just.”

STEEVENS.

² *He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:*] The reading of
 the text, which was furnished by the second folio, is supported
 by a passage in *Hamlet*:

“ ———A station like the herald Mercury,

“ *New lighted* on a heaven-kissing hill.”

The first folio reads:

—————like a *defended* god.

MALONE.

Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : Take my power i' the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To intreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled fums,
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, ³ being strange,
To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam :

³ — *being strange,*] i. e. being a stranger. STEEVENS.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have out-stood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck! when I
*kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away!
I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whore-
son jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as
if I borrow'd my oaths of him, and might not spend
them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke
his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

* ———*kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,*———] He is describing
his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others
are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a
state of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in
A woman never vex'd, by Rowley, 1632:

"This city bowler has *kiss'd* the mistress at the first cast."

STEEVENS.

Clot.

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 Lord. ⁵ No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them. [Aside.

Clot. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [Aside.

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth, —A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, ⁶ with your comb on. [Aside.

Clot. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake ⁷ every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [Aside.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

⁵ *No, my lord; &c.*] This, I believe, should stand thus:

1 Lord. No, my Lord.

2 Lord. Nor crop the ears of them. [Aside. JOHNSON.

⁶ —with your comb on.] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a comb like a cock's. JOHNSON.

⁷ —every companion—] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten, and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce^s he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

^s —he'd make!—] In the old editions:
—hee'd make!—

Hanmer,

—hell made.—

In which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Imo.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine eyes are weak :—

Fold down the leaf where I have left : To bed :

Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods !

From fairies⁹, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo, from the trunk.*

Jack. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
fense

Repairs itself by rest : ' Our Tarquin thus

' Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The

⁹ *From fairies, &c.]* In *Macbeth* is a prayer like this :

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Give way to in repose !

STEEVENS.

^{*} *—our Tarquin—*] The speaker is an Italian.

JOHNSON.

² *Did softly press the rushes, —*] It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemeris Britannica*. JOHNSON.

—Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes. —

This shews that Shakspeare's idea was, that the *ravishing strides* of Tarquin were *softly* ones, and may serve as a comment on that passage in *Macbeth*. BLACKSTONE.

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ —his blood remains,

“ Why strew rushes.”

Again,

“ For in his slip'd shoe I did find some rushes.”

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1641 :

“ Were not the king here, he should strew the chamber like
a *rush*.”

Shakspeare has the same circumstance in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

Q. 4

“ —by

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea³,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kifs; one kifs!—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't!—⁴'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd⁵

“ —————by the light he spies
 “ Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks;
 “ He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies,” &c.

The antient English stage, as appears from more than one passage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, was strewn with *rushes*:
 “ —Salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spred either on the *rushes* or on flooles about you, and drawe what troope you can from the *stage* after you.”

So, in Tho. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587,—
 “ Sedge and *rushes*,—with the which many in this country do
 “ use in sommer time to strawe their parlours and churches, as
 “ well for coolenes as for pleasant smell.” STEEVENS.

³ —————*Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly!
And whiter than the sheets!]

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
 “ Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white.”

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin.”
 MALONE.

⁴ —————'tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: —————]

The same hyperbole is found in the *Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marston, 1598:

“ —————no lips did seem so fair
 “ In his conceit; through which he thinks doth flie
 “ So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.”

MALONE.

⁵ —————now canopy'd] Shakspeare has the same expression in *Farquin and Lucrece*:

“ Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
 “ And canopy'd in darkness sweetly lay,
 “ 'Till they might open to adorn the day.” MALONE.

Under

⁶ Under these windows : ⁷ White and azure ! lac'd^s
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my de-
sign ?

To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—
Such, and such pictures ;—There the window :—
Such

The adornment of her bed ;—The arras, figures ?
Why, such, and such :—And the contents o' the
story,——

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
(Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying !——Come off, come off ;—

[Taking off her bracelet.

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—
'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,

⁶ Under these windows.] i. e. her eyelids. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ——Thy eye's windows fall,
“ Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day ;
“ Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth.——”

MALONE.

⁷ ——white and azure ! lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.——] We should read ;
——white with azure lac'd,
The blue of heaven's own tinct.——

i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.

⁶ ——white and azure ! lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* ;
“ What envious streaks do lace the severing clouds.”

Perhaps we ought to regulate this passage thus ;

——White, and azure-laced,
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

i. e. White streaked with blue, and that blue, celestial.

MALONE.

To

To the madding of her lord. On her left breast⁹
 A mole cinque-spotted, ¹ like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
 ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
 end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late,
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, ² you dragons of the night! ³ that
 dawning

May

⁹ —————on her left breast

A mole *cinque-spotted*, —————]

Our author certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccace's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*, which the reader will find at the end of this play. In the DECAMERONE, *Ambrogivolo* (the Iachimo of our author) who is concealed *in a chest* in the chamber of Madonna Zinevra, (whereas in *Westward for Smelts* the contemner of female chastity hides himself *under the lady's bed*), wishing to discover some particular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her husband, "he at last espied a large mole under her left breast, with several hairs round it, of the colour of gold."

Though this mole is said in the present passage to be *on* Imogen's breast, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Posthumus, our author has adhered closely to his original:

" —————under her breast,

" (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud

" Of that most delicate lodging." MALONE.

¹ —————like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip: —————]

This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was a most accurate observer of nature. STEEVENS.

² —————you dragons of the night! —————] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in

Il Perse

May bare the raven's eye ; I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three :—Time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk : the scene closes.*

S C E N E III.

Another room in the palace.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

Lord. Your Lordship is the most patient man in
kings, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

*Il Penseroso ; and in his Masque at Ludlow Castle : “ the dragon
womb of Stygian darknes.”* It may be remarked, that the whole
tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear
to exert a constant vigilance. STEEVENS.

³ ————*that dawning*

May bear the raven's eye :—]

Some copies read *bare*, or *make bare* ; others *ope*. But the true
reading is *bear*, a term taken from heraldry, and very sublimely
applied. The meaning is, that morning may assume the colour
of the raven's eye, which is *grey*. Hence it is so commonly call-
ed the *grey-ey'd morning*.

And *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ I'll say yon *grey* is not the morning's eye.”

Had Shakspeare meant to *bare* or *open* the eye, that is, to awake,
he had instanced rather in the lark than raven, as the earlier riser.
Besides, whether the morning *bared* or *opened* the *raven's* eye was
of no advantage to the speaker, but it was of much advantage
that it should *bear* it, that is, become light. Yet the Oxford
editor judiciously alters it to :

May *bare* its raven-eye.— WARBURTON.

I have received Hanmer's emendation. JOHNSON.

———*that dawning*

May bare the raven's eye :—]

The old reading is *beare*. The colour of the *raven's* eye is not
grey, but totally *black*. This I affirm on repeated inspection :
therefore the poet means no more than that the light might
wake the raven ; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye*.

STEEVENS.

Clot.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this music would come: I am advis'd to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider,

S O N G.

4 *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus' gins arise,
5 His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;*

And

* *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,]* The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book v:

“ ———ye birds

“ That singing up to *heaven's gate* ascend,”

Again, in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:

“ Like to the lark at break of day arising

“ From sullen earth, *sings hymns at heaven's gate.*”

STEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare had Lily's *Alexander and Campaspe* in his mind, when he wrote this song:

None but the lark so shrill and clear;

Now at heaven's gates she clasps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings. EDITOR.

5 *His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;]*

i. e. the

*And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that ^o pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.*

i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads :

Each *chalic'd* flower supplies ;
to escape a false concord : but correctness must not be obtained by such licentious alterations. It may be noted, that the *cup* of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*. JOHNSON.

———*those springs*

On chalic'd flowers that lies.]

It may be observed, with regard to this apparent false concord, that in very old English, the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth*, as well as the singular ; and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated idiom quite worn out in our author's time, as appears from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet* :

And bakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes :

as well as from many others in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. PERCY.

Dr. Percy might have added, that the third person plural of the *Anglo-Saxon* present tense ended in *eth*, and of the *Dano-Saxon* in *es*, which seems to be the original of such very ancient English idioms. TOLLET.

Shakspeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes,
“ Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkness *lies*.”

STEEVENS.

^o ——*pretty bin*,] is very properly restored by Hanmer, for *pretty is* : but he too grammatically reads :

With *all the things* that *pretty bin*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, book i. c. 1.

“ That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they *been*.”

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

“ Sir, you may boast your flockes and herdes, that *bin* both fresh and fair.”

Again—“ As fresh as *bin* the flowers in May.” Again,

“ Oenone, while we *bin* disposed to walk.”

Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakspeare. The author was Geo. Peele. STEEVENS.

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider⁷ your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, cats-guts⁸, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, never can mend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : He cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?
Will she not forth ?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ; She hath not yet forgot him : some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ; Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself To orderly solicits⁹ ; and be friended With aptness of the season : make denials Encrease your services : so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which

⁷ —I will consider your music the better :—] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, act IV :

“ —being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ —cats-guts,—] The old copy reads—*calves-guts.*

STEEVENS.

⁹ To orderly solicits ;—] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. STEEVENS.

The oldest copy reads—*solicity.* The reading of the text is that of the second folio. MALONE.

You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, ' his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves², yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for

¹ —his goodness forespent on us,] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

² —false themselves,—] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and as such I think is used in another of our author's plays. Spenser often has it:

“Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury.” STEEVENS.

I yet

I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you; sell me your good
report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet
hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To

To your best kindness : ³ one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. ⁴To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being ⁵ so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;

³ —one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.] i. e. A man who
is taught forbearance should learn it. JOHNSON.

⁴ To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin.

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:] But does she really call him
fool? The acutest critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the
text stands. The reasoning is perplexed by a slight corruption,
and we must restore it thus:

Fools cure not mad folks.

You are mad, says he, and it would be a crime in me to leave
you to yourself. Nay, says she, why should you stay? A fool
never cured madness. Do you call me fool? replies he, &c. All
this is easy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the poet's
word, I think is very evident from what Imogen immediately
subjoins:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;

That cures us both.——

i. e. If you'll cease to torture me with your foolish solicitations,
I'll cease to shew towards you any thing like madness; so a dou-
ble cure will be effected of your folly, and my supposed frenzy.

WARBURTON.

Fools are not mad folks.] This, as Cloten very well under-
stands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning
implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can
never be, *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

⁵ —so verbal;—] Is, so verbose, so full of talk. JOHNSON.

And am so near the lack of charity,
 (To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
 You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
 Obedience, which you owe your father. For
⁶ The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none:
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 (Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) ⁷ in self-figur'd knot;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow!
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated

⁶ *The contract, &c.]* Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
 And leave eighteen.—

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *in self-figur'd knot;*] 'This is nonsense. We should read:

————— *self-finger'd knot;*

i. e. A knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more public considerations. WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? A *f-figured-knot* is a knot formed by yourself. JOHNSON.

For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—⁸ How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool⁹;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for¹ a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clot. You have abus'd me:——
His meanest garment?

⁸ *Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?*] Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus:

——all made such men.

Clot. How now?

Imo. Pisanio! JOHNSON.

⁹ *I am sprighted with a fool;*] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law-tricks*, &c. 1608. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

——Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*. STEEVENS.

¹ ——a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm;—] i. e. Too many chances of losing it have arisen from my carelessness. WARBURTON.

Imo. Ay; I said so, fir:

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, fir,

To the worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

R O M E.

An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, fir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. No any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

Is

² Or *look*—] This the modern editors had changed into
E'er look. Or is used for *e'er*. So Douglas, in his translation
of *Virgil*:

—sufferit

Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe;

(Statist³ though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now⁴ mingled with their courages) will make
known

To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

“ ———sufferit he also,

“ Or he his goddes brocht in Latio.”

See also Vol. I. p. 9. Vol. V. p. 107. STEEVENS.

³ Statist] i. e. Statesman. See note on *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. ii.
STEEVENS.

⁴ —mingled *with their courages*—] The old folio has this
old reading:

—————Their discipline,
(Now *wing-led* with their courages) will make known.

JOHNSON.

—————*Their discipline,*

Now wing-led with their courages] May mean their discipline
borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their military know-
ledge being animated by their natural bravery. STEEVENS.

⁵ *To their approvers,*—] i. e. To those who try them.

WARBURTON.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

⁶ *Post.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing.

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

⁶ *Post.*] I think this speech should be given to Philario. *Post.*
humus was employed in reading his letters. STEEVENS.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
? And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for

The

? *And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for*

The press of boats, or pride.——] This is an agreeable
ridicule on poetical exaggeration, which gives human passions
to inanimate things: and particularly, upon what he himself
writes in the foregoing play on this very subject:

“ ————And made

“ The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

“ *As amorous of their strokes.*”

But the satire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully em-
ployed; as it is a plain indication, that the speaker is secretly
mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is endeavouring to
persuade him of his wife's falshood. The very same kind of
satire we have again, on much the same occasion, in *The Two*
Gentlemen of Verona, where the false Protheus says to his friend,
of his friend's mistress:

“ ————and she hath offer'd to the doom,

“ Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,

“ *A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.*”

A certain gaiety of heart, which the speaker strives to conceal,
breaking out under a satire, by which he would insinuate to his
friend the trifling worth of woman's tears. WARBURTON.

The prefs of boats, or pride : A piece of work
So bravely done, fo rich, that it did ftrove
In workmanfhip, and value ; which, I wonder'd,
Could be fo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by fome other. -

Iach. More particulars
Must juftify my knowledge.

Post. So they muft,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is fouth the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chafte Dian, bathing : never faw I figures
⁸ So likely to report themfelves : the cutter
⁹ Was as another nature, dumb ; out-went her,

Motion

It is eafy to fit down and give our author meanings which he never had. Shakspeare has no great right to censure poetical exaggeration, of which no poet is more frequently guilty. That he intended to ridicule his own lines is very uncertain, when there are no means of knowing which of the two plays was written firft. The commentator has contented himfelf to fuppose, that the foregoing play in his book was the play of earlier compofition. Nor is the reafoning better than the afiertion. If the language of Iachimo be fuch as fhews him to be mocking the credibility of his hearer, his language is very improper, when his bufinefs was to deceive. But the truth is, that his language is fuch as a fkilful villain would naturally ufe, a mixture of airy triumph and ferious depofition. His gaiety fhews his feriousnefs to be without anxiety, and his feriousnefs proves his gaiety to be without art. JOHNSON.

⁸ *So likely to report themfelves :——*] So near to fpeech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likenefs is remarkable, a *ſpeaking figure*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Was as another nature, dumb ;——*] This nonſenſe ſhould without queſtion be read and pointed thus :

*Has as another nature done ; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.*

i. e. Has worked as exquisitely, nay, has exceeded her, if you will put motion and breath out of the queſtion. WARBURTON.

This

Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands¹.

Post. ² This is her honour!——

Let

This emendation I think needless. The meaning is this: The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*. JOHNSON.

¹ —————*nicely*
[*Depending on their brands.*] I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poised on their inverted torches*, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary. STEEVENS.

I have equal diffidence with Mr. Steevens in explaining this passage. Here seems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the *andirons*, on which the wood for the fire was supported; as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a spit, is more properly named the andiron. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called *dogs*, are here termed *brands*. WHALLEY.

² This is *her honour*!——

[*Let it be granted you have seen all this, &c.*] Iachimo impudently pretends to have carried his point; and, in confirmation, is very minute in describing to the husband all the furniture and adornments of his wife's bed-chamber. But how is fine furniture any ways a princess's honour? It is an *apparatus* suitable to her dignity, but certainly makes no part of her character. It might have been called her father's honour, that her allotments were proportioned to her rank and quality. I am persuaded the poet intended Posthumus should say, "This particular description, which you make, cannot convince me that I have lost my wager: your memory is good; and some of these things you may have learned from a third hand, or seen yourself; yet I expect proofs more direct and authentic." I think there is little question but we ought to restore the place as I have done;

What's this t' her honour? THEOBALD.

This

Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, ² if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: Sec!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,
Where there's another man: ³ The vows of women

This emendation has been followed by both the succeeding editors, but I think it must be rejected. The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience,

This is her honour!

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. — JOHNSON.

² ———if you can,
Be pale; ———]

If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage. JOHNSON.

³ —*The vows of women, &c.*] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing :—
O, above measure false !

Phil. Have patience, fir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable, ſhe loſt it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath ſtolen it from her.

Poſt. Very true ;
And ſo, I hope, he came by't :—Back my ring ;—
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was ſtolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears ; by Jupiter he ſwears.
'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : † I am
ſure,

† ————*I'm ſure*

*She could not loſe it : her attendants are
All ſworn and honourable.—They induc'd to ſteal it,
And by a ſtranger !—no,——]*

The abſurd concluſions of jealousy are here admirably painted and expoſed. Poſthumus, on the credit of a bracelet, and an oath of the party concerned, judges againſt all appearances from the intimate knowledge of his wife's honour, that ſhe was falſe to his bed ; and grounds that judgment, at laſt, upon much leſs appearances of the honour of her attendants.

WARBURTON.

Her attendants are all ſworn and honourable.] It was anciently the cuſtom for the attendants on our nobility and other great perſonages (as it is now for the ſervants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the houſhold book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512.) it is expreſſly ordered [page 49] that “ what perſon ſoever he be that comyth to my Lordes ſervice, that incontynent after he be entered in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be *ſworn* in the countyng hous by a gentillman-uſher or yeman-uſher in the preſence of the hede officers ; and on their abſence before the clerke of the kechyng either by ſuch an oath as is in the *Book of Othes*, yff any ſuch [oath] be, or ells by ſuch an oth as ſhall ſeyme beſte to their diſcrecion.”

Even now every *ſervant* of the king's, at his firſt appointment, is ſworn in, before a gentleman uſher, at the lord chamberlain's office. PERCY.

She could not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable :—They induc'd to steal
it !

And by a stranger ?—No ; he hath enjoy'd her :
^s The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,——she has bought the name of whore thus
dearly.——

There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

Phil. Sir, be patient :

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't :
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
⁶ (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : By my life,
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetick : never count the
turns :

Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing :——

If you will swear you have not done't, you lye ;

^s *The cognizance*——] The badge ; the token ; the visible proof. JOHNSON.

⁶ (*Worthy the pressing*)——] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads,

(*Worthy her pressing*)—— JOHNSON.

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something—— [Exit.

Phil. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Another room in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. ' Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools

' *Is there no way, &c.*] Milton was very probably indebted to
this speech for one of the sentiments which he has given to Adam.
Paradise Lost, book x.

“ ————O why did God,
“ Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
“ With spirits masculine, create at last
“ This novelty on earth, this fair defect
“ Of nature, and not fill the world at once
“ With men as angels without feminine,
“ Or find some other way to generate
“ Mankind?”

See also *Rhodomont's* invective against women in the *Orlando
Furioso*; and above all, a speech which Euripedes has put into
the mouth of Hippolitus, in the Tragedy that bears his name.

STEEVENS.

Made

Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
 The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn^s; that I thought
 her

As chaste as unshunn'd snow :—O, all the devils!—
 'This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,——was't not?—
 Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cry'd, *oh !* and mounted : found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part : Be't lying, note it,
 The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,

^s *Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me oft forbearance : did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn—*]

It certainly carries with it a very elegant sense, to suppose the lady's denial was so modest and delicate as even to inflame his desires : But may we not read it thus ?

And pray'd me oft forbearance : *Did* it, &c.
 i. e. complied with his desires in the sweetest reserve ; taking
Did in the acceptation in which it is used by Jonson and Shak-
 speare in many other places. WHALLEY.

Detest

Detest them; curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better⁹. [*Exit.*]

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

Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter, in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords,
 at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and
 Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar
 with us¹?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance
 yet

lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 It left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

⁹ —to pray they have their will,

The very devils cannot plague them better.]

So, in Sir Tho. More's *Comfort against Tribulation*: "God
 could not lightly do a man a more vengeance, than in this
 world to grant him his own foolish wishes." STEEVENS.

¹ *Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?*] So in *K.*
John:

Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

STEEVENS.

Clot.

Clot. There be many Cæfars,
Ere fuch another Julius. Britain is
A world by itfelf; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own nofes.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to refume
We have again.—Remember, fir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your ifle; which ftands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
² With rocks unfealeable, and roaring waters;
With fands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But fuck them up to the top-maft. A kind of con-
quest

Cæfar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *faw*, and *overcame*: with fhame
(The firft that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaft, twice beaten; and his fhipping,
³ (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible feas,
Like egg-fhells mov'd upon their farges, crack'd
As eafily 'gainft our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Caffibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglet fortune!) to mafter Cæfar's fword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom is ftonger than it was at that time:

² *With rocks unfealeable,*——] This reading is Hanmer's.
The old editions have:

With *oaks unfealable.*—— JOHNSON.

“The ftrength of our land confifts of our feamen in their
wooden forts and caftles; our *rocks*, *fhelves*, and *firtes*, that lye
along our coasts; and our trayned bands.” From chapter 109
of Bariffe's *Military Discipline*, 1639, feemingly from Tooke's
Legend of Britomart. TOLLET.

³ (Poor ignorant baubles!)——] *Ignorant*, for of no ufe.

WARBURTON.

Rather, *unacquainted* with the nature of our boifterous feas.

JOHNSON.

and,

and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses; but, to owe such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious Roman did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's am-
bition,

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world) ⁴ against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran-
chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain; which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then:—War, and confusion,

⁴ —against all colour, —] Without any pretence of right.
JOHNSON.

In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. ⁵ Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him : of him I gather'd honour ;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me ⁶ keep at utterance. ⁷ I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
time with us a day, or two, or longer : If you seek
us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our

⁵ *Thou art welcome, Caius.*

*Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him :—*]

Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holin-
shed :

“ Kymbeline, says he, (as some write) was brought up at
Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under
whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him,
that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not.”

“ ———Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius
Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of
the empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute.”

“ ———But whether the controversy, which appeareth to
fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by
Kymbeline, I have not a vouch.”

“ ———Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind
him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *—keep at utterance.—*] *At utterance* means to keep at
the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight,
that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So
in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date :

“ ———Here is my gage to sustaine it *to the utteraunce*, and be-
fight it to the death.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *—I am perfect,*] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ———in your state of honour *I am perfect.*” JOHNSON.

salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and there's an end.

Luc. So, fir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Another Room.

Enter Pisanio.

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you
not

³ What monsters her accuse ?—Leonatus !

O, master ! what a strange infection

Is fallen into thy ear ? ⁹ What false Italian

(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :

She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would ¹ take in some virtue.—O my master !

² Thy mind to her is now as low, as were

Thy

³ *What monsters her accuse ?—*] Might we not safely read :
What monster's her accuser ?— STEEVENS.

⁹ *—What false Italian,*
(As pois'nous tongu'd, as handed)—]

About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

¹ *—take in some virtue.—*] To take in a town, is to conquer it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

—cut the Ionian seas,

And take in Toryne— See also Vol. IV. 415. Vol.

VII. 355. Vol. VIII. 133. 233. 255. STEEVENS.

² *Thy mind to her is now as low—*] That is ; thy mind compared

Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her
blood?

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter³*
That I have sent her, by her own command, [Reading,
*Shall give thee opportunity:—*O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!
Art thou a feodary for this act⁴, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

⁵ I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

pared to her's is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to her's. I believe the author wrote:

Thy mind to *her's*—— MALONE.

³ —— *Do't;—the letter*

That I have sent her by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:—]

One is tempted to think that Shakspeare did not give himself the trouble to compare the several parts of his play, after he had composed it.—These words are not found in the letter of Posthumus to Pisanio, (which is afterwards given at length,) though the substance of them is contained in it. MALONE.

⁴ *Art thou a feodary for this act?—]* A *feodary* is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord. HANMER.

Feodary is, I believe, here used for a *confederate*. It is, I think, used in the same sense, in *The Winter's Tale*.

MALONE.

⁵ *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.]* i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

O, learn'd

⁶ O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
 'That we two are asunder, let that grieve him'⁷!
 (Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
⁸ For it doth physic love)—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—⁹ Blest be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reading.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with

⁶ O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer, &c.] This was a very natural thought. She must needs be supposed, in her circumstances, to be extremely solicitous about the *future*; and desirous of coming to it by the assistance of that superstition.

WARBURTON.

⁷ —let that grieve him!] I should wish to read:
 Of my lord's health, of his content;—yet *no*;
 'That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!

TYRWHITT.

⁸ For it doth physic love)]— That is grief for absence, keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

So in *Macbeth*:

'The labour we delight in, *physic* pain. STEEVENS.

⁹ —Blest be

*You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—]*

The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blest by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters. STEEVENS.

your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains ¹ loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pifanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I^r Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pifanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,— O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,— But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick, (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To inherit such a haven: But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going 'Till our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pif. One score, 'twixt fun and fun, Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

¹ —loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,] I read:

Loyal to his vow and you, increasing in love. JOHNSON.

We should rather, I think, read thus:—and your, increasing in love, Leonatus Posthumus.—To make it plain, that your is to be joined in construction with Leonatus, and not with increasing; and that the latter is a participle present, and not a noun.

TYRWHITT.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is fool-
ery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit

³ A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. ⁴ I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor

² *That run i' the clock's behalf:—*] This fantastical expres-
sion means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure
time. WARBURTON.

³ *A franklin's housewife.*] A franklin is literally a freeholder,
with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal. JOHNSON.

⁴ *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'.—*]

Where is the substantive to which this relative plural, *them*; can
possibly have any reference? There is none; and the sense, as
well as grammar, is defective. I have ventured to restore,
against the authority of the printed copies:

—————but have a fog in *ken*,

That I cannot look thro'.—————

Imogen would say: “Don't talk of considering, man; I neither
see present events, nor consequences; but am in a mist of for-
tune, and resolved to proceed on the project determined.” *In*
ken, means in prospect, within sight, before my eyes.

THEOBALD.

*I see before me, man; nor here nor there,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.—————*]

Shakspeare says she can see before her, yet on which side soever
she looks there is a fog which she cannot see through. This
nonsense is occasioned by the corrupt reading of but *have a fog*,
for, that *have a fog*; and then all is plain. “I see before me
(says she) for there is no fog on any side of me which I cannot
see through.” Mr. Theobald objects to *a fog in them*, and asks
for the substantive to which the relative plural (*them*) relates.
The substantive is *places*, implied in the words *here*, *there*, and

Nor what enfues; but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
 Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt,

S C E N E III.

Changes to a forest, in Wales, with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours! ⁵ Stoop, boys: This
 gate
 Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
 To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through

what enfues: for not to know that Shakspeare perpetually takes these liberties of grammar, is knowing nothing of his author. So that there is no need for his strange stuff of *a fog in ken*.

WARBURTON.

This passage may, in my opinion, be very easily understood, without any emendation. The lady says: "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination.

JOHNSON.

⁵ —Stoop boys:—] The old copy reads:—*sleep*, boys:—from whence Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—*stoop*, boys—as that word affords a good introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads "See boys—," which (as usual) had been silently copied. STEEVENS.

I rather believe that the author wrote—"sweet boys," and that the transcriber's ear deceived him. *Stoop* and *sleep* were not likely to be confounded either by the eye or the ear; nor is there any occasion here for the princes to *stoop*; for probably both they and Belarius on the opening of this scene appeared at the outside of the cave, while he spoke these lines. MALONE.

And

And keep ⁶ their impious turbands on, without
 Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
 Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told
 you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

⁷ This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find

⁸ The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check ⁹;

⁶ ——— *their impious turbands on,* ———] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *This service is not service, &c.*] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNSON.

⁸ *The sharded beetle* ———] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 103. b.

“ That with his sword, and with his spere,

“ He might not the serpent dere :

“ He was so *sharded* all aboute,

“ It held all edge toole withoute.”

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason.

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *attending for a check* ;] *Check* may mean in this place a *reproof* ; but I rather think it signifies *command*, *controul*. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called *Aristotle's checks*. STEEVENS.

Richer,

Richer, ' than doing nothing for a babe :
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor
 unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know
 not

' ————*than doing nothing for a bauble ;*] i. e. Vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford editor reads, *for a bribe.* WARBURTON.

The Oxford editor knew the reason of this alteration, though his censurer knew it not. The old edition reads :

Richer, than doing nothing for a *babe*.

Of *babe* some corrector made *bauble* ; and Hanmer thought himself equally authorised to make *bribe*. I think *babe* can hardly be right. It should be remembered, however, that *bauble* was anciently spelt *bable* ; so that Dr. Warburton in reality has added but one letter. A *bauble* was part of the insignia of a fool. So in *All's well that ends well*, act IV. sc. v. the clown says :

“ I would give his wife my *bauble*, sir.”

It was a kind of truncheon, (says sir John Hawkins) with a head carved on it. To this Belarius may allude, and mean that honourable poverty is more precious than a *sinecure* at court, of which the badge is a truncheon or a wand.

So, in Middleton's *Game at Chesse*, 1623 :

“ Art thou so cruel for an honour's *bable* ?

As, however, it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of *infants* who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of these unhappy orphans. STEEVENS.

I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose :

Richer, than doing nothing for a *brabe*.

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader ; they therefore changed it to *babe* ; and I am forced to propose it without the support of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward*. Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game*. JOHNSON.

What

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. ³ What should we speak of,
 When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
 Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. ⁴ How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the
 search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,

² *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

³ *What should we speak of*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON.

⁴ *How you speak!*] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. STEEVENS.

Must curt'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
 night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shock down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather^s.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
 oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,
 Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
 This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the val-
 leys. [*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
 thus meanly

^s *And left me bare to weather.*] So in *Timon*:
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush,
 Fallen from their boughs, and *left me open, bare,*
For every storm that blows. STEEVENS.

‘I’ the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prync it, much

‘I’ the cave, &c.] Mr. Pope reads:

Here in the cave, *wherein* their thoughts do hit
The roof of palaces;————

but the sentence breaks off imperfectly. The old editions read:

‘I’ the cave, *whereon the bow* their thoughts do hit, &c.

Mr. Rowe saw this likewise was faulty; and therefore amended it thus:

‘I’ the cave, *where, on* the bow, their thoughts do hit, &c.

I think it should be only with the alteration of one letter, and the addition of another:

‘I’ the cave, *there, on* the brow,————

And so the grammar and syntax of the sentence is complete. We call the *arching* of a cavern, or *overhanging* of a hill, metaphorically, the *brow*; and in like manner the Greeks and Latins used ὀφρὺς, and *supercilium*. THEOBALD.

———*tho’ train’d up thus meanly,*

‘I’ the cave, *there on* the brow,——] The old editions read:

‘I’ the cave *whereon the bow*;——

which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading; which, when rightly pointed, is thus:

———*though train’d up thus meanly*

‘I’ the cave *wherein they bow*——

i. e. Thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. Belarius had spoken before of the lowness of his cave:

A goodly day! not to keep house, with such

Whose *roof’s as low* as ours. See, boys! this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you

To morning’s holy office. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

‘I’ the cave, *here in this brow*.————

I think the reading is this:

‘I’ the cave, *wherein the bow*, &c.

That is, they are trained up in the *cave*, *where their thoughts in hitting the bow*, or arch of their habitation, hit *the roofs of palaces*. In other words, though their condition is low, their thoughts are high. The sentence is at last, as Theobald remarks, abrupt, but perhaps no less suitable to Shakspeare. I know not whether Dr. Warburton’s conjecture be not better than mine.

JOHNSON.

Beyond

Beyond the trick of others. ⁷ This Polydore,—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal⁸,
 (Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, ⁹ I stole these babes;
Thinking

⁷ — [*This Polydore,*—] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline Polidore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are some who may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance. *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601:

“ This noble king builded faire Caerguent,
 “ Now cleped Winchester of worthie fame;
 “ And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,
 “ That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *The younger brother Cadwall,*] This name is likewise found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*, which is printed in the same collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wise*, &c. in which, as Mr. Steevens has observed, our author might have found the name of *Paladour*:

“ — Augifell king of stout Albania,
 “ And *Caduall* king of Vinedocia—” MALONE.

⁹ — [*I stole these babes;*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of
this

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
 mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio, and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
 the place

Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
 'Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,

That

this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

' *Where is Posthumus?*—] Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Throughout this play he calls *Posthūmus*, *Posthūmus*, and *Arvirāgus*, *Arvirāgus*. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by William Alexander of Menstrie (lord Sterline) 1603, *Dariūs* is always called *Dariūs*, and *Euphrātes*, *Euphrātes*:

“ The diadem that *Dariūs* erst had borne——

“ The famous *Euphrātes* to be your border——”

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ That gliding go in state like swelling *Euphrātes*.”

Throughout sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrātes* is likewise given instead of *Euphrātes*. STEEVENS.

In *A Meeting Dialogue 'twixt Nature, The Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601, where Shakspeare perhaps found

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear², ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? ³ If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand!

That ⁴ drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.——Speak, man; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

found the name of *Paladour*, *Arviragus* is introduced, with the same neglect of quantity as in this play:

“ Windsor, a castle of exceeding strength,
“ First built by *Arvirāgus*, Britaine's king.”

MALONE.

² — *haviour* —] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakespeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, *Æglogue* 9:

“ Their ill *haviour* garres men missay.” STEEVENS.

³ — *if it be summer news,*

Smile to't before:] So, in our author's 98th Sonnet:

“ Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
“ Of different flowers in odour and in hue,

“ Could make me any *summer's story* tell.” MALONE.

⁴ — *drug-damn'd* —] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. JOHNSON.

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,] Folio:

— *out-craftied.* MALONE.

Imogen reads.

Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms⁵ all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and⁶ states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,

And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?

Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;

⁵ —worms of Nile;—] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, several instances are given in the last act of *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —states,] Persons of highest rank. JOHNSON.

Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough.—⁷ Some jay of Italy,
⁸ Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him;
⁹ Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O, husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

⁷ —[Some jay of Italy,] There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *whore*: I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Merry Wives*, &c. “teach him to know turtles from jays.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Whose mother was her painting*,—] This puzzles Mr. Theobald much: he thinks it may signify, *whose mother was a bird of the same feather*; or that it should be read, *whose mother was her planting*. What all this means I know not. In Mr. Rowe's edition, the *M* in mother happening to be reversed at the press, it came out *Wother*. And what was very ridiculous, Gildon employed himself (properly enough indeed) in finding a meaning for it. In short, the true word is *meether*, a north country word, signifying *beauty*: So that the sense of, *her meether was her painting*, is, that she had only an appearance of beauty, for which she was beholden to her paint. WARBURTON.

Some jay of Italy, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. JOHNSON.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece:

“——a parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whose fathers*
 “*were their garments.*” STEEVENS.

In *All's Well that ends Well*, we have:

“——whose judgments are
 “*Mere fathers of their garments.*” MALONE.

⁹ *Poor I am stale*, a garment out of fashion;] This image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded: “But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her *as a garment out of fashion.*”

STEEVENS.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: ' So, thou, Post-
humus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!

I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

¹ ————So, thou, Posthumus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;] When Posthumus thought his wife false, he unjustly scandalized the whole sex. His wife here, under the same impressions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumstances, acquits his sex, and lays the fault where it is due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a dishonour to the superiority of his understanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the disgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the sex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never seeks out for so extravagant a consolation; but at once eases her malice and her grief, by laying the crime and damage at the door of some obnoxious coquet. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

—————lay the leavel—————

without any necessity. JOHNSON.

No fervant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
 heart;————

² Something's afore't :—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard.——What is here?

³ The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that diddest set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her

⁴ That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.——Pr'ythee, dispatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

² *Something's afore't*—] The old copy reads:
Something's a-foot———— JOHNSON.

³ *The scriptures*—] So Ben Jonson, in *The sad Shepherd*:
 “The lover's *scriptures*, Heliodore's, or *Tatius*.”
 Shakspeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between
scripture, in its common signification, and *heresy*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *That now thou tir'st on*, —] A hawk is said to *tire* upon
 that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

Pis. ⁵ I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
⁶ To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

⁵ *I'll wake mine eye-balls first.*

Imo. *Wherefore then*] This is the old reading. The modern editions for *wake* read *break*, and supply the deficient syllable by *Ab*, wherefore. I read:

I'll wake mine eye-balls *out* first, or, *blind* first. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may receive support from the following passage in *The Bugbears*, a MS. comedy more ancient than the play before us:

"——— I doubt

"Least for lacke of my slepe I shall *watche my eyes oute.*"

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

"——— A piteous tragedy! able to *wake*

"An old man's eyes blood-shot.

In *The Roaring Girl*, 1671: "——— I'll ride to Oxford, and *watch out mine eyes*, but I'll hear the brazen head speak."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *To be unbent,———*] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter. JOHNSON.

Pis. Not so, neither:
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
 But that my master is abus'd:
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
 I should do so: You shall be mis'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
 What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
 Or in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
 With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
 That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
 As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
 Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
 Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
 Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
 Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
 In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
 There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
 You think of other place. The embassador,
 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
 To-morrow: ⁷ Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark

⁷ Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is;—] What had the *darkness* of her
mind to do with the concealment of person, which is here ad-
 vis'd?

Dark as your fortune is ; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course
Pretty, and ^s full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !

⁹ Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then here's the point :

You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage ;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel : ' nay, you must

Forget

vis'd ? On the contrary, her *mind* was to continue unchang'd, in
order to support her change of fortune. Shakspeare wrote :

——— Now, if you could wear a *mein*.

Or, according to the French orthography, from whence I pre-
sume arose the corruption :

——— Now, if you could wear a *mine*. WARBURTON.

To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the
search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*, ap-
plied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure.
You must, says Pisanio, *disguise that greatness, which, to appear*
hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great dan-
ger to itself. JOHNSON.

^s —— full of view : ——] With opportunities of examining
your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

⁹ Though peril to my modesty, ——] I read :

Through peril ——

I would for such means adventure through peril of modesty ; I
would risque every thing but real dishonour. JOHNSON.

¹ —— nay, you must

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek ;

Exposing it (but, oh, the harder heart !

Alack, no remedy) I think it very natural to reflect in this

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
 Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you are happy, (² which you'll make him
 know,
 If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
 You have me, rich; and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
 The gods will diet me with. Fr'ythee, away:
 There's more to be consider'd; but ³ we'll even

distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

——the harder *hap!*—— JOHNSON.

² ——*which you'll make him know,*] This is Hanmer's reading. The common books have it:

——which *will* make him know.

Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it should be:

——which will make him *so*.

He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

³ ——*we'll even*

All that good time will give us:——] We'll make our work
even with our time; we'll do what time will allow. JOHNSON.

All

All that good time will give us : ⁴ This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell ;
Lest, being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;
What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.——To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote : I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.——
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit :——
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

⁴ —— *This attempt*
I am soldier to,——] i. e. I have enlisted and bound myself
to it. WARBURTON.

Clot.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have crost the Severn.—Happinefs!

[*Exeunt Lucius, &c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours
us,
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readinefs :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy businefs ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty ;
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for
We have been too light in sufferance.

[*Exit a servant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the servant.

Cym. Where is she, fir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, fir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! *[Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, Pifanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. *[Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after.—

Pifanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen.

Queen. All the better : May
This night fore-stall him of the coming day !

[*Exit Queen.*

Clot. I love, and hate her : for she's fair and
royal ;

⁵ And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her therefore : But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd ; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisanio.

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing,
firrah ?

Come hither : Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clot. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,

⁵ *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady ladies woman ; from each one
The best she hath,———]*

*She has all courtly parts, says he, more exquisite than any lady,
than all ladies, than all womankind.* JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in *All's well that ends well*, act II.
sc. iii. "To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man."

TOLLET.

How

How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,——No more of worthy lord,——
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. ⁶ Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imo-
gen, } [*Aside.*
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

⁶ *Or this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten,
who, requiring the paper, says:

Let's see't: I will pursue her

Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

She's far enough, &c. JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish*, properly
belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper
into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish*
in my attempt to keep it: or else the words may be considered as
a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Au-
gustus, and are added sily: *You will either do what you say, or*
perish, which is the more probable of the two. STEEVENS.

Clot.

Clot. It is Posthumus hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute

execute in the clothes that she so prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

The forest and cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When

When from the mountain top Pifanio shew'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think,
 Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way : Will poor folk lye,
 That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fullness
 ' Is forer, than to lye for need ; and falshood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
 Thou art one o' the false ones : Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?
 Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :
 I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
² If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,

Take,

¹ *Is forer,*—] Is a greater, or heavier crime. JOHNSON.

² *If any thing that's civil,*—] *Civil*, for human creature.
 WARBURTON.

*If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take, or lend.*—]

She is in doubt, whether this cave be the habitation of a man or beast. If it be the former, she bids him *speak* ; if the latter, that is, the den of a savage beast, what then ? *Take or lend*—
 We should read :

'Take 'or 't end.—

i. e. Take my life ere famine end it. Or was commonly used for *ere* : this agrees to all that went before. But the Oxford editor cuts the knot :

Take, or yield food,
 says he ; as if it was possible so plain a sentence should ever have been blundered into *Take or lend*. WARBURTON.

I suppose the emendation proposed will not easily be received ; it is strained and obscure, and the objection against Hanmer's reading is likewise very strong. I question whether, after the words, *if savage*, a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read :

—Ho !

Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman⁹,
 and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, favourable: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze
 on that,

——Ho! who's here?

If any thing that's civil, *take or lend*,
 If savage, *speak*.

If you are *civilised* and *peaceable*, *take* a price for what I want, or
lend it for a future recompence; if you are *rough inhospitable* in-
 habitants of the mountain, *speak*, that I may know my state.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation of these words is confirmed by
 what Imogen says afterwards——

“ I call'd, and thought to have *begg'd* or *bought*.”

MALONE.

If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!——]

It is by no means necessary to suppose that *savage hold* signifies
 the habitation of a *beast*. It may as well be used for the cave
 of a *savage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time,
 were represented as residing in the woods, like the famous *Or-*
son, *Bremo* in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the *savage* in the seventh
 canto of the fourth book of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and the 6th
 B. C. 4. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——*woodman*,] See Vol. II. p. 137. EDITOR.

VOL. IX.

U

Whilst

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay ; come not in :— [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, fir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon !—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy !

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : Good
troth,
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had
found

Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal ; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ?

Imo. Fidele, fir : I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis

'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours :—Most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends !
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons ! ² then had my
prize } [*Aside.*
Been less ; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would, I could free't !

Arv. Or I ; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,

¹ I'd bid for you, as I'd buy.] This is Hanmer's reading. The other copies,

I bid for you, as I do buy. JOHNSON.

I think this passage might be better read thus :—

I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty

I bid for you, as I'd buy.

That is, I should woo hard, but *I would* be your bridegroom.

[And when I say that I would *woo hard*, be assured that] in honesty I bid for you, *only at the rate at which* I would purchase you.

TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this punctuation, which is undoubtedly the true one. STEEVENS.

² —then had my prize

Been less ; and so more equal ballasting] Hanmer reads plausibly, but without necessity, *price* for *prize*, and *balancing* for *ballasting*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is,—Had I been less a prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
³ That nothing gift of differing multitudes)
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them.
 Since Leonatus false——

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd,
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
 less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

R O M E.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

i Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
⁴ That since the common men are now in action

³ *That nothing gift of differing multitudes*)] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of *defering* multitudes:
 i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—*Deferer*, *Ceder par respect a quelqu'un, obeir, condescendre, &c.*—*Deferent*, *civil, respectueux, &c.* RICHELET. THEOBALD.

He is followed by sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. JOHNSON.

⁴ *That since the common men are now in action*

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,

And that, &c.] These facts are historical. STEEVENS.

'Gainst

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
 And that the legions now in Gallia are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business : He creates
 Lucius pro-consul : ^s and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be supplyant : The words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.

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

The forest, near the cave.

Enter Cloten.

I am near to the place where they should meet, if
 Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his gar-

^s ———and to you, the tribunes,

For this immediate levy, he commands

His absolute commission. ———] Commands *his commission* is

such a phrase as Shakspeare would hardly have used. I have
 ventured to substitute :

—————he commends

His absolute commission. ———

i. e. He recommends the care of making this levy to you ; and
 gives you an absolute commission for so doing. WARBURTON.

The plain meaning is, he *commands* the commission to be given
 to you. So we say, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen.

JOHNSON.

ments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the taylor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this ⁶ imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces ⁷ before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

⁶ ———*imperseverant*———] Thus the former editions. Hanmer reads—*ill-perseverant*. JOHNSON.

Imperseverant may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *imbofom'd*, *impassion'd*, *immask'd*. STEEVENS.

⁷ ———*before thy face*:———] Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face; we should read,—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's, done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten. WARBURTON.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

The Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well : remain here in the cave ;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here : [*To Imogen.*]
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him :

Imo. So sick I am not ; yet I am not well :
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;
⁸ Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
⁹ How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why,
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,

⁸ *Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom*

Is breach of all.—] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted ;
if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but
confusion. JOHNSON.

⁹ *How much the quantity,*—] I read :

As much the quantity. JOHNSON.

Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.——So please you, sir^r.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guid. ² I could not stir him:

He said, he was ³ gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest,

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife,

² ——*So please you, sir.*] I cannot relish this *courtly phrase* from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech. TYRWHITT.

² *I could not stir him:*] Not *move* him to tell his story.

³ ——*gentle, but unfortunate;*] *Gentle*, is *well born*, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

[*Exit Imogen.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.—

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

He cut our roots in characters;
And fauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!

And let the ⁵ stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. ⁶ It is great morning. Come; away.—
Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runnagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me;—I am faint.

⁴ *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. POPE.

⁵ —*stinking elder*,—] Shakspeare had only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read,—*untwine from the vine*. JOHNSON.

Sir John Hawkins proposes to read *entwine*. He says, "Let the stinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*] and in the end *Patience* must outgrow *Grief*." STEEVENS.

⁶ *It is great morning*,—] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. See p. 116. STEEVENS.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Guid. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius, and Arviragus.*

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger? for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

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

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My taylor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.

⁷ *No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.]* See a note on a similar pas-
sage in a former scene:

“Whose mother was her painting.” STEEVENS.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name.
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the
wife:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:

⁸ Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*

Enter

⁸ *Yield, rustic mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. scene iv. the lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Arviragus. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot; and yet, Act III. scene i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though *it may lack form a little*, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants; to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted

Enter Belarius, and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world : You did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore ; ⁹ the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute,
¹ 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. ¹ Being scarce made up,

I mean,

quainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

⁹ ————*the snatches in his voice,*

And burst of speaking,———] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. JOHNSON.

¹ In the old editions :

Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors : for defect of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear,———] If I understand this passage, it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. Belarius is giving a description of what Cloten formerly was ; and in answer to what Arviragus says of *his being so fell*. “ Ay, says Belarius, he was so fell ; and being scarce then at man's estate, he had no apprehension of roaring terrors, i. e. of any thing that could check him with fears.” But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this ? *For defect of judgment is oft the cause of fear*. I think the poet meant to have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear.

Appre-

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear,—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. ² I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's
head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd ³ take us in,
Displace our heads, where, thank the gods, they grow,

Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dan-
gers. And a very easy change, from the traces of the letters,
gives us this sense, and reconciles the reasoning of the whole
passage:

—————for *th'* effect of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear.———— THEOBALD.

Hanmer reads, with equal justness of sentiment:

—————for defect of judgment

Is oft the cure of fear.————

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cause* more resembling the
manner of our author. JOHNSON.

If *fear*, as in other passages of Shakspeare, be understood in
an active signification for what may cause fear, it means that
Cloten's defect of judgment caused him to commit actions to the
terror of others, without due consideration of his own danger
therein. Thus in *K. Henry IV.* part 2.

—————all these bold fears,

Thou see'st with peril I have answered. TOLLET.

² *I am perfect, what:—*] I am *well informed*, what. So
in this play:

I'm *perfect*, the Pannonians are in arms. JOHNSON.

³ *—take us in,*] To *take in* means, to conquer, to subdue.
So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

—————cut the Ionian seas,

And *take in* Toryne. STEEVENS.

And

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the law⁴? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. ⁵ Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable

⁴ For *we do fear the law?*—] *For* is here used in the sense of *because*. See Vol. I. p. 189. Vol. II. p. 53, and other places.
MALONE.

⁵ ——— *Though his honour*
Was nothing but mutation, &c.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies; and the meaning seems plainly this: “ Though he was always fickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprize of this nature alone, and unseconded.” THEOBALD.

——— *Though his honour*
Was nothing but mutation;—] Mr. Theobald, as usual, not understanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing. A fine stroke of satire, well expressed; yet the Oxford editor follows Mr. Theobald.
WARBURTON.

To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
⁶ Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, ⁷ revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay

⁶ *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's sickness made my
walk forth from the cave tedious. JOHNSON.

⁷ *revenge,*
That possible strength might meet,—] Such pursuit of ven-
geance as fell within any possibility of opposition. JOHNSON.

'Till

'Till haſty Polydore, return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.

Arv. Poor ſick Fidele !

I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,
I'll let a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,
And praife myſelf for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature, thou thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaſ'd, as the rud'ſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not ſeen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop

^s *I'd let a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,*] This nonſenſe ſhould
be corrected thus :

I'd let a *marish* of ſuch Clotens blood :

i. e. a marſh or lake. So Smith, in his account of Virginia,
“ Yea Venice, at this time the admiration of the earth, was at
firſt but a *marish*, inhabited by poor fiſhermen.” In the firſt book
of *Maccabees*, chap. ix. ver. 24. the translators uſe the word in the
ſame ſenſe. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has dealt the reproach of nonſenſe
very liberally through this play. Why this is nonſenſe, I cannot
diſcover. I would, ſays the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill
as many Clotens as would fill a *pariſh*. JOHNSON.

“ His viſage, ſays Fenner of a *catchpole*, was almoſt eaten
through with pock-holes, ſo that half a *pariſh* of children might
have played at cherry-pit in his face.” FARMER.

⁹ O thou goddeſs,

Thou divine Nature, thou thyſelf thou blazon'ſt

In theſe two princely boys!—] So the firſt folio. The
ſecond reads :

“ Thou divine Nature, thyſelf thou blazon'ſt.”

Some modern editors,

“ ———how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt.

EDITOR.

As

As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
 What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother ?
 I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
 For his return. *[Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Guid. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean ? since death of my
 dearest mother
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her
 in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
 Of what we blame him for !

Arv. The bird is dead,
 That we have made so much on. I had rather
 Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
 And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
 Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lilly !
 My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
 As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. ¹ O, melancholy!
 Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
 The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
 Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
 Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
 but I ²,

Thou

² O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find

The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare

Might easiliest harbour in?—] The folio reads:

—thy sluggish care:

which Dr. Warburton allows to be a plausible reading, but substitutes *carrack* in its room; and with this, Dr. Johnson tacitly acquiesces, and inserts it in the text. Mr. Sympson, in his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, has retrieved the true reading, which is,

—thy sluggish crare.

See *The Captain*, Act I. sc. ii.

“ —let him venture

“ In some decay'd *crare* of his own.”

A *crare*, says the author of *The Revival*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The same word, though somewhat differently spelt, occurs in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, book 39, stanza 28:

“ A miracle it was to see them grown

“ To ships, and barks, with gallies, bulks and *crayes*,

“ Each vessel having tackling of her own,

“ With sails and oars to help at all essays.”

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

“ Behold a form to make your *cracers* and barks.”

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

“ After a long chase took this little *cray*,

“ Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.”

Again, in the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ ————some shell, or little *crea*,

“ Hard labouring for the land on the high working sea.”

Again, in *Amintas for his Phillis*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ Till thus my soule doth passe in Charon's *crare*.”

Mr. Tollet observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed, as twice, p. 906, vol. II. STEEVENS.

The word is used in the stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32. “ *the owner of every ship, vessel, or crayer,*” TYRWHITT.

² —but I,] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but an!* The meaning

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and
put
My clouted brogues³ from off my feet, whose rude-
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps⁴:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;

meaning of the passage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I know, thou diedst, &c.*

TYRWHITT.

—————*but I,*

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—] I believe, “*but ab!*” to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the first folio, and in all books of that time, printed instead of *ab!* Hence probably *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text here.

Heaven knows, (says Belarius) what a man thou would'st have been, had'st thou lived, but alas! thou diedst of melancholy, while yet only a most accomplished boy. MALONE.

³ —clouted brogues—] Are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *bob-nails*. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts*, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Why, he but sleeps:*] I cannot forbear to introduce a passage somewhat like this, from Webster's *White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, on account of its singular beauty.

“ Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
“ To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
“ Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
“ Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
“ Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,
“ While horror waits on princes!”

STEEVENS.

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts ⁵, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: ⁶ the ruddock would,
With

⁵ *With fairest flowers*

Whilst summer lasts, &c.] So in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“ No, I will rob Tellus of her weede

“ To strew thy greene with flowers: the yellowes, blues,

“ The purple violets and marygolds,

“ Shall as a carpet hang upon *thy grave*

“ *While summer dayes doth last.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *The ruddock would,*

With charitable bill, bring thee all this;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.—] Here again, the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*? A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-gown thy corse:—

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moss*. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakspeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser:

“ The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite.”

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl*:

“ Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,

“ The little *redbreast* teacheth charitie.” STEEVENS.

— *the ruddock would, &c.]* Is this an allusion to the *babes of the wood*, or was the notion of the red-breast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

This

With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd mofs besides, when flowers are none,

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in such a manner, as confirms the old reading:

“ The robin-red-breast, and the wren,
“ With leaves and flowers do cover friendless bodies;
“ The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
“ Shall raise him *hillocks* that shall keep him warm, &c.”

FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shakspeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the edition of Webster's play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare: “ And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakspeare, &c.” STEEVENS.

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is spoken by a distracted lady:

“ ————you're very welcome;
“ Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;
“ Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it;
“ I have left more for myself.”

The lines cited by Dr. Farmer stand thus in *The White Devil*:

“ Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
“ Since o'er shady groves they hover,
“ And with leaves and flowers do cover
“ The friendless bodies of unburied men;
“ Call unto his funeral dole
“ The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
“ To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm.”

Dr. Warburton asks, “ What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*?” But *winter-ground* does not refer to *moss*, but to the last antecedent, *flowers*. The passage should therefore, in my opinion, be printed thus:

Yea, and furr'd mofs beside,—when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corse.

i. e. you shall have also a warm covering of mofs, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which WINTER is usually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge* by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1625: “ He looks like WINTER, stuck here and there with fresh *flowers*.” MALONE.

To winter-ground thy corse.

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
7 He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet 8 reverence,
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.

7 *He was paid for that:—*] Hanmer reads:

He has paid for that:—

rather plausibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *punished*. So Jonson:

“Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,

“For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.”

JOHNSON.

8 *—reverence,*

(*That angel of the world*)—] *Reverence*, or due regard to
subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the
world. JOHNSON.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*

Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;

Both. *Golden lads and girls all must,*

As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. ⁹ *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to cloath, and eat;

To thee the reed is as the oak:

Both. ¹ *The scepter, learning, physic, must*

All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*

Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*

Guid. ² *Fear not slander, censure rash;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

⁹ *Fear no more, &c.]* This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τέκνον ἄθλιον ἔκετι διψήσεις, ἔκετι πεινήσεις, &c. WARBURTON.

¹ *The scepter, learning, &c.]* The poet's sentiment seems to have been this.—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.

JOHNSON,

² *Fear not slander, &c.]* Perhaps,

Fear not slander's censure rash. JOHNSON,

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
³ *Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation*⁴ *have;*
*And renowned be thy grave*⁵!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces:—

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so

These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—

Come on, away; apart upon our knees.

³ *Consign to thee,——]* Perhaps,
Consign to this.——

And in the former stanza, for *all follow this*, we might read, *all follow thee.* JOHNSON.

Consign to thee, is right. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:
 —————*seal*

A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

To consign to thee, is to *seal the same contract* with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Quiet consummation have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *K. Edward III.* 1599:

“ My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,
 “ This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
 “ To darkness, *consummation*, dust and worms.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ —*thy grave.*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

The

The ground, that gave them first, has them again :
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*]

Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the
way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far
thither?

⁶Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddeses!

[*Seeing the body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but⁷ his Jovial face—

Mur-

⁶ 'Ods pittikins!—] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Ho*, 1607; in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, or the *Gentle Craft*, 1610: It is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —his Jovial face—] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatic writers. So Heywood, in *The Silver Age*:

“ —Al-

Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darded on thee! Thou,
^s Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's
 that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be?
 Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
 nant!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

“ ————Alcides here will stand,

“ To plague you all with his high *jovial* hand.”

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“ Thou *jovial* hand hold up thy scepter high.”

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, speaking of Jupiter:

“ ————all that stand,

“ Sink in the weight of his high *jovial* hand.”

STEEVENS.

^s *Conspir'd with, &c.*] The old copy reads thus:

—————thou,

Conspir'd with that *irregulous* divel, Cloten.

I suppose it should be,

Conspir'd with *th'* *irreligious* devil, Cloten. JOHNSON.

Irregulous (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licen-
 tions, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*. In Reinolds's *God's*
Revenge against Adultery, p. 121, I meet with “*irregulated* lust.”

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lucius, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are in readinefs.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing fpirits,
That promise noble fervice; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardnefs
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, fir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-
pose?

Sooth. ⁹ Last night the very gods shew'd me a
vifion:

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the fpongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the fun-beams: which portends,
(Unless my fins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

⁹ *Last night the very gods shew'd me a vifion:]* The *very gods*
may, indeed, signify the gods themselves immediately, and not
by the intervention of other agents or instruments; yet I am per-
fuaaded the reading is corrupt, and that Shakspeare wrote,

Last night, the *warey* gods——

Warey here fignifying *animadverting, fore-warning, ready to give*
notice: not, as in its more ufual meaning, *cautious, reserved.*

WARBURTON.

Of this meaning I know not any example, nor do I fee any
need of alteration. It was no common dream, but fent from *the*
very gods, or the gods themselves. JOHNSON.

Luc.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or ' who was he,
That,

" ————— who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? —————] The editor, Mr.
Theobald, cavils at this passage. He says, it is far from being
strictly grammatical; and yet, what is strange, he subjoins a pa-
raphrase of his own, which shews it to be *strictly grammatical*.
“ For, says he, the construction of these words is this: who hath
alter'd that good picture otherwise than nature alter'd it?” I
suppose then this editor's meaning was, that the grammatical
construction would not conform to the sense; for a bad writer,
like a bad man, generally says one thing and means another. He
subjoining, “ Shakspeare designed to say (if the text be genuine)
Who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at
first made it?” Here again he is mistaken; Shakspeare meant,
like a plain man, just as he *spoke*; and as our editor first para-
phrased him, Who hath *alter'd* that good picture otherwise than
nature *alter'd* it? And the solution of the difficulty in this senti-
ment, which so much perplexed him, is this: the speaker sees a
young man without a head, and consequently much *shorten'd* in
 stature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation: Who hath
alter'd this good form, by making it shorter; so contrary to the
practice of nature, which by yearly accession of growth *alters* it by
making it taller? No occasion then for the editor to change *did*
into *bid*, with an allusion to the command against murder; which
then should have been *forbid* instead of *bid*. WARBURTON.

Here are many words upon a very slight debate. The sense is
not much cleared by either critic. The question is asked, not
about a *body*, but a *picture*, which is not very apt to grow shorter
or longer. To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are stand-
ing

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. ² Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, fir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, fir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,

ing phrases; the question therefore is, Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it. JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty as of a *picture*, asks Viola if it “is not well *done*?” STEEVENS.

² *Richard du Champ.*—] Shakspeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection of stories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576, I find the following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity. In the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the *roaring of cannons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and “*that her father wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to the Turke.* —Eriphile, after the death of her husband Amphiaraus, (*the Theban prophet*) calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infortunio* was drowned towards her,” &c. &c. STEEVENS.

No

No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As ³ these poor pick-axes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, ⁴ arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be chearful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

⁵ *Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her:
A fever

³ ———*these poor pick-axes*———] Meaning her fingers.
JOHNSON.

⁴ ———*arm him*———] That is, *Take him up in your arms.*
HANMER.

⁵ *Cymbeline's palace.*] This scene is omitted against all authority by sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next act. JOHNSON.

A fever with the absence of her son ;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger:—
 Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen
 Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me : her son gone,
 So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
 nefs,

Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here :
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
⁶ And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
 We'll slip you for a season ; but ⁷ our jealousy [*To Pis.*
 Does yet depend.

The fact is, that sir Thomas Hanmer has inserted this supposed omission as the eight scene of Act III. The scene which in Dr. Johnson's first edition is the eighth of Act III. is printed in a small letter under it in Hanmer's, on a supposition that it was spurious. In this impression it is the third scene of Act IV. and that which in Johnson is the eighth scene of Act IV. is in this the seventh scene. STEEVENS.

⁶ *And will,——]* I think it should be read :

And he'll,—— STEEVENS.

⁷ *——our jealousy*

Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined ; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the *cause is depending.* JOHNSON.

Lord.

Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter⁸.

Lord. Good my liege,
9 Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
ready:

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.——Away. [*Exeunt.*]

Pis. 1 I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even 2 to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.

⁸ *I am amaz'd with matter.*] i. e. confounded by variety of
business. So in *King John*:

I am amaz'd methinks, and lose my way,

Among the thorns and dangers of this world. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Your preparation, &c.*] Your forces are able to *face* such an
army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

¹ *I heard no letter—*] I suppose we should read with Hanmer,
I've had no letter.— STEEVENS.

Perhaps, "I heard no *later*." MUSGRAVE.

Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental
part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's
time. We yet say—I have not *heard a syllable* from him.

MALONE.

² *—to the note o' the king,—*] I will so distinguish my-
self, the king shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Before the cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd³
Among the bands) may drive us to ⁴ a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, ⁵ whose answer would be death,
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,

³ ——— *nor muster'd* ———] Folio,
————— *not muster'd.* MALONE.

⁴ ——— *a render*

Where we have liv'd; ———] An account of our place of
abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous
caution of an old man. JOHNSON.

Render is used in a similar sense in *Timon*, act V.

“ And sends us forth to make their sorrow'd *render*.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *whose answer* ———] The retaliation of the death of
Cloten would be *death*, &c. JOHNSON.

In fuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor fatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horfes neigh,
Behold ^o their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears fo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will wafte their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you fee, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deferv'd my fervice, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopelefs
To have the courtefy your cradle promis'd,
But to be ftill hot fummer's tanlings, and
The fhinking flaves of winter.

Guid. Than be fo,
Better to ceafe to be. Pray, fir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourfelf,
So out of thought, and thereto fo o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this fun that fhines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did fee man die? fcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot-goats, and venifon?
Never beft rid a horfe, fave one, that had
A rider like myfelf, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am afhamed
To look upon the holy fun, to have
The benefit of his bleft beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go:

^o —their quarter'd fires,—] Their fires regularly difpofed.
JOHNSON.

If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

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

A field; between the British and Roman camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a ⁷ bloody handkerchief.

Post. ⁸ Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
wish'd ⁹

Thou

⁷ ———*bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send.

JOHNSON:

⁸ *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next sooths his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you would take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little ¹? O, Pifanio!
 Every good servant does not all commands:
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd ² to put on this: so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ill with ill, ³ each elder worse;

And

so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against
 the country which he has already injured; but as life is no
 longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the
 obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be re-
 membered. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *I wry'd*] The old copy reads—*I am wry'd*.

STEEVENS.

¹ *For wrying but a little?* ———] This uncommon verb is like-
 wise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of his translation of
 Virgil, 1582:

“ the maysters *wrye* the vessels.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

“ ——— in her sinking down, she *wryes*

“ The diadem. ——— ” STEEVENS.

² ——— *to put on* ———] Is to *incite*, to *instigate*. JOHNSON.
 So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— the powers above,

“ *Put on* their instruments.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *each elder worse* ;] For this reading all the later editors
 have contentedly taken,

—————each worse than other;

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they knew,
 or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy
 reads,

—————each elder worse ;—————

The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls
 the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*. JOHNSON.

—————*each elder worse* ;] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow
 with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods,
 permit

4 And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift,
But Imogen is your own: 5 Do your best wills,

And

permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime. TOLLER.

4 *And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.*] The divinity schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more.——

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes;

And make them *dread it*, to the doers' thrift.

Here is a relative without an antecedent substantive; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read:

And make them *dreaded*, to the doers' thrift,

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOBALD,

This emendation is followed by Hanmer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence,

And make them *dread*, to the doers' thrift.

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation,

And make them *deeded*, to the doers' thrift.

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakspeare has, in another sense, *undeeded* in *Macbeth*:

“———my sword

“ I sheath again *undeeded*.”———

I will try again, and read thus:

———others you permit

To second ills with ills, each other worse,

And make them *trade it*, to the doer's thrift.

Trade and *thrift* correspond. Our author plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Isabella says:

“ Thy sin's, not accidental, but a *trade*.” JOHNSON.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in Hamlet, that Pope and Rowe have not refused this mode of speaking:——“ To sinner it or saint it”——and “ to coy it.” STEEVENS.

And make me blest to obey!—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit,*

S C E N E II.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and the British army at another; Leonatus Posthumus following it like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't

I have no doubt that the author wrote:

And make them *dreaded* to the doers' thrift.

Dreaded, and *dread* it are so near in sound, that they are scarcely to be distinguished in pronunciation. MALONE.

⁵ ———Do your best wills,

And make me blest t' obey!—] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written,

———Do your *blest* wills,

And make me blest t' obey.——— JOHNSON.

Revenge

Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carle⁶,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken:
 then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and
 Arviragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the
 ground;
 The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
 The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue
 Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then, enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thy-
 self:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ ——— *this carle,*] *Carl* or *churl* (ceorl, Sax.) is a clown or husbandman. REMARKS.

Verstigan says *ceorle*, now written *churle*, was anciently understood for a *sturdy fellow*. EDITOR.

Carlot is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it*. Again, in an ancient *interlude* or *morality*, printed by Rastell, without title or date.

“ A *carlys* sonne, brought up of nought.”

The thought seems to have been imitated in *Philaster*:

“ The gods take part against me; could this *boor*

“ Have held me thus else?” STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did :

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, fir ; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought : The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf⁹ ;

⁹ *Close by the battle, &c.]* The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155 : “ There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane fenced on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.”

“ Here Haie with his sonnes supposing they might best staie the fight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo ; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battell, &c.”

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs*, &c. article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject.

MUSGRAVE.

Which

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 * The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those † for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing) with this word, *stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

* *The country base,*—] i. e. A rustic game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632.

“ —I'll run a little course

“ At *base* or *barley-brake* — ”

Again, in the *Antipodes*, 1638:

“ —my men can run at *base*.”

Again, in the 30th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ At hood-wink, *barley-brake*, at tick, or *prison-base*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. 5. c. 8.

“ So ran they all as they had been at *base*.” STEEVENS.

† —[for preservation cas'd, or shame)] *Shame* for modesty.
 WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads the passage thus:

Than some for preservation cas'd.

For *shame*,

Make good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,

Our Britain's harts die flying, &c.

Theobald's reading is right. JOHNSON.

But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards,
 (Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need) having found the back-door
 open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
 O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal ² bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. ³ Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 Rather

¹ *A rout, confusion thick:—*] This is read as if it was a *thick confusion*, and only another term for *rout*: whereas *confusion-thick* should be read thus, with an hyphen, and is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But Shakspeare's fine diction is not a little obscured throughout by thus disfiguring his compound adjectives. WARBURTON.

I do not see what great addition is made to *fine diction* by this compound. Is it not as natural to enforce the principal event in a story by repetition, as to enlarge the principal figure in a picture? JOHNSON.

² *—bugs—*] Terrors. JOHNSON.

So in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“Where nought but furies, bugs, and tortures dwell.”

So in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

“Is Amurath Bassa such a bug,

“That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?”

STEEVENS.

³ *Nay, do not wonder at it:—*] Sure, this is mock reasoning with a vengeance. What! because he was made fitter to wonder at great actions, than to perform any; he is therefore forbid to wonder?

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble
 misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too? ⁴ I, in mine woe charm'd,
Could

wonder? *Not* and *but* are perpetually mistaken for one another
 in the old editions. THEOBALD.

There is no need of alteration. Posthumus first bids him not
 wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that won-
 der is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the com-
 mon superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men
 unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and
 so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other
 people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where,
 in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper cha-
 racteristic, say, “*Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cog-
 nitione sibi placent.*” And Prior, in his *Alma*:

“North Britons hence have *second fight*;

“And Germans free from *gun-shot fight.*”

WARBURTON.

See a note on *Macbeth*, act V. sc. ult. So in Drayton's *Nym-
 phidia*:

*Their seconds minister an oath
 Which was indifferent to them both,
 That, on their knightly faith and troth,
 No magic them supplied;*

And

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him:

For, being now a ⁵ favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; ⁶ great the answer be
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken;
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
³ That gave the affront with them,

*And fought them that they had no charms
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms
To have their causes tried.* STEEVENS.

⁵ —favourer to the Roman,] The editions before Hanmer's
for Roman read Briton; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton still.

⁶ —great the answer be] Answer, as once in this play be-
fore, is retaliation. JOHNSON.

⁷ —a silly habit.] Silly is simple or rustic. So in *K. Lear*:
—twenty silly ducking observants— STEEVENS.

⁸ That gave the affront with them.] That is, that turned their
faces to the enemy. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*:

“To day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow
“Give lords the affront.” STEEVENS.

1 Cap.

† *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's
there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

‡ *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his
service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a gaoler: after which, all go out.

S C E N E IV.

A prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

‡ *Gaol.* † You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you;

So graze, as you find pasture.

‡ *Goal.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician; death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd

† You shall not now be stolen,——] The wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

More

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: ' to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though

^a _____to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.]

What we can discover from the nonsense of these lines is, that the speaker, in a fit of penitency, compares his circumstances with a debtor's, who is willing to surrender up all to appease his creditor. This being the sense in general, I may venture to say, the true reading must have been this:

_____to satisfy,

I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take

No stricter render of me than my all.

The verb *d'off* is too frequently used by our author to need any instances; and is here employed with peculiar elegance, i.e. To give all the satisfaction I am able to your offended godheads, I voluntarily divest myself of my freedom: 'tis the only thing I have to atone with;

_____take

No stricter render of me, than my all. WARBURTON.

Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. The Revival is justly severe on the inconsistency of Dr. Warburton's correction. STEEVENS.

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;
 Thou light, take pieces for the figure's sake ;
 You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold² bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

⁵ *Solemn musick.* Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

² —cold bonds.—] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetic speeches.

JOHNSON.

³ *Solemn musick, &c.*] Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare.

POPE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakspeare, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay* will shew that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable.—“ We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet, by Nash, called *Lenten Stuffe, with the Prayse of the red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs, foure acts*, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players.” STEEVENS.

Sici.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphan's father art)
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes ;
 † That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

‡ *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel ;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity ?

* *That from me my Posthumus ript,*] The old copy reads :
 That from me *was* Posthumus ript.

Perhaps we should read,

That from *my womb* Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is met with in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607.
 The play of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623 :

“ What would'st thou run again into my womb ?
 “ If thou wert there, thou should'st be *Posthumus*,
 “ And ript out of my sides, &c.” STEEVENS.

Moth.

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' feat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needful jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy ?

2 Bro. For this, from stiffer feats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain ;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due ;
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries :

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*Jupiter descends*⁵ *in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so, away: no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount eagle, to my palace chrystalline. [*Ascends.*
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is

⁵ *Jupiter descends*—] It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to K. Henry VIII. bl. l. 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state. “Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some *Saynt* is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which semed to be towards some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie.” The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, “the lyke maner used nowe at our days in stage playes.” STEEVENS.

More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing⁶, and⁷ cloy^s his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof :—Away ! and, to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire,
and begot

A father to me : and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers : But (O scorn !)
Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I deserve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare
one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects

⁶ Prunes *the immortal wing*,—] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. See Vol. II. p. 479. Vol. V. p. 275. STEEVENS.

⁷ —cloy^s his beak,] Perhaps we should read,
——claw^s his beak. TYRWHITT.

A *cley* is the same with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.
So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 69 :

“ And as a catte wold ete fishes

“ Without wetyng of his clees.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods* :

“ ———from the feize

“ Of vulture death and those relentless *cleys*.”

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, speaks “ of a disease in cattell betwixt the *clees* of their feete.” And in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, “ The *cleis* within the fote ye shall call aright her pounces.” To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

STEEVENS.

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads]

*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be
lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall
after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly
grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain
be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

8 'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff and madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

8 *'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not—do either both, or nothing—
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.—*

] The obscurity of this passage arises from part of it being spoke of the prophecy, and part to it. This writing on the tablet (says he) is still a dream, or else the raving of madness. *Do thou, O tablet, either both or nothing; either let thy words and sense go together, or be thy bosom a *rasa tabula*. As the words now stand they are nonsense, or at least involve in them a sense which I cannot develope.*

WARBURTON.

The meaning, which is too thin to be easily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream or madness, or both—or nothing—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, as in a dream, or a speech unintelligible, as in madness, be it as it is, it is like my course of life.* We might perhaps read,

Whether both, or nothing— JOHNSON.

The word—*do* is inserted unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton, both in his text and his note. It is not in the old copy.

STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, fir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, fir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, fir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn¹ of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true² debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the

⁹ —and sorry that you are paid too much;—] *Tavern bills*, says the gaoler, *are the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth—you depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and—what? sorry that you are paid too much.* Where is the opposition? I read, *And merry that you are paid so much.* I take the second *paid* to be 'paid, for *appaid, filled, satiated.* JOHNSON.

—sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;—] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are paid*, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. So Falstaff:

“—seven of the eleven I *pay'd.*” See Vol. I. p. 378. Vol. V. p. 346. STEEVENS.

¹ —being drawn of heaviness:] Drawn is *embowell'd, exenterated.*—So in common language a fowl is said to be *drawn* when its intestines are taken out. STEEVENS.

² —debtor and creditor—] For an *accounting book.*

JOHNSON.

discharge:—Your neck, fir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die; than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, fir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, fir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or ' jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus, and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and

¹ ———*jump the after-enquiry*———] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So *Macbeth*:

“ We'd *jump* the life to come.” JOHNSON.

beget young gibbets, ² I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were defolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Cymbeline's tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:

² ———*I never saw one so prone.*———] i. e. forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion, &c.* 1537:

“ Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtal and serpentine,

“ With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous.”

Again in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the sixth book of Lucan:

“ ———Thessalian fierce steeds

“ For use of war so *prone* and fit.” STEEVENS.

³ *Scene V.*] Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatic violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in ⁴ one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus,*
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my knights o' the battle ⁵; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

⁴ ————*one that promis'd nought*

But beggary and poor looks.] But how can it be said, that one, whose *poor looks* promise *beggary*, promised *poor looks* too? It was not the poor look which was promised; that was visible. We must read:

But beggary and poor *luck*.

This sets the matter right, and makes Belarius speak sense and to the purpose. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promised nothing but *poor luck*, and yet performed all these wonders.

WARBURTON.

To promise *nothing but poor looks*, may be, to give no promise of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.

So in *K. Richard II.*

“To look so poorly and to speak so fair.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ————*knights o' the battle;—*] Thus in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 164, edit. 1615: “Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the field*.” STEEVENS.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To show your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By

By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time,
 (When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
 Her son into the adoption of the crown,
 But failing of her end by his strange absence,
 Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
 Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
 The ills she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
 Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
 That thought her like her seeming ; it had been
 vicious,

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners ;
 Posthumus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
 That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
 So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
 Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cold, have
 threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :

Augustus

Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd : never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
⁶ So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-
 nefs

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
 His ⁷ favour is familiar to me :—Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
 Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,
 Live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
 And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
 There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
 Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
 I love thee more and more ; think more and more

⁶ *So feat,——*] So ready ; so dextrous in waiting. JOHNSON.
⁷ *——favour is familiar——*] I am acquainted with his
 countenance. JOHNSON.

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
 speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
 Than I to your highness; who, being born your
 vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
 To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
 And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
 I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. ^s One sand another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
 Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
 forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
 He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress:

[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad. [*Cymb. and Imogen come forward.*]

^s *One sand another*

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad,] A slight corruption has made nonsense of this passage. One grain might resemble another, but none a human form. We should read:

Not more resembles, *than be th'* sweet rosy lad.

WARBURTON.

There was no great difficulty in the line, which, when properly pointed, needs no alteration. JOHNSON.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
 Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth ;
[To Iachimo.]
 Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
 Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
 Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
 Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
 him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
 Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him ? [Aside.]

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
 How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
 Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
 which

Torments me to conceal. By villainy
 I got this ring ; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
 Whom thou didst banish ; and (which more may
 grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler fir ne'er ne'er liv'd
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
 lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,——
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 Quail to remember,—Give me leave ; I faint.

Cym. My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy
 strength :

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
 Than die ere I hear more : strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock

⁹ Quail to remember,——] To quail is to sink into dejection. The word is common to many authors. See Vol. III. p. 309. Vol. V. p. 408. STEEVENS.

That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
humus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; ¹ for feature, laming
The

² ———for feature, laming] *Feature* for proportion of parts,
which Mr. Theobald not understanding, would alter to *stature*.

—————for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond *brief nature*; —————

i. e. The ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceed-
ed, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of
brief nature; i. e. of hasty, unelaborate nature. He gives the
same character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and Cleo-
patra*:

“ O'er picturing *that Venus* where we see

“ *The fancy out-work nature.*”

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our
author was not ignorant of the fine arts. A passage in *De Piles'*
Cours de Peinture par Principes will give great light to the beauty
of the text. ———“ *Peu de sentimens ont été partagez sur la beauté de
l'antique. Les gens d'esprit qui aiment les beaux arts ont estimé
dans tous les tems ces merveilleux ouvrages. Nous voyons dans les
anciens auteurs quantité de passages ou pour louer les beautez vi-
vantes on les comparoit aux statuës.*” ———*Ne vous imaginez* (dit
Maxime de Tyr) *de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle, qui
le dispute aux statuës. Ovid, où il fait la description de Cyllare, le
plus beau de Centaures, dit, Qu'il avoit une si grande vivacité dans
le visage, que le col, les épaules, les mains, & l'estomac en
etoient si beaux qu'on pouvoit assurer qu'en tout ce qu'il avoit
de l'homme c'etoit la meme beauté que l'on remarque dans les
statuës les plus parfaites.*” ———Et Philostrate, parlant de la beauté
de Neoptoleme, & de la ressemblance qu'il avoit avec son pere
Achille, dit: “ *Qu'en beauté son pere avoit autant d'avantage
sur lui que les statuës en ont sur les beaux hommes. Les au-
teurs modernes ont suivi ces mêmes sentimens sur la beauté de
l'Antique.*”

The shrine of Venus, or straight pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.

Jack. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Post-
 humus,

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover) took his hint;

And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue) he began

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
 made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags

l'Antique.—Je reporterai seulement celui de Scaliger. “Le moyen (dit il) qui nous puissions rien voir qui approche de la perfection des belles statuës, puisqu'il est permis à l'art de choisir, de retrancher, d'ajouter, de diriger, & qu'au contraire, la nature s'est toujours altérée depuis la creation du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit la beauté de la forme à celle de l'innocence.” This last quotation from Scaliger well explains what Shakspeare meant by—*brief nature*;—i. e. inelaborate, hasty, and careless as to the elegance of form, in respect of *art*, which uses the peculiar address, above explained, to arrive at perfection. WARBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was conversant with what we call at present *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of *Homer*, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. STEEVENS.

Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle²
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; ³averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

² ———a carbuncle, &c.] So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled

“ Like Phœbus car.” STEEVENS.

³ ———averring notes] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

I having

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,——
Methinks, I see him now,——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st. [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egrègious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer⁴! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, ⁵ and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
Mine, and your mistress—O, my lord Posthumus!

⁴ *Some upright justicer!*] I meet with this antiquated word in
The Tragedy of Darius, 1603:

“———this day,

“Th' eternal *justicer* sees through the stars.”

Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

“No: we must have an upright *justicer*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book x. chap. 54.

“Precelling his progenitors, a *justicer* upright.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——and she herself.] That is, She was not only *the temple of*
virtue, but *virtue herself*. JOHNSON.

You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come ' these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on
me, if

That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
'The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

⁶ ———*these staggers*———] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.—

Guid. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard⁸ in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you
not;

You had a motive for't. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

⁷ *Think, that you are upon a rock;—*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say, Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay. STEEVENS.

⁸ —a dullard—] In this place means a person stupidly unconcern'd. So in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

“What *dullard!* would'st thou doat in rusty art?”

Again, Stanyhurst in his version of the first book of Virgil, 1582:

“We Moores, lyke *dullards*, are not so wytles abyding.”

STEEVENS.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he forc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most incivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, fir king:
This man is better than the man he flew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[*To the guard.*

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath

⁹ *By tasting of our wrath?—*] But how did Belarius *undo*
or forfeit his merit by *tasting* or feeling the king's wrath? We
should read:

By hastening of our wrath?—

i. e. by hastening, provoking; and as such a provocation is un-
dutiful, the demerit, consequently, undoes or makes void his
former worth, and all pretensions to reward. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; the consequence is taken for the
whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee taste.*

JOHNSON.

¹ Assum'd this age : indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and faucy : Here's my knee :
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
² Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself,

¹ Assum'd *this age* :——] I believe is the same as *reach'd* or *attain'd this age*. STEEVENS.

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect that, instead of *age*, we ought to read *gage* ; so that he may be understood to refer to *the engagement*, which he had entered into, a few lines before, in these words :

“ —— We will die all three ;

“ But I will prove two of us are as good

“ As I have given out him.” TYRWHITT.

² *Your pleasure was my near offence*,——] I think this passage may better be read thus :

Your pleasure was my *dear* offence, my punishment
Itself *was* all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did.——

The offence which cost me so *dear* was only your caprice. My sufferings have been all my crime. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the most part, adopt the orthography of their respective ages. An
instance

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
 (For such, and so they are) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweetest companions in the world:—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. ³ Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,

instance occurs in the play of *Cymbeline*, in the last scene. ^oBelarius says to the king:

Your pleasure was my *near* offence, my punishment
 Itself, and all my treason.————

Dr. Johnson would read *dear* offence. In the folio it is *neere*; which plainly points out to us the true reading *meere*, as the word was then spelt. TYRWHITT.

³ *Thou weep'st and speak'st.*] “Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.” The king reasons very justly. JOHNSON.

Your younger princely son ; he, fir, was lap'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now,

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Blest may you be †,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
Your may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle bro-
thers,

Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
‡ When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd ;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

* —*may you be.*] The old copy reads—*pray you be.*

STEEVENS,

‡ *When you were so, indeed.*] The folio gives :

When *we* were so, indeed.

If this be right, we must read :

Imo. I, you brothers.

Arv. When we were so, indeed. JOHNSON.

When shall I hear all through? This ⁶ fierce abridg-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long ⁸ intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To Belarius.]

⁶ —fierce abridgment] *Fierce*, is *vehement*, *rapid*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Timon of Athens*:

Oh, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings! STEEVENS.

⁷ *Why fled you from the court, and whether these?*] It must be
rectified thus:

Why fled you from the court? and *whither*? These, &c.
The king is asking his daughter, how she has lived; why she fled
from the court, and to what place: and having enumerated so
many particulars, he stops short. THEOBALD.

⁸ *Will serve our long*—] So the first folio. Later editors have
omitted *our*, for the sake of the metre, I suppose; but unneces-
sarily; as *interrogatory* is used by Shakspeare as a word of five
syllables. See the *Merchant of Venice* near the end, where in
the old edition it is written *intergatory*. TYRWHITT.

See also Vol. IV. p. 118. I believe this word was generally
used as one of five syllables in our author's time. So in *Novella*,
by Brome, Act II. sc. i.

—Then you must answer

To these *intergatories*.—

EDITOR.

Imo.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn foldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The foldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then followed:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,

Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews⁹
 Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
 This label on my bosom ; whose containing
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
 Make no collection of it¹ : let him shew
 His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads.

*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
 without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of ten-
 der air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
 branches, which, being dead many years, shall after
 revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ;
 then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortu-
 nate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[To Cymbeline.]

Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*
 We term it *mulier* : which *mulier*, I divine,
 Is this most constant wife ; [To Post.] who, even now,
 Answering the letter of the oracle,
 Unknown to you, unfought, were clip'd about
 With this most tender air.

⁹—[sprightly shews—] Are ghostly appearances. STEEVENS.

¹ *Make no collection of it.*] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul* :

“ When she, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw ;

“ Gath'ring from divers fights, one act of war ;

“ From many cases like, one rule of law :

“ These her *collections*, not the senses are.” STEEVENS.

Cym.

Cym. This hat's some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

² My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
³ On whom heaven's justice, (both on her, and hers)
Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march;

² *My peace we will begin*;—] I think it better to read:
By peace we will begin.—— JOHNSON.

³ *On whom Heaven's justice*——] The old copy reads:
*Whom Heavens, in justice, both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.* MALONE.

And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
 Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THIS play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. JOHNSON.

A book entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's fare of mad Merry Western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you. Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstone*—was published at London in 1603; and again in 1620. To the second tale in that volume Shakspeare seems to have been indebted for part of the fable of *Cymbeline*. It is told by the Fish-wife of *Standon the Green*, and is as follows:

“ In the troublesome raigne of king Henry the Sixth, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unparaleled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himselfe to happy in his choise, that he believed, in choosing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you.

“ Having businesse one day to London, he took his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be brieve, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, This is truth, Sir; so is the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodness and womens' loyaltie
 will

will come both in one yeere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

“ This gentleman loving his wife dearly, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalf, said, “ Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill, for some one’s sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth:—you know my meaning, Sir; construe my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answer in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, Sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like soldiers, which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answer for, is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, ’cause they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be dishonest: so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of womens’ flights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused.” This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence; but his anger being a little over, he said,—Sir, I doe verily beleve that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill-manner’d minde, than of any experience you have had of women’s looseness: and since you think yourselfe so cunning in that divellish art of corrupting womens’ chastitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month’s space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman’s disloyaltie (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women) I doe freely give you leave to enjoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that be a match, speake and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered into the oast of the house his hands, and the sitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife’s chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise: for the other
vowed

vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to persuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came to the sight of her; at last he espyed her in the fields, to whom he went, and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny). After his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray pardon me, if I have beene too bold. I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious business that keeps him from your sight. The gentiewoman very modestly bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend.

“ In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman) would never come in his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to be free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himselfe to be something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same: therefore he resolved to doe something that night, that might win him the wager, or utterly bring him in despaire of the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentiewoman with her maiden; who having been at prayers with her household, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a littel crucifix of gold, which dayly she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same.

“ At length the gentiewoman, having untyred her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listen-
ing

ing if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought hee all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe: happy had she beene, had his bed proved his grave.

“ In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistress the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herselfe hastily ('cause one tarried to speake with her), missed not her crucifix. So passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in mind, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmanerly, she using him so kindely. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him return'd so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of woman's subtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not sufficient prooffe, I will fetch you more.

“ At the sight of this, his bloud left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber, and being weary of this world (seeing where he had put onely his trust he was deceived) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all his miseries at once: but his better genius perswaded him contrary, and not so, by laying violent hand

hand on himfelfe, to leap into the diuel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at laft he concluded to punifh her with death, which had deceived his truff, and himfelfe utterly to forfake his houfe and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he faid—George, thou knoweft I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou haft often told me that thou diddeft owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldeft be ready to render up to doe me good. True, Sir, answered his man, I faid no more then, than I will now at any time, whenfoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George, replied he; but there is no fuch need: I only would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou fhalt have thereby fhall amount to my wealth. For the love that thou beareft to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, answered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes many men valiant); pray tell me what it is? George, faid his mafter, this it is; thou muft goe home, praying thy miftrefs to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in fome private place kill her: I mean as I fpeake, kill her, I fay; this is my command, which thou haft promifed to performe; which if thou performeft not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comeft in my fight. Now for thy reward, it fhall be this—Take my ring, and when thou haft done my command, by virtue of it, do thou affume my place till my returne, at which time thou fhalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole eftate, and for thy miftrefs' abfence and my own, make what excufe thou please; fo be gone. Well, Sir, faid George, fince it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will performe it. So went he his way toward Waltam; and his mafter prefently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who a little before was enlarged by the earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

“ George being come to Waltam, did his dutie to his miftreis, who wondered to fee him, and not her husband, for whom ſhe demanded of George; he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which ſhee willingly agreed, and prefently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to ſpeake to her in this manner—Miftreis, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through ſome lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his eftates, and meanes of life, ſeeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the ſhame which her wickedneſſe hath purchaſed him? Why, George, quoth ſhee, haft thou met with ſome ſuch creature? Be it whomſoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How-

thinkest thou? 'Faith, mistress, said he, I think so too, and am so fully persuaded that her offence deserves that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one myselfe: Mistress, you are this woman; you have so offended my master (you know best, how, yourselfe), that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you mean to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde words (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering abundance of teares, she at last spake these words—And can it be, that my kindnes and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be. I know thou onely tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I'le tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation; those should be my worst words: for death's fearful visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe not jest. With that she prayed him stay, saying,—And is it so? Then what should I desire to live, having lost his favour, (and without offence) whom I so dearly loved, and in whose sight my happinesse did consist? Come, let me die. Yet, George, let me have so much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in these few words to him: Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwise but by a wife's obedience) ever since I called him husband; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, desire that Heaven would powre down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not speake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved none. Pray Heaven blesse him; I am prepared now, strike pr'ithee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

“ George, seeing this, could not withhold himselfe from shedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his sword, saying,—Mistress, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded so by my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perswaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to staine my hands with the blood of your cleere and spotlesse brest: yet let me intreat you so much, that you would not come in his sight, lest in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in some disguise, till time have opened the cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltlesse; which, I hope, will not be long.

“ To this she willingly granted, being loth to die causelesse, and thanked him for his kindnesse; so parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his master's ring, for the government of the house till his master and
mistress

mistris returne, which he said lived a while at London, because the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongst whom hee used himselfe so kindly that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (mistris of the house) in short time got man's apparell for her disguise; so wand'red she up and downe the countrey, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous that no man knew whom he might trust: onely she maintained herselfe with the price of those jewels which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which she could well spare) to make money of, she resolved rather to starve than so much to debase herselfe to become a beggar. With this resolution she went to a solitary place beside Yorke, where she lived the space of two dayes on hearbs, and such things as she could there finde.

“ In this time it chanced that king Edward, beeing come out of France, and lying there about with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take him at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that privat place? To whom shee very wisely and modestly withall, answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He beeing moved to see one so well-featur'd as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages; to whom she shewed herselfe so dutifull and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellowes. Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband.

“ After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best, she going up and downe amongst the flaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there for dead. She remembering him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house thereby; where opening his brest to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix, at sight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace: for she remembering herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

“ On a time when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said—“ Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horreur in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest. Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation ’twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to doe her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her, above all his other pages, most dearly, said,—“ Edmund (for so had she named herselfe) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge myselfe.” She being glad of this, with the king’s authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battell of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix? He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denyed the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to think how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denyed the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

“ She seeing this villain’s impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I ne’re had knowne the owner of it. It was my wife’s, a woman virtuous, till this divell (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

“ With that the king said—“ Sirra now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it?” To whom he answered with fearfull countenance—“ And it like your grace, I said so, to preserve this gentleman’s honour, and his wife’s, which by my telling of the truth would have been
much

much indamaged; for indeed she, being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love.

“The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover herselfe in that disguise, said—“And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman—The king having given her leave, she said, “First, Sir, you confessed before your cast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denied that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman’s wife’s gift.—With his majestie’s leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false.” With that she discovered herselfe to be a woman, saying—“Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet’s favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodnes left in thee, speake the truth.”

“With that he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and himselfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes persuaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—“Sir, (speaking to her husband) you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager; for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concernes me not, your wife shall be your judge.” With that *Mrs. Dorrill*, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying—“Sir, all my anger to you I lay down with this kisse. He wond’ring all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:—That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere’s imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king’s leave, lovingly home, where they were kindly welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they ever after in great content.” MALONE.

A S O N G, sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over
Fidele, supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

I.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids, and village binds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

2.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

6.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

KING

K I N G L E A R.

B b 4

Persons Represented.

Lear, King of Britain.

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Gloster.

Earl of Kent.

Edgar, Son to Gloster.

Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.

Curan, a Courtier.

Physician.

Fool.

Oswald, Steward to Goneril.

A Captain, employed by Edmund.

A Herald.

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,
Regan,
Cordelia, } *Daughters to Lear.*

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

S C E N E, Britain.

K I N G L E A R.

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

King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo.

The story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakspeare seems to have been more indebted to the *True Chronicle History of King Leir, and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, (which I have already published at the end of a collection of the quarto copies) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the same title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from these Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. From *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1586, Shakspeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the least trace of it in any other work. I have referred to these pieces, whenever our author seems more immediately to have followed them, in the course of my notes on the play. For the first *King Lear*, see likewise *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

The reader will also find the story of *K. Lear*, in the second book and 10th canto of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harfnet's pamphlet to which it contains so many references, (as will appear in the notes) was not published till that year. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306. ed. 1674.) tells a similar story to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the West Saxons; which,

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, ² in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for ³ equalities are so weigh'd, ⁴ that curiosity in neither can ⁵ make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: where-

which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wise Speeches*. PERCY.

² —in the division of the kingdom,—] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him.

JOHNSON.

³ —equalities,—] So, the first quartos; the folio reads—*Qualities*. JOHNSON.

Either may serve; but of the former I find an instance in the *Flower of Friendship*, 1568: "After this match made, and equalities considered, &c." STEEVENS.

⁴ —that curiosity in neither—] *Curiosity*, for exactest scrutiny. The sense of the whole sentence is, The qualities and properties of the several divisions are so weighed and balanced against one another, that the exactest scrutiny could not determine in preference one share to the other. WARBURTON.

Curiosity is scrupulousness, or captiousness. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, act IV. sc. iv.

"For curious I cannot be with you." STEEVENS.

⁵ —make choice of either's moiety.] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half*, one of two equal parts; but Shakspeare commonly uses it for *any part* or *division*.

Methinks my *moiety* north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:

and here the *division* was into *three* parts. STEEVENS.

Heywood likewise uses the word *moiety* as synonymous to *any part* or *portion*. "I would unwillingly part with the greatest *moiety* of my own means and fortunes." *Hist. of Women*, 1624. See Vol. V. p. 372. MALONE.

upon

upon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, ⁶ some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came somewhat faucily into the world before he was sent for: yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again;—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloster, and Edmund.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall ⁷ exprefs our darker purpose.

The

⁶ —some year elder than this,—] The Oxford editor, not understanding the common phrase, alters year to years. He did not consider, the Bastard says:

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

Lag of a brother.—— WARBURTON.

Some year, is an expression used when we speak indefinitely.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —exprefs our darker purpose.] *Darker*, for more secret; not for indirect, oblique. WARBURTON.

This

The map there.—Know, that we have divided,
 In three, our kingdom : ⁸ and 'tis our fast intent
 To shake all cares and business from our age ⁹ ;
 Conferring them on younger strengths ¹, while we ²
 Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Corn-
 wall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
 We have this hour a ³ constant will to publish
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and
 Burgundy,

This word may admit a further explication. *We shall express our darker purpose*: that is, we have already made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. JOHNSON.

⁸ ———and 'tis our fast intent.] This is an interpolation of Mr. Lewis Theobald, for want of knowing the meaning of the old reading in the quarto of 1608, and first folio of 1623; where we find it,

—————and 'tis our *first* intent;
 which is as Shakspeare wrote it; who makes Lear declare his purpose with a dignity becoming his character: that the *first* reason of his abdication was the love of his people, that they might be protected by such as were better able to discharge the trust; and his natural affection for his daughters, only the *second*.
 WARBURTON.

Fast is the reading of the first folio, and, I think, the true reading. JOHNSON.

⁹ ———from our age;] The quartos read—*off our state*.

STEEVENS.

¹ Conferring *them on younger strengths*,] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read, *Confirming* them on younger years.

STEEVENS.

² ———while we, &c.] From *while we*, down to *prevented now*, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ ———constant will seems a confirmation of *fast* intent. JOHNSON.

Constant is firm, determined. *Constant will* is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The same epithet is used with the same meaning in the *Merchant of Venice*:

—————else nothing in the world
 Could turn so much the constitution
 Of any constant man. STEEVENS.

Great

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
 (Since now ⁴ we will divest us, both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)
 Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend
 Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can weild the matter,
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do ⁷? Love, and be
 silent. [Aside.]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to
 this,
 With shadowy forests and with ⁸ champains rich'd,

⁴ *Since now, &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the quartos.
 STEEVENS.

⁵ *Where nature doth with merit challenge.*—] Where the claim of *merit* is superadded to that of *nature*; or where a superior degree of *natural filial affection* is joined to the claim of other *merits*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Beyond all manner of so much*—] Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would be yet more.
 JOHNSON.

⁷ *—do?*—] So the quarto; the folio has *speak*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *—and with champains rich'd,*
With plenteous rivers—] These words are omitted in the quartos. *To rich* is an obsolete verb. It is used by Tho. Drant in his translation of Horace's *Epistles*, 1567:

“To *ritch* his country let his words lyke flowing water fall.”
 STEEVENS.

Rich'd is used for *enrich'd*, as *'tice* for *entice*, *'bate* for *abate*, *strain* for *constrain*, &c. MONCK MASON.

With

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,¹
 And prize me² at her worth. In my true heart
 I find, she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short:³ that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
³ Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

¹ *I am made, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir, I am made of the self-same metal that my sister is.* STEEVENS:

² *And prize me*] I believe this passage should rather be pointed thus:

*And prize me at her worth, in my true heart
 I find, she names, &c.*

That is, *And so may you prize me at her worth, as in my true heart I find, that she names, &c.* TYRWHITT.

I believe we should read:

“And prize you at her worth;”

That is, set the same high value upon you that she does.

MONCK MASON.

² ———*that I profess*] That seems to stand without relation, but is referred to *find*, the first conjunction being inaccurately suppressed. I find *that* she names my deed, I find that I profess, &c. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is this:—“My sister has equally expressed my sentiments, only she comes short of me in this, that I profess myself an enemy to all joys but you.”—*That I profess* means, *in that I profess.* MONCK MASON.

³ *Which the most precious square of sense possesses;*] By the square of sense, we are, here, to understand the four nobler senses, viz. the *sight, hearing, taste, and smell.* For a young lady could not, with decency, insinuate that she knew of any pleasures which the *fifth* afforded. This is imagined and expressed with great propriety and delicacy. But the Oxford editor, for *square*, reads *spirit.* WARBURTON.

This is acute; but perhaps *square* means only *compass, comprehension.* JOHNSON.

So, in a *Parænesis to the Prince*, by lord Sterline, 1604:

“The square of reason, and the mind's clear eye.”

STEEVENS.

Cor.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 * More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 † No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that confirm'd † on Goneril.—⁷ Now, our joy,
 † Although the last, not least; to whose young love
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be interefs'd †; what can you say, † to draw
 A third,

* *More pond'rous than my tongue.*] We should read, *their tongue*, meaning her sisters. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading right. JOHNSON.

More pond'rous than my tongue.] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, *more richer*. STEEVENS.

† *No less in space, validity,——*] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. WARBURTON.

† *——confirm'd——*] The folio reads, *conferr'd*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *——Now our joy,*] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads:

——*But now our joy,
 Although the last, not least in our dear love,
 What can you say to win a third, &c.*

The folio:

——*Now our joy,
 Although our last, and least; to whose young love
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be int'refs'd. What can you say, &c.* JOHNSON.

† *Although our last, not least, &c.*] So, in the old anonymous play, *King Leir* speaking to Mumford:

“——to thee last of all;
 “ Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593:

“ The *third* and *last*, not *least*, in our account.”

MALONE.

† *Strive to be interefs'd;*] So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion*: “——there is scarce any of the nobilitie, or gentry of this land, but he is some way or other by his blood *interessed* therein.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

“ Our sacred laws and just authority
 “ Are *interessed* therein.”

To

A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. ² Nothing?

Cor. ² Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? ³ mend your speech
a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord.

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? ⁴ Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
⁵ To love my father all.

To *interest* and to *interesse*, are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but are two distinct words though of the same import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *intereffer*. STEEVENS.

¹ —to draw] The quarto reads—what can you say, *to win*. STEEVENS.

² These two speeches are wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ *How, how, Cordelia?*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*Go to, go to*. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*Haply, when I shall wed, &c.*] So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1586, Cordila says:

“ To love you as I ought, my father, well;
“ Yet shortly I may chance, if fortune will,
“ To find in heart to beare another more good will:
“ Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *To love my father all.*—] These words are restored from the first edition, without which the sense was not complete. POPE.

Lear.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;

By all the operations of the orbs,

From whom we do exist, and cease to be;

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous

Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,

As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:

I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To Cordelia?*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who

stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,

With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,

⁶ *Hold thee, from this,——*] i, e. from this time. STEEVENS.

⁷ [*To Cordelia.*] Rather, as the author of the *Revisal* observes, to *Kent*. For in the next words Lear sends for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. STEEVENS.

Mr. Monck Mason observes, that Kent did not yet deserve such treatment from the King, as the only words he had uttered were, "Good my liege." EDITOR.

Preheminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. ⁸ Only we shall retain
 The name, and all the addition to a king;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours: which, to confirm,
 This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear.

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
⁹ As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
 shaft.

⁸ ————*Only retain*
The name, and all the additions to a king:
The sway, revenue, execution,
Beloved sons, be yours; ————] The old books read the lines
 thus:

The sway, revenue, execution *of the rest*,
 Beloved sons, be yours. ————

This is evidently corrupt; and the editors not knowing what to
 make of ————*of the rest*———, left it out. The true reading,
 without doubt, was:

The sway, revenue, execution *of th' best*,
 Beloved sons, be yours. ————

Best is an old word for regal command: so that the sense of the
 whole is,—I will only retain the *name* and all the ceremonious
 observances that belong to a king; the *essentials*, as sway, reve-
 nue, administration of the laws, be yours. WARBURTON.

———*execution of the rest*,] I do not see any great difficulty in
 the words, *execution of the rest*, which are in both the old copies.
 The *execution of the rest* is, I suppose, *all the other business*. Dr.
Warburton's own explanation of his amendment confutes it; if
best be a *regal command*, they were, by the grant of Lear, to
 have rather the *best* than the execution. JOHNSON.

⁹ *As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—]* An allusion
 to the custom of clergymen praying to their patrons, in what is
 commonly called the bidding prayer. HENLEY.

See also note to the epilogue to *King Henry IV.* Part II.

EDITOR.

Kent.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man?

¹ Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
² Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as ³ a pawn

To

¹ *Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,*] I have given this passage according to the old folio, from which the modern editions have silently departed, for the sake of better numbers, with a degree of insincerity, which, if not sometimes detected and censured, must impair the credit of ancient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much mischief may be done by such clandestine alterations. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reverse thy state*, it gives, *reverse thy doom*, and has *stoops*, instead of *falls to folly*. The meaning of *answer my life my judgment*, is, *Let my life be answerable for my judgment*, or, *I will stake my life on my opinion*.—The reading which, without any right, has possessed all the modern copies is this:

—————to plainness honour

Is bound, when majesty to folly falls.

Reverse thy state; with better judgment check

This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,

Thy youngest daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverse thy doom* was Shakespeare's first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reverse thy state*, which conduces more to the progress of the action." JOHNSON.

² *Reverbs*——] This is perhaps a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverberates*. STEEVENS.

³ —————a pawn

To wage against thine enemies; —————]

To wage against thine enemies : nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
⁴ The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,——

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear⁵.

Kent. Do; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift⁶;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—

i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in waging war against your enemies.

To *wage against* is an expression used in a letter from Guil. Webbe to Robt. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Guismund*, 1592: “——you shall not be able to *wage against* me in the charges growing upon this action.” STEEVENS.

My life I never held but as a pawn

To wage against thine enemies.——]

That is, I never considered my life as of more value than that of the commonest of your subjects. A *pawn* in chess is a *common man*, in contradistinction to the *knight*; and Shakspeare has several allusions to this game, particularly in *King John*:

Who painfully with much expedient march,
Have brought a *counter-check* before your gates.

Again, in *King Henry V*:

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person.

HENLEY.

⁴ *The true blank of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the white or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. See *better*, says Kent, and keep me always in your view. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Dear sir, forbear.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS:

⁶ ——*thy gift.*] The quartos read——*thy doom.* STEEVENS.

Since

Since thou hast fought to make us break our vow,
 (Which we durst never yet,) and, ⁷ with strain'd pride,
⁸ To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
 (⁹ Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)

⁷ — *strain'd pride*] The oldest copy reads *strayed pride*; that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride passing due bounds. JOHNSON.

⁸ *To come betwixt our sentence and our power*;] *Power*, for execution of the sentence. WARBURTON.

Rather, as Mr. Edwards observes, *our power to execute that sentence*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear,*

Our potency make good; —] Mr. Theobald, by putting the first line into a parenthesis, and altering *make* to *made* in the second line, had destroyed the sense of the whole; which, as it stood before he corrupted the words, was this: "You have endeavoured, says Lear, to make me break my oath; you have presumed to stop the execution of my sentence: the latter of these attempts neither my temper nor high station will suffer me to bear; and the other, had I yielded to it, my power could not make good, or excuse." — *Which*, in the first line, referring to both attempts: but the ambiguity of it, as it might refer only to the latter, has occasioned all the obscurity of the passage. WARBURTON.

Theobald only inserted the parenthesis; he found *made good* in the best copy of 1623. Dr. Warburton has very acutely explained and defended the reading that he has chosen, but I am not certain that he has chosen right. If we take the reading of the folio, *our potency made good*, the sense will be less profound indeed, but less intricate, and equally commodious. *As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the sentence which I had passed, and the power by which I shall execute it, take thy reward in another sentence which shall make good, shall establish, shall maintain, that power.* If Dr. Warburton's explanation be chosen, and every reader will wish to choose it, we may better read:

Which nor our nature, nor our state can bear,

Or potency make good. —

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good*, relates only to *our place*. — Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place*, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear. — Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very just observation of life, made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability.

JOHNSON.

Our potency made good, take thy reward.
 Five days we do allot thee, for provision
 To shield thee from disasters¹ of the world;
 And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
 Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 The moment is thy death: Away!² By Jupiter,
 This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king: since thus thou
 wilt appear,

³ Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—

The gods to their dear shelter⁴ take thee, maid,

[*To Cordelia.*

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To Regan and Goneril.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

⁵ He'll shape his old course in a country new, [*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloster, with France, Burgundy, and attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king

Have rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,

Will you require in present dower with her,

Or cease your quest of love⁶?

Bur.

¹ —disasters.] The quartos read *diseases*. STEEVENS.

² —By Jupiter,] Shakspeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

³ Freedom lives hence,—] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendship* lives hence. STEEVENS.

⁴ —dear shelter—] The quartos read—*protection*. STEEVENS.

⁵ He'll shape his old course,—] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

⁶ —quest of love.] *Quest of love* is *amorous expedition*. The term

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fall'n : Sir, there she stands ;
If aught within that little, ⁷ seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she
⁸ owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her ?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir ;
⁹ Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the power that
made me,

term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with in the *Fairy Queen*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Seeming*] is *beautiful*. JOHNSON.

Seeming rather means *specious*. So, in the *Merry Wives*, &c.

“ ——— pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so *seeming* mistress Page.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ ——— hence shall we see,

“ If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be.”

STEEVENS,

⁸ ——— *owes*,] i. e. Is possessed of. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Election makes not up on such conditions.*] To *make up* signifies to complete, to conclude ; as, *they made up the bargain* ; but in this sense it has, I think, always the subject noun after it. To *make up*, in familiar language, is neutrally, *to come forward*, to *make advances*, which, I think, is meant here. JOHNSON.

I should read the line thus : ———

Election makes not *upon* such conditions.

MONCK MASON.

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To France.]
 I would not from your love make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
 To avert your liking a more worthier way,
 Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
 Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
 That she, who even but now was your best object,
 The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
 The best, the dearest; should in this trice of time
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
 So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree,
 That monster's it²,³ or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall

² *The best, the dearest;—*] 'The quartos read—
Most best, most dearest.—— STEEVENS.

² *That monsters it.*] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. ii:

“To hear my nothings *monster'd*.” STEEVENS.

³ The common books read:

———or your fore-vouch'd affection
 Fall'n into taint:———

This line has no clear or strong sense, nor is this reading authorized by any copy, though it has crept into all the late editions. The early quarto reads:

———or you for vouch'd affections
 Fall'n into taint.———

The folio:

———or your fore-vouch'd affection
 Fall into taint.———

Taint is used for *corruption* and for *disgrace*. If therefore we take the oldest reading it may be reformed thus:

———sure her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree,
 That monsters it; or you for vouch'd affection
 Fall into taint.

Her offence must be prodigious, or *you* must *fall into reproach* for having *vouched affection* which you did not feel. If the reading of the folio be preferred, we may with a very slight change produce the same sense:

———sure

Fall into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,

—sure her offence

Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Falls into taint.—

That is, *falls into reproach or censure*. But there is another possible sense. Or signifies *before*, and *or ever* is *before ever*; the meaning in the folio may therefore be, *Sure her crime must be monstrous before your affection can be affected with hatred*. Let the reader determine.—As I am not much a friend to conjectural emendation, I should prefer the latter sense, which require no change of reading. JOHNSON.

—or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall into taint :—] I believe the reading of the first quarto—

—or you, for vouch'd affection,

Fall'n into taint—

to be the true one; but understand the latter words in a different sense from Dr. Johnson. *Surely, either the offence of Cordelia must be prodigious, or you must be fall'n into an unjustifiable and faulty way of thinking with respect to her, seduced by the vouched affection, i. e. by the extravagant professions of love made to you by her sisters.—Fall'n* may therefore clearly stand.

In support of the reading of the quarto, in preference to that of the folio, it should be observed, that Lear had not *vouch'd*, had *not* made any particular declaration of his affection for Cordelia; while on the other hand Goneril and Regan have made in this scene an ostentatious profession of their love for their father. MALONE.

The present reading, which is that of the folio, is right; and the sense will be clear, without even the slight amendment proposed by Dr. Johnson, to every reader who shall consider the word *must*, as referring to *fall* as well as to *be*. Her offence *must* be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her, must *fall* into taint; that is, become the subject of reproach. MONCK MASON.

Taint is a term belonging to falconry. So, in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "A *taint* is a thing that goeth overthwart the fethers, &c. like as it were eaten with wormes."

STEEVENS.

To

To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,
 I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
 No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
 But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
 Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
 better.

France. Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature,
 Which often leaves the history unspoke,
 That it intends to do ?—My lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady ? Love is not love,
 When it is mingled with regards, that stand ⁴
 Aloof ⁵ from the entire point. Will you have her ?
 She is herself a dowry ⁶.

Bur. ⁷ Royal Lear,
 Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Dutchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing : I have sworn ; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
 That you must lose a husband.

⁴ ———with regards that stand.] The quarto reads :

—————with respects that stands. STEEVENS.

⁵ ———from the entire point.] Entire, for right, true.

WARBURTON.

Rather, single, unmixed with other considerations.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. The meaning of the passage is, that
 his love wants something to mark its sincerity ;

“ Who seeks for aught in love but love alone.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *She is herself a dowry.*] The quartos read :

She is herself and dower. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Royal Lear,*] So, the quarto ; the folio has—*Royal king.*

STEEVENS.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
 Since that respects of fortune are his love,
 I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
 poor;
 Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
 Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
 neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
 Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
 Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
 Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
 Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
⁸Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
 for we
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
 Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
 Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, &c.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
 And, like a sister, am most loth to call
 Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
 To your professing bosoms ⁹I commit him:

⁸ *Thou lovest here, —*] *Here and where* have the power of nouns. Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place. JOHNSON.

⁹ *—professing bosoms.*] All the ancient editions read—*professed*. The alteration is Mr. Pope's, but, perhaps, is unnecessary, as Shakspeare often uses one participle for the other;—*longing* for *longed* in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all-obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

But yet, alas! stood I within his grace
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study

Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms: You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what² plaited cunning hides,
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

Well

² *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] This is a very obscure expression, and must be pieced out with an implied sense to be understood. This I take to be the poet's meaning, stript of the jingles which makes it dark: "You well deserve to meet with that *want* of love from your husband, which you have professed to *want* for our father." THEOBALD.

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.] This nonsense must be corrected thus:

And well are worth the want that you have *vaunted*.
i. e. that disherison, which you so much glory in, you deserve.

WARBURTON.

I think the common reading very suitable to the manner of our author, and well enough explained by Theobald. JOHNSON.

I explain the passage thus:—You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* Act IV. sc. i: "Though I *want* a kingdom," i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 137: "Anselm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his bishoprick," i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

² —*plaited cunning*— i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning.

JOHNSON.

I once thought that the author wrote *plated*:—cunning *superinduced*, thinly spread over. So, in this play:

“ ———Plate sin with gold,

“ And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.”

But the word *unfold*, and the following lines in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, shew that *plaited*, or (as the quarto has it) *pleated*, is the true reading:

“ For that he colour'd with his high estate,

“ Hiding base sin in *pleats* of majesty. MALONE.

³ *Who cover faults, &c.*] The quartos read,

Who *covers* faults, at last *shame* them derides.

This

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France, and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and foundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections ⁴ of long engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, ⁵ let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such

This I have replaced. The former editors read with the folio:

Who *covers* faults at last with shame derides. STEEVENS.

Mr. Monck Mason believes the folio, with the alteration of a letter, to be the right reading:

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,

Who *covert* faults at last with shame derides.

The word *who* referring to *time*.

In the third Act, Lear says:

——Caitiff shake to pieces,

That under *covert*, -and convenient seeming,

Hath practis'd on man's life. EDITOR.

⁴ ——*of long engrafted condition,*] i. e. qualities of mind confirmed by long habit. MALONE.

⁵ ——*let us hit*——] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us fit.* JOHNSON.

dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and 'i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. ⁷ Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
⁸ Stand in the plague of custom: and permit

——let us hit——] i. e. agree. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——i' the heat] i. e. We must strike while the iron's hot.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Thou, nature, art my goddess;——*] He makes his bastard an atheist. Italian atheism had much infected the English court, as we learn from the best writers of that time. But this was the general title those atheists in their works gave to nature: thus Vanini calls one of his books, *De admirandis Naturæ Regine deæque mortalium Arcanis*. So that the title here is emphatical. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton says that Shakspeare has made his *bastard* an *atheist*; when it is very plain that Edmund only speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as he supposes) to the existence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *custom* or *law* had prescribed, so he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldest and the youngest.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's assertion yet more strongly, Edmund concludes this very speech by an invocation to heaven.

“Now gods stand up for bastards!” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Stand in the plague of custom,——*] The word *plague* is in all the old copies: I can scarcely think it right, nor can I yet reconcile myself to *plage*, the emendation proposed by Dr. Warburton, though I have nothing better to offer.” JOHNSON.

The meaning is plain, though oddly expressed. Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom?

The

' The curiosity of nations ' to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
 ' Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
 When

Shakspeare seems to mean by the *plague of custom*, Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed? Dr. Warburton defines *plage* to be *the place, the country, the boundary of custom*; a word to be found only in Chaucer. STEEVENS.

⁹ *The courtesy of nations*—] Mr. Pope reads *nicety*. The copies give—*the curiosity of nations*;—but our author's word was, *curtesy*. In our laws some lands are held by the *curtesy of England*. THEOBALD.

Curiosity, in the time of Shakspeare, was a word that signified *an over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c. In this sense it is used in Timon. "When thou wast (says Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much *curiosity*." Barrett in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: something too curious, or too much affected*: and again in this play of *K. Lear*, Shakspeare seems to use it in the same sense, "which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is the old reading, which Mr. Theobald changed into *courtesy*, though the former is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, with the meaning for which I contend.

It is true, that Orlando, in *As You Like It*, says: "The *courtesy* of nations allows you my better;" but Orlando is not there inveighing against the law of primogeniture, but only against the unkind advantage his brother takes of it, and *courtesy* is a word that fully suits the occasion. Edmund, on the contrary, is turning this law into ridicule; and for such a purpose, the *curiosity of nations*, (i. e. the idle, nice distinctions of the world) is a phrase of contempt much more natural in his mouth, than the softer expression of—*courtesy of nations*. STEEVENS.

¹ —to deprive me,] To deprive was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exheredo* by this word: and Holinshed speaks of *the line of Henry before deprived*.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. ch. xvi.

"To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye shall restore again."

Again, *Ibid*:

"The one restored, for his late *depriving* nothing mov'd."

STEEVENS.

² *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers,
 and

When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
³ Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
⁵ Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—

Now

and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I or any man.*

HANMER.

³ *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, &c.*] These fine lines are an instance of our author's admirable art in giving proper sentiments to his characters. The *bastard's* is that of a confirmed atheist; and his being made to ridicule *judicial astrology* was designed as one mark of such a character. For this impious juggle had a religious reverence paid to it at that time. And therefore the best characters in this play acknowledge the force of the stars' influence. But how much the lines following this, are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De admirandis Naturæ, &c.* printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died. “*O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluissem ardentius, ac cumulatim affatimque generosa femina contulissent, è quibus ego formæ blanditiam & elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innubilem consequutus fuisset. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis.*” Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakspeare alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject. WARBURTON.

⁵ *Shall be the legitimate.*—] Here the Oxford editor would shew

Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! ⁵ subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to ⁶ exhibition! ⁷ All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm.

shew us that he is as good at coining phrases as his author, and so alters the text thus:

Shall *toe* th' legitimate.——

i. e. says he, *stand on even ground with him*, as he would do with his author. WARBURTON.

Hanmer's emendation will appear very plausible to him that shall consult the original reading. Butter's quarto reads:

———Edmund the base

Shall *tooth*' legitimate.——

The folio, ———Edmund the base

Shall *to th*' legitimate.——

Hanmer, therefore, could hardly be charged with coining a word, though his explanation may be doubted. To *toe* him, is perhaps to *kick him out*, a phrase yet in vulgar use; or, to *toe*, may be literally to *supplant*. The word *be* has no authority.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read,—Shall *top* the legitimate.

I have received this emendation, because the succeeding expression, *I grow*, seems to favour it. STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ———Not in the legions

“ Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,

“ To *top* Macbeth.”

MALONE.

⁵ ———subscrib'd his power!] *Subscrib'd*, for *transferred*, *alienated*. WARBURTON.

To subscribe, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*prescribed*. STEEVENS.

⁶ ———*exhibition!*——] Is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

⁷ ———*All this done*

Upon the gad!———]

So the old copies: the later editions read:

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or ^s taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] ⁹ *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the*

—————All is gone

Upon the gad! —————

which, besides that it is unauthorized, is less proper. To do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad fly.

JOHNSON.

A thing done upon the *gad* is done suddenly, or (as before) while the *iron is hot*. A *gad* is an *iron bar*. REMARKS.

^s ———taste of my virtue.] Though *taste* may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read, *assay* or *test* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Bring me to the *test*.” JOHNSON.

⁹ *This policy and reverence of age.* ———] *Age* is the reading of both the copies of authority. Butter's quarto has, *this policy of age*; the folio, *this policy and reverence of age*. JOHNSON.

The

the world bitter to the best of our times ; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find ' an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny ; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Hum—Conspiracy !—Sleep, 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue.—My son Edgar ! Had he a hand to write this ? a heart and brain to breed it in ?——When came this to you ? Who brought it ?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it ; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's ?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his ; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord ; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore founded you in this business ?

Edm. Never, my lord : But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain !—His very opinion in the letter !——Abhorred villain ! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain ! worse than brutish !—Go, firrah,

The two quartos published by Butter, concur with the folio in reading *age*. Pope's ducdecimo is the only copy that has *ages*. STEEVENS.

¹ —idle and fond—] Weak and foolish. JOHNSON.

seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other 'pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. ² Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; ³ wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: ⁴ I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm.

¹ ———pretence———] *Pretence* is design, purpose. So, afterwards in this play:

Pretence and purpose of unkindness. JOHNSON.

² *Edm.*] From *Nor is*, to *heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

³ ———wind me into him,———] I once thought it should be read, *you* into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like *do me this*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “—challenge *me* the duke's youth to fight with him.” Instances of this phraseology occur in the *Merchant of Venice*, *K. Henry IV. Part I.* and in *Othello*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ———I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.] i. e. I will throw aside all consideration of my relation to him, that I may act as justice requires. WARBURTON.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; ^s convey the

Such is this learned man's explanation. I take the meaning to be rather this, *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I would unstate myself*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due resolution*, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. JOHNSON.

The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 “ *Unstate* his happiness, and be urg'd to shew
 “ Against a sworder.”——

To *unstate*, in both these instances, seems to have the same meaning. Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, i. e. to *unstate* him; and therefore his father says he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him.

To *enstate* is to confer a fortune. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

——his possessions

We do *enstate* and widow you withal. STREEVENS.

It seems to me, that *I would unstate myself* in this passage means simply *I would give my estate* (including rank as well as fortune.)

TYRWHITT.

Both Warburton and Johnson have mistaken the sense of this passage, and their explanations are such as the words cannot possibly imply. Gloucester cannot bring himself thoroughly to believe what Edmund told him of Edgar; he says, Can he be such a monster? He afterwards desires Edmund to sound his intentions, and then says, he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth; for that is the meaning of the words *to be in a due resolution*.

Othello uses the word *resolved* in the same sense more than once:

“ ——I will be resolved,

“ For once to be in doubt, is once to be resolved.”

In both which places, *to be resolved* means *to be certain* of the fact.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, Amintor says to Evadne,

“ 'Tis not his crown

“ Shall buy me to thy bed now I *resolve*

“ He hath dishonour'd thee.”

And afterwards in the same play the King says:

“ Well I am resolved

“ You lay not with her.” MONCK MASON.

^s ——convey the business——] *Convey*, for introduce: but

the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though,⁶ the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. ⁷* This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownests, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! *——Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:——And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!——Strange! strange! [Exit.

convey is a fine word, as alluding to the practice of clandestine conveying goods, so as not to be found upon the felon.

WARBURTON.

To *convey* is rather to *carry through* than to introduce; in this place it is to *manage artfully*: we say of a juggler, that he has a clean *conveyance*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lilly, 1599: "Two, they say, may keep counsel if one be away; but to *convey* knavery two are too few, and four are too many."

Again, in *A mad World, my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:

"——thus I've *convey'd* it;——"

"I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness." STEEVENS.

So, in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607:

"A circumstance or an indifferent thing"

"Doth oft mar all, when not with care *convey'd*."

MALONE.

⁶ ——*the wisdom of nature*——] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. JOHNSON.

⁷ *This villain*——] All from asterisk to asterisk is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Edm. ⁸ This is the excellent foppery of the world !
that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of
our

⁸ *This is the excellent foppery of the world, &c.]* In Shakspeare's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempest*, the lying disposition of travellers, and, in *As You Like It*, the fantastic humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seem to intimate ; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.* However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal consequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely besotted with it, certainly deserved the severest lash of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any casualty so accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities : so wretched and monstrous an opinion did it set out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as most other unnatural crimes and follies of these latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the most detestable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponensis, an Italian physician of the 13th century, assures us that those prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a just indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradise Regained*, satirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting these reveries into the mouth of the devil. Nor could the licentious Rabelais himself forbear to ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquisite address and humour, where, in the fable which he so agreeably tells from Æsop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loss of his hatchet, he makes those who, on the poor man's good success, had projected to trick Jupiter by the same petition, a kind of astrologic atheists, who ascribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of some rare conjunction and configuration of the stars, " Hen, hen, dissent

our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, ⁹ and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that

disent ils—Et doncques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieulx, la constellation des Astres, & aspect des planetes, que quiconque coignée perdra, soudain deviendra ainsi riche?" —*Nou. Prolog. du IV. Livre.*—But to return to Shakspeare. So blasphemous a delusion, therefore, it became the honesty of our poet to expose. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was therefore to be done obliquely; and the circumstances of the scene furnished him with as good an opportunity as he could wish. The persons in the drama are all Pagans, so that as, in compliance to custom, his good characters were not to speak ill of judicial astrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expose it the more, he with great judgment, makes these Pagans fatalists; as appears by these words of Lear:

By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be.

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial astrology. Having thus discredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct satire against it mistaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to custom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheist, especially when he has added such force of reason to his ridicule, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. WARBURTON.

⁹ —*and treachers,*—] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the first copies, which I have restored to the text, may be supported from most of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“How smooth the cunning *treacher* look'd upon it!”

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

“—————Oh, you *treachour*!”

Again, in *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“—————Hence, *treacher* as thou art!”

Again, in the *Bloody Banquet*, 1639:

“To poison the right use of service—a *trecher*.”

Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, mentions “the false *treacher*,” and Spenser often uses the same word. STEEVENS.

we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: ¹ An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! ² My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar——

Enter Edgar.

and ³ *pat* ⁴ he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:

¹ *An admirable evasion—to lay his—disposition on the charge of a star!——*] We should read, *change of a star!* which both the sense and grammar require. It was the opinion of astrologers (see what is said just above) that the momentary influence did all; and we do not say, Lay a thing *on the charge*, but *to the charge*. Besides, *change* answering to *evasion* just above, gives additional elegance to the expression. WARBURTON.

² *—of a star.*] Both the quartos read—*to the charge of stars.*
STEEVENS.

³ *pat he comes——*] The quartos read,
——and *out* he comes.—— STEEVENS.

⁴ *——he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:——*] This we are to understand, as a compliment intended by the author, on the natural winding up of the plot in the comedy of the ancients; which as it was owing to the artful and yet natural introduction of the persons of the drama into the scene, just in the nick of time, or *pat*, as our author says, makes the similitude very proper. This, without doubt, is the supreme beauty of comedy, considered as an *action*. And as it depends solely on a strict observance of the *unities*, it shews that these *unities* are in nature, and in the reason of things, and not in a mere arbitrary invention of the Greeks, as some of our own country *critics*, of a low mechanic genius, have, by their works, persuaded our *wits* to believe. For common sense requiring that the subject of *one comedy* should be *one action*, and that that action should be contained nearly within the period of time which the representation of it takes up; hence we have the *unities of time and action*; and, from these, unavoidably arises the third, which is that of *place*. For when the whole of one *action* is included within a proportionable small space of *time*, there is no room to change the *scene*, but all must be done upon one *spot of ground*. Now
from

comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me——

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. ^s I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed

from this last unity, (the necessary issue of the two other, which derive immediately from nature) proceeds all that beauty of the *catastrophe*, or the winding up the plot in the ancient comedy. For all the persons of the drama being to appear and act on one limited spot, and being by their several interests to embarrass, and at length to conduct the action to its destin'd period, there is need of consummate skill to *bring them on*, and *take them off*, *naturally* and *necessarily*; for the grace of action requires the one, and the perfection of it the other. Which conduct of the action must needs produce a beauty that will give a judicious mind the highest pleasure. On the other hand, when a comic writer has a whole country to range in, nothing is easier than to *find* the persons of the drama just *where* he would have them; and this requiring no art, the beauty we speak of is not to be found. Consequently a violation of the *unities* deprives the drama of one of its greatest beauties; which proves what I asserted, that the *three unities* are no arbitrary, mechanic invention, but founded in reason and the nature of things. *The Tempest* of Shakspeare sufficiently proves him to be well acquainted with these unities; and the passage in question shews him to have been struck with the beauty that results from them. WARBURTON.

This supposition will not at all suit with the character of Edmund, with the comic turn of his whole speech, nor with the general idea of Shakspeare's want of learning; so that I am more apt to think the passage *satire* than *panegyric*, and intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially; and just when the poet wants them on the stage. WARNER.

^s *I promise you,——*] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto; by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it

now

succeed unhappily; ⁶ * as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts ⁷, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. ⁸ How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; * when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, ⁹ that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. JOHNSON.

⁶ —as of—] All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁷ —dissipation of cohorts.—] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson reads, of courts. STEEVENS.

⁸ How long have you—] This line I have restored from the two eldest quartos, and have regulated the following speech according to the same copies. STEEVENS.

⁹ —that with the mischief of your person—] This reading is in both copies; yet I believe the author gave it, *that* but *with the mischief* of your person it would scarce allay.

JOHNSON.

I do not see any need of alteration. He could not express the violence of his father's displeasure in stronger terms than by saying it was so great that it would scarcely be appeased by the destruction of his son. MALONE.

Edg.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. ¹* I pray you, have a continent forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother? *

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—[*Exit Edger.*
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

The duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. ² By day and night he wrongs me: every hour

¹ *That's my fear.*] All between this and the next asterisk, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

² *By day and night he wrongs me:*] This passage has hitherto been printed as an adjuration:

By day and night! &c.

But wrongly, as was observed to me by Mr. Whalley.

STEEVENS.

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
 That sets us all at odds : I'll not endure it :
 His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
 On every trifle :—When he returns from hunting,
 I will not speak with him ; say, I am sick :—
 If you come slack of former services,
 You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam ; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
 You and your fellows ; I'd have it come to question :
 If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
 Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
 * Not to be over-rul'd. † Idle old man,
 That still would manage those authorities,
 That he hath given away !—Now, by my life,
 ‡ Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd

With

‡ —*Idle old man,*] The lines from one asterisk to the other, as they are fine in themselves, and very much in character for Goneril, I have restored from the old quarto. The last verse, which I have ventur'd to amend, is there printed thus :

With checks, like flatt'ries when they are seen abus'd.

THEOBALD.

† *Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd*

With checks like flatt'ries when they are seen abus'd.] Thus the old quarto reads these lines. It is plain they are corrupt. But they have been made worse by a fruitless attempt to correct them. And first, for

Old *fools* are babes again ;—

A proverbial expression is here plainly alluded to ; but it is a strange proverb which only informs us that fools are innocents. We should read,

Old *folks* are babes again ;—

Thus speaks the proverb, and with the usual good sense of one. The next line is jumbled out of all meaning :

With checks *like* flatt'ries when they're seen abus'd.

Mr. Theobald restores it thus,

With checks like flatt'*ners* when they're seen *to abuse us.*

Let us consider the sense a little. *Old folks*, says the speaker, *are babes again* ; well, and what then ? Why then they must be used *like flatterers*. But when Shakspeare quoted the proverb,

With checks, as flatteries when they are seen
abus'd*.

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among
you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,

we may be assured his purpose was to draw some inference from
it, and not run rambling after a similitude. And that inference
was not difficult to find, had common sense been attended to,
which tells us Shakspeare must have wrote,

Old *folks* are babes again; and must be us'd

With checks, *not flatt'ries* when they're seen abus'd.

i. e. Old folks being grown children again, they should be used
as we use children, with *checks*, when we find that the little
flatt'ries we employed to quiet them are *abused*, by their becom-
ing more peevish and perverse by indulgence.

—————when they're seen abus'd.

i. e. When we find that those *flatt'ries* are abus'd.

WARBURTON.

These lines hardly deserve a note, though Mr. Theobald
thinks them *very fine*. Whether *fools* or *folks* should be read is
not worth enquiry. The controverted line is yet in the old
quarto, not as the editors represent it, but thus:

With checks *as* flatteries when they are seen abus'd.

I am in doubt whether there is any error of transcription. The
sense seems to be this: *Old men must be treated with checks*, when
as they are seen to be deceived with flatteries: or, *when they are*
weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries, they are then weak
enough to be *used with checks*. There is a play of the words
used and *abused*. To *abuse* is, in our author, very frequently the
same as to *deceive*. This construction is harsh and ungrammati-
cal; Shakspeare perhaps thought it vicious, and chose to throw
away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank
the officiousness of his editors, who restore what they do not un-
derstand. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning, I believe, is—old fools must be used with
checks, as flatteries must be check'd when they are made a bad
use of. TOILET.

I understand this passage thus. *Old fools—must be used with*
checks, as well as *flatteries*, *when they* [i. e. flatteries] *are seen to*
be abused. TYRWHITT.

That

That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

An open place before the palace.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. ^s If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likenefs.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can't serve where thou dost stand con-
demn'd,

^s *If but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my speech difuse.*—] Thus Rowe, Pope, and
Johnson, in contradiction to all the ancient copies.

The first folio reads the whole passage as follows:

If but as *will* I other accents borrow,
That can my speech *defuse*, my good intent
May carry through, &c.

We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise.
This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which
otherwise would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can
change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To *diffuse*
speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it; as in the
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV. sc. vii:

“ ————rush at once
“ With some *diffused* song.” ————

Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid
says to the *Passionate Man*, who appears disordered in his dress:

“ ————Go not so *diffusedly*.”

Again, in our author's *King Henry V*:

“ ————swearing, and stern looks, *diffus'd* attire.”

Again, in a book entitled, *A Green Forest, or A Natural History*,
&c. by John Maplet, 1567:—“ In this stone is apparently seene
verie often the verie forme of a tode, with bespotted and co-
loured feete, but those uglye and *defusedly*.”—To *diffuse speech*
may, however, mean to *speak broad*, with a clownish accent.—

The two eldest quartos concur with the folio, except that they
read *well* instead of *will*. STEEVENS.

(So

(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get
it ready.

How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st
thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to
serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love
him that is honest; to converse with ⁶ him that is
wise, and say little; to fear judgment; to fight,
when I cannot choose; ⁷ and to eat no fish.

Lear.

⁶ ——— *him that is wise, and says little;—*] Though saying
little may be the character of wisdom, it was not a quality to
chuse a companion by for his conversation. We should read,—
to say *little*; which was prudent when he chose a wise companion
to profit by. So that it was as much as to say, I profess to talk
little myself, that I may profit the more by the conversation of
the wise. WARBURTON.

To *converse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*;
not to *discourse* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chuses for his
companions men of reserve and caution; men who are no tattlers
nor tale-bearers. The old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

We still say in the same sense—he had criminal *conversation*
with her—meaning *commerce*.

So in *King Richard III*:

“ His apparent open guilt omitted,

“ I mean his *conversation* with Shore's wife.”

MALONE.

⁷ ——— *and to eat no fish.*] In queen Elizabeth's time the Pa-
pists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the go-
vernment. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man,
and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a
Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then
esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoin'd for
a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-
towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it
was

Lear. What art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou ?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve ?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow ?

Kent. No, sir ; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services can'st thou do ?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in ; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing ; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing : I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me ; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner !—Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you, and call my fool hither :

was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtesan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the Umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor : “ Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he called for fish.” And Marston's *Dutch Courtesan* : “ I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a fryday.”

WARBURTON.

Enter Steward.

You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,——

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-pole back.—Where's my fool, ho?——I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence⁹ and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

⁹ ——a very pretence.] *Pretence* in Shakspeare generally signifies *design*. So, in a foregoing scene in this play: “——to no other *pretence* of danger.” STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Steward.

O, you fir, you fir, come you hither: Who am I, fir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whorefon dog! you flave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of thefe, my lord; I befeech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks ¹ with me, you rafcal?
[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be ftruck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you bafe foot-ball player.
[*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou ferv'ft me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, fir, arife, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will meafure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wifdom? fo. [*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earneft of thy fervice. [*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.
[*Giving Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how doft thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beft take my coxcomb.

¹ —bandy looks—] A metaphor from *Tennis*:

“Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience.”
Decker's Satiromastix.

Again: “—buckle with them hand to hand,

“And *bandy* blows as thick as hailftones fall.”

Wily Beguiled.

STEEVENS.

Kent. Why, fool²?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou can'st not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly³: There, ⁴ take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? ⁵ 'Would I had⁶ two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, firrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the ⁷ lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear.

² *Why, fool?*] The folio reads—*why, my boy?* and gives this question to Lear. STEEVENS.

³ —*thou'lt catch cold shortly*] i. e. be turned out of doors, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. FARMER.

⁴ —*take my coxcomb.*—] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. WARBURTON.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Toller's explanation, who has since added, that Minshew, in his *Dictionary*, 1627, says, "Natural ideots and fools, have, and still do accustome themselves to weare in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat *with a neck and head of a cocke on the top*, and a bell thereon, &c." STEEVENS.

⁵ *'Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters.*] Perhaps we should read—*an' two daughters*; i. e. *if*. FARMER.

⁶ —*two coxcombs*—] Two fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*lady brach*—] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind.

"Nos quidem hodie *brach* dicimus de cane fœminea, quæ leporem ex odore persequitur. Spelm. Gloss. in voce *Bracco*."

Lear. A pestilent gall to me !

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [*To Kent.*

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle :—

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
⁸ Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
⁹ Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest ;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool'.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer ; you gave me nothing for't :—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle ?

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish : but all the other editions concur in reading *lady brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur :

“ I had rather hear *lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem to a Friend*, &c.

“ Do all the tricks of a salt *lady* bitch.”

In the old black letter *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. no date, the list of dogs concludes thus : “ —and small *ladi popies* that bere awai the fleas and divers small fautes.” We might read—“ when *lady* the *brach*, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Lend less than thou owest,*] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast*. To *owe* in old English, is *to possess*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would be :

Lend *more* than thou owest. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Learn more than thou trowest,*] To *trow*, is an old word which signifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable.

WARBURTON.

¹ *This is nothing, fool.*] The quartos give this speech to *Lear*.
 STEEVENS.

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. ² No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counfel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; ³ if I had a monopoly out, they would have
part

² *No, lad—*] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to *Give me an egg*, was restored from the first edition by Mr. Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons; as it seemed to censure monopolies. JOHNSON.

³ *—if I had a monopoly out, they would have a part on't:]* A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee. WARBURTON.

The modern editors, without authority, read—

————a monopoly on't,——

Monopolies were in Shakspeare's time the common objects of satire. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“—Give him a court loaf, stop his mouth with a *monopoly*.”
Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“A knight

part on't : and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself : they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be ?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt : Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*4 Fools ne'er had less grace in a year ; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish ;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.*

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah ?

Fool. I have used it nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers : for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

“ A knight and never heard of smock-fees ! I would I had a *monopoly* of them, so there was no impost set on them.”

Again, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662 :

“ ———So foul a monster would be a fair *monopoly* worth the begging.”

In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the following entry. “ John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587 : lycensed unto him by the whole consent of the assistants, the *onlye* ymprynting of all manner of billes for plaiers.” Again, Nov. 6, 1615, The liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot. STEEVENS.

4 Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,] There never was a time when fools were less in favour ; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such I think is the meaning. Both the quartos read *wit* for *grace*. JOHNSON.

*Then they for sudden joy did weep*⁵, [Singing,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, firrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes⁶ that frontlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

⁵ *Then they for sudden joy did weep, &c.*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

“When Tarquin first in court began,

“And was approved king,

“So men for sudden joy did weep,

“But I for sorrow sing.”

I cannot ascertain in what year T. Heywood first published this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have used, was the *fourth* impression. STEEVENS.

⁶ *—that frontlet—*] Lear alludes to the *frontlet*, which was anciently part of a woman's dress. So, in the play called the *Foure P's*, 1569:

“Forsooth women have many lets,

“And they be masked in many nets:

“As *frontlets*, fillets, partlets, and bracelets:

“And then their bonets and their pionets.”

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592:

“—Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, cauls, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair-laces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glassees, &c.”

STEEVENS.

Fool,

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st
no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an
O⁷ without a figure: I am better than thou art
now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, for-
sooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To Goneril.*] so your
face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum,
mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

¹ That's a sheal'd peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and ⁹ put it on
¹ By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,

⁷ —now thou art an O without a figure:] The fool means to say, that Lear, “having pared his wit on both sides, and left nothing in the middle,” is become a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unless preceded or followed by some figure. MALONE.

⁸ *That's a sheal'd peascod.*] i. e. Now a mere husk, which contains nothing. The outside of a king remains, but all the intrinsic parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give.

JOHNSON.

That's a sheal'd peascod.] The robing of Richard II's effigy in Westminster-abbey is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps in allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remains*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340. TOLLET.

⁹ —put it on] i. e. promote, push it forward. So, in *Macbeth*:

“————the pow'rs

“Put on their instruments.”—— STEEVENS.

¹ *By your allowance;*] By your *approbation*. MALONE.

Which

Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we ² were left dark-
ling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
I would, you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you ³
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws
the horse—⁴ Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not
Lear ⁵ :
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus?—Where are his
eyes?

² ———*were left darkling.*] This word is used by Milton,
Paradise Lost, book i:

“ ———as the wakeful bird

“ Sings *darkling.*” ———

Dr. Farmer concurs with me in supposing, that the words—
So out went the candle, &c. are a fragment of some old song.

STEEVENS.

³ ———*transform you.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—
transport you. STEEVENS.

⁴ ———*Whoop, Jug, &c.*] There are in the fool's speeches
several passages which seem to be proverbial allusions, perhaps
not now to be understood. JOHNSON.

———*Whoop, Jug, I love thee.*] This, as I am informed, is a
quotation from the burthen of an old song. STEEVENS.

Whoop, Jug, I'll do thee no harm, occurs in *The Winter's Tale.*

MALONE.

⁵ ———*this is not Lear.*] This passage appears to have been
imitated by Ben Jonson in his *Sad Shepherd*:

“ ———this is not Marian!

“ Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you ask her!

“ Ask her, good shepherds! ask her all for me:

“ Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;

“ Or I be I.” STEEVENS.

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
 Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so⁶.—
 Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's
 shadow⁷?

I would learn that; ⁸ for by the marks

Of

⁶ —*Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

—*sleeping* or waking; ha! *sure* 'tis not so. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*Lear's shadow?*] The folio gives these words to the Fool. STEEVENS.

⁸ —————*for by the marks*

Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason]

His daughters prove so unnatural, that, if he were only to judge by the reason of things, he must conclude, they cannot be his daughters. This is the thought. But how does his kingship or sovereignty enable him to judge of this matter? The line, by being false pointed, has lost its sense. We should read:

Of sovereignty of knowledge.—

i. e. the understanding. He calls it, by an equally fine phrase, in *Hamlet*,—*Sov'reignty of reason*. And it is remarkable that the editors had depraved it there too. See note, Act I, scene 7. of that play. WARBURTON.

The contested passage is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

The difficulty, which must occur to every reader, is, to conceive how *the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason*, should be of any use to *persuade Lear that he had, or had not, daughters*. No logic, I apprehend, could draw such a conclusion from such premises. This difficulty, however, may be entirely removed, by only pointing the passage thus:

—————*for by the marks*

Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason,

I should be false persuaded—I had daughters.—

Your name, fair gentlewoman?

The chain of Lear's speech being thus untangled, we can clearly trace the succession and connection of his ideas. The undutiful behaviour of his daughter so disconcerts him, that he doubts, by turns, whether she is Goneril, and whether he himself is Lear. Upon her first speech, he only exclaims,

—————*Are you our daughter?*

Upon her going on in the same style, he begins to question his own sanity of mind, and even his personal identity. He appeals to the by-standers,

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

I should

Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters?—
Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon.

I should be glad to be told. *For (if I was to judge myself) by the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason, which once distinguished Lear, (but which I have now lost) I should be false (against my own consciousness) persuaded (that I am not Lear).* He then slides to the examination of another distinguishing mark of Lear :

—————I had daughters.

But not able, as it should seem, to dwell upon so tender a subject, he hastily recurs to his first doubt concerning Goneril,—

Your name, fair gentlewoman? TYRWHITT.

This note is written with confidence disproportionate to the conviction which it can bring. Lear might as well know by the marks and tokens arising from sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, that he had or had not daughters, as he could know by any thing else. But, says he, if I judge by these tokens, I find the persuasion false by which I long thought myself the father of daughters. JOHNSON.

I cannot approve of Dr. Warburton's manner of pointing this passage, as I do not think that sovereignty of knowledge can mean understanding; and if it did, what is the difference between understanding and reason? In the passage he quotes from Hamlet, sovereignty of reason appears to me to mean, the ruling power, the governance of reason; a sense that would not answer in this place.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's observations are ingenious, but not satisfactory; and as for Dr. Johnson's explanation, though it would be certainly just had Lear expressed himself in the past, and said, "I have been false persuaded I had daughters," it cannot be the just explanation of the passage as it stands. The meaning appears to me to be this :

"Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or of reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion;—It cannot be."

I could not at first comprehend why the tokens of sovereignty should have any weight in determining his persuasion that he had daughters; but by the marks of sovereignty he means, those tokens of royalty which his daughters then enjoyed as derived from him. MONCK MASON.

9 ———*I had daughters.*—] Here the quarto interposes the following short and useless speech of the fool :

"Which they will make an obedient father."

Which,

GON. Come, sir ;
 This admiration is much o' the favour
 Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
 To understand my purposes aright :
 As you are old and reverend, you should be wise :
 Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires ;
 Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
 That this our court, infected with their manners,
 Shews like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust
 Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
 Than ¹ a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
 For instant remedy : Be then desir'd
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
² A little to disquantity your train ;

Which, is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *a grac'd palace.*—] A palace grac'd by the presence of a sovereign. WARBURTON.

² *A little to disquantity your train ;*] *A little* is the common reading ; but it appears, from what Lear says in the next scene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specified by Goneril. POPE.

Of fifty to disquantity your train ;] If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *first folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after these words—

To have a thankless child.—Away, away.

and goes out while Albany and Goneril have a short conference of two speeches ; and then returns in a still greater passion, having been informed (as it should seem) of the express number, without.

What ? *fifty* of my followers at a clap !

This renders all change needless ; and *away, away*, being restored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people* ; which, as the text stood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing speech. Goneril with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number ; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which she knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. STEEVENS.

And

And the remainder, ³ that shall still depend,
To be such men as may befort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils! —

Saddle my horses; call my train together. —
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents, — O, sir, are
you come?
Is it your will? speak, sir. — Prepare my horses. —
[*To Albany.*

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
⁴ Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient ⁵.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Goneril.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name — O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!
Which, ⁶ like an engine, wrench'd my frame of na-
ture

From

³ ————— [*that shall still depend,*] *Depend*, for continue in service. WARBURTON.

⁴ [*Than the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, says — “that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam.” STEEVENS.

⁵ [*Pray, sir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this speech.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — [*like an engine,* —] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the *rack*. He is right. *To engine* is, in Chaucer,
to

From the fixt place ; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people⁷.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you⁸.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.——
Hear, nature! hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And⁹ from her derogate body never spring

to strain upon the rack; and in the following passage from the
Three Lords of London, 1590, engine seems to be used for the
same instrument of torture:

“ From Spain they come with *engine* and intent

“ To slay, subdue, to triumph, and *torment.*”

Again, in the *Night-Walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Their souls shot through with adders torn, on *engines.*”

STEEVENS.

⁷ —Go, go, my people.] Perhaps these words ought to be
regulated differently:

Go; go:—my people!

By Albany's answer it should seem that he had endeavoured
to appease Lear's anger; and perhaps it was intended by the
author that he should here be put back by the king with these
words,—“ Go; go;” and that Lear should then turn hastily
from his son-in-law, and call his train: “ My people!” *Mes*
Gens. Fr. So, in a former part of this scene:

“ You strike *my people*; and your disorder'd rabble

“ Make servants of their betters.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“ —Call up my people.”

However the passage be understood, these latter words must
bear this sense. The meaning of the whole, indeed, may be
only—“ Away, away, my followers!” MALONE.

⁸ Of what hath mov'd you.] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —from her derogate body—] *Derogate* for *unnatural*.

WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, *degraded; blasted.* JOHNSON.

A babe

A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,
 And be a ¹ thwart disnatur'd ² torment to her !
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
 With ³ cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
⁴ Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child !—Away, away ! [Exit.

¹ —*thwart*] *Thwart* as a noun adjective is not frequent in our language, it is however to be found in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, “Sith fortune *thwart* doth crosse my joys with care.” The quarto reads, a *thourt disveturd* torment, which I apprehend to be *disfeatur'd*. HENDERSON.

² —*disnatur'd*] *Disnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So, Daniel in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623 :

“ I am not so *disnaturated* a man.” STEEVENS.

³ —*cadent tears*—] i. e. Falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *candent*. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton proposes to read *candent* ; and the words—*these hot tears*, in Lear's next speech, may seem to authorize the amendment ; but the present reading is right. It is a more severe imprecation to wish, that tears by constant flowing may fret channels in the cheeks ; which implies a long life of wretchedness, than to wish that those channels should be made by scalding tears, which alone does not mark the same continuation of misery.

The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. iii.

“ Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

“ Their eyes o'er-galled with *recourse* of tears,”

should prevent his going to the field. MONCK MASON.

⁴ *Turn all her mother's pains and benefits*

To laughter and contempt ;] “ Her mother's pains” here signifies, not bodily sufferings, or the throes of child-birth, (with which this “ disnaturated babe” being unacquainted, it could not *deride* or *despise* them) but *maternal cares* ; the solicitude of a mother for the welfare of her child. *Benefits* mean *good offices* ; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion, explained both these words wrong. He is equally mistaken in supposing that the sex of this child is ascertained by the word *her* ; which clearly relates, not to Goneril's issue, but to herself. “ Her mother's pains” means—the pains she takes *as a mother*. MALONE.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;

But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!

Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

[*To Goneril.*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose⁷,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so:—Yet I have left a daughter,

⁵ I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.—*That these hot tears, that breake from me perforce, should make the worse blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, bewweep this cause again, &c.*

JOHNSON.

⁶ *The untented woundings*——] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them; and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. One of the quartos reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——*that you lose.*] The quartos read—that you *make*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Let it be so, &c.*] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, and part from the second edition. JOHNSON.

Let it be so is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever ; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord ?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
 [To the Fool.]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
 the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
 And such a daughter,
 Should sure to the slaughter,
 If my cap would buy a halter ;
 So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

*⁹ *Gon.* This man hath had good counsel:—A
 hundred knights !

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep

¹ At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
 dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives at mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far :

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart :
 What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister ;

⁹ *Gon.*] All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the
 quartos. STEEVENS.

¹ *At point,*] I believe, means completely armed, and conse-
 quently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice.
 STEEVENS.

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness *,—How now,
Oswald ² ?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse :
Inform her full of my particular fear ;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may ³ compact it more. Get you gone ;
And hasten your return. No, no, my lord,

[Exit Steward.]

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much ⁴ more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot
tell ;

² *How now, Oswald?* The quartos read—*what Oswald, ho!*

Osw. Here, Madam.

Gon. *What have you writ this letter, &c.* STEEVENS.

³ *—compact it more.—*] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make consistent account. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—more at task—*] It is a common phrase now with parents and governesses. *I'll take you to task, i. e. I will reprehend and correct you. To be at task, therefore, is to be liable to reprehension and correction.* JOHNSON.

Both the quartos instead of *at task*—read, *alapt*. A late editor of *King Lear*, says, that the first quarto reads *attask'd* ; but unless there be a third quarto which I have never seen or heard of, his assertion is erroneous. STEEVENS.

The word *task* is frequently used by Shakspeare, and indeed by other writers of his time in the sense of *tax*. Goneril means to say, that he was more taxed for want of wisdom, than praised for mildness.

So, in *The Island Princess* :

“ You are too saucy, too impudent,

“ To *task* me with those errors.” MONCK MASON.

⁵ Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then——

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A court-yard before the duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be⁶ there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy⁷ other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why what can'st thou tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a

⁵ *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.*] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

“Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend,*

“*To mar the subject that before was well?*” MALONE.

⁶ ————*there before you.*] He seems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of Gloster. JOHNSON.

⁷ ————*thy other daughter will use thee kindly:*] The Fool uses the word *kindly* here in two senses; it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her kind. MONCK MASON.

crab. Thou can't tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. ⁸ I did her wrong:—

Fool. Can't tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. ⁹ To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wife.

⁸ *I did her wrong*—] He is musing on Cordelia.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *To take it again perforce!*—] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. JOHNSON.

He his rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him. STEEVENS.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my
departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut
shorter. [*Exeunt.*

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

A castle belonging to the earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund, and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ¹ ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

¹ ———ear-kissing arguments.] Subjects of discourse; topics.
JOHNSON.

Ear-kissing arguments means that they are yet in reality only
whisper'd ones. STEEVENS.

Cur.

² *Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward,
'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a ³ queazy question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, ' i' the haste,
And Regan with him; ' Have you nothing said

² *Cur.* This and the following speech, are omitted in one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ —queazy question,] Something of a *suspicious, questionable, and uncertain nature*. This is, I think the meaning. JOHNSON.

Queazy, I believe, rather means *delicate*, what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus*:

“ Those times are somewhat *queasy* to be touch'd,—

“ Have you not seen or read part of his book?”

So, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

“ Notes of a *queasy* and sick stomach, labouring

“ With want of a true injury.”—

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ Despight of his quick wit and *queazy* stomach.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —i' the haste,] I should suppose we ought to read only *in haste*; *i' the* being repeated accidentally by the compositor.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?]

The meaning is, *have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the duke of Albany?* HANMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read:

Against his party, *for* the duke of Albany? JOHNSON.

F f 4

Upon

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit Edgar.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*]
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
out,

⁶ Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he
could——

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.——By no
means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all ⁷ their thunders bend;

⁶ *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon*] This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloster; who appears, by what passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be very superstitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

⁷ ——*their thunders*——] First quarto: the rest have it, *the thunder.* JOHNSON.

Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
 The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
 Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
 To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
 With his prepared sword, he charges home
 My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
 But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
 Or whether^s gasted by the noise I made,
 Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
 ' Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
 And found—Dispatch.—The noble duke my
 master,

My worthy² arch and patron, comes to-night:
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
 Bringing the³ murderous coward to the stake;
 He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,

^s —gasted—] Frighted. JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*:

“ —either the fight of the lady has gasted him, or else
 he's drunk.” STEEVENS.

² *Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;*

And found dispatch—the noble duke, &c.] This nonsense
 should be read and pointed thus:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;

And found, dispatch'd— WARBURTON.

I do not see how this change mends the sense: I think it may
 be better regulated as in the page above. The sense is inter-
 rupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be punish'd.*
 Dispatch. JOHNSON.

² —arch—] i. e. *Chief*; a word now used only in com-
 position, as *arch-angel*, *arch-duke*.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613;

“ Poole, that *arch* for truth and honesty.” STEEVENS.

³ —murderous coward—] The first edition reads,
scitiff. JOHNSON.

And

⁴ And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, ⁵ would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
 Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
 (As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
 My very character) I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it.* [Trumpets within.

Glo. O ⁶ strange, fasten'd villain!
 Would he deny his letter, said he?—I never got him.
 Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
 comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
 The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him: and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable ⁷.

Enter

⁴ *And found him pight to do it, with curst speech*] *Pight* is pitched, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. JOHNSON.

So, in the old morality of *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

“ Therefore my heart is surely *pyght*
 “ Of her alone to have a sight.”

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ———tents

“ Thus proudly *pight* upon our Phrygian plains.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ ———*would the reposal*] i. e. Would any opinion that men have reposed in thy trust, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the repofure*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Strange and, &c.*] *Strong and fastened*. Quarto. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Capable of my land*—] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy.

So,

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,

(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short, which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life? He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that confort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,

To have the expence and waste of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister

Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,

That, if they come to sojourn at my house,

I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father

A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. ⁸ He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd

This

So, in the *Life and Death of Will Summers, &c.*—“The king next demanded of him (he being a fool) whether he were capable to inherit any land,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ *He did bewray his practice;—*] i. e. *Discover, betray.*

So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:*

“We were *bewray'd*, beset, and forc'd to yield.”

Again, in *The Devil's Charter, 1607:*

“Thy solitary passions should *bewray*

“Some discontent.”—

Practice

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; ' threading dark-ey'd
night.

² Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit

Practice is always used by Shakspeare for *insidious mischief*.

So, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

“ Howe'er thou scap'st my *practices* with life.”

The quartos read *betray*. STEEVENS.

⁹ ———threading *dark-ey'd night*.] I have not ventur'd to
displace this reading, though I have great suspicion that the poet
wrote:

—————*treading* dark-ey'd night,

i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obscure and mean an
allusion. It must either be borrow'd from the cant phrase of
threading of alleys, i. e. going through bye passages to avoid the
high streets; or to *threading a needle* in the *dark*. THEOBALD.

The quarto reads:

—————*threat'ning* dark-ey'd night. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the former of these expressions in *Coriolanus*,
Act III:

They would not *thrcad* the gates. STEEVENS.

² Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize,] We should read,
poize, i. e. weight. WARBURTON.

Prize, or *price*, for value. JOHNSON.

To answer ² from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Kent and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good even ³ to thee, friend: Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we fet our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in ⁴ Lipsbury pinfold, I would
make thee care for me.

Stew.

² ——— *from our home* : ———] Not at home, but at some other place. JOHNSON.

³ *Good even.*] Thus the quarto. The folio—*Good dawning.*
STEEVENS.

We should read with the folio—“*Good dawning to thee friend.*” The latter end of this scene shews that it passed in the morning; for when Kent is placed in the stocks, Cornwall says, “*There he shall sit 'till noon;*” and Regan replies, “*'Till noon, 'till night:*” and it passed very early in the morning; for Regan tells Gloster, in the preceding page, that she had been threading dark-ey'd night to come to him. MONCK MASON.

⁴ ——— *Lipsbury pinfold*, ———] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless it be that he has different dresses for different occupations. *Lilly-liver'd* is cowardly; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are still in vulgar use.
An

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent.

An *one-trunk-inheriting slave*, I take to be a wearer of old cast-off cloaths, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

I do not find the name of *Lipsbury*: it may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should, I believe, be *third-suited*, wearing cloaths at the *third hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three suits* only. FARMER.

Lipsbury pinfold may be a cant expression importing the same as *Lob's Pound*. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan*:

“ To marry her, and say he was the party
“ Found in *Lob's Pound*.”

A *Pinfold* is a pound. Thus in Gascoigne's *Dan Bartholemew of Bathe*, 1587:

“ In such a *pin-folde* were his pleasures pent.”

Three-suited knave might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of rayment than *three suits* would furnish him with; so, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: “—wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel:” or it may signify a fellow *thrice-sued at law*, who has *three suits* for debt standing out against him. Dr. Farmer would read *third suited*, i. e. *at third hand*. Edgar in his pride had *three suits*; but he says he had been a *serving-man*. A *one-trunk-inheriting slave* may be used to signify a fellow, the whole of whose possessions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *successor in poverty*; a *poor rogue hereditary*, as *Timon* calls *Apemantus*. A *worsted-stocking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed in 1595) were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even (as this author says) by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages.—So, in an old comedy, called *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, 1611, by R. Taylor:

“ —good parts are no more set by in these times, than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*.”

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Green sicknesses and serving-men light on you,
“ With greasy breeches, and in *woollen stockings*.”

Again, in the *Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: Two sober young men come to claim their portion from their elder brother who is a spendthrift, and tell him: “ Our birth-right, good brother:

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, ⁵ hundred-pound, filthy worsted-socking knave; a lily-liver'd ⁶, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny't the least syllable of thy addition ⁷.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; ⁸ I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you:
Draw

brother: this town craves maintenance; *silk stockings* must be had, &c."

Silk stockings were not made in England till 1560, the second year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th song of his *Polyolbion*:

“ Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted sin
“ Before the costly coach and *silken stock* came in.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *hundred-pound*, —] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Phœnix*, 1607. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *action-taking knave*; —] i. e. a fellow who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage. MOCK MASON.

⁷ — *addition*.] i. e. titles. The act 1 Hen. V. ch. v. which directs that in certain writs, a description should be *added* to the name of the defendant, expressive of his estate, mystery, degree, &c. is called the statute of *Additions*. MALONE.

⁸ — *I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you*. —] This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making *the sun shine through any*

Draw you whorefon cullionly barber-monger, ⁹ draw.
[Drawing his sword.

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take ¹ vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

any one. But, alluding to the natural philosophy of that time, it is obscure. The Peripatetics thought, though falsely, that the rays of the moon were cold and moist. The speaker therefore says, he would make a sop of his antagonist, which should absorb the humidity of the moon's rays, by letting them into his guts. For this reason Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, says:

“ ———the moonshine's watry beams.”

And, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watry moon.”

WARBURTON.

I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you.] Perhaps here an equivocal was intended. In the *Old Shepherd's Kalendar*, among the dishes recommended for *Prymetyne*, “ One is egges in moneshine.”

FARMER.

Again, in some verses within a letter of Howell's to Sir Thomas How:

Could I those whitely stars go nigh,
Which make the milky way i' th' skie.

I'd poach them, and as *moonshine* dress,

To make my Delia a curious mess. STEEVENS.

⁹ ———*barber-monger*,——] Of this word I do not clearly see the force. JOHNSON.

Barber-monger may mean, *dealer in the lower tradesmen*: a slur upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family. FARMER.

¹ ———*vanity the puppet's*——] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shews, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. JOHNSON.

So, in *Volpone, or The Fox*:

“ Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity.” STEEVENS.

The description is applicable only to the old *moralities*, between which and the *mysteries* there was an essential difference.

REMARKS.

Kent.

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you
² neat slave, strike. [Beating him.]
Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please;
 come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
 He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour.
 You cowardly rascal, ³ nature disclaims in thee;
 A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow:
 A tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter,

² —neat slave,—] You mere slave, you very slave.

JOHNSON.

You neat slave, I believe, means no more than you finical rascal, you who are an assemblage of foppery and poverty. Ben Jonson uses the same epithet in his *Poetaster*:

“By thy leave, my neat scoundrel.” STEEVENS.

³ —nature disclaims in thee;] So the quartos and the folio.
 The modern editors read, without authority:

—nature disclaims her share in thee.

The old reading is the true one. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

“—I will disclaim in your favour hereafter.”

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

“Thus to disclaim in all th' effects of pleasure.”

Again:

“No, I disclaim in her, I spit at her.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. chap. xvi:

“Not these, my lords, make me disclaim in it which all pursue.” STEEVENS.

could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,——

Kent. ⁴ Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread ⁵ this unbolted villain ⁶ into mortar, and daub the

⁴ *Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—*] I do not well understand how a man is reproached, by being called *zed*, nor how *Z* is an *unnecessary letter*. Scarron compares his deformity to the shape of *Z*, and it may be a proper word of insult to a crook-backed man; but why should Goneril's steward be crooked, unless the allusion be to his bending or cringing posture in the presence of his superiors. Perhaps it was written, *thou whoreson C* (for cuckold) *thou unnecessary letter*. *C* is a letter unnecessary in our alphabet, one of its two sounds being represented by *S*, and one by *K*. But all the copies concur in the common reading. JOHNSON.

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—] *Zed* is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by *S*, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a syllable than a letter. *C* cannot be the unnecessary letter, as there are many words in which its place will not be supplied by any other, as *charity*, *chastity*, &c. STEEVENS.

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter. This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaster says, “*Z* is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen:—*S* is become its lieutenant general. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisments.” FARMER.

⁵ *—this unbolted villain—*] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. WARBURTON.

⁶ *—into mortar,——*] This expression was much in use in our author's time. So, Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, Act I. scene i:

“——— I will help your memory,

“ And tread thee into mortar.” STEEVENS.

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore

the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, firrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, fir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain

Too

fore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. This *unbolted* villain is therefore this *coarse* rascal.
TOLLET.

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwaine,

Which are t' intrince, t' unloose;—] Thus the first editors blundered this passage into unintelligible nonsense. Mr. Pope so far has disengaged it, as to give us plain sense; but by throwing out the epithet *holy*, it is evident that he was not aware of the poet's fine meaning. I will first establish and prove the reading, then explain the allusion. Thus the poet gave it:

Like rats, oft bite the *holy* cords in twain,

Too *intrinfcate* t' unloote:—

This word again occurs in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*, where she is speaking to the aspick:

“ ——— Come, mortal wretch;

“ With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinfcate*

“ Of life at once untie.” ———

And we meet with it in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson.—
Yet there are certain punctilios, or, as I may more nakedly insinuate them, certain intrinfcate strokes and words, to which your activity is not yet amounted, &c. It means, inward, hidden, perplexed; as a knot, hard to be unravelled: it is derived from the Latin adverb *intrinsecus*; from which the Italians have coined a very beautiful phrase, *intrinfcarsi col uno*, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one self into another. And now to our author's sense. Kent is rating the steward, as a parasite of Goneril's; and supposes very justly, that he has fomented the quarrel betwixt that princess and her father: in which office he compares him to a sacrilegious rat: and by a fine metaphor, as Mr. Warburton observed to me, stiles the union between parents and children the *holy cords*. THEOBALD.

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain

Too intrinfcate t' unloose:—] By these *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children.

Too 'intrinfcate t' unloofe : ^s smooth every passion
 That in the nature of their lords rebels ;
 Bring oil to fire, fnow to their colder moods ;
 Renege, affirm, ⁹ and turn their halcyon beaks
 With every gale and vary of their masters ;
 Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
 A plague upon your ¹ epileptic visage !
 Smile you my fpeeches, as I were a fool ?
 Goofe, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the fanctuary* ; and the fomoters of family differences are compared to thefe facriligious rats. The expreffion is fine and noble. WARBURTON.

Too intrinfcate t' unloofe :] The word that Mr. Theobald has reftored, and which is undoubtedly the true reading, was but newly introduced into the language, when this play was written. See the preface to Marfton's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598 : “ I know he will vouchsafe it fome of his *new-minted* epithets ; as *real*, *intrinfcate*, *Délphe*, &c.” MALONE.

^s ———*sooth every paffion*] *Sooth* is the reading of neither the folio nor the quarto ; in both of which we find *smooth*, which is, I think, the true reading. So, in *Sir John Oldcaftle*, 1600 :

“ Traitor unto his country ! how he *smooth'd*,
 “ And feem'd as innocent as truth itfelf !”

Again, in our author's *Pericles*, 1609 :

“ The finful father
 “ Seem'd not to ftroke, but *smooth*.”

Sooth was firft introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ ———*and turn their halcyon beaks*

With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters ;] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwife called the *king-fifher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and by that means fhew from what point it blew.

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

“ But how now ftands the wind ?
 “ Into what corner peers my *Halcyon's bill* ?”

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolfey, Cardinall*, a poem, 1599 :

“ Or as a *halcyon* with her turning brest,
 “ Demonstrates wind from wind, and east from west.”

STEEVENS.

¹ ———*epileptic visage !*] The frighted countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

I'd drive ye cackling home to ² Camelot.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy ³,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his
offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not ⁴.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or
hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and ⁵ constrains the garb,

² ————*Camelot.*] Was the place where the romances say
king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some
proverbial speech in those romances. WARBURTON.
So, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ ————raise more powers

“ To man with strength the castle *Camelot*.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III:

“ Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd?

“ Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the table round.”

STEEVENS.

In Somersethire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where
are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are
from hence supplied with quills and feathers. HANMER.

Mr. Blake observes, that in an ancient map of Enfield chace,
&c. the name of *Camelot* is given to a large pond, which in all
probability was once a place where *geese* were bred. MALONE.

³ *No contraries hold more antipathy,*

Than I and such a knave.] Hence Mr. Pope's expression:

“ The strong antipathy of good to bad.” TOLLET.

⁴ ————*likes me not.*] i. e. pleases me not. See Vol. VII. p.
347. STEEVENS.

⁵ ————*constrains the garb*

Quite from his nature. ————] Forces his *outside* or his *ap-
pearance* to something totally *different* from his natural disposi-
tion. JOHNSON.

Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
 An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
 An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 ° Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
 Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
 Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
 ? On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn.

° *Than twenty silly ducking observants,*] The epithet *silly* cannot be right. 1st, Because Cornwall, in this beautiful speech, is not talking of the *different success* of these two kinds of parasites, but of their *different corruptions of heart*. 2d, Because he says these ducking observants *know how* to stretch their duties nicely. I am persuaded we should read:

Than twenty *silky* ducking observants,
 which not only alludes to the *garb* of a court sycophant, but admirably well denotes the smoothness of his *character*. But what is more, the poet generally gives them this epithet in other places. So, in *Richard III.* he calls them:

“ ————Silky, sly, insinuating Jacks.”

And, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ————when steel grows

“ Soft as the *parasite's silk*.” ———— WARBURTON.

The alteration is more ingenious than the arguments by which it is supported. JOHNSON.

Silly means only *simple*, or rustic. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iii:

“ There was a fourth man in a *silly* habit,” meaning Posthumus in the dress of a peasant. *Nicely is foolishly*. Niais. Fr. STEEVENS.

? *On flickering Phœbus' front*—] Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary* says this word means to *flutter*. I meet with it in *The History of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

“ By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace shall understand.”

Again, in *The Pilgrim* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ————some castrel

“ That hovers over her, and dares her daily;

“ Some *flickring* slave.” ————

Stanyhurst;

Corn. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguil'd you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be,⁸ though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he,⁹ conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
' But Ajax is their fool,

Corn.

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582, describes Iris,

“ From the sky down *flickering*, &c.”

And again in the old play, entitled, *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

“ With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *though I should win your displeasure to intreat me to't.*] Though I should win you, displeas'd as you now are, to like me so well as to intreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Conjunct* is the reading of the old quartos; *compact*, of the folio. STEEVENS.

¹ *But Ajax is their fool.*] *Their fool* means here, their *butt*, their *laughing-stock*. These finical puppies (says Kent) these *rogues and cowards*, never meet with a man superior to themselves, but they make him their jest, like *Ajax* with *Thersites*. Shakspeare's idea of *Ajax* may be seen in his *Troilus and Cressida*, where he is the *fool* of the play, and the constant object of *Thersites*' ridicule, for a *scurvy valiant ass*, *Mars's idiot*, &c.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Monck Mason (and with him Mr. Malone agrees) explains this passage differently. “ ——— As we should now express it, Ajax is a fool to them, there are none of these

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave², you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:—
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Regan. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out*].

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour⁴
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:

“ knaves and cowards, that if you believe themselves are not
“ so brave, that Ajax is a fool compared to them; alluding to
“ the steward's account of their quarrel, where he says of Kent,
“ This ancient ruffian, whose life I have spared in pity to his
“ beard. When a man is compared to one who excels him
“ very much in any art or quality, it is a vulgar expression to say,
“ He is but a fool to him.”

So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Alphonso says:

“ The experienc'd drunkards, let me have them all,

“ And let them drink their wish, I'll make them ideots.”

EDITOR.

² ——ancient *knave*.] Two of the quartos read—*miserant*:
knave, and one of them—*unreverent*, instead of *reverend*.

STEEVENS.

³ —*stocks*] This is not the first time that stocks had been in-
troduced on the stage. In *Hick-scorner*, which was printed early
in the reign of *K. Henry VIII.* Pity is put into them and left
there till he is freed by *Perseverance* and *Contemplacyon*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——*colour*.] The quartos read, *nature*. STEEVENS.

* His

* His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest⁶ wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with*: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the stocks*⁷.

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Regan, and Cornwall.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
⁸ Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill
taken. [Exit.

⁵ *His fault*—] All between the asterisks is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁶ —the meanest—] This is a conjectural emendation by Mr. Pope. The quartos read—and temnest, perhaps, for *contemned'st*. STEEVENS.

⁷ I know not whether this circumstance of putting Kent in the *stocks* be not ridiculed in the punishment of Numps, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*.

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable *stocks* for the correction of the servants. FARMER.

⁸ *Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd*.—] Metaphor from bowling. WARBURTON.

Kent.

Kent. ° Good king, that must approve the common
saw!

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
[*Looking up to the moon.*

That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles¹;
But misery,—² I know, 'tis from Cordelia;

[*Reading the letter.*

° *Good king, that must approve the common saw!*] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of, &c.* That changest better for worse. Hanmer observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was perhaps first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. JOHNSON.

The *saw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, book ii. chap. 5.

“ In your renning from him to me, ye runne

“ Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.”

TYRWHITT.

¹ ——— [*Nothing almost sees miracles,*] Thus the folio. The quarto read—Nothing almost sees my *wrack*. STEEVENS.

² ——— [*I know 'tis from Cordelia, &c.*] This passage, which some of the editors have degraded as spurious, to the margin, and others have silently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The passage is very obscure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

—————Cordelia—————has been—————informed
Of my obscured course, and shall find time
From this enormous state-seeking, to give
Losses their remedies.—————

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the *enormous* care of seeking her fortune will allow her time, she will employ it in remedying losses. This is harsh; perhaps something better may be found. I have at least supplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things. JOHNSON.

So Holinshed, p. 647, “ The maier perceiving this *enormous* doing, &c.” STEEVENS.

Who

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course;—*and shall find time*
From this enormous state—*seeking to give*
Losses their remedies;—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.
 Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
 wheel! [*He sleeps.*

^s ~~From this enormous state~~—*and shall find time*
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—] I confess I do not under-
 stand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts*
of Cordelia's letter, which he is reading to himself by moon-
 light: it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have
 said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those
 circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which
 we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances
 that she will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous*
 misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing
 reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage cannot be right; for
 although in the old ballad from whence this play is supposed to
 be taken, Cordelia is forced to seek her fortune, in the play it-
 self she is queen of France, and has no fortune to seek; but it is
 more difficult to discover the real meaning of this speech, than
 to refute his conjecture. It seems to me, that the verb, *shall*
find, is not governed by the word Cordelia, but by the pronoun
I, in the beginning of the sentence; and that the words *from*
this enormous state, do not refer to Cordelia, but to Kent himself,
 dressed like a clown, and condemned to the stocks—an enormous
 state indeed for a man of his high rank.

The difficulty of this passage has arisen from a mistake in all
 the former editors, who have printed these three lines, as if they
 were a quotation from Cordelia's letter, whereas they are in
 fact the words of Kent himself; let the reader consider them in
 that light, as part of Kent's own speech, the obscurity is at an
 end, and the meaning is clearly this:—"I know that the letter
 is from Cordelia, (who hath been informed of my obscured
 course) and shall gain time, by this strange disguise and situa-
 tion, which I shall employ in seeking to remedy our present
 losses. MONCK MASON.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

A part of the heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
 I will preserve myself : and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with filth ;
 Blanket my loins ; ³ elf all my hair in knots ;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars ⁴, who, with roaring voices,
Strike

⁴ ———*elf all my hair in knots ;*] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ———plats the manes of horses in the night,
 “ And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul fluttish hairs,
 “ Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Of Bedlam beggars,*] In the *Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is the following account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man*. “ ———he swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose : you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *crmes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their owne braines : some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe : others are dogged, and so fallen both in loke
and

Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks⁴, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms⁵,
 ° Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans⁷, sometime with prayers,

and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand." To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin. STEEVENS.

⁴ ———*wooden pricks*,] i. e. skewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Deuyll*, bl. l. no date. "I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to set up their thin meate, that it may appeare thicke and well fedde." STEEVENS.

The *eunonymus*, of which the best skewers are made, is called *prick wood*. MONCK MASON.

⁵ ———*low farms*,] The quartos read, *low service*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Poor pelting villages*,——] *Pelting* is used by Shakspeare in the sense of beggarly: I suppose from *pelt* a skin. The poor being generally cloathed in leather. WARBURTON.

Pelting is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakspeare uses it in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* of *small brooks*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakspeare. So in *King and no King*, Act IV:

"This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing."

Spanish Curate, Act II. sc. ult.——"To learn the *pelting* law."
 Shakspeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,——"every *pelting* river."
Measure for Measure, Act II. sc. vii:

"And every *pelting* petty officer."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Hector says to Achilles:

"We have had *pelting* wars since you refus'd

"The Grecian cause."

From the first of the two last instances it appears not to be a corruption of *petty*, which is used the next word to it, but seems to be the same as *paltry*; and if it comes from *pelt* a skin, as Dr. Warburton says, the poets have furnished *villages*, *peace*, *law*, *rivers*, *officers of justice* and *wars*, all out of one wardrobe.

STEEVENS.

⁷ ———*lunatic bans*,] To *ban*, is to curse. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lilly:

"Well, be as be may is no *banning*."

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Nay, if those *ban*, let me breathe curses forth."

STEEVENS.

Inforce

Inforce their charity.—⁸ Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet;—⁹ Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

¹ *Earl of Gloster's castle.*

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from
home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent.

⁸ ————*poor Turlygood! poor Tom!*] We should read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gypsies, called *Turlupins*, a fraternity of naked beggars, which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. "Turlupin Cynicorum sectam fuscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu." Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, *poor Turlurù*. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. JOHNSON.

⁹ ————*Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence. JOHNSON.

The author of THE REMARKS says, "The critic's idea is both too complex and too puerile for one in Edgar's situation. He is pursued, it seems, and proclaimed, i. e. a reward has been offered for taking or killing him. In assuming this character, says he, I may preserve myself; as Edgar I am inevitably gone." EDITOR.

¹ *Earl of Gloster's castle.*] It is not very clearly discovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he sent a letter to Gloster; but no hint is given of its contents. He seems to have gone to visit Gloster while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the earl of Gloucester's in consequence of his having been at the duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his son and daughter were gone to the earl of Gloucester's. His first words shew this: " 'Tis strange that they (Cornwall and Regan) should so depart from home, and
not

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord².

Fool. Ha, ha; look! ³ he wears cruel garters!
Horses are ty'd by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty ⁴ at legs, ⁵ then he
wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear.

not send back my messenger (Kent).” It is clear also from Kent’s speech in this scene, that he went directly from Lear to the duke of Cornwall’s, and delivered his letters, but instead of being sent back with any answer, was ordered to follow the duke and duchess to the earl of Gloucester’s. But what then is the meaning of Lear’s order to Kent in the preceding act, scene v. *Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.*—The obvious meaning, and what will agree best with the course of the subsequent events, is, that the duke of Cornwall and his wife were then residing at Gloucester. Why Shakspeare should choose to suppose them at Gloucester, rather than at any other city, is a different question. Perhaps he might think, that Gloucester implied such a neighbourhood to the earl of Gloucester’s castle, as his story required. TYRWHITT.

² *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ —*he wears cruel garters.*—] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Cruel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made; and it is used in that sense in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Scornful Lady*, Act II.

“ For who that had but half his wits about him

“ Would commit the counsel of a serious sin

“ To such a *cruel night-cap*.”—

So again in the comedy of *The Two angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

“ ———I’ll warrant you, he’ll have

“ His *cruell garters* cross about the knee.”

So, in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

“ I speak the prologue to our silk and *cruel*

“ Gentlemen in the hangings.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —*over-lusty* in this place has a double signification. *Lustiness* anciently meant *sauciness*.

So,

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

⁶ *Lear.* No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay ⁷.

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ ——— upon pain of being plagued for their *lustyness*.”

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ ——— she'll snarl and bite,

“ And take up Nero for his *lustiness*.”

Again, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

“ Cassius' soldiers did shewe themselves verie stubborne and
lustie in the campe, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— then he wears wooden nether-stocks.] *Nether-stocks* is
the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called
“ men's *overstockes*,” as I learn from Barret's *Alvearie, or Qua-*
druple Dictionary, 1580.

It appears from the following passage in the second part of
The Map of Mock Beggar Hall, &c. an ancient ballad, that the
stockings were formerly sewed to the breeches:

“ Their fathers went in homely frees

“ And good plain broad cloth breeches;

“ Their stockings with the same agrees,

“ Sow'd on with good strong stiches.”

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, has a whole chapter on
The Diversitie of Nether-Stockes worne in England, 1595. Hey-
wood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

“ Thy *upper-stocks*, be they stuf with silke or flocks,

“ Never become thee like a *nether paire of stocks*.”

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1585:

“ —to cover the pot with my right *netherstock*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Lear.*] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,
'To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
'Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
'They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Comanded

⁷ *By Juno, I swear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *To do upon respect such violent outrage:]* To violate the public and venerable character of a messenger from the king.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,]* *Intermission*, for another message, which they had then before them, to consider of; called *intermission*, because it came between their leisure and the steward's message. WARBURTON.

Spight of intermission is *without pause, without suffering time to intervene.* So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ———gentle heaven,

“ Cut short all *intermission*, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ *They summon'd up their meiny,——]* *Meiny*, i. e. people.

POPE.

Mefne, a house. *Mefnie*, a family, Fr.

So, in *Monfieur D'Olive*, 1606.

“ ———if she, or her sad *meiny*,

“ Be towards sleep, I'll wake them.”

Again, in the bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date:

“ Of the emperoure took he leave ywys,

“ And of all the *meiny* that was there.”

Again:

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H h

“ Here

Comman'ded me to follow, and attend
 The leifure of their anfwer; gave me cold looks:
 And meeting here the other meffenger,
 Whofe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow which of late
 Display'd fo faucily againft your highnefs)
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
 He rais'd the houfe with loud and coward cries:
 Your fon and daughter found this trespafs worth
 The fhame which here it fuffers.

Fool. ² Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geefe fly
 that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall fee their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou fhalt have as many ³ dolours
 from thy dear daughters, as thou can'ft tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother ⁴ fwells up toward my
 heart!

Hysterica

“ Here cometh the king of Ifrael,
 “ With a fayre *meinye*.” STEEVENS.

Though the word *meinye* be now obfolete, the word *menial*,
 which is derived from it, is ftill in ufe. On *whose* contents,
 means the contents of which. MONCK MASON.

² *Winter's not gone yet, &c.*] If this be their behaviour, the
 king's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

This fpeech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *dolours*.] Quibble intended between *dolours* and
dollars. HANMER.

The fame quibble had occurred in the *Tempeft*, and in *Measure
 for Measure*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Oh, how this mother, &c.*] *Lear* here affects to pafs off the
 fwelling of his heart ready to burft with grief and indignation,
 for the difeafe called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in
 our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In
 Harfnet's *Declaration of Popifh Impoftures*, Richard Mainy, Gent.
 one of the pretended demoniacs, depofes, p. 263, that the firft
 night

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you
speak of.

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that
question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach
thee there's no labouring in the winter. ^s All that fol-
low

night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evill at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, viz. “The disease, I spake of was a spice of the *Mother*, wherewith I had bene troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . . When I was sicke of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctour of physick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem Capitis*. It riseth . . . of a winde in the botto-
me of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the itomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head.”

It is at least very probable, that Shakspeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Mother*, if this passage in Harfuct's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberish is admirably adapted. PERCY.

^s *All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell, &c.* There is in this sentence no clear series of thought. If he that follows his nose is led or guided by his eyes, he wants no information from his nose. I persuade myself, but know not whether I can persuade others, that our author wrote thus:—“All men are led by their eyes, but blind men, and they follow their noses: and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's thinking.”—Here is a succession of reasoning. You ask, why the king has no more in his train? why, because men who

low their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. ⁶ When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
 And follows but for form,
 Will pack, when it begins to rain,
 And leave thee in the storm.
⁷ But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly:
 The knave turns fool, that runs away;
 The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent.

are led by their eyes see that he is ruined; and if there were any blind among them, who, for want of eyes, followed their noses, they might by their noses discover that it was no longer fit to follow the king. JOHNSON.

The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. The passage, thus considered, bears clearly the very sense which the above note endeavours to establish by alteration. STEEVENS.

Mr. Monck Mason supposes we should read *sinking*. What the Fool says he wants to describe is, the sagacity of mankind, in finding out the man whose fortunes are declining. EDITOR.

⁶ — [*When a wise man gives thee, &c.*] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiment from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it." WARBURTON.

⁷ [*But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
 And let, &c.*]

I think this passage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The sense will be mended if we read:

But

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not 'i the stocks, fool.

* *Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.*

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. ^s Well, my good lord, I have inform'd
them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,
man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the
dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—⁹

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
'The fool turns knave, that runs away;
The knave no fool,——

That I stay with the king is a proof that I am a fool, the wise
men are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but
there is no folly. JOHNSON.

^s *Glo.*] This, with the following speech, is omitted in the
quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*Tell the hot duke, that——*] The quartos read—*Tell the
hot duke, that Lear——* STEEVENS.

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well :
 Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound ; we are not ourselves,
 When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;
 And am fallen out with my more headier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
 For the sound man.—Death on my state ! wherefore

[*Looking on Kent.*]

Should he sit here ? This act persuades me,
 That this remotion of the duke and her
 ' Is practice only. Give me my servant forth :
 Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
 Now, presently ; bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
 'Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.]

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
 down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney² did to
 the

¹ *Is practice only.*———] *Practice* is in Shakspeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice.* JOHNSON.

² ——*the cockney*] It is not easy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer observes, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of the *Tournament of Tottenham*, published by Dr. Percy in his second volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it should seem to signify a *cook* :

“ At that feast were they served in rich array ;
 “ Every five and five had a *cokenay.*”

. e. a *cook*, or *scullion*, to attend them.

Shakspeare, however, in *Faust's Night*, makes his Clown say, “ I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a *cockney.*” In this place it seems to have a signification not unlike that which it bears at present ; and, indeed, Chaucer in his *Reeve's Tale*, ver. 4205, appears to employ it with such a meaning :

“ And when this jape is told another day,
 “ I shall be halden a daffe or a *cokenay.*”

the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapt 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down*: 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants:

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adultress⁴.—O, are you free?

[*To Kent.*]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,

Meres likewise in the second part of his *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598, observes, that "many cockney and wanton women are often sick, but in faith they cannot tell where." Decker, also, in his *Nerwes from Hell*, &c. 1606, has the following passage, "'Tis not their fault, but our mother's, our cockering mothers, who for their labour made us to be called cockneys." See the notes on the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, Vol. IV. p. 253. where the reader will meet with more information on this subject. STEEVENS.

Dr. Percy imagines it signifies a *cook*, in the ballad of the *Turnament of Tottenham*:

Every five and five had a *cokeny*.

Certainly it cannot be a cook or scullion, but is some dish which I cannot ascertain. My authority is the following epigram from Davies:

He that comes every day, shall have a *cocknay*,

And he that comes but now and then, shall have a fat hen.

Ep. on Engl. Prov. 179.

WHALLEY.

³ ———*the eels, when she put them i' the paste*——] Hinting that the eel and Lear are in the same danger. JOHNSON.

⁴ *sepulchring*, &c.] This word is accented in the same manner by *Fairfax* and *Milton*:

"As if his work should his *sepulcher* be," C. i. st. 25.

"And so *sepulcher'd* in such pomp doe lie."

Milton on Shakspeare, line xv. STEEVENS.

Thy sister's naught : O Regan, ⁵ she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—

[Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,
⁶ Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan !

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience ; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
⁷ Than she to scant her duty.

Lear.

⁵ ————— *she hath tied*

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,]

Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Of how deprav'd a quality*————] Thus the quarto. The folio reads :

With how deprav'd a quality———— JOHNSON.

⁷ *Than she to scant her duty.*] The word *scant* is directly contrary to the sense intended. The quarto reads :

———— *slack* her duty,

which is no better. May we not change it thus :

You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to *scan* her duty.

To *scan* may be to *measure* or *proportion*. Yet our author uses his negatives with such licentiousness, that it is hardly safe to make any alteration.—*Scant* may mean to *adapt*, to *fit*, to *proportion* ; which sense seems still to be retained in the mechanical term *scantling*. JOHNSON.

Hanmer had proposed this change of *scant* into *scan*, but surely no alteration is necessary. The other reading—*slack* would answer as well. You less know how to value her desert, than she (knows) to *scant* her duty, i. e. than she can be capable of being wanting in her duty. STEEVENS.

What our author *intended* to say, I have no doubt, was this : — *I have hope that the fact will rather turn out, that you know not how to appreciate her merit, than that she knows how to scant, or be deficient in, her duty.* But that he has expressed this sentiment inaccurately, will, I think, clearly appear by inverting the sentence, without changing a word. “ I have hope, (says Regan) that she knows *more* [or *better*] how to scant her duty, than you know how to value her desert.”—i. e. I have hope, that she is *more perfect*, more an adept (if the expression may be allowed) in the *non-performance* of her duty, than you are perfect, or accurate, in the estimation of her merit.

In *the Winter's Tale* we meet with an inaccuracy of the same kind :

“ —I ne'er

Lear. Say? ⁸ How is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation; If, fir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, fir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, fir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

⁹ Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

Dear

“ ————— I ne'er heard yet,
“ That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
“ *Less* impudence to gainsay what they did,
“ Than to perform it.”

where, as Dr. Johnson has justly observed, “ *wanted* should be *bad*, or *less* should be *more*.”—Again, in *Cymbeline*: “—be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *less* quality.” Here also *less* should certainly be *more*.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

Who *cannot want* the thought how monstrous,
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father?

In this passage, the author evidently should have written *can* instead of *cannot*. MALONE.

⁸ Say, &c.] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ Do you but mark how this becomes the house?] This phrase to me is unintelligible, and seems to say nothing to the purpose: neither can it mean, how this becomes the order of families. Lear would certainly intend to reply, how does asking my daughter's forgiveness agree with common fashion, the established rule and custom of nature? No doubt, but the poet wrote, *becomes the use*. And that Shakspeare employs *use* in this signification, is too obvious to want a proof. THEOBALD.

Do

*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;
 † Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.
 That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

Reg.

Do you but mark how this becomes the house ?] Mr. Theobald says, “ This phrase seems to say little to the purpose ;” and therefore alters it to, — becomes the *use*, — which signifies less. The Oxford editor makes him still more familiar — becometh *us*. All this chopping and changing proceeds from an utter ignorance of a great, a noble, and a most expressive phrase, — becomes the *house* ; — which signifies the order of families, duties of relation. **WARBURTON.**

With this *most expressive phrase* I believe no reader is satisfied. I suspect that it has been written originally :

Ask her forgiveness ?

Do you but mark how this becometh — thus.

Dear daughter, I confess, &c.

Becomes the house, and becometh thus, might be easily confounded by readers so unskilful as the original printers. **JOHNSON.**

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be supported by the following passage in *Milton on Divorce*, book ii. ch. xii. “ — the restraint whereof, who is not too thick-sighted, may see how hurtful, how destructive, it is to *the house*, the church, and commonwealth !” **TOLLET.**

The old reading may likewise receive additional support from the following passage in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598 :

“ Come up to supper ; it will *become the house* wonderfull well.”

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with the following extract from sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601. chap. II. which has much the same expression, and explains it. “ They two together [man and wife] ruleth the *house*. The *house* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free, &c.” **STEEVENS.**

Again, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure* : — “ The gentleman's wife one day could not refraine (beholding a stagger head set up in the gentleman's house) from breaking into a laughter before his face, saying how that head *became the house* very well.” **HENDERSON.**

† *Age is unnecessary* : —] i. e. Old age has few wants.

JOHNSON.

This usage of the word *unnecessary* is quite without example ; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained the meaning of his author, who seems to have designed to say no more than that it seems *unnecessary* to children that the lives

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unfightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
' Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:————
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
' To fall and blast her pride!

Reg.

lives of their parents *should be prolonged.* *Age is unnecessary,* may mean, *old people are useless.* So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:
“————your laws extend not to desert,
“ But to *unnecessary* years; and, my lord,
“ His are not such.” STEEVENS.

Unnecessary in Lear's speech, I believe, means—in want of necessities, unable to procure them. TYRWHITT.

² *Look'd black upon me;—*] To *look black*, may easily be explain'd to *look cloudy or gloomy.* See Milton:

“ So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
“ Grew darker at their frown.”—— JOHNSON.

So, Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 1157: “——The bishops thereat repined, and *looked black.*” TOLLET.

³ *To fall, and blast her pride!*] Thus the quarto: The folio reads not so well, *to fall and blister.* I think there is still a fault, which may be easily mended by changing a letter:

————Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
Do, fall, and blast her pride! JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's alteration will appear unnecessary, if we consider *fall* to be used here as an active verb, signifying to humble, to pull down. *Infect her beauty, ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the sun for this end—to fall and blast,* i. e. humble and destroy her pride. Shakespeare in other places uses *fall* in an active sense. So, in *Othello*:

“ Each drop she *falls* will prove a crocodile.”

Again,

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, ⁴ when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy ⁵ tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, ⁶ to scant my sizes,

And,

Again, in the *Tempest*:

“ To fall it on Gonzalo.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ————make him fall

“ His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.”

MALONE.

I see no occasion, either for Dr. Johnson's alteration, or for supposing with Mr. Malone, that the word *fall* is to be considered in an active sense, as signifying to *humble* or *pull down*; it appears to me to be used in this passage in its common acceptation; and that the plain meaning is this, “ You fen suck'd fogs, drawn up by the sun in order to fall down again and blast her pride.” MONCK MASON.

⁴ ————*when the rash mood is on.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read only, ————*when the rash mood*———perhaps leaving the sentence purposely unfinished. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Thy tender-hefted nature*———] *Hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whole bosom is agitated by tender passions. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. Shakspeare uses *hefts* for *heavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Both the quartos however read, “ tender-hefted nature;” which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle dispositions. *Hest* is an old word signifying *command*. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

“ Must yield to *hest* of others that be free.”

Hefted is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

⁶ ————*to scant my sizes.*] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. JOHNSON.

A *sizer* is one of the lowest rank of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges. So, in the *Return from Parnassus*:

“ You

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in : thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
 Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. What trumpet's that ?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's : this approves her letter,
 That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come ?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows :—
 Out, varlet, from my sight !

Corn. What means your grace ?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant ? Regan, I have
 good hope
 Thou did'st not know on't.—Who comes here ? O
 heavens,

Enter Goneril.

7 If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make

“ You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners ; one that
sizeth the devil's butteries.”

“ Fiddlers, set it on my head ; I use to *size* my music, or go
 on the score for it.” *Return from Parnassus.*

Size sometimes means *company*. So, in *Cynthia's Revenge*,
 1613 :

“ He now attended with a barbal *size*

“ Of sober statesmen, &c.”

I suppose a *barbal size* is a *bearded company*. STEEVENS.

See a *size* in Minshew's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

7 If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,]

Mr.

Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?—[To Gon.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence, ^s that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd ⁹ much less advancement.

Mr. Upton has proved by irresistible authority, that to *allow* signifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deservedly replaced the old reading, which Dr. Warburton had changed into *hallow obedience*, not recollecting the scripture expression, *The Lord alloweth the righteous*, Psalm xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "—she *allows* of thee for love, not for lust." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I *allow* those pleasing poems of Guazzo, which begin, &c." Again, Sir Tho. North's translation of *Plutarch*, concerning the reception with which the death of Cæsar met: "they neither greatly reprov'd, nor *allowed* the fact." Dr. Warburton might have found the emendation which he proposed, in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*, which was first published in 1687. STEEVENS.

^s ————*that indiscretion finds,*] *Finds* is here used in the same sense as when a jury is said to *find* a bill, to which it is an allusion. Our author again uses the same word in the same sense in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i:

"Why 'tis *found* so." EDWARDS.

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French use their word *trouver* in the same sense; and we still say I *find* time tedious, or I *find* company troublesome, without thinking on a jury.

STEEVENS.

⁹ ————*much less advancement*] The word *advancement* is ironically used for *conspicuousness* of punishment; as we now say, *a man is advanced to the pillory*. We should read:

———*but his own disorders*

Deserv'd much *more* advancement. JOHNSON.

By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful situation; a situation not so reputable. PERCY.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *disorders* had entitled him even a post of less honour than the stocks. STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. ¹ I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
² No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To

¹ *I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.*] This is a very odd request. She surely asked something more reasonable. We should read,

———being weak, *deem't* so.

i. e. believe that my husband tells you true, that Kent's disorders deserved a more ignominious punishment. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, since *you are weak*, be content to think yourself weak. No change is needed. JOHNSON.

² *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse
To wage against the enmity o' the air:
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch.*———] Thus should these lines (in the order they were read, in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's) be pointed: the want of which pointing contributed, perhaps, to mislead him in transposing the second and third lines; on which imaginary regulation he thus descants. "The breach of the sense here is a manifest proof that these lines were transposed by the first editors. Neither can there be any syntax or grammatical coherence, unless we suppose (*necessity's sharp pinch*) to be the accusative to (*wage*)." But this is supposing the verb *wage*, to want an accusative, which it does not. *To wage*, or *wager against one*, was a common expression; and, being a species of acting (namely, acting in opposition) was as proper as to say, *act against any one*. So, *to wage against the enmity o' the air*, was to strive or fight against it. *Necessity's sharp pinch*, therefore, is not the accusative to *wage*, but declarative of the condition of him who is a *comrade of the wolf and owl*; in which the verb (*is*) is understood. The consequence of all this is, that it was the *last editors*, and not the *first*, who transposed the lines from the order the poet gave them: for the Oxford editor follows Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

To wage is often used absolutely without the word *war* after it, and yet signifies *to make war*, as before in this play:

My

To wage against the enmity o' the air ;
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
 Necessity's sharp pinch !——Return with her ?
 Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
 To keep ³ base life afoot ;——Return with her ?
 Persuade me rather to be slave ⁴ and sumpter
 To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
 mad ;

I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another :—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine : ⁵ thou art a boil,

A

My life I never held but as a pawn

To *wage* against thine enemies.

The spirit of the following passage seems to be lost in the hands
 of both the commentators. It should perhaps be pointed thus :

To be a comrade of the wolf and owl,—

Necessity's sharp pinch !—

These last words appear to be the reflection of Lear on the
 wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding
 lines. STEEVENS.

³ ——*base life*—] i. e. In a *servile* state. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——*and sumpter*] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessaries
 on a journey, though sometimes used for the case to carry them
 in.—Vide Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, Seward's
 edit. vol. viii. note 35 ; and *Cupid's Revenge*.

“ ——I'll have a horse to leap thee,

“ And thy base issue shall carry *sumpters*.”

Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

“ He is indeed a guarded *sumpter-cloth*

“ Only for the remove o' the court.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——*thou art a bile,*

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood.] The context clearly shows that we
 ought to read—*boil*. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ ——*boils* and plagues

“ Plaister you o'er !”

The

A plague-fore, an ^o embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
 Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so——
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
 tendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to
 slack you,

We could controul them: If you will come to me,
 (For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
 To bring but five and twenty; to no more
 Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

The word *boil*, being pronounced as if written *bile*, occasioned
 the mistake. In the folio, both here and in *Coriolanus*, it is spelt
 in the same manner—*byle*. MALONE.

^o ——embossed carbuncle,] Embossed is swelling, protuberant.
 JOHNSON.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. ⁷ Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;
[*To Goneril.*

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,

⁷ *Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked,——*] Dr. Warburton would
exchange the repeated epithet *wicked* into *wrinkled* in both
places. The commentator's only objection to the lines as they
now stand, is the discrepancy of the metaphor, the want of op-
position between *wicked* and *well-favoured*. But he might have
remembered what he says in his own preface concerning *mixed
modes*. Shakspeare, whose mind was more intent upon notions
than words, had in his thoughts the pulchritude of virtue, and
the deformity of wickedness; and though he had mentioned
wickedness, made the correlative answer to *deformity*. JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act V.

——— it is I

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. STEEVENS.

This passage, I think, should be pointed thus:

*Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.——*

That is, *To be not the worst* deserves some praise. TYRWHITT.

Man's

Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
 need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
 You see me here, you gods, a ⁸ poor old man,
 As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely ; ⁹ touch me with noble anger !
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall,—I will do such things ¹,—

⁸ ———*poor old man,*] The quarto has, poor old *fellow*.

JOHNSON.

⁹ ———*touch me with noble anger !*] It would puzzle one at first to find the sense, the drift, and the coherence of this petition. For if the gods sent this evil for his punishment, how could he expect that they should defeat their own design, and assist him to revenge his injuries ? The solution is, that Shakspeare here makes his speaker allude to what the ancient poets tell us of the misfortunes of particular families : namely, that when the anger of the gods, for an act of impiety, was raised against an offending house, their method of punishment was, first to inflame the breasts of the children to unnatural acts against their parents ; and then, of the parents against their children, in order to destroy one another ; and that both these outrages were the instigation of the gods. To consider Lear as alluding to this divinity, makes his prayer exceeding pertinent and fine.

WARBURTON.

¹ ———*I will do such things*———

What they are, yet I know not ;]

———*māgnū est quodcunq̄ paravi,*

Quid sit, adhuc dubito. Ovid. Met. lib. vi.

———*haud quid sit scio,*

Sed grande quiddam est. Senecæ Thyestes.

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions, remember, that of both these authors there were early translations.

STEEVENS.

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest heard.*

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter Gloster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going²?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

¹ Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

² *Whither is he going?*

Glo. He calls to horse;] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

³ *Do sorely ruffle,——*] Thus the folio. The quartos read,
Do sorely ruffel, i. e. ruffle. STEEVENS.

Ruffle is certainly the true reading. A *ruffler*, in our author's
time, was a noisy, boisterous, swaggerer. MALONE.

Reg.

Reg. O, fir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
night;
My Regan counfels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*]

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

A Heath.

*A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter
Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's there, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main⁴,

That

⁴ Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,] The main seems to signify here the main land, the continent. So, in Bacon's *War with Spain*: "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the main of Spain."

This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land. STEEVENS.

That things might change, or cease: ⁵ tears his
white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

⁶ This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;

The old reading, and Mr. Steevens's explanation of it, are strongly confirmed by a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“—————The bounded waters

“Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,

“And make a sop of all this solid globe.”

The main is again used for the land, in *Hamlet*:

“Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir?” MALONE.

⁵ ———tears his white hair;] The six following verses were omitted in all the late editions: I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly Shakspeare's. POPE.

The first folio ends the speech at *change or cease*, and begins again at Kent's question, *But who is with him?* The whole speech is forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched. JOHNSON.

⁶ *This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young*; whereas it means, *whose dugs are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their den by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, “that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night.”

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare has the same image in *As you Like It*:

“A lions; with udders all drawn dry,

“Lay couching”—————

Again, *Ibidem*:

“Food to the suck'd and hungry lions.” STEEVENS.

And

And dare, upon the warrant of ⁷ my note,
 Commend a dear' thing to you. There is division,
 Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
⁶ Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
 Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
 Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen⁹,
¹ Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these ² are but furnishings;—

⁷ ———my note,] My observation of your character. JOHNSON.
 The quartos read:

—————upon the warrant of my *art*:

i. e. on the strength of *my skill* in physiognomy. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Who have (as who have not, ———)* The eight subsequent verses were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible; and to no purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very easy to be understood; and the lines seem absolutely necessary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invasion: nor without them is the sense of the context complete.

THEOBALD.

The quartos omit these lines. STEEVENS.

⁹ ———*what hath been seen,*] What follows, are the circumstances in the state of the kingdom, of which he supposes the spies gave France the intelligence. STEEVENS.

¹ *Either in snuffs or packings——*] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

So, in *Henry IV.* first part: “Took it in *snuff*;” and in *King Edward III.* 1599:

“This *packing* evil, we both shall tremble for it.”

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

“With two gods *packing* one woman silly to cozen.”

We still talk of *packing* juries, and Antony says of Cleopatra, that she has “*pack'd* cards with Cæsar.” STEEVENS.

² ———*are but furnishings.*] *Furnishings* are what we now call *colours*, *external pretences*. JOHNSON.

A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. So, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatworth of Wit*, 1621: “To lend the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own to pawn.” STEEVENS.

[³ But, true it is, ⁴ from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,

Wife

³ *But, true it is, &c.*] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inserted in the text, which seem necessary to the plot, as a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in Act IV. How both these, and a whole scene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. POPE.

⁴ ———— *from France there comes a power*

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,

Wife in our negligence, have secret sea

In some of our best ports.———] Scatter'd kingdom, if it have

any sense, gives us the idea of a kingdom fallen into an *anarchy*: but that was not the case. It submitted quietly to the government of Lear's two sons-in-law. It was divided, indeed, by this means, and so hurt, and weaken'd. And this was what Shakspeare meant to say, who, without doubt, wrote:

——— *scathed* kingdom; ———

i. e. hurt, wounded, impaired. And so he frequently uses *scath* for hurt or damage. Again, what a strange phrase is, having *sea in a port*, to signify a fleet's lying at anchor? which is all it can signify. And what is stranger still, a *secret sea*, that is, lying incognito, like the army at Knight's Bridge in *The Rehearsal*. Without doubt the poet wrote:

——— have secret *seize*

In some of our best ports; ———

i. e. they are secretly secure of some of the best ports, by having a party in the garrison ready to second any attempt of their friends, &c. The exactness of the expression is remarkable; he says, *secret seize in some*, not *of some*. For the first implies a conspiracy ready to seize a place on warning, the other, a place already seized. WARBURTON.

The true state of this speech cannot from all these notes be discovered. As it now stands it is collected from two editions: the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines inclosed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious, because it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakspeare's last copy, but in this passage the first is preferable; for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why,

Wife in our negligence, have secret fee
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To shew their open banner,—Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

he knows not whither. I suppose Shakspeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene.—The learned critic's emendations are now to be examined. *Scattered* he has changed to *scathed*; for *scattered*, he says, gives the idea of an anarchy, which was not the case. It may be replied that *scathed* gives the idea of ruin, waste, and desolation, which was not the case. It is unworthy a lover of truth, in questions of great or little moment, to exaggerate or extenuate for mere convenience, or for vanity yet less than convenience. *Scattered* naturally means *divided, unsettled, disunited*.—Next is offered with great pomp a change of *jea* to *seize*; but in the first edition the word is *fee*, for *hire*, in the sense of having any one in *fee*, that is, at devotion for money. *Fee* is in the second quarto changed to *see*, from which one made *jea* and another *seize*. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the same year, and for the same printer) reads *secret feet*. Perhaps the author wrote *secret foot*, i. e. footing. So, in a following scene:

—what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late *footed* in the kingdom? STEEVENS.

That *foot* is the true reading is, I think, clearly ascertained, both by the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens, and another in the third act, which is still more apposite:—"these injuries the king now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a power already *footed*: we must incline to the king."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

—Why, thou Mars, I'll tell thee,

"We have a power on *foot*." MALONE.

Kent.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall) shew her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Kent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to
say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found ^s the king, (in which
your pain
That way; I'll this,) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally,*

S C E N E II.

Another part of the heath.

Storm still. Enter Lear, and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and ⁶ thought-executing fires,

^s ————*the king, in which your pain,*

That way, I'll this: he that first, &c.] Thus the folio,

The late reading:

—————*for which you take*

That way, I this, ————

was not genuine. The quartos read:

That when we have found the king,

I'll this way, you that, he that first lights

On him, hollow the other. STEEVENS.

⁶ ————*thought-executing*———] Doing execution with rapidity
equal to thought. JOHNSON.

Vaunt-couriers ⁷ to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
⁸ Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
⁹ Crack nature's moulds; all germens spill at once,¹
 That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water ² in a dry house
 is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good
 nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here's a
 night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! spout,
 rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:

⁷ *Vaunt-couriers.*] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phrase is not un-
 familiar to other writers of Shakspeare's time. It originally
 meant the foremost scouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Markham's
English Arcadia, 1607:

—“as soon as the first *vancurrer* encountered him face to face.”
 Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

“Might to my death, but the *vaunt-currier* prove.”

Again, in *Darius*, 1603:

“Th' *avant-corours*, that came for to examine.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Strike flat, &c.*] The quarto reads, —*Smite* flat. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Crack nature's moulds, all germains spill at once,*] Thus all
 the editions have given us this passage; and Mr. Pope has ex-
 plained *germains* to mean *relations*, or *kindred* elements. But the
 poet means here, “Crack nature's mould, and spill all the *seeds*
of matter, that are hoarded within it.” To retrieve which sense
 we must write *germins* from *germen*. Our author not only uses
 the same thought again, but the word that ascertains my expli-
 cation, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
 “And mar the *seeds* within.” THEOBALD.

Theobald is right. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—————and the fum

“Of nature's *germins* tumble altogether.” STEEVENS.

¹ —spill at once.] To *spill* is to destroy. So, in Gower *De*
Confessione Amantis, lib. iv. fol. 67:

So as I shall myself *spill*. STEEVENS.

² —court holy-water—] Ray, among his proverbial phrases,
 p. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The
 French have the same phrase. *Eau benite de cour*; fair empty
 words.—*Chambaud's Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

I tax

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
³ You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; ⁴ here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O! O! ⁵ 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a
 good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
 Before the head has any:
 The head and he shall louse;—
⁶ So beggars marry many.*

The

³ *You owe me no subscription;—*] *Subscription* for obedience.
 WARBURTON.

So in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 17. "I tell yee
 " besides this he is an obstinat wilfull fellow, for since this
 " idolatrous adoration given to him here by men, he has kept
 " the scepter in his owne hand and commands every man:
 " which rebellious man now seeing (or rather indeed to obedi-
 " ent too him) inclines to all his hefts, *yeelds no subscription*, nor
 " will he be commanded by any other power, &c." EDITOR.

⁴ ——*Here I stand, your slave,*] But why so? It is true, he
 says, that they *owed him no subscription*; yet sure he owed them
 none. We should read:

——Here I stand your *brave*;
 i. e. I defy your worst rage, as he had said just before. What
 led the editors into this blunder was what should have kept them
 out of it, namely, the following line:

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
 And this was the wonder, that such a one should *brave* them all.
 WARBURTON.

The meaning is plain enough, he was not their *slave* by right
 or compact, but by necessity and compulsion. Why should a
 passage be darkened for the sake of changing it? Besides, of
brave in that sense I remember no example. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——*'tis foul.*] Shameful; dishonourable. JOHNSON.

⁶ *So beggars marry many.*] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and
 lice. JOHNSON.

That

*The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make,
 Shall of a corn cry, woe!
 And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glafs.

Enter Kent.

Lear. ⁷ No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
 I will fay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece²; that's a wife man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, fir, ⁹ are you here? things that love night,

Love not fuch nights as thefe; the wrathful skies
¹ Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, fuch burfts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

That is, “So many beggars marry;” meaning, that they marry in the manner he has described, before they have houfes to put their heads in. MONCK MASON.

⁷ *No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will fay nothing.*] So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, speaking of *Leir*:

“But he, the myrrour of mild patience,

“Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply.”

STEEVENS.

² —and a cod-piece, that's a wife man and a fool.] Alluding perhaps to the faying of a contemporary wit; that there is no discretion below the girdle. STEEVENS.

⁹ —are you here?—] The quartos read—*fit* you here?

STEEVENS.

¹ Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,] Gallow, a west-country word, fignifies to fcare or frighten. WARBURTON.

So, the Somerfetshire proverb: “The dunder do gally the beans.” Beans are vulgarly fuppofed to shoot up falter after thunder-ftorms. STEEVENS.

Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the ² fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep ³ this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
⁴ That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your ⁵ concealing continents, ⁶ and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man ⁷,
More

² —fear.] So the folio: the later editions read, with the quarto, *force* for *fear*, less elegantly. JOHNSON.

³ —this dreadful pother—] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

The reading in the text, however, is an expression common to others. So, in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ —faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *That under covert and convenient seeming,*] *Convenient* needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; *accommodate* to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is *appearance* such as may promote his purpose to destroy. JOHNSON.

⁵ —concealing continents,—] *Continent* stands for that which contains or incloses. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

Heart, once be stronger than thy *continent*!

Again, in Chapman's translation of the XIIth Book of Homer's *Odysey*:

“ I told our pilot that past other men

“ He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd

“ The *continent* that all our spirits convey'd, &c.”

The quartos read, *concealed centers*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —————and cry

These dreadful summoners grace.—] *Summoners* are here the officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *I am a man,*] Oedipus, in Sophocles, represents himself in the same light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258.

More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious, my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this scraw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I have ^s one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. ⁹ *He that has a little tiny wit,—*

With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain—

————— τὰ γ' ἔργα μὲν

Πεπονθοῦτ' ἐστὶ μαλλὸν ἢ δειδρακτοῦτα. TYRWHITT.

• ———— *one part in my heart, &c.]* Some editions read,
————— *thing* in my heart;

from which Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, have made
bring, very unnecessarily; but the copies have *part*.

JOHNSON.

The old quartos read,

That *sorrowus* yet for thee. STEEVENS.

⁹ *He that has a little tiny wit,—]* I fancy that the second
line of this stanza had once a termination that rhymed with the
fourth; but I can only fancy it; for both the copies agree. It
was once perhaps written,

With heigh ho, the wind and the rain *in his way*.

The meaning seems likewise to require this insertion. “He
that has wit, however small, and finds wind and rain in his way,
must content himself by thinking, that somewhere or other *it*
raineth every day, and others are therefore suffering like him-
self.” Yet I am afraid that all this is chimerical, for the bur-
then appears again in the song at the end of *Twelfth Night*, and
seems to have been an arbitrary supplement, without any re-
ference to the sense of the song. JOHNSON.

Must

*Must make content with his fortunes fit ;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [Exit.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When

*I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :
When priests are more in words than matter ;
When brewers marr their malt with water ;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;
When every case in law is right ;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
And cut purses come not to throngs ;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build ;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.]*

The judicious reader will observe through this heap of nonsense and confusion, that this is not *one* but *two* prophecies. The first, a satyrical description of the *present manners as future* : and the second, a satyrical description of *future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening*. Each of these prophecies has its proper inference or deduction : yet, by an unaccountable stupidity, the first editors took the whole to be all one prophecy, and so jumbled the two contrary inferences together. The whole then should be read as follows, only pre-mising that the first line is corrupted by the loss of a word—*or ere I go*, is not English, and should be helped thus :

1. I'll speak a prophecy or *two* ere I go :
When priests are more in words than matter ;
When brewers marr their malt with water ;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
No heretics burnt, but wenches' suitors ;
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.—*i. e.* *Now ;*
2. When every case in law is right ;
No squire in debt, and no poor knight ;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purses come not to throngs ;

When

When priests are more in word than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
³ When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
⁴ No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors :
 Then comes the time, who lives to fee't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.—
 When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;
 Nor cut-purses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
 And bawds, and whores, do churches build ;—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.

⁵ This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before
 his time. [Exit.]

When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.—*i. e. Never.* WARBURTON.

The sagacity and acuteness of Dr. Warburton are very conspicuous in this note. He has disentangled the confusion of the passage, and I have inserted his emendation in the text. *Or e'er* is proved by Mr. Upton to be good English ; but the controversy was not necessary, for *or* is not in the old copies.

JOHNSON.

³ *When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;*] *i. e.* Invent fashions for them. WARBURTON.

⁴ *No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;*] The disease to which *wenches' suitors* are particularly exposed, was called in Shakespeare's time the *brenning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *This prophecy—*] This prophecy is not in the quartos.

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion.]

These lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows :

“ When faith fails in priestes laws,

“ And lords hefts are holden for laws,

“ And robbery is tane for purchase,

“ And letchery for solace,

“ *Then shall the realm of Albion*

“ *Be brought to great confusion.*” STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

An apartment in Gloster's castle.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd, me on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

A part of the heath, with a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord,
enter :

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. *[Storm still.]*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own : Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt ⁶. Thou'dst shun a bear ;
But if thy flight lay toward the ⁷ raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't ?—But I will punish home :—

⁶ *But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.]*

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. I. c. vi.

“ He lesser pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ ————raging sea,] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads, —roaring sea. STEEVENS.

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night⁸
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you
all,——

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,——

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own
ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:—
⁹ In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless
poverty,——

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your¹ loop'd and window'd raggedness², defend
you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

⁸ ————*In such a night*

To shut me out!—Pour on, I will endure:———]

Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ *In, boy; go first.———*] These two lines were added in the author's revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind.

JOHNSON.

¹ ————*loop'd*———] The folio reads *lop'd*. HENDERSON.

² ————*window'd raggedness*———]

So in the *Amorous War*, 1648:

“——— spare me a doublet which

“ Hath linings in't, and no glass windows.”

This allusion is as old as the time of *Plautus*, in one of whose plays it is found.

Again, in the comedy already quoted:

“——— this jerkin

“ Is wholly made of down.” STEEVENS.

Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the heavens more just ³.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half⁴, fathom and half !
 Poor Tom !

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
 Help me, help me ! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there ?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit ; he says his name's poor
 Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the
 straw ?

Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me !——
 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.——
 Humph ! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

³ ——Take physic, pomp !
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the heavens more just.]

A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* :

“ O let those cities that of plenty's cup
 “ And her prosperities so largely taste,
 “ With their superfluous riots—hear these tears ;
 “ The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.” MALONE.

⁴ *Fathom, &c.*] This speech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are founding the depth at sea. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Humph ! go to thy bed——*] So the folio. The quarto,
 Go to thy cold bed and warm thee. JOHNSON.
 So, in the introduction to the *Taming of a Shrew*, *Sly* says, “ go
 to thy cold bed and warm thee.” A ridicule, I suppose, on some
 passage in a play as absurd as the *Spanish Tragedy*. STEEVENS.

This line is a sneer on the following one spoken by Hieronimo
 in the *Spanish Tragedy*, Act II :

“ What outcries pluck me from my naked bed.”
 WHALLEY.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters⁶?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath⁷ led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath⁸ laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—⁹ Bless thy five wits! Tom's
a-cold.

⁶ *Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Didst thou give all to thy daughters?*

STEEVENS.

⁷ *—led through fire and through flame,—*] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. JOHNSON.

⁸ *—laid knives under his pillow,—*] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harfenet's *Declaration*, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, Act IV. sc. i.

Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:

“Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
“Are laid before me to dispatch myself.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *—bless thy five wits.*] So the five senses were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Fyve Elements*, one of the characters is *Sensual Appetite*, who with great simplicity thus introduces himself to the audience:

“I am callyd sensual apetyte,
“All creatures in me delyte,
“I comferte the wyttys fyve;
“The tastyng smelling and herynge
“I refreshe the syghte and felygne
“To all creaturs alyve.”

Sig. B. iij. PERCY.

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

“*Every man*, thou arte made, thou hast thy wyttes fyve.”

Again, in *Hycke Scorne*:

“I have spent amys my w wittes.”

Again,

a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and 'taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those ² pelican daughters.

Edg.

Again, in the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, by John Rastell, 1519:

“Brute bestis have memory and their *wyttes fyve.*”

Again, in the first book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*:

“As touchende of my *wyttes fyve.*” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet seems to have considered the *fyve wits*, as distinct from *the senses*:

“But my *fyve wits*, nor my *fyve senses* can

“Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.”

MALONE.

¹ ———*taking!*—] To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence:

—————strike her young bones,

Ye *taking* airs, with lameness. JOHNSON.

² ———*pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, second part:

“Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish her young ones? she *pelican* does it, and shall not I?”

K k 4

Again,

Edg. Pillicock fat on pillicock-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not³ with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array:—Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, + wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake.

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“ The *pelican* loves not her young so well
“ That digs upon her breast a hundred springs.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Commit not*, &c.] The word *commit* is used in this sense by Middleton, in *Women beware Women*:

“ His weight is deadly who *commits* with strumpets.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ —wore gloves in my cap,—] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So in the play called *Campaspe*: “ Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to *lovers*, gloves worn in velvet caps, instead of plumes in graven helmets.”

WARBURTON.

It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he *will pluck a glove from the commonest creature*, and fix it in his helmet; and Tucca says to sir Quintilian, in *Decker's Satiromastix*:

“ —Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch:” and Pandora in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“ —he that first presents me with his head,

“ Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed.”

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says she will wear for his sake: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier. See Vol. V. p. 248. STEEVENS.

words,

words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, ⁵ light of ear, bloody of hand; ⁶ Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets ⁷, thy pen from lenders' books ⁸, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ⁹ Says *suum, mun, ha no nonny*, dolphin my boy, boy, Sessy; let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*
Lear.

⁵ ———*light of ear,*——] i. e. Credulous. WARBURTON.

Not merely *credulous*, but *credulous of evil*, ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

⁶ ———*Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, &c.*] The Jesuits pretended to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainz in the shape of those animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mainz by gestures acted that particular sin; curling his hair to shew *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and snoring for *sloth*, &c.—Harsnet's book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes. STEEVENS.

⁷ ———*thy hand out of plackets.*] It appeareth from the following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a silly comedy, that *placket* doth not signify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: “—between which is discovered the *open part* which is now called the *placket*.” Bayly in his *Dictionary*, giveth the same account of the word.

Yet peradventure, our poet hath some deeper meaning in the *Winter's Tale*, where Autolycus saith—“You might have pinch'd a *placket*, it was senseless.” AMNER.

⁸ *Thy pen from lenders' books.*] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605:

“If I but write my name in mercers' books,
“I am as sure to have at six months end
“A rascal at my elbow with his mace, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ ———*Says suum, mun, nonny, &c.*] Of this passage I can make nothing. I believe it corrupt; for wildness, not nonsense, is the effect of a disordered imagination. The quarto reads,

Lear. Why thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no filk, the beast no

reads, *hey no ronny, dolphas, my boy, cease, let him trot by.* Of interpreting this there is not much hope or much need. But any thing may be tried. The madman, now counterfeiting a proud fit, supposes himself met on the road by some one that disputes the way, and cries *Hey!*—*No*—but altering his mind, condescends to let him pass, and calls to his boy *Dolphin* (*Rodolph*) not to contend with him. *On—Dolphin, my boy, cease. Let him trot by.* JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is right. *Hey no ronny* is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (said to be written by Shakspeare in conjunction with Fletcher) and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of *Ophelia's* songs:

*Dolphin, my boy, my boy,
Cease, let him trot by;
It seemeth not that such a foe
From me or you would fly.*

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin* (so called and spelt at those times) to the trial, is represented as desirous to restrain him from any attempt to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who wears the least appearance of strength; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. 'I'herefore as different champions are supposed crossing the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats these two lines as every fresh personage is introduced.

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The song I have never seen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least importance to me.—As for the words, *says suum, mun,* they are only to be found in the first folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compositors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more of their own to what they already concluded to be nonsense. STEEVENS.

Cokes cries out in *Bartholomew Fair*:

“ God's my life!—He shall be *Dauphin my boy!*”

FARMER.

hide,

hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—
Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou
art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no
more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou
art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come¹; unbutton
here.— [Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a
naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a
wild field, were like an old lecher's heart²; a small
spark, and all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here
comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend³ *Flibbertigibbet*; he
begins at curfew, and walks 'till the first cock; he
gives the⁴ web and the pin, squints the eye, and

¹ *Come; unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos
reads:

Come on, be true. STEEVENS.

² ———*an old lecher's heart.*] This image appears to have been
imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Humourous Lieutenant*:

“ ———an old man's loose desire

“ Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at;

“ Which when they gather'd sticks, and laid upon't,

“ And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.”

STEEVENS.

³ ———*Flibbertigibbet*; ———] We are not much acquainted with
this fiend. Latimer in his sermons mentions him; and Hey-
wood, among his sixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the
following, *Of calling one Flebergibbet*:

“ 'Thou *Flebergibbet, Flebergibbet*, thou wretch!

“ Wottest thou whereto last part of that word doth stretch?

“ Leave that word, or I'le baste thee with a libet;

“ Of all woords I hate woords that end with gibet,”

STEEVENS.

“ *Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto*, were
four devils of the round or morice These four had forty
assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse.” *Harsenet*,
p. 49. PERCY.

⁴ ———*web and the pin,* ———] Diseases of the eye. JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1600. One of the cha-
racters is giving a ludicrous description of a lady's face, and when
he comes to her eyes he says, “ a *pin and web* argent in hair du
roy.” STEEVENS.

makes

makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*5 Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

Bid

*5 Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!]*

We should read it thus:

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her *name told*,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee *right*.

i. e. Saint Withold traversing the *wold* or *downs*, met the night-mare; who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from those persons whom she rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the Epialtes. The last line is the formal execration or apotrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i. e. depart forthwith. Bedlams, gipsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kinds of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders. We have another of them in the *Monfieur Thomas* of Fletcher, which he expressly calls a *night-spell*, and is in these words:

“ Saint George, Saint George, our lady’s knight,
“ He walks by day, so he does by night;
“ And when he had her found,
“ He her beat and her bound;
“ Until to him her troth she plight,
“ She would not stir from him that night.”

WARBURTON.

This is likewise one of the “magical cures” for the *incubus*, quoted, with little variation, by Reginald Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. STEEVENS.

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. “Swithald footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.” JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of the rime) instead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold.

4

TYRWHITT.

Shak-

*Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Shakspeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King John*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *wold* I suppose to be the true reading. So in the *Coventry Collection of Mysteries*, Mus. Brit. Vesp. D. viii. p. 93, Herod says to one of his officers:

“ Seyward bolde, walke thou on *wolde*,

“ And wyfely behold all abowte, &c.”

Dr. Hill's reading, the *cold*, is the reading of Mr. Tate in his alteration of this play in 1681. STEEVENS.

It is pleasant to see the various readings of this passage. In a book called the *Actor*, which has been ascribed to Dr. Hill, it is quoted “ *Swithin* footed thrice the *cold*.” Mr. Colman has it in his alteration of *Lear*,

“ *Swithin* footed thrice the *wold*.”

The ancient reading is *the olds*: which is pompously corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bishop, to the *wolds*: in fact it is the same word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds*: the provincial pronunciation is still the *oles*: and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the *oles*,

He met the night-mare, and her nine *foles*, &c.”

FARMER.

Both the quarto and folio have *old*, and not *olds*. MALONE.

I was surprised to see in the *Appendix* to the last edition of Shakspeare, that my reading of this passage was “ *Swithin* footed thrice the *wold*.” I have ever been averse to capricious variations of the old text; and, in the present instance, the rhyme, as well as the sense, would have induced me to abide by it. *World* was merely an error of the press. *Wold* is a word still in use in the North of England; signifying a kind of down near the sea. A large tract of country in the East-Riding of Yorkshire is called the *Woulds*. COLMAN.

Edg.

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt⁶, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung forallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is⁷ whipt from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,——

*But mice, and rats, and such⁸ small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

⁶ ——wall-newt,] The quarto reads *wall wort*.

HENDERSON.

⁷ ——whipt from tything to tything,——] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes to the acts of *Queen Elizabeth* and *James I.* against rogues, vagabonds, &c. In the Stat. 39 Eliz. ch. 4. it is enacted, that every vagabond, &c. shall be publicly *whipped and sent* from parish to parish. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——small deer] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *geer*, and is followed by Dr. Warburton. But *deer* in old language is a general word for wild animals. JOHNSON.

Mice and rats and such small deere

Have been Tom's food for seven long years.]

This distich has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, Dr. Warburton would read, *geer*, and Dr. Grey *cheer*. The ancient reading is, however, established by the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, which Shakspeare had probably often heard sung to the harp, and to which he elsewhere alludes, as in the following instances:

“As *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon *Ascapart*.”

Hen. VI. Act II.

Again, *Hen. VIII. Act I.*

“That *Bevis* was believ'd.”

This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by *Bevis* when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

“Rattes and myce and such smal dere

“Was his meate that seven yere.”

Sig. F. iij.

PERCY.

Beware

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin⁹; peace,
thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darknes is a gentleman¹;
²Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban³:—

⁹ —Peace, Smolkin, peace,—] “The names of other punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these: Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio, &c.” Harsenet, p. 49. PERCY.

¹ *The prince of darknes is a gentleman*;] This is spoken in resentment of what Gloster had just said—“Has your grace no better company?” STEEVENS.

² *Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*] So in Harsenet's *Declaration*, *Mabo* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the said Richard Mainy deposes: “Furthermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modu* ;” he is elsewhere called, “the prince *Modu* :” so, p. 269, “When the said priests had dispatched their business at Hackney (where they had been exorcising Sara Williams) they then returned towards mee, upon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* . . . out mee.” STEEVENS.

³ —learned *Theban*.] Ben Jonson in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this passage. STEEVENS.

What

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
⁴ His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*]
 His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good
 Kent!—

He said, it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
 Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
 I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
 Now out-law'd from my blood; he sought my life,
 But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
 No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
 The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
 I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir:—
 Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee
 warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

⁴ *His wits begin to unsettle.*] On this occasion, I cannot prevail on myself to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, inserted in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*. He observes, that when “*Belvidera* talks of

“*Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,*—” she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had phrenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakspeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet.” STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. With him ;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him ; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words ; hush.

Edg. ⁵ *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*

His word was still———Fie, fob, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

S C E N E

⁵ *Child Rowland*———] In the old times of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the season of their probation, were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth particularly, *Infans*: Here a story is told, in some old ballad, of the famous hero and giant-killer Roland, before he was knighted, who is, therefore, called *Infans* ; which the ballad-maker translated, *Child Roland*.

WARBURTON.

This word is in some of our ballads. There is a song of *Child Walter, and a Lady*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman's Prize*, refer also to this :

“———a mere hobby-horse

“ She made the *Child Rowland*.”

In *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*, 1598, part of these lines repeated by Edgar is quoted :
“———a pedant, who will find matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the first invention of

“ Fy, fa, fum,

“ I smell the blood of an Englishman.”

Spenser often uses the word *child*, to signify a prince, or a youthful knight. So, in the *Faerie Queen*, Book V. c. xi. st. 8.

“———that sad steel seiz'd not where it was hight

“ Upon the *child*, but somewhat short did fall.”

By the *Child* is here meant *Prince Arthur*. Both the quartos read :

———to the dark town come. STEEVENS.

Child Rowland.] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old historical songs and romances ; of this, innumerable instances occur in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I. f. iv.

S C E N E V.

*Gloster's castle.**Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.*

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; ⁶ but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector?

v. 97, where in a description of a battle between two knights, we find these lines:

“ The Eldridge knighte, he prick'd his steed ;
 “ Syr Cawline bold abode :
 “ Then either shook his trusty spear,
 “ And the timber these two *children* bare
 “ So soon in sunder flode.”

See in the same volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child waters*, *child Maurice* [Vol. III. f. xx.] &c. The same idiom occurs in *Spenser's Faerie Queen*, where the famous knight sir Tristram is frequently called *Child Tristram*. See B. V. c. ii. ft. 8. 13. B. VI. c. ii. ft. 36. *ibid.* c. viii. ft. 15. PERCY.

⁶ ——— *but a provoking merit,*] i. e. A merit which being neglected by the father, was provoked to an extravagant act. The Oxford editor, not understanding this, alters it to *provoked spirit*.

WARBURTON.

Provoking, here means *stimulating*; a merit he felt in himself, which irritated him against a father that had none.

MONCK MASON.

Corn.

Corn. Go with me to the dutcheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True, or falſe, it hath made thee earl of Gloſter. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Edm. [*Aſide.*] If I find him⁷ comforting the king, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully.—I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be fore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A chamber, in a Farm houſe.

Enter Gloſter, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindneſs!

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkneſs. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

⁷ ———*comforting*———] He uſes the word in the juridical ſenſe for *ſupporting*, *helping*, according to its derivation; *ſalvia confortat nervos.*—*Schol. Sal.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson refines too much on this paſſage; *comforting* means merely giving *comfort* or *aſſiſtance*. So Gloſter ſays in the beginning of the next ſcene:

—I will piece out the *comfort* with what addition I can.

MONCK MASON.

Fool. ⁸ Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a mad-man be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. ⁹ No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
¹ Come hizzing in upon them:—

Edg. ² The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, ³ a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[To Edgar.]

⁸ *Fool.* *Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me.*—] And before in the same Act, sc. iii.—“Cry to it, nuncle.” Why does the Fool call the old king, *nuncle*? But we have the same appellation in *The Pilgrim*, by Fletcher:

“Farewell, *Nuncle*,”—Act IV. sc. i.

And in the next scene, alluding to Shakspeare.

“What mops and mowes it makes.”—Ibid. sc. ii.

WHALLEY.

⁹ This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

¹ *Come hizzing in upon 'em.*—] Then follow in the old edition several speeches in the mad way, which probably were left out by the players, or by Shakspeare himself: I shall however insert them here, and leave them to the reader's mercy.

POPE.

As Mr. Pope had begun to insert several speeches in the mad way, in this scene, from the old edition, I have ventured to replace several others, which stand upon the same footing, and had an equal right of being restored. THEOBALD.

² *Edgar.*] This and the next fourteen speeches (which Dr. Johnson had enclosed in crotchets) are only in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

³ ———*the health of a horse,*—] Without doubt we should read *heels*, i. e. to stand behind him. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is here speaking not of things maliciously treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases. JOHNSON.

Thou,

Thou, sapient fir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes ⁴ at trial, madam?

⁵ *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—*

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg.

* *Wantest, &c.*] I am not confident that I understand the meaning of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, *Look where he stands and glares!* he seems to be speaking in the character of a mad man, who thinks he sees the fiend. *Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary Goneril, or some other abandon'd female, and may signify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the bar of justice?* Mr. Seward proposes to read, *wanton'st* instead of *wantest*. STEEVENS.

At trial, madam?] It may be observed that Edgar, being supposed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues his own train of delirious or fantastic thought. To these words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear should be put. The process of the dialogue will support this conjecture. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Come o'er the broom, Bessy, to me:.*] As there is no relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read:

Come o'er the brook, Bessy, to me. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very merry and pythic commedie, called, The longer thou Livest, the more Foole thou art, &c.* Imprinted at London by Wyllyam How, &c. black letter, no date, “Entreth Moros, counterfaying a vaine gesture and foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont;” and among them is this passage, which Dr. Johnson has very justly suspected of corruption:

“Com over the boorne Bessé
“ My little pretie Bessé
“ Com over the boorne Bessé to me.”

This song was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1564.

A *bourn* in the north signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as *Milburn*, *Sherburn*, &c. The former quotation, together with the follow-

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice⁶ of a nightingale. ⁷ *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly

ing instances, at once confirm the justness of Dr. Johnson's remark, and support the reading.

So in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1 :

“ The *bourns*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vi :

“ My little boat can safely passe this perilous *bourne*.”

Shakspeare himself, in the *Tempest*, has discriminated *bourne* from *bound of land* in general :

“ *Bourn*, bound of land, tilth, vineyard none.”

Again, in the *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, line 8 :

“ Under a brode banke by *bourne* syde.”

To this I may add, that *bourne*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*. *Bourne*, or (as it ought to be spelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *burn*, or *born*, a well. STEEVENS.

There is a peculiar propriety in this address that has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. *Bessy* and poor *Tom*, it seems, usually travelled together. The author of *The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whippers Sessions*, 1607, describing *beggars, idle rogues, and counterfeit madmen*, thus speaks of these associates :

“ Another sort there is among you ; they

“ Do rage with furie as if they were so frantique

“ They knew not what they did, but every day

“ Make sport with stick and flowers like an antique ;

“ Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme,

“ One calls herself poor *Besse*, the other *Tom*.”

MALONE.

The original song from whence this line is taken, has been printed by the author of THE REMARKS, from an ancient MS,

EDITOR.

⁶ —[*in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harsnet's book, (p. 225, says) that the mistress of the house kept a *nightingale* in a cage, which being one night killed, and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakspeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale*,

PERCY.

⁷ —[*Hopdance cries in Tom's belly*—] In Harsnet's book, p. 194, 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacs) deposeth, “ —that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her . . . and that the wind was the de-

vil,

belly for two white herring⁸. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To Edgar.
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [To Kent.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

9 *Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Purre! the cat is grey.

vil.” And, “as she saith, if they heard any croaking in her belly . . . then they would make a wonderful matter of that.” *Hoberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note.

STEEVENS.

⁸ —white herring.] *White herrings* are pickled herrings. See the *Northumberland Household Book*, p. 8. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Sleepest, or wakest, &c.*] This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song. A shepherd is desired to pipe, and the request is enforced by a promise, that though his sheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a trespass by his negligence, implied in the question, *Sleepest thou or wakest?* Yet a single tune upon his pipe shall secure them from the pound. JOHNSON.

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* says, “What *mynikin* carnal concupiscence!” Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by “proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome.” In the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, &c. printed by Rastell, 1519, *Ignorance* sings a song composed of the scraps of several others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakspeare may have designed a parody:

“Sleepyst thou, wakyft thou, Geffery Coke.”

STEEVENS.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool¹.

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me².

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white³,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, ⁴ brache, or lym;

Or

¹ *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

² —see *they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumstance might have been taken from the pretended madness of one of the brothers in the translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595:

“Here's an old mastiff bitch stands barking at me, &c.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Be thy mouth or black or white,*] To have *the roof of the mouth black* is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ————*brache or lym, &c.*] Names of particular sorts of dogs. POPE.

Sir T. Hanmer for *lym* reads *hym*. JOHNSON.

Or bobtail tike⁵, or trundle-tail⁶;
 Tom will make him weep and wail:
 For, with throwing thus my head,
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Quarlous says,—“all the *lime-hounds* of the city should have drawn after you by the scent.”—A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was so called from the *leam* or *leash* in which he was held till he was let slip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*.—So, in the book of *Antient Feniures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, “*canes domini regis lesos*,” are translated “Leash hounds, such as draw after a hurt deer in a *leash*, or *liam*.”

Again, in the *Muses Elyssium*, by Drayton:

“My dog-hook at my belt, to which my *lyam*'s ty'd.”

Again: “My *hound* then in my *lyam*, &c.”

Among the presents sent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were, “A cupple of *lyme-houndes* of singular qualities.”

Again, in Massinger's *Bashful Lover*:

“——smell out

“Her footing like a *lime-bound*.”

The late Mr. Hawkins, in his notes to the *Return from Parnassus*, p. 237, says, that a *rache* is a dog that hunts by scent wilds beasts, birds, and even fishes, and that the female of it is called a *brache*: and in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude or morality, by Skelton; printed by Rastell, no date, is the following line:

“Here is a *leyshe* of *ratches* to renne an hare.”

STEEVENS.

What is here said of a *rache* might perhaps be taken by Mr. Hawkins, from Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, p. 14, where the *fleuthound* means a bloodhound. The females of all dogs were once called *braches*; and Ulitius upon Gratius observes, “*Racha* Saxonibus canem significabat unde Scoti hodie *Rache* pro cane foemina habent, quod Anglis est *Brache*.” TOLLET.

⁵ ——bobtail tike——] *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog;

“Are Mr. Robinson's dogs turn'd *tikes* with a wanion?”

Witches of Lancaster, 1634. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——trundle-tail.] This sort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617:

“——your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs.”

Again, in *The Booke of Huptyng*, &c. bl. l. no date:

“——dunghill dogs, *trindle-tails*, &c.” STEEVENS.

Do

Do de, de de. ⁷ Sessy, come, march to wakes and
fairs,

And market towns:—Poor Tom, ⁸ thy horn is dry.

Lear,

⁷ *Sessy, come, &c.*] Here is *sessy* again, which I take to be the French word *cesses* pronounced *cessy*, which was, I suppose, like some others in common use among us. It is an interjection enforcing cessation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done*. It seems to have been gradually corrupted into, *so, so*. JOHNSON. This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *sest*. It is difficult in this place to say what is meant by it. It should be remembered, that just before, Edgar had been calling on *Bessy* to come to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Sessy* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs*. Nor is it impossible but that this may be a part of some old song, and originally stood thus:

Sissy, come march to wakes,

And fairs, and market towns.——

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, no date:

“To make *Sisse* in love withal.”

Again: “My heart's deare blood, sweet *Sisse* is my carouse.”

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have seen in an old ballad, viz.

Through the sharp haw-thorn blows the cold wind.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson is surely right, in supposing that *sessy* is a corruption of *cesses*, be quiet, stop, hold, let alone. It is so used by Christofero Sly, the drunken Tinker, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and by Edgar himself in a preceding scene—“Dolphin, my boy, *Sessy*; let him trot by.”—But it does not seem equally clear that it has been corrupted into *so, so*. REMARKS.

⁸ ——*thy horn is dry.*] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the streets. JOHNSON.

A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the use of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, appears to be a proverbial expression, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has said all he had to say. *Such a one's pipe's out*, is a phrase current in Ireland on the same occasion.

I suppose Edgar to speak these words *aside*. Being quite weary of his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it any longer, he says privately, “—I can no more: all my materials for sustaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhausted;

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: ⁹ you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be chang'd. [*To Edgar.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:
So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon ¹.

R-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him: There is a litter ready; lay him in't, And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

exhausted; *my horn is dry*: i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his dissembled madness till he meets his father in the next act, when he resumes it for a speech or two, but not without expressing the same dislike of it that he expresses here, “—I cannot daub it further.” STEEVENS.

⁹ ———*You will say they are Persian;—*] Alluding perhaps to Clytus refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander.

STEEVENS.

¹ *And I'll go to bed at noon.*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

Stand

Stand in assured loss : Take up, take up ;
 And follow me, that will to some provision.
 Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* ³ Oppressed nature sleeps :—
 This rest might yet have balm'd ⁴ thy broken senses,
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
 Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the king.*

March Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,

² *Take up, take up.*] One of the quartos reads—Take up the king, &c. the other—Take up to keep, &c. STEEVENS.

³ —Oppressed nature sleeps.—] These two concluding speeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the old quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine ; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary : for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover ; how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him ? THEOBALD.

The lines inserted from the quarto are in crotchets. The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty : yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakspeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes, than of continuing the action. JOHNSON.

⁴ —thy broken senses,] The quarto, from whence this speech is taken, reads,—thy broken *senses*, *Senses* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. STEEVENS.

Theobald might have supported his emendation, by a passage in *Macbeth* :

“ ———the innocent sleep,
 “ Balm of hurt minds.—”

Yet, I believe *senses* was the author's word. The king's whole frame may well be supposed to have been greatly *relaxed* by the agitation of his mind ; and *broken* agrees better with *senses* than with *senses*. Nor is the former word likely to have been mistaken either by the eye or the ear, for the latter.

MALONE.

We

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
 Leaving ⁵ free things, and happy shows, behind:
⁶ But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that, which makes me bend, makes the king
 bow;

He childed, as I father'd!——Tom, away:

⁷ Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray ⁸,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
 Lurk, Lurk.]—— [Exit.]

⁵ ——free things,——] States clear from distress. JOHNSON.

⁶ But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.] So, in our
 author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Or, if four woe delights in fellowship.—”

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.—*Incer. Auct.*

MALONE.

⁷ Mark the high noises!——] Attend to the great events that
 are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion*
 now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of
 thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence, and recall thee to
 honour and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——and thyself bewray,] *Bewray*, which at present has only
 a dirty meaning, anciently signified to *betray*, to *discover*. In
 this sense it is used by Spenser; and in *Promos and Cassandra*,
 1578:

“Well, to the king Andrugio now will hye,
 “Hap lyfe, hap death, his safetie to *bewray*.”

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“With ink *bewray* what blood began in me.”

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591:

“—lest my head break, and so I *bewray* my brains.”

STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

*Gloster's castle.**Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—
Seek out the traitor Gloster. [*Exeunt servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, when you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us⁹. Farewel, dear sister;—farewel, ' my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
² Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

⁹ ———and intelligent *betwixt us.*] So, in a former scene:
————spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state. STEEVENS.

¹ ———*my lord of Gloster.*] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title. JOHNSON.

² *Hot questrists after him,*——] A *questrist* is one who goes in search or *quest* of another. Mr. Pope and sir T. Hanmer read *questers.* STEEVENS.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Goneril, and Edmund.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewel.—Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:—

³ Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul. Who's there? The
traitor?

Enter Gloster, brought in by servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his ⁴ corky arms.

³ *Though well we may not pass upon his life,*

—————yet our pow'r

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath.——] *To do a courtesy* is to gratify, to comply with. *To pass*, is to pass a judicial sentence. JOHNSON.

The original of the expression, *to pass on any one* may be traced from *Magna Charta*:

“ —nec super eum ibimus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum.”

It is common to most of our early writers. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: “I do not nowe consider the myschievous pageants he hath played; I do not now *pass* upon them.” Again, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in It*, 1612: “A jury of brokers, impanel'd, and deeply sworn to *pass* on all villains in hell.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —*corky arms.*] Dry, wither'd, husky arms. JOHNSON.

As Shakspeare appears from other passages of this play to have had in his eye *Bishop Harsener's Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*, &c. 1603, 4to, it is probable, that this very expressive, but peculiar epithet, *corky*, was suggested to him by a passage in that very curious pamphlet. “It would pose all the cunning exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morice gamboles, as Martha Bressier (one of the possessed mentioned in the pamphlet) did.” PERCY.

Glo.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends,
consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*They bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt
find—— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glo. ⁵ By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg.

⁵ *By the kind gods,——*] We are not to understand by this the gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men; but that particular species of them called by the ancients *dii hospitales*, *kind gods*. So, Plautus, in *Pænulo*:

“*Deum hospitalem ac tesseram mecum fero.*”

This was a beautiful exclamation, as those who insulted the speaker were his *guests*, whom he had *hospitably* received into his house. But to say the truth, Shakspeare never makes his people swear at random. Of his propriety in this matter take the following instances. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Æneas, in an expostulation with Diomedes; swears *by the hand of his mother Venus*; as a covert reproof for Diomedes's brutality in wounding the goddess of beauty in the hand, and a secret intimation that he would revenge her injuries. In *Coriolanus*, when that hero is exasperated at the fickle inconstant temper of the multitude, he swears *by the clouds*: and again, when he meets his wife after a long absence, *by the jealous queen of heaven*; for Juno was supposed the avengress of conjugal infidelity. In *Othello*, the double Iago is made to swear *by Janus*. And in this very play of *Lear*, a Pagan, much given to judicial astrology, very consonantly to his character, swears:

By all the operations of the orbs,

By whom we do exist, and cease to be. WARBURTON.

By the kind gods,——] Shakspeare hardly received any assistance from mythology to furnish out a proper oath for Gloucester. People always invoke their deities as they would have them shew themselves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does so yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition.

STEEVENS.

This is one of the many passages, in which Dr. Warburton supposes our author more critical and learned than he really was.

Gloucester

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady;

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
 6 Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
 With robbers' hands, 7 my hospitable favours
 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
 France?

Reg. 8 Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
 traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic
 king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
 Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
 And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Gloster invokes the gods by the same epithet afterwards in the present scene, and Cordelia uses also the same invocation in the 4th Act:

“ Oh, you kind gods!

“ Cure this great breach in his abused nature!”

MONCK MASON.

6 Will quicken, —] i. e. quicken into life.

MONCK MASON.

7 ———my hospitable favours] It is nonsense to understand it of gifts, kindneses, &c. We should read *favour*, i. e. visage. For they pluck'd him by the beard. WARBURTON.

Favours means the same as *features*, i. e. the different parts of which a face is composed: So, in Drayton's epistle from *Matilda* to *K. John*:

“ Within the compass of man's face we see,

“ How many sorts of several *favours* be.”

Again, in *David & Bethsabe*, 1599:

“ To daunt the *favours* of his lovely face.” STEEVENS.

8 *Be simple-answer'd*, —] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerer*.—Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*. STEEVENS.

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. ' I'm ty'd to the stake, and I must stand
' the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs².

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain³.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd⁴ that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key*;

¹ *I am ty'd to the stake,——*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ They have *chain'd me to a stake*; I cannot fly,

“ But, bear-like, I must stand the course.” STEEVENS.

² —*the course.*] The running of the dogs upon me. JOHNSON.

² —*stick boarish fangs.*] The quartos read—*rash* boarish fangs.

This verb occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

“ And shields did share, and mailles did *rash*, and helmes
did hew.”

Again, B. V. c. iii:

“ *Rashing* off helmes, and rying plates afunder.”

To *rash* is the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs. STEEVENS.

³ —*to rain.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*to rage*.
STEEVENS.

⁴ —*that stern time,*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read,—*that dearn time.*—*Dearn* is a north-country word, signifying *lonely, solitary, melancholy, far from neighbours.*

So, in the *Valiant Scot*:

“ Of all thy joys the *dearne* and dismal end.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:

“ They heard a rueful voice that *dearnly* cride.”

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ By many a *dearne* and painful pearch.” STEEVENS.

All cruels else ⁵ subscrib'd :—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never :—Fellows, hold the
chair :—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot ⁶.

[*Gloster is held down, while Cornwall treads out
one of his eyes.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help :—O cruel ! O ye gods !

Reg. One side will mock another ; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord :
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child ;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog ?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel : What do you mean ?

Corn. My villain ⁷ ! [Draws, and runs at him.]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of
anger. [Fight ; Cornwall is wounded.]

Reg. [To another servant.] Give me thy sword.—
A peasant stand up thus !

[Comes behind, and kills him.]

⁵ —subscrib'd :—] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion. JOHNSON.

⁶ Upon these eyes, &c.] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, one of the sons of *Bajazet* pulls out the eyes of an aga on the stage, and says,

“ Yes thou shalt live, but never see that day,

“ Wanting the tapers that should give thee light.”

[Pulls out his eyes.]

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this passage to shew that Shakspeare's drama was not more sanguinary than that of his contemporaries. STEEVENS.

In Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, p. ii. 1602. Piero's tongue is torn out on the stage. MALONE.

⁷ My villain !] Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. STEEVENS.

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, yet you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads the other out.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look
you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan;—Servants lead
Gloster out.*]

1st Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2d Serv. If she live long,

* *I'll never care what wickedness I do,*] This short dialogue I have inserted from the old quarto, because I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly see such a barbarity committed on their master, without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage. THEOBALD.

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloster; for Cornwall was oppos'd to extremity by his own servant.

JOHNSON:

And,

And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1st Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2^d Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch ⁹ some flax, and
whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him! [Exeunt severally.]

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

An open country.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. ¹ Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The

⁹ ————*some flax, &c.*] This passage is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609:

“ ————go, get a *white of an egg*, and a little flax, and close the breaches of the head, it is the most conducive thing that can be.” STEEVENS.

The Case is alter'd was written before the end of the year 1599; but Ben Jonson might have inserted this sneer at our author, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. MALONE.

¹ *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,*] The meaning is, 'Tis better to be thus contemned, and known to yourself to be contemned. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd.

When a man divests himself of his real character he feels no pain from contempt, because he supposes it incurred only by a voluntary disguise which he can throw off at pleasure. I do not think any correction necessary. JOHNSON.

The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear² :
 The lamentable change is from the best ;
 The worst returns to laughter. ³ Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace !
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts³.—But who comes here?

Enter Gloster, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led?—⁴ World, world, O world!
But

I cannot help thinking that this passage should be written thus :

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd to be worse.
 The lowest, &c.

The quarto edition has no stop after *flatter'd*. The first folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expression in this speech—*owes nothing to thy blasts*—(in a more learned writer) might seem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 51 :

“ *Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœlestibus ullis*

“ *Debentem, vano mœsti comitamur honore.*” TYRWHITT.

² — *lives not in fear.*] So in Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. III.

“ *For where no hope is left, is left no fear.*” STEEVENS.

³ — *Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *World, world, O world!*

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,] The reading of this passage has been explained, but not satisfactorily. My explanation of the poet's sentiment was, “ If the number of changes and vicissitudes, which happen in life, did not make us wait, and hope for some turn of fortune for the better, we could never support the thought of living to be old, on any other terms.” And our duty, as human creatures, is piously inculcated in this reflection of the author. I read therefore, *make us wait thee.* THEOBALD.

————— *O world!*

But that thy strange mutations makes us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.] The sense of this obscure passage is, O world! so much are human minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not for those successive miseries, each worse than the other, which overload the scenes of life, we should never

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all, Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our meer defects

never be willing to submit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to chuse it as a proper asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity, which leaves the mind at ease, the body would generally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up long against the decays of time. These are the two reasons, I suppose, why he said,

Life would not yield to age.

And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the mind's judgment, and the perturbations of the mind disorder the body's frame, is known to all. WARBURTON.

Yield to signifies no more than *give way to, sink under*, in opposition to the *struggling with, bearing up against* the infirmities of age. HANMER.

^s *Our mean secures us;—*] i. e. Moderate, mediocre condition. WARBURTON.

Hanmer writes, by an easy change, *meanness* secures us. The two original editions have:

Our *meanes* secures us.—————

I do not remember that *mean* is ever used as a substantive for low fortune, which is the sense here required, nor for mediocrity, except in the phrase, the *golden mean*. I suspect the passage of corruption, and would either read:

Our means *seduce* us:

Our powers of body or fortune draw us into evils. Or,

Our *maims* secure us.—————

That hurt or deprivation which makes us defenceless, proves our safeguard. This is very proper in Gloucester, newly maimed by the evulsion of his eyes. JOHNSON.

There is surely no reason for alteration. *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies *a middle state*, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So again in the *Merchant of Venice*, "it is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the *mean*." See more instances in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! 'Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst
is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since:

² As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

⁹ ———to see thee in my touch.] So, in another scene, I see it
feelingly. STEEVENS.

¹ ———who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

—————the worst is not,

So long as we can say, This is the worst.]

i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of
feeling, something worse than the present may still happen.
What occasioned this reflection was his rashly saying in the be-
ginning of this scene,

—————To be worst,
The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune, &c.
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst, &c.

WARBURTON.

² *As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.]*

“*Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.*”—*Plaut. Captiv.*
Prol. l. 22. STEEVENS.

Edg.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sorrow,
³ Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,
 master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
 Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
 I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
 And bring some covering for this naked soul,
 Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, fir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead
 the blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
 Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
 Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—⁴ I cannot daub it
 further. [*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.

—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
 Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits:
 Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!
 [Five ⁵ fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of
 lust,

³ *Ang'shing*—] Oxford editor and Dr. Warburton.—Vulg. *Ang'ring*, rightly. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*I cannot daub it*—] i. e. Disguise. WARBURTON.
 So, in *King Richard III*:

“So smooth he *daub'd* his vice with shew of virtue.”

The quartos read, I cannot *dance* it further. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Five fiends, &c.*] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. In *Harsenet's Book*, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account published by the exorcists themselves,
 viz.

lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mabu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of ⁶ mopping and mowing; who since ⁷ possesses

viz. “By commaundement of the exorcist . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself *seaven other spirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame.” “Then Edmundes (the exorcist) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c. . . . so as both that wicked prince *Modu* and his company, might be cast out.” This passage will account for five fiends having been in poor Torr at once. PERCY.

⁶ ——— *mopping and mowing*;] So in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Pilgrim*, Act IV. sc. ii.

“The devil in a fool’s coat, is he turn’d innocent?”

“What *mops* and *mows* it makes,”——

See Vol. I. p. 63. WHALLEY.

⁷ ——— *possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*——] Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of stile and composition by Dr. S. Harsenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intituled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majesty’s Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. printed by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates*: printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armado against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Anthony Babington’s (who was afterwards executed for treason) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chambermaids* in that family, came into the priest’s hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*; and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that

Harsnet

fesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, blefs thee, master !]

Glo. Here, take this purfe, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all ftrokes : that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier :—Heavens, deal fo ftill !

⁸ Let the fuperfluous, and luft-dieted man,
⁹ That flaves your ordinance, that will not fee
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly ;
So diftribution fhould undo excefs,

Harriet has one chapter on the *ftange names of their devils* ; left, fays he, meeting them otherwife by chance, you miftake them for the names of tapfters or jugglers. WARBURTON.

The paffage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, becaufe I fup- pofe as the ftory was forgotten, the jeft was loft. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Let the fuperfluous,—*] Lear has before uttered the fame fen- timent, which indeed cannot be too ftroingly imprefled, though it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

⁹ *That flaves your ordinance,—*] *Superfluous* is here ufed for one living in abundance. But the next line is corrupt. The only fenfe I know of, in which *flaves your ordinance* can be un- derftood, is when men employ the form or femblance of reli- gion to compafs their ill defigns. But this will not do here. Glofter is fpeaking of fuch who by an uninterrupted courfe of profperity are grown wanton, and callous to the misfortunes of others ; fuch as thofe who fearing no reverse, flight and neglect, and therefore may be faid to *brave* the ordinance of heaven : which is certainly the right reading. And this is the fecond time in which *flaves* has, in this play, been read for *braves*.

WARBURTON.

The emendation is plaufible, yet I doubt whether it be right. The language of Shakspeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original ufe. To *slave* or *beftave* another is to *treat him with terms of indig- nity* : in a kindred fenfe, to *slave the ordinance*, may be, to *flight or ridicule* it. JOHNSON.

To *slave an ordinance*, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it fub- ject to us, inftead of acting in obedience to it.

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

“ ————none

“ Could *slave* him like the Lydian Omphale.”

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Maffinger :

“ ————that *flaves* me to his will.” STEEVENS.

And

And each man have enough.—Dost thou know
Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt,*

S C E N E II.

The duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril, and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, 'our mild
husband
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd;
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: Of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

¹ —our mild husband] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. JOHNSON.

Gon. Then shal¹ you go no further. [*To Edmund.*
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer : ² Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :
I must change arms ³ at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistresses command. Wear this ; spare speech ;

[*Giving a favour.*

⁴ Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster ! [*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man, and man ⁵ !
To thee a woman's services are due ;
⁶ My fool usurps my body.

² ———our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects.——]

I believe the meaning of the passage to be this : “ What we wish, before our march is at an end, may be brought to happen,” i. e. the murder or dispatch of her husband.—*On the way*, however, may be equivalent to the expression we now use, viz. *By the way*, or *By the by*, i. e. *en passant*. STEEVENS.

The wishes we have formed and communicated to each other, on our journey may be carried into effect. MONCK MASON.

³ —I must change arms, &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—change names. STEEVENS.

⁴ Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.]

She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present) and that it might appear only to him as a whisper. STEEVENS.

⁵ O, the difference of man and man !] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁶ My fool usurps my body.] One of the quartos reads :
My foot usurps my head ; the other,
My foot usurps my body. STEEVENS.

Stew.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. ⁷ I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—⁸ I fear your disposition:

That nature, which contemns its origin,

⁹ Cannot be border'd certain in itself;

¹ She that herself will shiver and disbranch

² From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,

And

⁷ *I have been worth the whistle.*] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus, I have been worth the whistle, I have found one that thinks me worth calling.* JOHNSON.

This expression is proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:

“It is a poor dog that is not worth the *whistling*.”

Goneril's meaning seems to be—*There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you*; reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present critical occasion. STEEVENS.

⁸ ————*I fear your disposition:*] These and the speech ensuing are in the edition of 1608, and are but necessary to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife. POPE.

⁹ *Cannot be border'd certain*———] *Certain*, for within the bounds that nature prescribes. WARBURTON.

¹ *She that herself will shiver and disbranch,*] Thus all the editions, but the old quarto, that reads *shiver*, which is right. *Shiver* means to shake or fly a-pieces into splinters. As he says afterwards:

Thou'd'st *shiver'd* like an egg.

But *shiver* signifies to tear off or disbranch. So, in *Macbeth*:

———slips of yew

Shiver'd in the moon's eclipse. WARBURTON.

² *From her material sap,*———] Thus all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, who alters *material* to *maternal*; and for these wise reasons: *Material sap* (says he) *I own is a phrase that I do not understand. The mother-tree is the true technical term, and considering our author had said just before, That nature, which con-*

temns

^s And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths favour but themselves. What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,

temns its origin, *there is no room to question but he wrote, From her maternal sap.* And to prove that we may say *maternal sap*, he gives many authorities from the classics, and says he could produce more, where words equivalent to *maternal stock* are used; which is quite another thing as we shall now see. In making his emendation, the editor did not consider the difference between *material sap*, and *material body*, or trunk or stock: the latter expression being indeed not so well; *material* being a properer epithet for *body*. But the first is right; and we should say, *material sap*, not *maternal*. For *material sap* signifies that whereby a branch is nourished, and increases in bulk by fresh accession of matter. On which account *material* is elegant. Indeed *sap* when applied to the *whole tree*, might be called *maternal*, but could not be so when applied to a branch only. For though *sap* might, in some sense, be said to be *maternal* to the *tree*, yet it is the *tree* that is *maternal* to the *branch*, and not the *sap*: but here the epithet is applied to the *branch*. From all this we conclude that the old reading is the true. But what if, after all, *material* was used by the writers of these times in the very sense of *maternal*? It would seem so by the title of an old English translation of Froissart's *Chronicle*, which runs in these words, *Syr John Froissart's Chronicle, translated out of Frenche into our material English Tongue by John Bouckier, printed 1525.*

WARBURTON.

Had Dr. Warburton examined the *last* as well as the *first* page of this book, he would have found that *material* was only a printer's error.

I suppose no reader doubts but the word should be *maternal*. Dr. Warburton has taken great pains without much success, and indeed without much exactness of attention, to prove that *material* has a more proper sense than *maternal*, and yet seemed glad at last to infer from an apparent error of another press that *material* and *maternal* meant the same. JOHNSON.

³ *And come to deadly use.*] Alluding to the *use* that witches and inchanters are said to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. WARBURTON.

Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick ⁴,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on
 Itself, like monsters of the deep ⁵.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering; ⁶ that not know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
 'drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

⁷ Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. ⁸ Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
 shame,

Be-

⁴ ———*would lick.*] This line, which had been omitted by all my predecessors, I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*that not, &c.*] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Proper deformity*——] i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who unnaturally assumes them. WARBURTON.

⁸ *Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing,*——] Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus;

Thou chang'd, and *self-converted* thing;

but

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
 dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
 But not without that harmful stroke, which since
 Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
 You justicers, that these our nether crimes
 So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
 Lost he his other eye?

but I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou that hast *disguis'd* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend. JOHNSON.

This and the next speech are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

The following words *bemonster not thy nature*, seem rather to support the reading of the former editors, which was *self-con-verted*: and a thought somewhat similar, occurs in Fletcher's play of *The Captain*, where the father says to Lelia:

“—————Oh, good God!

“To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,

“Hast thou begot thyself again.”—————

MONCK MASON.

Mef. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] ⁹ One way I like this well ;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life : Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes ?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mef. No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness ?

Mef. Ay, my good lord ; 'twas he inform'd against
him ;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

⁹ *One way, I like this well ;*] Goneril's plan was to poison her sister—to marry Edmund—to murder Albany—and to get possession of the whole kingdom ; as the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme she was pleased at it ; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund. MONCK MASON.

S C E N E

2 S C E N E III.

The French camp, near Dover.

Enter Kent, and 3 a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back

Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, Which since his coming forth is thought of; which Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, That his personal return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen To any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen

² Scene III.] This scene, left out in all the common books, is restored from the old edition; it being manifestly of Shakspeare's writing, and necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is here most beautifully painted. POPE.

The scene seems to have been left out only to shorten the play, and is necessary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the first folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets. JOHNSON.

³ — a Gentleman.] The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. JOHNSON.

Sunshine and rain at once : ⁴ her smiles and tears
 Were like a better day. Those happy smiles ⁵,
 That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
 What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,

⁴ —————her smiles and tears
 Were like a better day.—————]

It is plain, we should read,—————a wetter May.—————

i. e. A spring season wetter than ordinary. WARBURTON.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occasion is apparently copied from *Philoctetes*. The same book, in another place, says,—"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The quartos read,—a better way,—which may be an accidental inversion of the M.

A better day, however, is the best day, and the best day is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

It must be observed that the *comparative* is used by Milton and others, instead of the *positive* and *superlative*, as well as by Shakespeare himself, in the play before us :

"The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

"Its master thus."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

"——it hath cow'd my better part of man."

Again,

"——Go not my horse the better."

Mr. Pope makes no scruple to say of Achilles, that :

"The Pelian javelin in his better hand

"Shot trembling rays, &c."

i. e. his best hand, his right. STEEVENS.

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration infer that Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her patience ? But it seem'd that she was a queen over her passion ; and the smiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. Her smiles and tears were like a better day, or like a better May, may signify that they were like such a season where sunshine prevailed over rain. So in *All's well that ends Well*, Act V. sc. iii. we see in the king "sunshine and hail at once, but to the brightest beams distracted clouds give way : the time is fair again, and he is like a day of season," i. e. better day. TOLLET.

⁵ ———smiles,] The quartos read *smilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakespeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

As pearls from diamonds dropt⁶.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. ⁷ Made she no verbal question ?

Gent. Yes ; once, or twice, she heav'd the name of
father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ;
Cry'd, *Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !*
Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? i' the storm ? i' the
night ?

⁸ *Let pity not be believed !—*There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

⁹ And clamour moisten'd her : then away she started
To

⁶ *As pearls from diamonds dropt.*—] A similar thought to this
of Shakspeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Chess*, 1625 :

“ —the holy dew lies like a pearl
“ Dropt from the *opening eye-lids of the morn*
“ Upon the bashful rose.”

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Lycidas* :

“ Under the *opening eye-lids of the morn.*”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Made she no verbal question ?*] Dr. Warburton would substitute *quest*, from the Latin *questus*, i. e. complaint : because, says he, what kind of *question* could she make but verbal ?

STEEVENS.

I do not see the impropriety of *verbal question* : such pleonasm are common. So we say, *my ears have heard, my eyes have beheld*. Besides, where is the word *quest* to be found ? JOHNSON.

Made she no verbal question ?] Means only, Did she enter into no conversation with you ? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of *interrogation*. Did she give you to understand her meaning *by words* as well as by the foregoing external testimonies of sorrow ?

So, in *All's Well that ends Well* :

“ ————— she told me

“ In a sweet *verbal* brief, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Let pity not be believ'd !*] i. e. Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist ! Thus the old copies ; but the modern editors have hitherto read,

Let pity not believe it !—— STEEVENS.

⁹ *And clamour-moisten'd*——] It is not impossible but Shakspeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony
from

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions ;
Else ¹ one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir ; The poor distressed Lear is i' the
town :

Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir ?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own
unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—² these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard
not ?

Gent. ³ 'Tis so ; they are afoot.

from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph ; who, being no longer
able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all
his retinue from his presence ; and then *wep't aloud*, and dis-
covered himself to his brethren. THEOBALD.

Clamour moisten'd her ;] that is, *her out-cries were accompanied
with tears.* JOHNSON.

¹ ————*one self mate and mate*] The same husband and the
same wife. JOHNSON.

² ————*these things sting him*

So venomously, that burning shame]

The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of na-
ture. The *venom* of poisonous animals being a high caustic salt,
that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part. WARBURTON.

³ 'Tis so they are a-foot.] Dr. Warburton thinks it necessary to
read, 'tis said ; but the sense is plain, *So it is that they are on foot.*

JOHNSON.

Kent.

Kent. Well, fir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
 And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
 Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
 When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
 Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
 Along with me.] [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

A tent in the camp at Dover.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
 As mad as the vex'd sea: finging aloud;
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
⁴ With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel ⁵, all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn.—A century fend forth;
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye.—What can man's wis-
 dom do,
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

⁴ *With hardocks, hemlock, &c.]* I do not remember any such plant as a *hardock*, but one of the most common weeds is a *burdock*, which I believe should be read here; and so Hanmer reads.
 JOHNSON.

Hardocks should be *harlocks*. Thus Drayton in one of his *Eclogues*:

“ The honey-suckle, the *harlocke*,

“ The lilly, and the lady-smocke, &c.” FARMER.

In Markham, *of Horses*, 1595, a *burdock* leaf is mentioned,
 “ *burdock* or *charlock* may be used.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Darnel*, according to Gerard, is *the most hurtful of weeds* among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634:

“ That cockle, *darnel*, poppy wild,

“ May choak his grain, &c.” STEEVENS.

Phy. There is means, madam :
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative ; whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublisch'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants ⁶ the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam ;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and ⁷ important tears, hath pitied.
⁸ No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :
Soon may I hear, and see him ! [*Exeunt.*

⁶ —the means to lead it.] The reason which should guide it.
JOHNSON.

⁷ —important—] In other places of this author for
importunate. JOHNSON.

The folio reads, *importuned*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *No blown ambition*.—] No inflated, no swelling pride.
Beza on the Spanish armada :

“ Quam bene te ambitio merfit vanissima, ventus,

“ Et tumidos tumidæ vos superastis aquæ.” JOHNSON.

In the *Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, the same epithet is given to ambition.

Again, in the *Little French Lawyer* :

“ I come with no *blown* spirit to abuse you.”

STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

*Regan's palace.**Enter Regan, and Steward.**Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth?*Stew.* Ay, madam.*Reg.* Himself in person there?*Stew.* Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with ^o your lady at home?*Stew.* No, madam.*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?*Stew.* I know not, lady.*Reg.* 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter. It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out, To let him live; where he arrives, he moves All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone, In pity of his misery, to dispatch ¹ His nighted life; moreover, to descry The strength o' the enemy.*Stew.* I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us; The ways are dangerous.*Stew.* I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

^o ——— *your lady* ———] The folio reads, *your lord*; and rightly. Goneril not only converses with Lord Edmund, in the Steward's presence, but prevents him from speaking to, or even seeing her husband. REMARKS.

¹ *His nighted life*;] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. STEEVENS.

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
 Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much,
² Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
 I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
³ She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
 To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
 Therefore, ⁴ I do advise you, take this note:

My

² *Let me unseal, &c.*] I know not well why Shakspeare gives the steward, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered. JOHNSON.

³ *She gave strange œiliads,———*] *Oeillade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

Greene, in his *Disputation between a He and She Coney-catcher*, 1592: speaks of “amorous glances, smirking *ociliades*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *——— I do advise you, take this note:]* *Note* means in this place not a letter, but a remark. Therefore observe what I am saying. JOHNSON.

*Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
 My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
 And more convenient is he for my hand,
 Than for your lady's: You may gather more.
 If you do find him, pray you give him this;
 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.]*

This passage, by a word's being left out, and a word misplaced, and a full stop put where there should be but a comma, has led all our editors into a very great mistake; as will, I hope, appear, when we proceed a little further in the same play. The emendation is as follows:

Therefore I do advise you, * *take note of this*;

My lord is dead, &c.

If you so find him, pray you give him *this* :

i. e. This answer by word of mouth. The editors, not so re-

* The like expression, *Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. iv.—“Sir Toby. Challenge me the duke's youth, to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it.”

My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
 And more convenient is he for my hand,
 Than for your lady's :—⁵ You may gather more.
 If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would
 shew

⁶ What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

gardless of consistency as they ought to have been, ran away with
 the thought that Regan delivered a letter to the steward ; whereas
 she only desired him to give or deliver so much by word of mouth.
 And by this means another blunder as egregious as the former,
 and arising out of it, presents itself to view in the same act,
 scene ix.

And give the *letters*, which thou find'st about me,
 To *Edmund earl of Gloster*, &c.

Edg. Let's see these pockets : the letters, that he speaks of,
 May be my friends.————

[*Reads the letter.*]

Observe, that here is but one letter produced and read, which is
 Goneril's. Had there been one of Regan's too, the audience
 no doubt should have heard it as well as Goneril's. But it is
 plain, from what is amended and explained above, that the
 Steward had no letter from Regan, but only a message to be
 delivered by word of mouth to *Edmund earl of Gloster*. So that
 it is not to be doubted, but the last passage should be read thus :

And give the *letter*, which thou find'st about me,
 To *Edmund earl of Gloster*.————

Edg. Let's see these pockets : the *letter*, that he speaks of,
 May be my friend.————

Thus the whole is connected, clear, and consistent. GREY.

⁵ ————*You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I
 have directly told you. JOHNSON.

⁶ *What party*——] Quarto, *What lady*. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

7 S C E N E VI.

The country near Dover.

Enter Gloster, and Edgar as a peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, ^s thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—
⁹ How fearful

And

[7 Scene VI.] The scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*. JOHNSON.

⁸ —thy voice is alter'd, &c.] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit. JOHNSON.

⁹ —————How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!]

This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that “he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one.” The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by

one

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
 The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
 Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to ¹ her cock ; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong².

Glo.

one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror. JOHNSON.

—*dreadful trade!*] “*Samphire* grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air.” *Smith's Hist of Waterford*, p. 315, edit 1774. TOLLET.

¹ ——— *her cock* ; ———] Her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637 :

“ ——— I caused my lord to leap into the *cock*, &c.—at last our *cock* and we were cast ashore.”

Again, in the ancient bl. l. comedy called *Commons Conditions* :

“ Lanche out the *cocke* boies, and set the maister ashoare,

“ The *cocke* is lanch'd, eche man to his care,

“ Boie come up and grounde the *cocke* on the sande.”

Again, in *Barclays Ship of Fools* :

“ ——— our ship can hold no more,

“ Haufe in the *cocke*.” ———

Hence the term *cockswain*, a petty officer in a ship.

STEEVENS.

² *Topple down headlong.*] To *topple* is to *tumble*. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*. So, in *Nash's Lenten-Stuff*, &c.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: ⁴ for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and
gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

&c. 1599: "——fifty people *toppled* up their heels there."
Again: "——he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car,
&c. into the sea." STEEVENS.

⁴ ——for all beneath the moon,
Would I not leap upright.]

But what danger is in leaping *upwards* or *downwards*? He who
leaps thus must needs fall again on his feet upon the place from
whence he rose. We should read:

Would I not leap *outright*;

i. e. forward: and then being on the verge of a precipice he
must needs fall headlong. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton would not have written this note, had he re-
collected a passage in *The Wife of Bath's* Prologue:

"Some let their lechour dight them all the night,
"While that the cors lay on the flore *upright*."

FARMER.

So, in Chaucer's *Monkes Tale*, late edit. v. 14489:

"Judith, a woman, as he lay *upright*
"Sleeping, his hed of smote, &c."

Again, v. 15048:

"And in this carte he lith, gaping *upright*."

Again, in the *Rom. of the Rose*: v. 1604:

"That made him sith to lie *upright*."

Upright has the same sense as the Latin *supinus*.

Again, in *A wonderful, strange, and miraculous Astrological
Prognostication for this Year, &c.* 1591: "Maidens this winter
shall have strange stiches and gripings of the collicke, which
diseases proceed from lying too much *upright*." STEEVENS.

Edg.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus ⁵ with his despair?—
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your fights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell ⁶.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself ⁷
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you, sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
⁸ Thus might he pass, indeed:—Yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. ⁹ Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So

⁵ *Why do I trifle thus with his despair?—*
'Tis done to cure it.]

Perhaps the reading of the folio is better,——
Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Gone, sir? farewell.]* Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good sir, &c.*
STEEVENS.

⁷ ————*when life itself*
Yields to the theft.———]

When life is willing to be destroyed. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Thus might he pass, indeed:—]* Thus might he *die* in reality. We still use the word *passing* bell. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,]* *Gossomore*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather. Skinner says, in a book called *The French Gardiner*, it signifies the down of the sow-thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind:

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
found.

¹ Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this ² chalky
bourn:

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

“ As sure some wonder on the cause of thunder,
“ On ebb and flood, on *gossamer* and mist,
“ And on all things, till that the cause is wist.”

Dr. GREY.

¹ *Ten masts at each make not the altitude,*] So Mr. Pope found it in the old editions; and seeing it corrupt, judiciously corrected it to *attacht*. But Mr. Theobald *restores* again the old nonsense, *at each*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope's conjecture may stand if the word which he uses were known in our author's time, but I think it is of later introduction. We may say:

Ten masts on end—— JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—at *reach*, i. e. extent.

In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten masts at least*. STEEVENS.

² ——*chalky bourn*:] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *hill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *bosky bourn*, in the same sense perhaps with Shakspeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*. JOHNSON.

Edg.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea³;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that⁴ the clearest gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend! he led me to that place.

*Edg.*⁵ Bear free and patient thoughts.—But
who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically drest up with flowers.

'The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear.

³ —enriaged sea.] Thus the 4to. The folio *enraged*.

STEEVENS.

Enridged was certainly our author's word; for he has the
same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Till the wild *waves* will have him seen no more,

“Whose *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend.”

MALONE.

⁴ —the clearest gods,—] The purest; the most free from
evil. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Bear free and patient thoughts.*] To be melancholy is to have
the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore
great propriety in exhorting Gloucester to *free thoughts*, to an eman-
cipation of his soul from grief and despair. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The safer sense will ne'er accommodate*

His master thus.—]

Without doubt Shakspeare wrote

The *sober* sense,

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. ⁷ That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: ⁸ draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills⁹.—
O, well

i. e. while the understanding is in a right frame it will never thus accommodate its owner; alluding to *Lear's extravagant dress*. Thence he concludes him to be mad. WARBURTON.

I read rather:

The *saner* sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

“Here is Lear, but he must be mad: his sound or *sane* senses would never suffer him to be thus disguised.” JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but that *safer* was the poet's word. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“Nor do I think the man of *safe* discretion

“That does affect it.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*] Mr. Pope in his last edition reads *cow-keeper*. It is certain we must read *crow-keeper*. In several counties to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*. THEOBALD.

This *crow-keeper* was so common in the author's time, that it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account of our island. JOHNSON.

So, in the 48th *Idea* of Drayton:

“Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,

“To some base rustic do thyself prefer;

“And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,

“Practise thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper*.”

Mr. Tollet informs me, that Markham in his *Farewell to Husbandry*, says, that such servants are called field-keepers, or *crow-keepers*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Draw me a clothier's yard.*] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a stanza of the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace*:

“An arrow of a *cloth-yard* long,

“Up to the head drew he, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —the brown bills.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe:

“Which

‘ O, well flown, bird!—i’ the clout, i’ the clout:
hewgh!—² Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know^c that voice.

Lear. ³ Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—
⁵ They flatter’d me like a dog; and told me, I had
white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.
To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—Ay and

“ Which is the constable’s house?—

“ At the sign of the *brown bill*.”

Blurt Mr. Constable, 1602.

Again, in Marlow’s *K. Edw. II.* 1622:

“ Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,

“ *Brown bills*, and targetiers, &c.” STEEVENS.

‘ O, well flown, bird!] Lear is here raving of *archery*, and shooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i’ the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, to *hit the white*. So that we must read, O, well-flown, barb! i. e. the *barbed*, or *bearded* arrow. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

“ Change your mark, shoot at a white; come stick me in the *clout*, sir.”

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

“ For kings are *clouts* that every man shoots at.”

Again, in *How to chuse a good Wife from a bad One*, 1630:

“ —————who could miss the *clout*,

“ Having such steady aim?” ———

The author of *The Revival* thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the swiftness of its flight, especially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-flown bird* was the falconers expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; and is so used in *A Woman kill’d with Kindness*. STEEVENS.

² —Give the word.] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word.

JOHNSON.

³ —Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Goneril, ha! Regan! they flattered me, &c.* which is not so forcible. JOHNSON.

⁴ —They flattered me like a dog;—] They played the spaniel to me. JOHNSON.

no too was no good divinity. ⁵ When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. ⁶ The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was the cause?—
Adultery.————

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury ⁷, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
⁸ Whose face between her forks presageth snow;

⁵ —[*When the rain came to wet me, &c.*] This seems to be an allusion to king Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the sea. STEEVENS.

⁶ *The trick of that voice*—] *Trick* (says sir Tho. Hanmer) is a word frequently used for the *air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others.* We still say “—he has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, of speaking loud, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *To't luxury, &c.*] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence.* See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Whose face between her forks,*—] The construction is not “whose face between her forks, &c.” but “whose face presages snow between her forks.” So in *Timon*, Act IV. sc. iii.

“Whose blush does thaw the consecrated snow

“That lies on Dian's lap.” *Canons of Criticism.*

To preserve the modesty of Mr. Edwards's happy explanation, I can only hint a reference to the word *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary.* STEEVENS.

That minces virtue, and does shake the head
 To hear of pleasure's name ;
 ' The fitchew, ' nor the soyled horse, goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Down from the waist they are centaurs ²,
 Though women all above :
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends' ³ ; there's hell, there's dark-
 nefs,

There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
 consumption :—Fie, fie, fie ! pah ! pah !

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
 To sweeten my imagination ; there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
 Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
 thou squiny at me ? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ;

² *The fitchew,*—] A polecat. POPE.

¹ —nor the soyled horse,—] I read, *stalled horse*.

WARBURTON.

Soiled horse is probably the same as *pampered horse*, *un cheval soûlé*. JOHNSON.

Soyled horse is a term used for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

² *Down to the waist they're centaurs,*] In the *Malecontent*, is a thought as singular as this :

“ 'Tis now about the immodest *waist* of night.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Beneath is all the fiends' ;*] According to Grecian superstition, every limb of us was consigned to the charge of some particular deity. Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, enlarges much on it, and concludes by saying :

“ And Venus throughe the letcherie

“ For whiche thei hir deifie,

“ She kept all doune the remenant

“ To thilke office appertainant,”

COLLINS.

I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge ; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report ;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes⁴ ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light : Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad ? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : Change places ; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority : a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :

Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own back ;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

⁴ *What, with the case of eyes ?*] Mr. Rowe changed *the* into *this*, but without necessity. I have restored the old reading. The *case of eyes* is the *socket* of either eye. Statius in his first *Thebaid*, has a similar expression. Speaking of Oedipus he says :

“ Tunc *vacuos orbes* crudum ac miserabile vitæ

“ Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis

“ Pulsat *inane solum*.

“ *Inane solum*, i. e. *vacui oculorum loci*.”

Shakspeare has the expression again in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ —they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the *cases* of their eyes.” STEEVENS.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
 5 Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
 gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say, none; 6 I'll able 'em:
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
 To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem
 To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
 now:

Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt!
 Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
 I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
 Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
 7 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawle, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
 To this great stage of fools;—⁸ This a good
 block?—

It

⁵ *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*—] From *hide all to accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revival. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*I'll able 'em:*] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, says:

“Set all my life after thyne ordinance,
 “And *able me* to mercie or thou deme.”

But the Oxford editor alters it to *absolve*. WARBURTON.

⁷ *Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air, We wawle and cry.*—]

“Vagitûque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est
 “Cui tantum in vitâ restat transire malorum.” *Lucretius.*

STEEVENS.

⁸ —*This a good block?*] I do not see how this *block* corresponds either with his foregoing or following train of thoughts. Madmen think not wholly at random. I would read thus, *a good*

I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge ; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report ;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes⁴ ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light : Yet you see how this world goes.

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“ Supplicium, ostentat cælo, manibusque cruentis

“ Pulsat *inane solum*.

“ *Inane solum, i. e. vacui oculorum loci.*”

Shakspeare has the expression again in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ —they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the *cases* of their eyes.” STEEVENS.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
 5 Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
 gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say, none; 6 I'll able 'em:
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
 To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem
 To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
 now:

Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt!
 Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
 I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
 Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
 7 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawle, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
 To this great stage of fools;—⁸ This a good
 block?—

It

⁵ *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*—] From *hide all* to *accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revival. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*I'll able 'em:*] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, says:

“Set all my life after thyne ordinance,
 “And *able me* to mercie or thou deme.”

But the Oxford editor alters it to *absolve*. WARBURTON.

⁷ *Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawle and cry.*—]

“Vagitûque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est
 “Cui tantum in vitâ restat transire malorum.” *Lucretius.*

STEEVENS.

⁸ —*This a good block?*] I do not see how this *block* corresponds either with his foregoing or following train of thoughts. Madmen think not wholly at random. I would read thus, *a good flock.*

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof;
 And

flock. *Flocks* are wool moulded together. The sentence then follows properly :

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe

A troop of horse with felt ;——

i. e. with *flocks* kneaded to a mass, a practice I believe sometimes used in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Ariosto* :

“ ——Fece nel cader strepito quanto

“ Avesse avuto sotto i piedi il feltro.”

It is very common for madmen to catch an accidental hint, and strain it to the purpose predominant in their minds. Lear picks up a *flock*, and immediately thinks to surprize his enemies by a troop of horse shod with *flocks* or *felt*. Yet *block* may stand, if we suppose that the sight of a block put him in mind of mounting his horse. JOHNSON.

———*This a good block ?*———] Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is very ingenious ; but, I believe, there is no occasion to adopt it, as the speech itself, or at least the action that should accompany it, will furnish all the connection which he has sought from an extraneous circumstance. Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *bat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *bat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself.—See *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ He wears his faith but as the fashion of his *bat* ; it
 “ changes with the next *block*.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons* :

“ I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd *bat*

“ Of the last progress *block*, with the young hatband.”

Again, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620 : “ ——my haberdasher has a new *block*, and will find me and all my generation in *beavers*, &c.”

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609 : “ ——that cannot observe the time of his hatband, nor know what fashion'd *block* is most kin to his head ; for in my opinion, the braine that cannot chuse his *felt* well, &c.”

Again,

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune?—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, ' a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.—

Again, in *Run and a great Cast*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to. without date. *Epigram 46. In Sextinum*:

“ A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *hat*;
“ So much the fitter for his head by that.”

Shakspeare however might have adopted the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with *felt*, from the following passage in Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses*, 4to. bl. l. 1567: “ —he attyareth
“ himselfe for the purpose in a night gowne girt to hym, with
“ a paire of *shoes of felte*, leaste the noyse of his feete shoulde
“ discover his goinge.” P. 58.

Again, in *Hay any Worke for a Cooper*, an ancient pamphlet, no date: “ Their adversaries are very eager: the saints in heaven
“ have *felt* o' their tongues.” STEEVENS.

^d *The natural fool of fortune.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ O, I am *fortune's* fool! STEEVENS.

^a ———a *man of salt*,] Would make a man melt away like salt in wet weather. JOHNSON.

I believe, a *man of salt* is a man made up of tears. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we meet with—your *salt tears'* head; and in *Troilus and Cressida*, the *salt* of broken tears.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ He has betray'd your business, and giv'n up,
“ For certain drops of *salt*, your city Rome.” MALONE.

Gent.

Gent. Good fir²,——

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom; what? I will be jovial; come, come, I am a king, My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.*³ Then there's life in it. Nay, come, an you get it,

You shall get it by running. Sa, fa, fa, fa. [*Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful, in the meanest wretch; Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle fir.

Gent. Sir, speed you.: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, fir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour, How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; ⁴ the main descry Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, fir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, fir. [*Exit Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me; Let not my worser spirit tempt me again To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

² *Gent.* *Good fir,*——] These words I have restored from one of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads: —— *a smig* bridegroom—— STEEVENS.

³ *Then there's life in't.*——] The case is not yet desperate. JOHNSON.

⁴ —— *the main descry* *Stands on the hourly thought.*] The *main* body is *expected* to be *descry'd* every hour. The expression is harsh. JOHNSON.

Glo. Now, good fir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows⁵;

⁶ Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
⁷ Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'ft.

Edg. Good gentleman,⁸ go your gait, and let

⁵ ———made tame to fortune's blows.] The quartos read:
———made lame by fortune's blows. STEEVENS.

⁶ Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,] i. e. Sorrows past and present; but the Oxford Editor loses all this sense by altering it to,

———knowing and feeling. WARBURTON.

⁷ Briefly thyself remember.——] i. e. Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven.

WARBURTON.

⁸ ———go your gait,——] Gang your gate is a common expression in the North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch soldiers had finished their exercise, instead of our term of dismissal, their phrase was, gang your gaits. STEEVENS.

poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, ' che vor'ye; or ise try whether ' your costard or my bat² be the harder: Chi'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dungill!

Edg. Chi'll pick your teeth; zir: Come; ³ no matter vor your foyns. [*Edgar knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive; bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death,
death!— [Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not:

¹ ——— *che vor'ye,* ———] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. JOHNSON.

² ——— *your costard,* ———] *Costard*, i. e. head. See Vol. II. p. 433. 436. STEEVENS.

² ——— *my bat,*] i. e. club. So, in *Spenser*:

“ ——— a handsome *bat* he held

“ On which he leaned, as one far in eld.”

So, in *Mucedorus*, 1668:

“ With this my *bat* I will beat out thy brains.”

Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“ ——— let every thing be ready,

“ And each of you a good *bat* on his neck.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *no matter vor your foyns.*] *To foyn*, is to make what we call a *thrust* in fencing. Shakspeare often uses the word.

STEEVENS.

⁴ To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

*Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant⁵,
Goneril.*

⁶ O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
⁷ Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctified

⁴ *To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;*

Their papers are more lawful.] This is darkly expressed: the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confession of their secrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful. WARBURTON.

The quarto reads, *we'd rip their hearts*, and so I have printed it. STEEVENS.

⁵ *—affectionate servant.] After servant, one of the quartos has this strange continuation: "—and for you her owne for venter, Gonerill." STEEVENS.*

⁶ *O undistinguish'd space of woman's wit!] So the first quarto reads, but the first folio better, will. I have no idea of the meaning of the first reading, but the other is extremely satirical; the *varium & mutabile semper*; of Virgil, more strongly and happily expressed. The mutability of a woman's will, which is so sudden, that there is no space or distance between the present will and the next. Honest Sancho explains this thought with infinite humour, *Entre el si y el no de la muger, no me atreveria yo à poner una punta d'alfiler. Between a woman's yes and no I would not undertake to thrust a pin's point.* WARBURTON.*

⁷ *Thee I'll rake up, —] I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.*

Of

Of murderous lechers : and, in the mature time,
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight
 Of ⁸ the death-practis'd duke : For him 'tis well,
 That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit Edgar, removing the body.*

Glo. The king is mad : How stiff is my vile sense,
 That I stand up, ⁹ and have ingenious feeling
 Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract :
 So should my thoughts be ' sever'd from my griefs ;
 And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
 The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand :
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
 Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

A tent in the French camp.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
 work,
 To match thy goodness ? My life will be too short,
 And ² every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd.

⁸ ———*the death-practis'd duke :*] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by *practice* or treason. JOHNSON.

⁹ ———*and have ingenious feeling*] *Ingenious feeling* signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite. WARBURTON.

¹ ———*sever'd*———] The quartos read *fenced*. STEEVENS.

² ———*every measure fail me.*] All good which I shall allot thee, or *measure out* to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

All my reports go with the modest truth ;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. ³ Be better suited :

⁴ These weeds are memories of those worser hours ;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam ;

Yet to be known, ⁵ shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.— —

How does the king ?

[*To the Physician.*

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
⁶ Of this child-changed father !

³ *Be better suited :*] i. e. Be better dress'd, put on a better suit of cloaths. STEEVENS.

⁴ *These weeds are memories of those worser hours ;*] *Memories*, i. e. Memorials, remembrancers. Shakspeare uses the word in the same sense, *As You Like It*, Act II. sc. 3 :

“ O, my sweet master ! O you memory

“ Of old sir Rowland ! ” — STEEVENS.

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618 :—“ A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church-door.”

MALONE.

⁵ ——— *shortens my made intent ;*] There is a dissonancy of terms in *made intent* ; one implying the idea of a thing done, the other, undone. I suppose Shakspeare wrote—*laid intent*, i. e. projected. WARBURTON.

An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we say in common language, to *make a design*, and to *make a resolution*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Of this child-changed father !*] i. e. Changed to a child by his years and wrongs ; or perhaps, reduced to this condition by his children. STEEVENS.

Lear is become insane, and this is the change referred to. Insanity is not the property of second childhood, but dotage. Consonant to this explanation is what Cordelia almost immediately adds :

“ O my dear father ! restoration hang

“ Thy medicine on my lip ; and let this kifs

“ Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters

“ Have in thy reverence made ! ” HENLEY.

Phys.

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Lear is brought in in a chair.

Gent. ⁷ Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. ⁸ Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music
there!

Cor. O my dear father! ⁹ Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face

⁷ *Ay, madam, &c.*] The folio gives these four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the same year, and for the same printer) gives the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two first, which best belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Physician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more suitable to his profession. STEEVENS.

In the folio the *Gentleman* and (as he is here called) the *Physician*, is one and the same person. REMARKS.

⁸ *Very well.*] This and the following line I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ ———Restoration, hang

Thy medicine on my lips; ———] This is fine. She invokes the goddess of health, Hygieia, under the name of *Restoration*, to make her the minister of her rites, in this holy office of recovering her father's lost senses. WARBURTON.

Restoration is no more than *recovery* personified. STEEVENS.

To

To be expos'd against the warring winds?
 * To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
 In the most terrible and nimble stroke
 Of quick, cross lightning? ² to watch (poor perdu!)
 With

¹ The lines within the asterisks are omitted in the folio.

² ————*To watch (poor perdue:)*

With this thin helm?] It ought to be read and pointed thus:

—————*To watch, poor perdu!*

With this thin helm? —————

The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus*; she therefore calls her father, *poor perdu*; *perdue*, which is the common reading, being the feminine. These *enfants perdus* being always slightly and badly armed, is the reason that she adds, *With this thin helm?* i. e. bareheaded. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of the word *perdu* is just, though the latter part of his assertion has not the least foundation. Paulus Jovius, speaking of the body of men who were anciently sent on this desperate adventure, says, "Hos, ab immoderata fortitudine *perditos* vocant, et in summo honore atque admiratione habent." It is not likely that those who deserved so well of their country for exposing themselves to certain danger, should be sent out, *summa admiratione*, and yet slightly and badly armed.

The same allusion occurs in sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

" —————I have endur'd

" Another night would tire a *perdu*,

" More than a wet furrow and a great frost."

Again, in Cartwright's *Ordinary*:

" —————as for *perdues*,

" Some choice sous'd fish brought couchant in a dish

" Among some fennel or some other grass,

" Shews how they lye i' th' field." STEEVENS.

In Polemon's *Collection of Battels*, 4to. b. 1. printed by Byneman, p. 98, an account of the battle of Marignano is translated from Jovius, in which is the following passage:—"They were
 " very chosen felowes taken out of all the Cantons, men in the
 " prime of youth, and of singular forwardenesse: who by a very
 " auntient order of that countrey, that by dooyng some deede
 " of passyng prowesse they may obtaine rare honour of warrefare
 " before they be growen in yeares, doe of themselves request all
 " perillous and harde pieces of service, and often use with
 " deadlye praise to runne unto proposed death. These men do
 " they call, of their immoderate fortitude and stoutnesse, the
 " desperats

With this thin helm * ? ³ Mine enemy's dog,
 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
 Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
 To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
 In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once

⁴ Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
 majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
 grave:—

Thou art a soul in blifs; but I am bound
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
 Do scald like molten lead.

“ desperats forlorne hopen, and the Frenchmen *enfants perdu* :
 “ and it is lawfull for them, by the prærogative of their prow-
 “ esse, to beare an ensigne, to have conducte and double wages
 “ all their life long. Neyther are the forlorne knowen from
 “ the rest by anye other marke and cognifance than the plumes
 “ of white feathers, the which, after the manner of captaines,
 “ they doe tourn behinde; waveryng over theyr shoulder with
 “ a brave kynde of riot.” EDITOR.

Amongst other separate services in which the forlorn hope, or
enfants perdu, were engaged, the night-watches seem to have been
 a common one. So Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ I am set here like a *perdu*,

“ To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress.”

Little French Lawyer, Act II. sc. ii. WHALLEY.

³ ———*Mine enemy's dog*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos
 read, *Mine injurious dog*. Possibly the poet wrote,—*Mine in-*
jurer's dog. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Had not concluded all*.—] All what? we should read and
 point it thus :

Had not concluded.—Ah!—

An exclamation on perceiving her father wake. WARBURTON.

The plain construction is this: *It is wonder that thy wits and
 life had not all ended*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, c. viii :

“ Ne spared they to strip her naked *all*.”

Again, in *Timon* :

“ And dispossess her *all*.” STEEVENS.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?

⁵ I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—

⁶ No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me⁷:

I am a very foolish fond old man,

⁸ Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,

⁹ I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;

⁵ *I am mightily abus'd.*—] I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. JOHNSON.

⁶ *No, sir, you must not kneel.*] This circumstance I find in the old play on the same subject, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether these accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Pray do not mock me.*] So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act V:

“ ———Let no man mock me,

“ For I will kiss her.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Fourscore and upward;—*] Here the folio (and the folio only) adds—*not an hour more or less.* The authenticity of this passage Sir Joshua Reynolds justly suspects. It was probably the interpolation of some player, and is better omitted, both in regard to sense and versification. STEEVENS.

⁹ *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads:

I fear, I am not perfect in my mind. JOHNSON.

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the present text. STEEVENS.

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,
 What place this is; and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
 weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
 I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
 You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
 You see, ¹ is cur'd in him: [² and yet it is danger
³ To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
 'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me;

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and
 foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.*

[*Gent.* ⁴ Holds it true, sir,
 That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

¹ —is cur'd—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,
 —is kill'd. STEEVENS.

² *And yet, &c.*] This is not in the folio. JOHNSON.

³ *To make him even o'er the time—*] i. e. To reconcile it to
 his apprehension. WARBURTON.

⁴ What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at
 least proper if not necessary; and was omitted by the author, I
 suppose, for no other reason than to shorten the representation.

JOHNSON.

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] [*Exit.*

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

The camp of the British forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full ^s of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring ⁶ his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:

^s ———of alteration,] One of the quartos reads,
—————of abdication. STEEVENS.

⁶ ———his constant pleasure.] His settled resolution.
JOHNSON.

Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

[*Reg.* ⁷ But have you never found my brother's way
To the ⁸ fore-fended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And ⁹ bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [Aside.

⁷ *But have you never, &c.*] The *first* and *last* of these speeches, printed within crotchets, are inserted in Sir Thomas Hanmer's, Theobald's, and Dr. Warburton's editions; the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others; I have restored from the old quartos, 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but sure a material injury is done to the character of the *Bastard* by the omission; for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakspeare meant us to believe that Edmund had *actually* found his way to the fore-fended place. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——fore fended place?] *Fore-fended* means *prohibited, forbidden*. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——bosom'd with her,——] *Bosom'd* is used in this sense by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

“ We'll crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp
“ And sumptuous cost, than Priam did his son
“ That night he *bosom'd* Helen.”

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

“ With fair Alcmena, she that never *bosom'd*
“ Mortal, save thee.” STEEVENS.

Alb.

Alb. Our very loving sifter, well be met.—
 ' Sir, this I hear, The king is come to his daughter,
 With others, whom the rigour of our state
 Forc'd to cry out². [Where I could not be honest,
 I never yet was valiant³: for this business,

¹ *Sir, this I hear,—to—make oppose,—*] This is a very plain speech, and the meaning is, 'The king, and others whom we have opposed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him, but as he *holds*, entertains, and supports the king, and others whom I fear many just and heavy causes make, or compel, as it were, to oppose us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. This speech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewise very necessary: for otherwise Albany, who is characterised as a man of honour and observer of justice, gives no reason for going to war with those, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Theobald, by an unaccountable turn of thought, reads the fourth line thus,

I never yet was valiant: 'fore this business, &c.
 puts the two last lines in a parenthesis, and then paraphrases the whole in this manner. "Sir, it concerns me (though not the king and the discontented party) to question about your interest in our sifter, and the event of the war." What he means by this I am not able to find out; but he gives a reason why his reading and sense should be preferred. *And Regan and Goneril in their replies seem both apprehensive that this subject was coming into debate.* Now all that we can collect from *their replies* is, that they were apprehensive he was going to blame their cruelty to Lear, Gloucester, and others; which it is plain from the common reading and the sense of the last line, he was.

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.—

WARBURTON.

² What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

³ ————*Where I could not be honest,
 I never yet was valiant:—*] This sentiment has already appeared in *Cymbeline*:

*Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
 But now thou seem'st a coward.*

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entituled, *The second Maiden's Tragedy*:

"That worke is never undertooke with corage,
 "That makes his master blush." STEEVENS.

It toucheth us as France invades our land,

² Not bolds the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :

³ For these domestic and particular broils,

⁴ Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

⁵ *Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle : I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove

² *Not bolds the king ;—*] The quartos read *bolds*, and this may be the true reading. *This business* (says Albany) *touches us as France invades our land*, not as it *bolds the king*, &c. i. e. *emboldens* him to assert his former title. Thus in the antient interlude of *Hycle Scorer* :

“ Alas, that I had not one to *bold* me !” STEEVENS.

³ *For these domestic and particular broils*] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it,

For these domestic doore particulars. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Are not to question here.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,
Are not the question here. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Edm.*] This speech is wanting in the folio.” STEEVENS.

What

What is avouched there : If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

Alb. Stay 'till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well ; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
⁶ Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery ; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. ⁷ We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive : To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril ;
And hardly shall I ⁸ carry out my side,

Her

⁶ Here is the guess, &c.] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the guess. So the quartos. But had the discovery been diligent, the guess could not have proved so difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. STEEVENS.

⁷ We will greet the time.] We will be ready to meet the occasion. JOHNSON.

⁸ ———carry out my side.] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie*, to take his resolution.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ ———and carry out

“ A world of evils with thy title.” STEEVENS.

And hardly shall I carry out my side,

Her husband being alive. ———] That is, “ I shall scarcely
“ be able to make out my game.” The allusion is to a party
at

Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which being done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: ' for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A field between the two camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers over the stage; and exeunt.

at cards, and he is afraid that he shall not be able to make his side successful.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Centaure says of Epicene:

“ She and Mavis will *set up a side.*”

That is, will be partners. And in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, Belgard says:

“ ————And if now

“ At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,

“ I'll not *pull down the side.*”

In *The Maid's Tragedy*, the same expression occurs:

Dula. I'll hold your cards against any two I know.

Ewad. Aspasia takes her part.

Dula. I will refuse it;

She will *pluck down a side*, she does not use it.

But the phrase is more clearly explained in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, where Cozemo says to Petronella, who had challenged him to drink a second bowl of wine:

“ Pray you, pause a little,

“ If I hold your cards, *I shall pull down the side*;

“ I am not good at the game.” MONCK MASON.

• ————*for my state*

Stands on me, &c.”]

I do not think that *for* stands in this place as a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state it requires now, not deliberation, but defence and support.* JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [Exit Edgar.
[Alarum, and retreat within.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too³. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund;
Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known

¹ The reader, who is curious to know how far Shakspeare was indebted to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter entitled,—
“The pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; first related by the Sonne, then by the blind father.” P. 141, edit. 1590, quarto. STEEVENS.

² *Ripeness is all.*—] i. e. To be ready, prepared, is all.
The same sentiment occurs in *Hamlet*, scene the last:

“—if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readines is all.*”
STEEVENS.

³ *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto. STEEVENS.

That

That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppress'd king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
⁴ And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, ⁵ packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. ⁶ Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,

⁴ *And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies.—*]

As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct. JOHNSON.

⁵ *———packs and sects——*] Packs is used for combinations or collection, as is a pack of cards. For sects, I think sets might be more commodiously read. So we say, *affairs are now managed by a new set.* Sect, however, may well stand. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.—*] The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on the like occasion. “*Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus.*”

WARBURTON.

And

7 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
8 The goujeers shall devour them, 9 flesh, and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve
first.

Come. [Exeunt Lear, and Cordelia, guarded.

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded

7 *And fire us hence, like foxes.*—] I have been informed that it is usual to *smoke foxes* out of their holes.

So, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, book xxvii. stan. 17:

“ Ev'n as a *foxe* whom *smoke and fire* doth fright
“ So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
“ Bolts out, and through the *smoke and fire* he flieth
“ Into the tarier's mouth and there he dieth.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ —————my walk, and all,
“ You *smoke* me from, as if I were a *fox*.” STEEVENS.

8 *The goujeers shall devour them,*————] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*. HANMER.

The resolute John Florio has sadly mistaken these *goujeers*. He writes “ With a good yeare to thee!” and gives it in Italian, “ Il mal' anno che dio ti dia.” FARMER.

9 ————— *flesh, and fell.*] *Flesh* and *skin*. JOHNSON.

————— *flesh and fell.*] So, Skelton's works, p. 257:

“ Nakyd asyde
“ Neither *flesh* nor *fell*.”

Chaucer uses *fell* and *boncs* for *skin* and *bones*:

“ And said that he and all his kinne at once,
“ Were worthy to be brent with *fell* and *bone*.”

Troilus and Cresseide. GREY.

In the *Dyar's Play*, among the *Chester Collection of Mysteries*, in the Museum, *Antichrist* says:

“ I made thee man of *flesh* and *fell*.” STEEVENS.

Does

Does not become a sword:—¹ Thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. ² I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Capt.*]

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king

¹ ————Thy *great employment*
Will not bear question; ————] Mr. Theobald could not
let this alone, but would alter it to

———*My great employment*,
Because (he says) the person spoken to was of no higher degree
than a captain. But he mistakes the meaning of the words. By
great employment was meant the *commission* given him for the mur-
der; and this, the Bastard tells us afterwards, was signed by
Goneril and himself. Which was sufficient to make this cap-
tain *unaccountable* for the execution. WARBURTON.

The meaning, I apprehend, is, not that the captain was not
accountable for what he was about to do, but, that the important
business he now had in hand, did not admit of *debate*: he must
instantly resolve to do it, or not. *Question*, here, as in many
other places in these plays, signifies *discourse—conversation*.

See *Hamlet*, act I: "Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape."
———and the note there. MALONE.

² *I cannot draw, &c.*] These two lines I have restored from
the old quarto. STEEVENS.

To

To some retention, and appointed guard ;
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
 To pluck the common bosom on his side,
³ And turn our impress lances in our eyes
 Which do command them. With him I sent the
 queen ;

My reason all the same ; and they are ready
 To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear
 Where you shall hold your session. [⁴ At this time,
 We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend ;
 And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
 By those that feel their sharpness :—
 The question of Cordelia, and her father,
⁵ Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
 I hold you but a subject of this war,
 Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
 Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;
⁶ Bore the commission of my place and person ;
⁷ The which immediacy may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother.

³ *And turn our impress lances in our eyes,*] i. e. Turn the *launce-
men*, which are *press'd* into our service, against us.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. vii :

“ ————people

“ Ingross by swift *impress*.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *At this time, &c.*] This passage, well worthy of restoration,
 is omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the ques-
 tion what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be
 reserved for greater privacy. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Bore the commission of*——] *Commission*, for authority.

WARBURTON.

⁷ *The which immediacy*——] *Immediacy*, for representation.

WARBURTON.

Immediacy is rather *supremacy* in opposition to *subordination*,
 which has *quiddam medium* between itself and power. JOHNSON.

Gon. Not so hot :

⁸ In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla !

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint⁹.

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ;
Dispose of them, of me ; ¹ the walls are thine :
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. ² The let alone lies not in your good-will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet ; hear reason :—Edmund, I arrest
thee

On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest³, [*Pointing to Gon.*
This gilded serpent :—for your claim, fair sister,

⁸ *In his own grace*—] *Grace* here means *accomplishments*, or *honours*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *The eye that told you so, look'd but a-squint.*] Alluding to the proverb : “ Love being jealous makes a good eye look *asquint*.” See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

¹ ———*the walls are thine* :] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, *to surrender at discretion*. But the Oxford Editor, for a plain reason alters it to :

—————*they all are thine*. WARBURTON.

² *The let alone lies not in your good-will.*] Whether he shall not or shall depends not on your choice. JOHNSON.

Albany means to tell his wife, that, however she might want the power, she evidently did not want the inclination to prevent the match. REMARKS.

³ ———*thy arrest*.] The quartos read—*thine attaint*.

STEEVENS.

I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
 'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
 And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
 If you will marry; make your love to me,
 My lady is bespoke.

Gon. ⁴ An interlude !

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster :—Let the trumpet
 found :—

If none appear to prove upon thy person ⁵
 Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
 There is my pledge ; I'll prove it on thy heart,
 Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
 Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick !

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust ⁶ poison. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange : what in the world
 he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies :
 Call by thy trumpet : he that dares approach,
 On him, on you, (who not ?) I will maintain
 My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho !

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald ⁷ !

Enter a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue ; for thy soldiers,
 All levied in my name, have in my name
 Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

⁴ *An interlude !—*] This short exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I suppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that the exhibition on the stage might be more distinct and intelligible. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—thy person.*] The quartos read—*thy head.* STEEVENS.

⁶ *—poison.*] The folio reads *medicine.* STEEVENS.

⁷ *—a herald.*] This speech I have restored from the quartos.
 STEEVENS.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet found,—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound trumpet³. . . . [A trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree, ° within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

[1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 trumpet.

Her. Again.

[3 trumpet.

[Trumpet answers, within.

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble¹, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

³ *Sound trumpet.*] I have added this from the quartos.

STEEVENS.

[°] ———*within the lists of the army,*—] The quartos read:

———*within the host of the army.*——— STEEVENS.

¹ *Yet am I noble, &c.*] One of the quartos reads:

———*yet are I mou't*

Where is the adversary I come to cope withal?

—*are I mou't,* is, I suppose, a corruption of—*ere I move it.*

STEEVENS.

Alb.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

² Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

My oath, and my profession: I protest,—

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

³ Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;

And, from the extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

But, since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,

² *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*

My oath, and my profession.—]

The charge he is here going to bring against the Bastard, he calls *the privilege*, &c. To understand which phraseology, we must consider that the old rights of knighthood are here alluded to; whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was necessary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight. WARBURTON.

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—it is the privilege of *my tongue*. STEEVENS.

³ *Conspirant 'gainst*—] The quartos read:

Conspicuate 'gainst.—— STEEVENS.

⁴ And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
 What safe and nicely I might well delay
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn :
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarm. Fight. Edmund falls.*]

⁵ *Alb.* Save him, save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster :
 By the law of arms, ⁶ thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

⁴ *And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes ;]* 'Say, for essay, some shew or probability. POPE.

Say is sample, a taste. So, in *Sidney* :

“ So good a *say* invites the eye
 “ A little downward to espy——”

Again, in the Preface to Maurice Kyffin's translation of the *Andria of Terence*, 1588 :

“ Some other like places I could recite, but these shall suffice for a *say*.”

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman :

“ ————But pray do not
 “ Take the first *say* of her yourselves——”

Again, in *The unnatural Combat*, by Massinger :

“ ————or to take
 “ A *say* of venison or stale fowl.”——

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 847 : “ He (C. Wolfey) made dakes and erles to serve him of wine, with a *say* taken, &c.” To take the *assai*e was the technical term. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Alb.* Save him, save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster :]

Thus all the copies ; but I have ventured to place the two hemistichs to Goneril. 'Tis absurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treasons, and his own wife's passion for him, should be solicitous to have his life saved. THEOBALD.

He desired that Edmund's life might be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*thou wast not bound to answer]* One of the quartos reads :
 ——*thou art not bound to offer, &c.* STEEVENS.

Alb.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[Gives the letter to Edmund.]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. ⁷ Monster, know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit Gon.]

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate: govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I
have done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. ⁸ Let us exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments ⁹ to scourge us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

⁷ *Monster, know'st thou this paper?*] So the quarto; but the folio:

Most monstrous! O, know'st thou, &c. JOHNSON.

“Knowest thou these letters?” says Leir to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he shews her both her own and her sister's letters, which were written to procure his death. Upon which she snatches the letters and tears them.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Let us exchange charity.*] Our author by negligence gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of christianity. In *Hamlet* there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians:

“Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet, &c.”

JOHNSON.

⁹ ———to scourge us:] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

————to plague us. STEEVENS.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come ¹ full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee :
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale ;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness !
² That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage : But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

¹ ——— full circle ;—] Quarto, full circled. JOHNSON.

² That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once)——]

The folio reads,

That we the pain of death would hourly die.

Mr. Pope, whom I have followed, reads,

—————would hourly bear.

The quartos give the passage thus :

That with the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once)—— STEEVENS.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

[³ *Edg.* ⁴—This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow ; but, another ;—
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity :—
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society : but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out

³ *Edg.*] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio.
JOHNSON.

⁴ ———*This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow : but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity !—*]

The reader easily sees that this reflection refers to the Bastard's desiring to hear more ; and to Albany's thinking he had said enough. But it is corrupted into miserable nonsense. We should read it thus :

This would have seem'd a period. But such
As love to amplify another's sorrow,
To much, would make much more, and top extremity.
i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the utmost of my sufferings ; but such as love cruelty are always for adding much to more, till they reach the extremity of misery.

WARBURTON.

The sense may probably be this. *This would have seemed a period to such as love not sorrow ; but,—another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told.*

So in *King Richard II* :

I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst—— STEEVENS.

As he'd burst heaven; ⁵ threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks;
It came even from the heart of——O! she's dead ⁶!

Alb. Who, man? speak ⁷.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—
[*Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.*
This judgment ⁸ of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches

⁵ ——threw him on my father;] The quartos read,
“ ——threw me on my father.”

The modern editors have corrected the passage, as it is now
printed. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——O! she's dead!] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁷ Who, man, speak?] The folio reads, *Who dead? Speak
man.* STEEVENS.

⁸ This judgment, &c.] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all
his

Touches us not with pity.—

Edg. ⁹ Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
² Give it the captain.

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and

his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*. TYRWHITT, ⁹ *Here comes Kent, sir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

² *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:

—————Take my sword, the captain,

Give it the captain.————— STEEVENS.

To lay the blame upon her own despair,
 2 That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile,
 [*Edmund is borne off.*]

Enter Lear, with 3 Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are
 men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone
 for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
 She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
 Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?]

Edg. 4 Or image of that horror?

Alb.

² *That she fordid herself.*] To *fordo*, signifies to *destroy*. It is used again in *Hamlet*, Act V:

“ ————did, with desperate hand,

“ *Fordo* his own life. ———— STEEVENS.

³ ————*Cordelia dead in his arms.*] This princess, according to the old historians, retired with victory from the battle which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a subsequent one fought against her (after the death of the old king) by the sons of Goneril and Regan, she was taken, and died miserably in prison. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramatic writers of this age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakspeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Or image, &c.*] These two exclamations are given to Edgar and Albany in the folio, to animate the dialogue, and employ all the persons on the stage; but they are very obscure.

JOHNSON.

Or image of that horror?] In the first folio this short speech of Edgar (which seems to be only an addition to the preceding one

of

Alb. ⁵ Fall, and cease!

Lear.

of Kent) has a full stop at the end. *Is this conclusion, says Kent, such as the present turn of affairs seemed to promise? Or is it only, replies Edgar, a representation of that horror which we suppose to be real?* A similar expression occurs at the beginning of the play.—*I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it.* STEEVENS.

It appears to me, that by the *promised end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Gospel, when Christ foretells to his disciples the end of the world, and is describing to them the signs that were to precede and mark the approach of our final dissolution, he says, "For in those days shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of the creation, which God created, unto this time, neither shall be:" and afterwards, he says, "Now the brother shall betray the brother to death; and the father the son; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death." Kent, in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects these passages, and asks, "whether that was the end of the world, that had been foretold us?" To which Edgar adds, "or only a representation and resemblance of that horror."

There is evidently an allusion to the same passages in Scripture in a speech of Gloucester's, which he makes in the second scene of the first act:

These late eclipses in the sun, &c.—See p. 406.

If any critics should urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the persons of the drama are Pagans, and of course unacquainted with the Scriptures, they give Shakspeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he possessed. MONCK MASON.

⁵ *Fall, and cease!*] This exclamation of Albany, like the other, may have a meaning affixed to it. He is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *cease* is used for to *die*: and in *Hamlet*, the death of majesty is called "the *cease* of majesty."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease!*"

"Both

Lear. This feather stirs⁶; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day⁷, with my good biting faul-
chion

I would

“ Both suffer under this complaint you bring,
“ And both shall *cease*, without your remedy.”

STEEVENS,

⁶ *This feather stirs*;—] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 16:2:

“ Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or
pull some *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips.”

STEEVENS.

A common experiment of applying a light feather to the lips
of a person supposed to be dead, to see whether he breathes.
There is the same thought in *Hen. IV.* part II. Act. IV. sc. iv:

—————By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not.

And to express a total stillness in the air, in Donne's poem,
called the *Calm*, there is the like sentiment; which Jonson, in
his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, highly com-
mended:

————— in one place lay

Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday. WHALLEY,

⁷ *I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion*

I would have made them skip——]

It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works, to
avoid repeating some of the same thoughts in his later productions.
What Lear has just said, had been anticipated by Justice Shallow
in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ I have seen the time with
my

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. ⁸ This is a dull fight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent:
Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first⁹ of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have⁷ fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like
rats." It is again repeated in *Othello*:

“ ———— I have seen the day

“ That with this little arm and this good sword

“ I have made my way, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *This is a dull fight.* ————] This passage is wanting in the
quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ ———— *of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes.

WARBURTON.

The quartos read:

That from your *life* of difference and decay. STEEVENS.

“ ———— fore-doom'd themselves,] Thus the quartos. The
folio reads, ———— *fordone*.

Have *fore-doom'd themselves* is—have anticipated their own doom.
To *fordo* is to destroy. So, in *Taylor*, the water-poet's character
of a strumpet:

“ So desperately had ne'er *fordone* themselves.”

Again, in *A Warning for faire Women*, &c. 1599: “ Speak;
who has done this deed? thou hast not *fordone* thyself, hast thou?”

STEEVENS.

Alb.

Alb. He knows not what he says²; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

³ What comfort to this great decay may come,

Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights⁴;

[*To Edgar.*

⁵ With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. ⁶ And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,
no life:

Why

² —[*he says.*] The quartos read—*he sees*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

³ [*What comfort to this great decay, may come,*] Decay, for desolation. WARBURTON.

This *great decay* is Lear, whom Shakspeare poetically calls so, and means the same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty, this ruin'd majesty.* STEEVENS.

A preceding passage, in which Gloster laments Lear's frenzy, fully supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

“O, ruin'd piece of nature! This great world

“Shall so wear out to nought.” MALONE.

⁴ —[*You, to your rights;*

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—]

These lines are addressed to Kent as well as to Edgar, else the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. By *honours* is meant *honourable conduct.* MONCK MASON.

⁵ [*With boot;*—] With advantage, with increase. JOHNSON.

⁶ [*And my poor fool is hang'd!*—] This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have thought)

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray

thought) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life there.

Poor fool, in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*:

———*poor venomous fool*,
Be angry and dispatch.———

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* p. III:

So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yeave.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

And, *pretty fool*, it stinted and said—ay.

I may add, that *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the space allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the 6th scene of the 3d act.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antic who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair.

Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the *Fool* had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. The party adverse to Lear, was little interested in the fate of his jester. The only use of him was to contrast and alleviate the sorrows of his master; and, that purpose being fully answered, the poet's solicitude about him was at an end.

The term—*poor fool* might indeed have misbecome the mouth of a vassal commiserating the untimely end of a princess, but has no impropriety when used by a weak, old, distracted king; in whose mind the distinctions of nature only survive, while he is uttering his last frantic exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it serves to introduce some contradictory observations from a critic, in whose taste and judgment too much confidence cannot easily be placed.

STEEVENS.

I confess, I am one of those who *have thought* that Lear means his *Fool*, and not *Cordelia*. If he means *Cordelia*, then what I have always considered as a beauty, is of the same kind as the accidental stroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate

7 Pray you, undo this button : Thank you, fir.—
 Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips,
 Look there, look there!— [He dies.
 Edg.]

affectionate remembrance of the *Fool* in this place, I used to think, was one of those strokes of genius, or of nature, which are so often found in Shakspeare, and in him only.

Lear appears to have a particular affection for this *Fool*, whose fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his distress, seems to deserve all his kindness.

Poor fool and knave, says he, in the midst of the thunder-borm, *I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee.*

It does not therefore appear to me, to be allowing too much consequence to the *Fool*, in making Lear bestow a thought on him, even when in still greater distress. Lear is represented as a good-natured, passionate, and rather weak old man ; it is the old age of a cocker'd spoilt boy. There is no impropriety in giving to such a character those tender domestic affections, which would ill become a more heroic character, such as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words—*No, no, no life* ; I suppose to be spoken, not tenderly, but with passion : Let nothing now live—let there be universal destruction ;—*Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, and thou no breath at all?*

It may be observed, that as there was a necessity, the necessity of propriety at least, that this *Fool*, the favourite of the author, of Lear, and consequently of the audience, should not be lost or forgot, it ought to be known what became of him.—However, it must be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence ; Shakspeare is not always attentive to finish the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, of applying the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I should imagine, think it a strange mode of expressing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen.—The words *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expressive of endearment ; and Shakspeare himself, in another place, speaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool* : but it never is, nor never can be used with any degree of propriety, but to commiserate some very inferior object, which may be loved, without much esteem or respect. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

7 Pray you, undo this button,—] The rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance.

Edg. He faints ;—My lord, my lord,——

Kent. Break, heart ; I pr'ythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord,

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world⁸
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To Kent and Edgar.*

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;
My master calls, and⁹ I must not say, no.

Alb.

So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1616 :

“ ———oh my heart !———

“ It beats so it has broke my buttons.”

Again, in *K. Richard III* :

“ ———Ah, cut my lace asunder,

“ That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

“ Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news !”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,

“ Break too !”———

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“ ———swell heart ! buttons fly open !

“ Thanks gentle doublet, else my heart had broke.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ ———*this tough world.*] Thus all the old copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without necessity. This *tough world* is this *obdurate rigid world*. STEEVENS.

⁹ ———*I must not say, no.*] The modern editors have supposed that Kent expires after he has repeated these two last lines ; but the speech rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man ; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forbore to insert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another person, viz. that the

Alb. ¹ The weight of this sad time we must obey ;
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most : we, that are young,
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have since discovered that they vary one from another in many instances. STREEVENS.

The second folio, at the end of this speech, has the word—*Dyes*, in the margin. REMARKS.

¹ *The weight of this sad time, &c.*] This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany : in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this : he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word. THEOBALD.

THE tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed ; which so much agitates our passions and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners ; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the Tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided*. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suf-

* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison:

Victrix causa *Diis* placuit, sed victa *Catonis*. STEEVENS.

frage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare.

JOHNSON.

A lament.

*A lamentable SONG of the Death of King Leir
and his Three Daughters.*

King Leir once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace ;¹
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love :
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began ;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be :
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

¹ *King Leir, &c.*] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the *Golden Garland*, black letter ; to the tune of, *When flying Fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. Vol. 1. Third Edit.
STEEVENS.

And so will I, the second said;
 Dear father, for your sake,
 The worst of all extremities
 I'll gently undertake:
 And serve your highness night and day
 With diligence and love;
 That sweet content and quietness
 Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
 The aged king reply'd;
 But what say'st thou, my youngest girl,
 How is thy love ally'd?
 My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
 Which to your grace I owe,
 Shall be the duty of a child,
 And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
 Than doth thy duty bind?
 I well perceive thy love is small,
 When as no more I find:
 Henceforth I banish thee my court,
 Thou art no child of mine;
 Nor any part of this my realm
 By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more
 Than well I can demand,
 To whom I equally bestow
 My kingdom and my land,
 My pompal state and all my goods,
 That lovingly I may
 With these thy sisters be maintain'd
 Until my dying day.

Thus

Thus flatt'ring speeches won renown
By these two sisters here :
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear :
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town.

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found ;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground :
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid ;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd ;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee :
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three :
Nay, one she thought too much for him :
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave?
 I'll go unto my Gonorell;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
 Where when she hears his moan
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd
 That all his means were gone:
 But no way could relieve his wants;
 Yet if that he would say
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
 He made his answer then;
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my Ragan's court;
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder sort.

Where when she came, she gave command
 To drive him thence away:
 When he was well within her court,
 (She said) he would not stay.
 Then back again to Gonorell
 The woeful king did hie,
 That in her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which she had promised late :
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.

Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
He wander'd up and down ;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords :
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantic mad ; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread :
To hills and woods and wat'ry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
He passed o'er to France,
In hope from fair Cordelia there
To find some gentler chance :
Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers,
 In brave and gallant fort,
 She gave in charge he should be brought,
 To Aganippus' court;
 Whose royal king, with noble mind,
 So freely gave consent,
 To muster up his knights at arms,
 To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
 To repossess king Leir,
 And drive his daughters from their thrones
 By his Cordelia dear:
 Where she, true hearted noble queen,
 Was in the battle slain:
 Yet he, good king, in his old days,
 Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who dy'd indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battle move;
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted:
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.



The lords and nobles when they saw
 The ends of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents;
 And being dead their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin:
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin.

JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME THE NINTH.