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THE  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. IX.



THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the NINTH,

CONTAINING,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

CYMBELINE.

KING LEAR.

L O N D O N :

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T R O I L U S

A N D

C R E S S I D A.

VOL. IX.

A



# P R O L O G U E.

*IN* Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece  
 The princes <sup>1</sup> 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  
 Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made  
 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. <sup>2</sup> Priam's six-gated city,  
 (Dardan, and Thymbria, Iliä, Cbetas, Trojan,  
 And Antenoridas) with massy staples,

*And*

<sup>1</sup> *The princes orgillous,*] Orgillous, i. e. proud, disdainful.  
 Orgueilleux, Fr. STEEVENS.

— Priam's six-gated city,  
 (Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Cbetas, Trojan,  
 And Antenonidus) with mossy staples,  
 And correspondve and fulfilling bolts,

Stir 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 these 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 their city. This sense my correction

## P R O L O G U E.

*And corresponſive and fulfilling belts,  
Sperrs up the ſons of Troy.—  
Now expectation, tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits  
On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard:—And hitber am I come  
? A prologue arm'd; but not in confidence*

reſtores. To *ſperre*, or *ſpar*, from the old Teutonic word (*SPEREN*) ſignifies, to *ſhut up*, *deſend by bars*, &c.

THEOBALD.

“ 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 kynge 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 Fourteen Hundred and Sixe Thouſand, Fourſcore and Sixe Men.*—Fol. no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and ſeveral other criticks, have erroneouſly quoted as the *original*; and obſerve in conſequence, that “ if Chaucer’s *coin* were of *greater 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 my quotations from the *Troye Boke modernized*, as being the moſt intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *A prologue arm’d;—*] I come here to ſpeak the prologue, and come in armour; not deſying 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.

Of

P R O L O G U E .

*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 <sup>3</sup> the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,  
'Ginning <sup>?</sup> 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.*

<sup>3</sup> —the vaunt—] i. e. the *avaunt*, what went before.

STEEVENS.

## Persons Represented.

PRIAM,  
Hector,  
Troilus,  
Paris,  
Deiphobus,  
Helenus,  
Æneas,  
Pandarus,  
Antenor,

TROJANS.

*Margarelon, a bastard son of Priam.*

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

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.*

*Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other attendants.*

SCENE, TROY, and the Grecian Camp before it.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Priam's palace.*

*Enter Pandarus and Troilus.*

TROILUS.

**C**ALL' here my varlet, I'll unarm again :  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within ?  
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

*Pan.*

\* 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. Dryden goes yet further ; declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakespeare 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, 1278. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again in 1480, at Straßburgh 1486, and ibidem 1489. This work appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne ; into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakespeare's inducement to try their fate on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. STERVENS.



8 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* Will this geer ne'er be mended?

*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,  
Tamer than sleep, <sup>2</sup> fonder than ignorance;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
<sup>3</sup> 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, must needs tarry the grinding.

*Troi.* Have I not tarried?

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

*Troi.* Have I not tarried?

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

*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 Shakespeare'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 rather learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakespeare'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 will, 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*. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — fonder than ignorance;] *Fonder*, for more childish.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *And skill-less*, &c.] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *will* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

*Troi.*

*Troi.* Still have I tarried.

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

At Priam's royal table do I sit,  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,  
So, traitor!—when she comes! When is she thence?

*Pan.* Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever  
I saw her look, or any woman else.

*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)  
Buried 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 yesterday,  
as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra'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 comparison all whites are ink  
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure  
The

The cignet's down is harsh, <sup>4</sup> 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, <sup>5</sup> she has the mends in her own hands.

*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-  
 a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

*Troi.* Say I, she is not fair?

<sup>4</sup> ——— 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,

———— SPIRIT 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.

<sup>5</sup> —*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  
 bargain*. STEEVENS.

*Pan.*

*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's an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*

[*Sound alarm.*

*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,

As she is stubborn chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, by 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;

Ourselves the merchant; and this failing Pandar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarm.*]      *Enter Æneas.*

*Æne.* How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not a field?

*Troi.* Because not there. This woman's answer sorts, 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.

[*Alarm.*

*Æne.*

*Ane.* 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?

*Ane.* In all swift haste.

*Troi.* Come, go we then together. [Exit.

## S C E N E II.

## A S T R E E T.

*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 fight. <sup>1</sup> Hector, whose patience  
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

<sup>1</sup> *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. <sup>1</sup> 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 alter'd 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 intensives or enforcing participle.*

JOHNSON.

He

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer,  
 And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
 \* Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,  
 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?

<sup>2</sup> *Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,*] Does the poet mean (says Mr. Theobald) that Hector had put on light armour? mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose? So Fairfax in *Tasso's Jerusalem*:

“ The other princes put on 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 sun-rise? or is a conundrum aimed at, in sun rose and harness 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*, appear to have had cavalry among them, as well as their antagonists the Rutulians. 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 several passages in this play, that Hector fights on horseback; and it should be remembered, that Shakespeare was indebted for many of his materials to a book which pronounces both the prophet Efdras and Pythagoras to have been bastard children of king Priamus. STEEVENS

Scrv.

*Serv.* The noise goes thus: there is among the  
Greeks

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 <sup>3</sup> *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, <sup>4</sup> that his  
valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with dis-  
cretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not  
a glimpse of; nor any man an attain, but he carries  
some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause,  
and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of  
every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he  
is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or pur-  
blind 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.

*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,

<sup>3</sup> —*per se*,—] So in Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*:

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

“Of Troie and Greece.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with  
*felly*, so as that they make one mass together. JOHNSON.

*Pan.*

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

*Cre.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* <sup>5</sup> Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you cousin? when were you at <sup>6</sup> Ilium?

*Cre.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gone, ere you 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 were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cre.* So he says, here.

*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause too. He'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there'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 o' the two.

<sup>5</sup> *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 he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely *ἐν ἡδαι*, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not Alexander be the name of Cressid'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.

<sup>6</sup> *—Ilium ?*] Was the palace of Troy. JOHNSON.

*Cre.*



*Cre.* Oh, 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 he 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.*

*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 Greek, indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the <sup>7</sup> compass-window, and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

*Cre.* Indeed a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

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

*Cre.* Is he so young a man, and <sup>8</sup> so old a lifter?

*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.* Oh, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

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

<sup>7</sup> —compass-window,—] The compass-window is the same as the bow-window. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —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 robs the shops, a *shop-lifter*. Jonson uses the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*:

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

STEEVENS.

*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 confes.

*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.

*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. <sup>9</sup> One-and-fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white

<sup>9</sup> *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.

hair

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 past.

*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 towards 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 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.* 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

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

“ Antenor was ———

“ Copious in words, and one that much time spent

“ To jest, when as he was in companie,

“ So drestly, that no man could it espie;

B 2

“ And

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, <sup>2</sup> the rich shall have more.

*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 he not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet; look you yonder,

“ 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.

<sup>2</sup> —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 RICH shall have more.

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

do

do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

*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 godslid, 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? '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 bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O

admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen to change would give <sup>3</sup> an eye to boot.

*Enter soldiers, &c.*

*Cre.* Here come more.

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

*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 so forth, 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 pye, for then the man's date is out.

*Pan.* You are such a woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

*Cre.* Upon my back to defend my belly; <sup>4</sup> upon my wit to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty; and you to defend all these. At all these wards I lie, and at a thousand watches.

<sup>3</sup> —*money to boot.*] So the folio. The old quarto, with more force, Give an eye to boot. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*upon my wit to defend my wiles;—*] So read both the copies: yet perhaps the author wrote,

Upon my wit to defend my will.

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

*Pan.*

*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 Boy.*

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

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* <sup>5</sup> At your own house; there he unarms him.

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come. 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; <sup>6</sup> joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she below'd knows nought, that knows not this——

Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.

<sup>7</sup> That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

<sup>5</sup> *At your own house; there he unarms him.*] These necessary words added from the quarto edition. POPE.

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

<sup>6</sup> *—joy's soul lies in the doing;*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given,

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

<sup>7</sup> *That she*——] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.



Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;—  
*Attainment is, command; ungain'd, beseech.*

<sup>8</sup> Then though <sup>9</sup> 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 gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,  
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our Works?  
 And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought  
 else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
 To find persifive constancy in men?  
 The fineness of which metal is not found  
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,

<sup>8</sup> *Then though*—] The quarto reads *then*; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—my heart's content*—] *Content*, for *capacity*. WARB.

The

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 <sup>2</sup> 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.* <sup>2</sup> With due observance of thy godlike feat,  
 Great Agamemnon, <sup>3</sup> 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 <sup>4</sup> patient breast, making their way  
<sup>5</sup> With those of nobler bulk ?

<sup>1</sup> *Broad*, quarto ; the folio reads *loud*. JOHNSON,

<sup>2</sup> *With due observance of thy goodly feat,*] *Goodly* is an epithet 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 feat ; godlike*, as I have reformed the text, seems to me the epithet designed ; and is very conformable to what Æneas afterwards says of Agamemnon ;

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

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

—— the *godlike feat*. JOHNSON,

<sup>3</sup> —— *Nestor shall* APPLY

*Thy latest words*——] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON,

<sup>4</sup> —— *patient breast*, ——] The quarto not so well,

—— *ancient breast*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *With those of nobler bulk ?*] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusely expressed :

“ Sic ubi magna novum Phario de litore puppis

“ Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes

“ Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali

“ Invasitque vias ; it eodem angusta phaselus

“ Æquore, et immensi partem sibi vindicat austri.”

Pope has imitated the passage. STEVENS.

But

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
 The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold,  
 The strong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cut,  
 Bounding between the two moist elements,  
 Like Perseus' horse. Where's then the saucy 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 bright-  
 ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize  
 Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds  
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
 And flies flee under shade; why then <sup>6</sup> the thing of  
 courage,

As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;  
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
<sup>7</sup> Returns to chiding fortune.

*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.*

<sup>6</sup> ——— *the thing of courage.*] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

HANMER.

<sup>7</sup> *Returns to chiding fortune.*] For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

I give

I give to both your <sup>8</sup> speeches; which are such,  
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,  
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree  
 On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears  
 To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both  
 Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

<sup>9</sup> *Agam.*

<sup>8</sup> ———— *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 Greeks ears*

*To his experienc'd tongue:—*] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristick 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. *Hatcher*, to cut, Fr.

JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of engraving laws and publick records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Measure for Measure*, act v. scene 1. 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 I agree with Mr. Johnson. I do not see any reason for supposing with *him*, that Nestor's speech, or Nestor himself (for it is not clear, I think, which *he* means) was also to be engraven in silver. “To *hatch*, (says he) is a term of art for a particular method of engraving.” It is so.

*Hatching*

<sup>9</sup> *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 Therfites opes his mastiff jaws,  
We shall hear musick, 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.

<sup>1</sup> The specialty of rule hath been neglected;

*Hatching* is used in the engraving of plates from which prints are to be taken, principally, I believe, to express the shadows: but it can be of no use in any other species of engraving, which could exhibit (to use Mr. Johnson's phrase) either Nestor, or his speech, in silver. In short, I believe, we ought to read,—THATCH'D in silver, alluding to his silver hair. The same metaphor is used by Timon (act iv. scene 4.) to Phryne and Timandra:

“——— hatch your poor thin roofs

“ With burthens of the dead.”———

Of the rest of this passage Mr. Johnson says nothing. If he has no more conception than I have of

——— a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree

On which heaven rides)———

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

——— a bond of AWE.———

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. *Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.*

I find the word *batch'd* used by Heywood in the *Iron Age*, 1632:

“——— his face

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

And again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*,

“ His weapon *batch'd* in blood.”

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, a bond of air, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the air, was unseen. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Agam. Speak, &c.]* This speech is not in the quarto.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *The specialty of rule—]* The particular rights of supreme authority. JOHNSON.

And,

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, 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,  
Sans check, to good and bad. <sup>4</sup> But when the planets  
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,

<sup>2</sup> *When that the general is NOT LIKE the hive,*] The meaning is, *When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The heavens themselves,*——] This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: "If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year blend themselves; what would become of man?"

*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. WARR.

<sup>4</sup> —— *But when the planets*

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

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.

What

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  
 Quite from their fixure? <sup>5</sup> Oh, when degree is shak'd,  
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
<sup>6</sup> The enterprize is sick! How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools, and <sup>7</sup> brotherhoods in cities,  
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
 The primogeniture, and due of birth,  
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,  
 But by degree, stand in authentick 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 imbecillity,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
 Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,  
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)  
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
 Then every thing includes itself in power,  
 Power into will, will into appetite;  
 And appetite, an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And last eat up itself. Great Agamemnon!  
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choaking:  
 And this neglecton of degree it is,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Oh, when degree is shak'd,*] I would read,

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

<sup>6</sup> *The enterprize*——] Perhaps we should read,

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

<sup>7</sup> ——— *brotherhoods in cities,*] Corporations, companies,  
*confraternities.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> That

<sup>8</sup> That by a pace goes backward, <sup>9</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup> 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 fore-hand 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 live-long day  
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and aukward action,  
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)  
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,  
<sup>2</sup> 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 sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage—  
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming

<sup>8</sup> *That by a pace—*] That goes backward *step by step.* JOHNS.

<sup>9</sup> *with a purpose*

*It hath to climb.*—] With a design in each man to  
aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNS.

<sup>1</sup> *bloodless emulation.*] An emulation not vigorous and  
active, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Thy TOPLESS deputation*—] *Toplefs* is that has nothing  
*topping* or *overtopping* it; supreme; sovereign. JOHNSON.

He



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 dropt,  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff  
The large Achilles, on his prest-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;——<sup>3</sup> as near as the extreme ends  
Of parallels; as like, as Vulcan and his wife:  
Yet god 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 fumbling 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,

<sup>4</sup> All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,  
Achievements, 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 <sup>5</sup> to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain,  
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns

<sup>3</sup> —— as near as the extreme 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.

<sup>4</sup> All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT, Achievements, plots, &c.] The meaning is this, All our good grace exact, means of excellence irreprehensible. JOHNS.

<sup>5</sup> —— to make paradoxes.] Paradoxes may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given, —— to make *parodies*. JOHNSON.

With

With an imperial voice) many are infect.  
 Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and <sup>6</sup> 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)  
 To match us in comparisons with dirt ;  
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
<sup>7</sup> How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardise ;  
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;  
 Foretell precience, and esteem no act  
 But that of hand : the still and mental parts—  
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
 When fitness call them on ; <sup>8</sup> 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.

<sup>6</sup> ——— bears his head

*In such a rein,———*] That is, holds up his head as  
 haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bridles.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *How rank soever rounded in with danger.*] A rank weed is  
 a high weed. The modern editions silently read,

How hard soever——— JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— and know by measure

*Of their observant toil the enemies' weight ;——*] I think it  
 were better to read,

——— and know the measure,

*By their observant toil, of th' enemies' weight.* JOHNS.

*Enter Æneas.*

*Aga.* What would you 'fore our tent ?

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

*Aga.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his <sup>9</sup> kingly ears ?

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

*Æne.* Fair leave, and large security. How may  
<sup>2</sup> A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

*Aga.* How ?

*Æne.* I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And <sup>3</sup> bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning, when the coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus :

Which is that God in office, guiding men ?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

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

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and, Jove's  
accord,  
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas ;

<sup>9</sup> — *kingly ears* ?] The quarto,

— *kingly eyes.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *Achilles' arm.*] So the copies. Perhaps the author wrote,

— *Alcides' arm.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *A stranger to those most imperial looks*] And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakespeare, 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. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *bid the cheek*—] So the folio. The quarto has,

— *on the cheek*— JOHNSON.

Peace,

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!  
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
 If he, that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:  
 But what the repining enemy commends,  
 That breath Fame blows; that praise sole pure tran-  
 scends.

*Aga.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Aga.* What's your affair, I pray you?

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

*Aga.* 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.

*Aga.* 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 thro' 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 <sup>4</sup> long continu'd truce  
 Is <sup>5</sup> 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;

<sup>4</sup> — *long continu'd 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.

<sup>5</sup> — *rusty*—] Quarto, *resty.* JOHNSON.

That loves his mistress <sup>6</sup> more than in confession,  
 (With truant vows <sup>7</sup> to her own lips he loves)  
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
 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,  
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,  
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.  
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;  
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,  
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, <sup>8</sup> and not worth  
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Aga.* 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 grandsire suckt: he is old now,  
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host  
 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,  
<sup>9</sup> And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;

<sup>6</sup> — more than in confession,] *Confession*, for *profession*.

WARRURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — to her own lips he loves,] That is, *confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — and not worth

*The splinter of a lance.*—] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited the mouth of Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And in my vantbrace*—] An armour for the arm, *avantbrus*.

POPE.

Milton uses the word in his *Sampson Agonistes*. STEEVENS.

And,

And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam, 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.

*Aga.* Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand:  
To our pavilion shall I lead you, Sir.  
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 Hector.*

*Ulyss.* Nestor——

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

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

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,  
That hath to 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.* ° The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,  
Whose grossness little characters sum up:

And,

° *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. STEVENS.

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 pur-  
pose is as plain as *body* or substance; and though I have col-  
lected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross  
body

<sup>3</sup> And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya—tho', 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 his honour 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 <sup>4</sup> scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general;  
And in such indexes, although <sup>5</sup> 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,

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.

<sup>3</sup> *And, in the publication, make no strain,*] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, 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. THEOB.

<sup>4</sup> —*scantling*] That is, a *measure, proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —*small pricks*] Small *points compar'd* with the volumes.

What heart from hence receives the conquering part,  
To steel a strong opinion to themselves!

<sup>6</sup> Which entertain'd, limbs are 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,  
The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
By shewing the worst first. Do not then 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 <sup>7</sup> share with him:  
But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Africk sun,  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,  
Why then we did our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort <sup>8</sup> to fight with Hector: among ourselves,  
Give him allowance as the worthier 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,

<sup>6</sup> *Which entertain'd*—] These two lines are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—share*—] So the quarto. The folio, *wear*. JOHNS.

<sup>8</sup> *The sort*—] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.



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  
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Grecian camp.*

*Enter Ajax and Therfites.*

A J A X.

THERSITES—

*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils—  
 full, all over, generally? [*Talking to himself.*]

*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.*]

<sup>9</sup> *Must tarre the mastiffs on,——]* *Tarre*, an old English word  
 signifying to provoke or urge on. See *King Jobn*, *Act 4.*  
*Scene 1.*

——— *like a dog*

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

<sup>1</sup> *ACT II.]* This play is not divided into acts in any of the  
 original editions. JOHNSON.

*Ther.*

*Tber.* <sup>2</sup> The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

*Ajax.* <sup>3</sup> Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

*Tber.* 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!

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

*Ajax.* The proclamation——

*Tber.* Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porcupine, do not:—my fingers itch.

<sup>2</sup> *The plague of Greece*—] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *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; but the emendation, which I have coined out of it, gives us a sense apt and consonant to what Ajax would say, *unwinnow'dst leaven*.—"Thou lump of four 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 Therfites' 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. Shakespeare 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," STEEVENS.

*Tber.*

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab <sup>4</sup> in Greece. When thou art forth in the incurfions, thou strikeft as flow as another.

*Ajax.* I fay, the proclamation——

*Ther.* Thou grumbleft and raileft every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatnefs, as Cerberus is at Proferpina's beauty, aye <sup>5</sup> that thou bark'ft at him.

*Ajax.* Miftrefs Therfites!——

*Ther.* Thou shouldft strike him.

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

*Ther.* He would <sup>6</sup> pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a failor breaks a bisket.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur!—— [Beating him.

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* <sup>7</sup> Thou stool for a witch!——

*Ther.* Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted lord! thou haft no more brain than I have in my elbows; <sup>8</sup> an affinego may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant afs! thou

<sup>4</sup> —— in Greece.] The quarto adds these words, *when thou art forth in the incurfions, thou strikeft as flow as another.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — that thou bark'ft at him.] I read, O that thou bark'dft at him. JOHNSON.

*Aye*, I believe, in this place means *ever*. Thou art, fays Therfites, as envious of the greatnefs of Achilles as is Cerberus of Proferpine's beauty, that thou art barking at him fo perpetually. So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

“ For aye to live in shady cloister mew'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — pun thee into shivers —] Pun is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for pound. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou stool for a witch!* —] In one way of trying a witch they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her 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. GRAY.

<sup>8</sup> — an affinego —] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Afnaio* is Italian, fays Hanmer,

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 this?

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

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well, why, I do so.

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

Hanmer, for an *asi-driver*: but in *Mirza*, a tragedy by Rob. Baron, act 3. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ the stout trusty blade,

“ That at one blow has cut an *asfnego*

“ Asunder like a thread.” \_\_\_\_\_

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

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *asi* than an *asi-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose it to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an ideot: “ They apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an *asfnego* 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 *asfnego*,  
“ as your sister left me.” STEEVENS.

*Achil.*

*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 bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his piaster 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?

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

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax——

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

*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, Therites.

*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

a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Acbil.* What, with me too, Therfites?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses and old <sup>9</sup> 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.

*Acbil.* 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, ' when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

*Acbil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

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

[Exit.

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Acbil.* 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; such a one that dare  
Maintain, I know not what. 'Tis trash; farewell.

<sup>9</sup> — 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 grandfire's toes had any nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change, as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> — when Achilles' brach bids me,—] The folio and quarto read, Achilles' BROOCH. Brooch is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' bangers *en.* JOHNSON.

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

*Ajax.*

*Ajax.* Farewell! who shall answer him?

*Achil.* I know not, 'tis 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.

*Priam's palace.*

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

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:  
*Deliver Helen, and all damage else,  
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd  
In 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 touches 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  
Thy beacon of the wife, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tithe foul 'mongst <sup>1</sup> 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?

<sup>1</sup> — many thousand dismes] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. STEEVENS.

*Troi.*

*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  
<sup>2</sup> The past-proportion of his infinite?  
 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;  
<sup>3</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> *The past-proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.* The modern editors silently give,

The vast proportion—— JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
 Or like a star dis-orb'd?*] These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. POPE.

*Troi.*



*Troi.* What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,  
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,  
To make the service greater than the god;  
4 And the will dotes that is inclinable  
To what infectiously itself affects,  
5 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 6 foil'd them; nor the remainder-viands  
We do not throw in 7 unrespective sieve,

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

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.

5 *Without some image of th' affected merit.*] We should read,

———th' AFFECTED's merit.

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

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

6 ———foil'd them;——] So reads the quarto. The folio

———spoil'd them.—— JOHNSON.

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

———unrespective same;

for which the modern editions have silently printed,

———unrespective place. JOHNSON.

Because

Because we now are full. It was thought meet,  
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
 Your breath, of full consent bellied 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  
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes <sup>s</sup> 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;  
<sup>2</sup> And do a deed that fortune never did,  
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd  
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!  
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!  
<sup>1</sup> But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen;  
 Who in their country did them that disgrace,  
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

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

*Pri.* What noise? what shriek is this?

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

<sup>s</sup> ——— *pale the morning.*] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,

————— *stale the morning.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And do a deed that fortune never did,*] If I understand this passage, the meaning is, "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *But thieves, —*] HANMER reads, *Base thieves, —* JOHNS.

*Caf.* [*witbin.*] Cry, Trojans!

*Hect.* It is Cassandra.

*Enter Cassandra, raving.*

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

*Hect.* Peace, sister, peace.

*Caf.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,  
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,  
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

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

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium 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?

*Troi.* Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot<sup>2</sup> 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!

<sup>2</sup> — *distaste* —] Corrupt; change to a worse state. JOHNS.

*Par.*

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity  
 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 besotted on your sweet delights :  
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;  
 So, to be valiant, is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;  
 But I would have the foil of her fair rape  
 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 glöz'd, but superficially ; not much

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle 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  
'Twi't 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 their <sup>3</sup> benumbed wills, resist the same,

<sup>4</sup> There is a law in each well-ordered 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

<sup>5</sup> 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

<sup>3</sup> — *benumbed wills,*—] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *There is a law*——] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Is this in way of truth;*—] Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

Than

Than <sup>6</sup> 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 drowsy spirits.  
 I was advertis'd their great general slept,  
 Whilst <sup>7</sup> emulation in the army crept ;  
 This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E III.

*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!  
 'would it were otherwise, that I could beat him,  
 whilst he rail'd at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure  
 and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful  
 execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer.  
 If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the  
 walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou

<sup>6</sup> — *the performance of our heaving spleens,*] The execution  
 of spite and resentment. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *emulation*—] That is, *envy, factious contention.* JOHNS.

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 thou 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, <sup>8</sup> without drawing the massy iron and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the <sup>9</sup> bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. 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 couldst 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 blest 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.

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

<sup>9</sup> — *the bone-ache!*—] In the quarto, *the Neapolitan bone-ache.* JOHNSON.

*Achil.*

*Acbil.* Where, where? art thou come? Why, my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

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

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

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

*Patr.* Thou must tell that know'ft.

*Acbil.* O tell, tell——

*Ther.* I'll <sup>1</sup> decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus's knower; and <sup>2</sup> Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!——

*Ther.* Peace, fool, I have not done.

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

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therfites is a fool; and (as aforefaid) Patroclus is a fool.

*Acbil.* 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 demand <sup>3</sup> of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art.

<sup>1</sup> — *decline the whole question.*—] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *Patroclus is a fool.*] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *of the prover.*—] So the quarto. JOHNSON. The folio reads, — *of thy creator.* STEVENS.

*Enter*



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

Look you, who comes here ?

*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, and bleed to death upon, \* Now the dry serpigo on the subject ! and war and lechery confound all ! [Exit.

*Aja.* Where is Achilles ?

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

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

<sup>5</sup> 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.

*Ulyf.* 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 the cause. A word, my lord.

[To Agamemnon.

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

*Ulyf.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

*Nest.* Who ? Therfites ?

*Ulyf.* He.

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

\* ——— Now the dry, &c ] This is added in the folio.

<sup>5</sup> He SENT our messengers ;—] This nonsense should be read,  
He SHENT our messengers ;—— i. e. rebuked, rated.

WARBURTON.

*Ulyf.*

*Ulyf.* No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument;—Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong <sup>6</sup> compofure, a fool could difunite.

*Ulyf.* The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.

*Re-enter Patroclus.*

Here comes Patroclus.

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Ulyf.* The elephant hath joints; but none for courtesy;

His legs are for neceffity, not for flexure.

*Patr.* Achilles bids me fay, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your fport and pleasure Did move your greatnefs, and this <sup>7</sup> noble ftate, To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But for your health and your digeftion-fake, An after-dinner's breath.

*Aga.* Hear you, Patroclus!—

We are too well acquainted with thefe answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus fwift with fcorn, Cannot outfly our apprehenfions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reafon Why we afcribe it to him: yet all his virtues— Not virtuously on his own part beheld—

Do in our eyes begin to lofe their glofs;

Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholfome difh,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

We come to fpeak to him: and you fhall not fin If you do fay—we think him over-proud,

<sup>6</sup> — *compofure*,—] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a ftrong COUNSEL.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *noble ftate*,] Perfon of high dignity; fpoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

*Noble ftate* rather means *the ftately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.* STEEVENS.

And

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 <sup>8</sup> under-write in an observing kind  
His humourous predominance; yea, watch  
<sup>9</sup> His pettish luns, 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 can't go to war:

“A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

“Before a sleeping giant;”—tell him so,

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

*Aga.* 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?

*Aga.* 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 am?

*Aga.* No question.

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

*Aga.* 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 it is.

<sup>8</sup> — *under-write* ——] To *subscribe*, in Shakespeare, is to  
*obey*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *His pettish luns*, ——] 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. JOHNS.

*Aga.* Your mind is 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.

*Re-enter Ulysses.*

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

*Nest.* [*Afide.*] And yet he loves himself : is it not strange ?

*Ulyf.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Aga.* What's his excuse ?

*Ulyf.* He doth rely on none ;  
But carries on the stream of his dispose,  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

*Aga.* Why will he not, upon our fair request,  
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us ?

*Ulyf.* Things small as nothing, for request 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 it  
Cry—*no recovery.*

*Aga.* 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.

*Ulyf.* 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

That baffes his arrogance <sup>1</sup> with his own seam,  
 And never suffers matters of the world  
 Enter his thoughts (save such as do revolve  
 And ruminatè himself) shall he be worshipp'd  
 Of that, we hold an idol more than he?  
 No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord  
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
 As amply titled, as Achilles is,  
 By going to Achilles:  
 That were to inflard 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.

*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.

*Agæ.* O no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An he be proud with me, I'll <sup>2</sup> pheeze his  
 pride:

Let me go to him.

*Ulys.* <sup>3</sup> Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry insolent fellow——

*Nest.* How he describes himself!

*Ajax.* —Can he not be sociable?

*Ulys.* The raven chides blackness.

*Ajax.* I'll let his humours blood.

*Agæ.* He will be the physician that should be the  
 patient.

<sup>1</sup> —— with his own seam,] Seam is grease. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — pheeze his pride:] To pheeze is to comb or curry. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> Not for the worth——] Not for the value of all for which  
 we are fighting. JOHNSON.

*Ajax.*

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind——

*Ulyf.* Wit would be out of fashion.

*Ajax.* —He should not bear it so, he should eat  
swords first :

Shall pride carry it ?

*Nest.* An 'twould, you'd carry half.

*Ulyf.* He would have ten shares.

† *Ajax.* I will knead him, I will make him supple—

*Nest.* He's not yet thorough warm : <sup>s</sup> force him  
with praises :

Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry.

*Ulyf.* My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Ulyf.* Why, 'tis this naming of him doth 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.

*Ulyf.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Ajax.* A whorson dog ! that shall palter thus  
with us——

'Would he were a Trojan !

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

*Ulyf.* If he were proud ?

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise ?

*Ulyf.* Ay, or surly borne ?

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected ?

† *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.

<sup>s</sup> — *force him* —] i. e. stuff him. Farcir, Fr. STEEV.

*Ulyf.*

*Ulys.* 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 yields  
 To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,  
 Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines  
 Thy spacious and dilated parts :—Here's Nestor,  
 Instructed by the antiquary times ;  
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise :—  
 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
 As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,  
 You should not have the eminence of him,  
 But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father ?

*Nest.* Ay, my good son.

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

*Ulys.* There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles  
 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general  
 To call together all his state of war ;  
 Fresh kings are come to Troy : 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.

*Aga.* Go we to council, let Achilles sleep :  
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> *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.

A C T

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The PALACE.**Enter Pandarus and a Servant. [Musick within.*

PANDARUS.

**F**RRIEND! 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 Pandarus.*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.* I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.*Pan.* You know the musicians?*Serv.* Wholly, Sir.*Pan.* Who play they to?*Serv.* To the hearers, Sir.*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?*Pan.* At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.*Serv.* Who shall I command, Sir?*Pan.*



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

*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, Sir. Marry, Sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, <sup>1</sup> love's invisible soul. —

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida?

*Serv.* No, Sir, 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 complimentary 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.

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

*Par.* You have broken 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 so <sup>2</sup> in fits.

<sup>1</sup> — *love's visible soul.*] So HANMER. The other editions have *invisible*, which perhaps may be right, and may mean the *soul of love* invisible every where else. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *in fits.*] i. e. now and then, by fits. STEEVENS.

*Pan.*

*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 words; no, no. <sup>3</sup> 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, <sup>4</sup> with my disposer Cressida.

*Pan.*

<sup>3</sup> *And, my lord, he desires you, —*] Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen, but I have followed the copies. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *— with my DISPOSER Cressida.*] I think *disposer* should, in these places, be read *DISPOUSER*; she that would separate Helen from him. WARBURTON.

*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 spy——

*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 out, 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 <sup>s</sup> sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

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

I do not understand the word *disposer*, nor know what to substitute in its place. There is no variation in the copies. JOHNS.

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 offered 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.

<sup>s</sup> —— *sweet lord*,——] In the quarto *sweet lad*. JOHNS.

*Pan.*

*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 ob, love's bow*

*Shoots buck and doe :*

*The shaft confounds,*

*Not that it wounds,*

*But tickles still the sore.*

*These lovers cry, ob! ob! they die!*

*<sup>6</sup> Yet that which seems the wound to kill,*

*Doth turn ob! ob! to ba! ba! be!*

*So dying love lives still :*

*Ob! ob! a while, but ba! ba! ba!*

*Ob! ob! groans out for ba! ba! ba!*

*Hey ho!*

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

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are 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 afield to-day?

<sup>6</sup> *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,*

*Ob! ob! 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.

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something. You know all, lord Pandarus.

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

*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 ourselves!

*Par.* Sweet. Above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Pandarus's garden.*

*Enter Pandarus and Troilus's 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*

*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 transpittance 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, ' 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 fraid with a

<sup>1</sup> ——— 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 encountering  
The eye of majesty.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now. Swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, <sup>2</sup> 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. So, so; rub on, and 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. <sup>3</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> — we'll put you i' the files.—] Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places.

HANMER.

<sup>3</sup> — 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,” ————— T. T.

*Pan.*

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again! Here's, *In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—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 cherubins; 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 mistress 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

— our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it:—] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head*



go bare, 'till merit crown it : no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present : we will not name desert before his birth ; and, being born, <sup>s</sup> his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressida, 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 you 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 thrown.

*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 ?

*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.

*head shall go bare, 'till merit lower part no affection, in reversion, &c.* Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected ? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> — *his addition shall be bumble.* — ] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON,

I love you now, but not, till now, so much  
 But I might master 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 heavens! 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:

I have a kind of self resides with you;  
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,  
 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 : <sup>6</sup> but you are wise,  
Or else you love not ; <sup>7</sup> 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  
<sup>8</sup> Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;  
How were I then up-lifted ! but alas,  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
<sup>9</sup> 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 !

<sup>6</sup> ——— but you are wise,  
Or else you love not ; 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." JOHNS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— to be wise and love,

Exceeds man's might ; ———] This is from Spenser,  
*Sb. Cal. March.*

" To be wise, and eke to love,

" Is granted scarce to gods above." T. T.

<sup>8</sup> Might be affronted with the match—] I wish " my integrity  
" might be met and matched with such equality and force of  
" pure unmingled love." JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> And simpler than the infancy of truth.] This is fine ; and  
means, " Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the com-  
" merce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly  
" policy." WARBURTON,

True

' 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 <sup>2</sup> plantage to the moon,

' *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.* *Observations and Con-*  
*jectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.*

<sup>2</sup> ——— *plantage to the moon,*] I formerly made a silly con-  
 jecture, that the true reading was,

———— planets to their moons.

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before Galileo had dis-  
 covered 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. 4. od. 6.*

WARRBURTON.

*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.

It is to be considered, that Shakespeare might think he had  
 a right to form or new create a word as well as others had  
 done before him. The termination of words in *age* was very  
 common in the time of our poet. In Holland's translation of  
*Pliny*, tom. ii. p. 12. we meet with the word *gardenage* for *the*  
*berbs of the garden*; and page 96. he says, "Here an end of  
 "gardens and *gardenage*." Shakespeare uses *guardage* for  
*guardianship*. Holland uses *guardenage* in the same sense; and  
*hospitage* is a word we meet with in Spenser. TOLLET.

Shakespeare speaks of *plantain* by its common appellation in  
*Romeo and Juliet* : and 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

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the center——  
 Yet after all comparisons of truth,  
<sup>3</sup> As truth's authentic author to be cited  
*As true as Troilus*, shall crown up the verse,  
 And sanctify the numbers.

*Cre.* Prophet may you be!  
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,  
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
 And mighty states characterless are grated  
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory  
 From false to false, among false maids in love,  
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false  
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;  
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
 As false as Cressid.——

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made. Seal it, seal it; I'll  
 be the witness.——Here I hold your hand; here, my  
 cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another,  
 since I have taken such 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 <sup>4</sup> inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women  
 Cressid's, and all brokers-between Pandars! Say,  
 Amen.

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.” STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> *As TRUTH'S AUTHENTIC AUTHOR to be cited*] Troilus  
 shall crown the verse, as a man to be cited as the authentic author  
 of truth; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *inconstant men*——] So HANMER. In the copies it is  
*constant*. JOHNSON.

*Troi.*

*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 IV.

*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. <sup>5</sup> Appear it to your mind  
That,

<sup>5</sup> ———— *Appear it to you,*

*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 me 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 what he did for his own preservation was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverse*ness is all the editor's own, who interprets,

——— through the fight I have in things to come,  
I have abandon'd Troy———

To

That, <sup>6</sup> through the fight I bear in things, to Jove  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,

Incurr'd

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 con-  
tingences whose existence *they* did not foresee. All that they  
knew was, that if such and such things happened Troy would  
fall. And this secret they communicated to Cassandra only,  
but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others  
knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that Troy could  
not be taken unless Achilles went to the war; another, that it  
could not fall while it had the *palladium*; and so on. But the  
secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.—  
The sense here given will admit of no dispute amongst those  
who know how acceptable a *seer* was amongst the Greeks. So  
that this Calchas, *like a true priest*, if it must needs 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. WARB.

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 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 argu-  
ment is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I  
think, the best explication that it will yet admit. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —— *through the fight I bear in things, to Jove*] This  
passage in all the modern editions is silently depraved, and  
printed thus:

—— through the fight I bear in things to come.

The

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.

*Aga.* 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 o' the 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,  
<sup>7</sup> In most accepted pain.

*Aga.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *love*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *In most accepted pain.*] Sir T. HANMER, and Dr. WARBURTON after him, read,

*In most accepted pay.*

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompence the service I have done, even in these labours which were most accepted. JOHNSON.

What



What he requests of us. Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange :  
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. [*Exit Diomed and Calchas.*]

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.*

*Ulys.* 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 <sup>s</sup> 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.

*Aga.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;  
So do each lord; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What, comes the general to speak with me?  
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Aga.* What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.

*Aga.* The better.

<sup>s</sup> — *derision med'cinable*] All the modern editions have *derision*. 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.

*Achil.*

*Acbil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you? how do you?

*Acbil.* What, does the cuckold scorn me?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus?

*Acbil.* Good-morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha?

*Acbil.* Good-morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

*Acbil.* 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.

*Acbil.* 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, 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!

*Acbil.* What are you reading?

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F

*Ulyss.*

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
Writes me, that man, <sup>9</sup> 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  
' To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,  
(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 its self. This is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,  
It is familiar, but the author's drift:  
Who, <sup>2</sup> in his circumstance, expressly proves  
That no man is the lord of any thing,  
(Tho' in and of him there be much consisting)  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

<sup>9</sup> ——— *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 wish a man." WARRURTON.

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

<sup>1</sup> *To others' eyes, &c.*

(*That most pure spirit, &c.*) These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. POPE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *in his circumstance,*—] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

Till

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 wrapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately

<sup>3</sup> 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,  
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow  
An act, that very chance doth throw upon him,  
Ajax renown'd! Oh heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do!

<sup>4</sup> How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,  
While others play the idiots in her eyes!  
How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is <sup>5</sup> feasting in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords! why even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrinking.

*Acbil.* I do believe it:

For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,  
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look.  
What! are my deeds forgot?

<sup>3</sup> *The unknown Ajax.*] Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *How some men CREEP in skittish Fortune's hall,*] To creep is to keep out of fight from whatever motive. . Some men keep out of notice in the ball of Fortune, while others, though they but play the idiot, are always in her eye, in the way of distinction.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *feasting* —] Folio. The quarto has *fasting*. Either word may bear a good sense. JOHNSON.

*Ulyss.* <sup>6</sup> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great fiz'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: <sup>7</sup> perseverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright: to *have* done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 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 forth-right,  
 Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindmost <sup>8</sup>:  
 Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement <sup>9</sup> to the abject rear,  
 ' O'er run and trampled on: then what they do in  
 present,

<sup>6</sup> *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. JOHNS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *perseverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,  
 For honour, &c.*] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson's former edition reads,

————— perseverance keeps honour bright:  
 To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,  
 Like rusty nail in monumental mockery. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *and there you lie:*] These words are not in the fol. JOHN. Nor in any other copy that I have seen. I have given the passage as I found it in the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *to the abject rear,*] So HANMER. All the editors before him read,

————— to the abject, *near.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *O'er-run, &c.*] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmost, then what they do in present.  
 The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,  
 Or like a gallant horse——— JOHNSON.

Tho' 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;  
 But 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; <sup>2</sup> 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—  
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
 Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;  
<sup>3</sup> 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,

<sup>2</sup> 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  
 numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakespeare.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *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 pre-  
 sume, 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 received by the succeeding editors,  
 but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption  
 than such as Shakespeare'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.

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
 And still it might, and yet it may again,  
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
 4 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
 And drave great Mars to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacy  
 I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.* '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,  
 5 Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;  
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;  
 6 Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the gods,  
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
 There is a mystery (? with which relation  
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;

4 *Made emulous missions*——] *Missions*, for *divisions*, i. e. going 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.

5 *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 4.

“ 'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold

“ Lock'd in the heart of earth”—— STEEVENS.

6 *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.

7 —— (with which relation  
*Durst never meddle*)——] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. JOHNS.  
 Which

Which hath an operation more divine,  
 Than breath, or pen, can give expreffure to.  
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy  
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;  
 And better would it fit Achilles much,  
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena.  
 But it muſt grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
 When fame ſhall in our iſlands found her trump ;  
 And all the Greekiſh girls ſhall tripping ſing,  
*Great Hector's ſiſter did Achilles win ;*  
*But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.*  
 Farewell, my lord. I, as your lover, ſpeak ;  
 The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break.

[Exit.

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:  
 A woman, impudent and mannish grown,  
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
 In time of action—I ſtand condemn'd for this ;  
 They think my little ſtomach to the war,  
 And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus.  
 Sweet, rouse yourſelf ; and the weak wanton Cupid  
 Shall from your neck unloofe his amorous fold,  
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
 Be ſhook <sup>8</sup> 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.  
<sup>9</sup> Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary

<sup>8</sup> ——— to air.] So the quarto. The folio,  
 ——— to airy air. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> 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.



Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;  
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
 Even then, when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Therfites hither, sweet Patroclus :  
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him  
 To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,  
 To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,  
 An appetite that I am sick withal,  
 To see great Hector in the weeds of peace ;  
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

*Enter Therfites.*

Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd !

*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 <sup>1</sup> with a politic regard, as  
 who should say, there were wit in his 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, language-less, a monster.

<sup>1</sup> — *with a politic regard,* —] With a *fly look.* JOHNS.

A plague

A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my embassador to him, Therfites.

*Ther.* Who, I?—why, he'll answer 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 his 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 ye 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

will be in him, when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: but, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

*Acbil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Tber.* Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

*Acbil.* My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exit.

*Tber.* '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.

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV. SCENE 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.*

PARIS.

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,

*Æne.*

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant Sir,  
<sup>1</sup> 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 the 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.* <sup>2</sup> 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 ! <sup>3</sup> By Venus' hand I swear,  
 No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
 The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

<sup>1</sup> *During all question of the gentle truce:]* I once thought to read,

During all *quiet* of the gentle truce.  
 But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *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's 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. THEOB.

<sup>3</sup> *By Venus' hand I swear,]* This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for Diomedes wounding his mother in the hand. WARBURTON.

I believe Shakespeare 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 despightful, 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 bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord, we'll follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow, all. [Exit.

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed, tell me true,  
Even in the soul of good sound fellowship,  
Who in your thoughts merits fair Helen most;  
Myself, or Menelaus?

*Dio.* Both alike,

† *His purpose meets you;—*] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

He

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,  
 (Not making any scruple of her foilure)  
 With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;  
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her,  
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonour)  
 With such a costly los of wealth and friends.  
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
 The lees and dregs of <sup>5</sup> a flat tamed piece;  
 You, like a letcher, out of whorish loins  
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.  
<sup>6</sup> Both merits pois'd, each weighs no 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,  
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

<sup>5</sup> ——— a flat tam'd piece;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> 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* flaked down, *which is the heavier*.

JOHNSON.

As the quarto reads,

———— *the* heavier for a whore,

I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense appears to be this: the merits of either are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet. STEEV.

But

But we in filence hold this virtue well ;——

<sup>7</sup> We'll not commend what we intend to fell.

Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Pandarus's 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. <sup>1</sup> 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 a weary of me ?

*Troi.* O Cressida ! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
I would not from thee.

*Cre.* Night hath been too brief.

*Troi.* Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights  
she stays,

<sup>2</sup> As tediously as hell ; but flies the grasps of love,

<sup>7</sup> *We'll not commend what we intend to fell.*] I believe the meaning is only this : though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the feller's. We intend to fell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read, *not fell.* STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, requires we should read *condemn.* T. T.

<sup>1</sup> — *Sleep kill* —] So the old copies. The moderns have,  
—— *Sleep seal* —— JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *As tediously* ——] The folio has,

*As hideously as hell.* JOHNSON.

With

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 tarried. Hark! there's  
one up.

*Pan.* [*within.*] What's all the doors open here?

*Troi.* It is your uncle.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*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?  
Hear you! maid! Where's my cousin Cressida?

*Cre.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!  
You bring me to do, 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 never  
be good, nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha! ha! alas, poor wretch! <sup>3</sup> a poor Ca-  
pocchia!—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.

<sup>3</sup> — a poor *Chipocchia!* —] 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 *capocchio*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOBALD.

*Troi.*



*Troi.* Ha, ha! ———

*Cre.* Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. ———

How earnestly they knock! ——— Pray 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.

*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 aware:  
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 <sup>4</sup> matter is so rash. There is at hand  
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
<sup>5</sup> Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,

<sup>4</sup> — matter is so rash. —] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Deliver'd to us, &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus,  
Delivered to him, and forthwith. JOHNSON.

Ere

Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
The lady Cressida.

*Troi.* 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 achievements mock me!  
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,  
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; ' the secrets of  
neighbour Pandar  
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt.

*Enter Cressida.*

*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!

*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?

<sup>6</sup> ——— *the secrets of nature,*

*Have not more gift in taciturnity.*] This is the reading of  
both the elder folios: but the first verse manifestly halts, and  
betrays its being defective. Mr. POPE substitutes

——— 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  
philosophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has allusions  
of this sort in several other passages. THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the old quarto. So great is the  
necessity of collation. JOHNSON.

*Pan.* 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

*Cre.* O the gods! what's the matter?

*Pan.* Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would thou hadst 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 'Beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must go 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 foul 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.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Pandarus's house.*

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Diomedes, &c.*

*Par.* It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek

2

Comes

Comes fast upon : good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose.

*Troi.* Walk into 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.

*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's house.*

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cre.* Why tell you me of moderation ?

' The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it ?  
If I could temporize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,

<sup>1</sup> *The grief, &c.*] The folio reads,  
The grief is fine, full perfect, that I taste,  
And no less in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it. —

The quarto otherwise,  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And *violenteth* in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it. —

*Violenteth* is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps  
it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority.

JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. The modern reading was,  
And in its sense is no less strong, than that  
Which causeth it. — STEEVENS.

The like allayment could I give my grief :  
My love admits no qualifying dross ;

*Enter Troilus.*

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*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 :

*Ob heart!* (as the goodly faying is)

*O heart! O heavy heart!*

*Why sigh'st thou without breaking?*

where he answers again;

*Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,*

*By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There was never 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 <sup>2</sup> strain'd a purity,  
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

*Cre.* Have the gods envy?

*Pan.* Ay, ay; ay, ay, it is 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.

<sup>2</sup> — *strain'd* —] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have *strange*. JOHNSON.

We

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 farewells 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?

*Troi.* Hark! you are call'd. Some say the genius fo  
 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 Greeks!—  
 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;  
 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.

<sup>3</sup> 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.  
The Grecian youths are full of quality,  
They are loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature  
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;  
How novelties may move, and parts \* with person,  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)  
Makes me affear'd.

*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, 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-discoursive devil,  
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted,

*Cre.* Do you think I will ?

*Troi.* 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 ?

\* —— *with person,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,  
*with portion.* STEEVENS.

*Troi,*

*Troi.* Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;  
 While others fish, with craft, for great opinion,  
 I, with great truth, <sup>5</sup> catch mere simplicity.  
 While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
 Fear not my truth; <sup>6</sup> the moral of my wit  
 Is, *plain and true*, 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:—  
 At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,  
 And by the way <sup>7</sup> 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 Ilium.

*Dio.* Fair lady Cressid,  
 So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:  
 The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
 Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
 You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Troi.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
<sup>8</sup> To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,  
 In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,

She

<sup>5</sup> ——— catch mere simplicity.] The meaning, I think, is, while others, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— 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.

<sup>7</sup> ——— possess thee what she is.] I will make thee fully understand. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> To shame the SEAL of my petition towards thee,  
 By praising her.——] To shame the seal of a petition is nonsense. Shakespeare wrote,

To shame the ZEAL——



She is as far high-foaring 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,  
 Tho' the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
 I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* Oh, 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 <sup>9</sup> my list ; and know, my lord,  
 I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth  
 She shall be priz'd ; but that you say, be't so ;  
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour—no.

*Troi.* 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.* 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 in the field.

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault, Come, come, to field  
 with him.

*Dio.* Let us make ready strait,

<sup>10</sup> *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.*

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.

<sup>9</sup> — *my list* ; —] This, I think, is right, though both the old copies read *lust*. JOHNSON.

<sup>10</sup> *Æneas.*] These four lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

## S C E N E V.

*The Grecian camp.**Enter Ajax armed, 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<sup>2</sup> 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 day.

*Aga.* Is not yond' 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.

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular;  
 'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

<sup>2</sup> — bias cheek] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

JOHNSON.

*Nest.*

*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.* <sup>2</sup> Both take and give.

*Cre.* <sup>3</sup> 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 are 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 fworn.

*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.

<sup>2</sup> *Both take and give.*] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. T. T.

<sup>3</sup> *I'll make my match to live.*] I will make such *bargains* as I may live by, *such as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worse kifs than I give. JOHNSON.

*Cre.*

*Cre.* <sup>4</sup> Why, beg then.

*Ulyss.* Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,  
When Helen is a maid again, and his——

*Cre.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

*Ulyss.* <sup>5</sup> Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomed leads out Cressida.*]

*Nest.* A woman of quick sense!

*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 <sup>6</sup> motive of her body.

Oh, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

They give <sup>7</sup> a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down

For <sup>8</sup> sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

*Enter Hector, Æneas, Troilus, &c. and attendants.*

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet!

*Aga.* Yonder comes the troop.

<sup>4</sup> *Why, beg then.*] For the sake of rhyme we should read,

Why beg *two*.

If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNS.

<sup>5</sup> *Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.*] I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulysses beg a kiss; 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 kiss for you.

But I rather think that Ulysses means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —— *motive of her body.*] *Motive for part that contributes to motion.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *a coasting* ——] An amorous address; courtship. JOHNS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *sluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

*Æne.*

*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 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 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;

<sup>9</sup> *'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.

*Aga. 'Tis done like Hector, and 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. THEOB.

As the old copies agree, I have made no change. JOHNS.

<sup>1</sup> *Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;*] Shakespeare'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.

And

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, come 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  
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

*Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already.

*Aga.* What Trojan is that same 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 dignifies <sup>2</sup> an impair thought with breath:  
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
 For Hector in his blaze of wrath <sup>3</sup> 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

<sup>2</sup> — *an impair thought* —] A thought suitable 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.

<sup>3</sup> — *Hector* — *subscribes*

*To tender objects*; —] That is, *yields, gives way*. JOHNS.

Even

Even to his inches ; and with private foul,  
Did in great Ilion \* thus translate him to me.

[*Alarm. Hector and Ajax fight.*

*Aga.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

*Troi.* Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!

*Aga.* His blows are well dispos'd.—There, Ajax!

[*Trumpets cease.*

*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 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 gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus.—

Cousin, all honour to thee!—

*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:

\* ——— thus translate him to me.] Thus explain his character. JOHNSON.

I came

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition earned in thy death.

*Hect.* <sup>5</sup> Not Neoptolemus so mirable,  
(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,  
Cries, *this is he*) could promise to himself  
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

*Æne.*

<sup>5</sup> Not Neoptolemus SO MIRABLE,

(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,  
Cries, *this is he*;) could promise to himself, &c.] 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 appren-  
"tissage in war, under the Grecian generals, and on that  
"account called *Νεοπτόλεμος*) dare himself entertain such a  
"thought." But Shakespeare meant another sort of man, as  
is evident from,

On whose bright crest, &c.

Which characterises one who goes foremost and alone: and can  
therefore suit only *one*, which *one* was Achilles; as Shakespeare  
himself has drawn him,

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns

The *sinew* and the *forehand* 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 Shakespeare wrote,

Not Neoptolemus's SIRE 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 Shakespeare 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 de-  
scribed as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, it is  
not



*Æne.* There is expectance here from both the sides,  
What further you will do.

*Hec.* <sup>6</sup> 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.

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 Hamner,

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 characterise 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.

Shakespeare certainly uses Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Successe 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." STEEV.
- <sup>6</sup> *We'll answer it.*] That is, answer the *expectance*. JOHNS.

*Dio.*

*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Hec.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expectors of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;  
I will go eat with thee, and see ' your knights.

*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

*Hec.* The worthiest of them tell me, name by name;  
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Aga.* <sup>8</sup> Worthy of arms! 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.

*Hec.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

*Aga.* My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[*To Troilus.*

*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:  
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *your knights.*] The word *knight* as often as it occurs  
is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the  
memory of Amadis and his followers, rather than that of the  
mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan  
war. Some apology may be found indeed for the word *knight*;  
but when Mr. Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, says,

“ All bright in heavenly arms above his *squire*

“ Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire:”

And again,

“ All mount their chariots, combatants and *squires* :”

I own I cannot reconcile myself to the expression. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Worthy of arms!* ——— ] Folio. Worthy all arms!  
Quarto. The quarto has only the two first and the last line of  
this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a re-  
vision. JOHNSON.

*Heñ.* Whom must we answer ?

*Æne.* The noble Menelaus.

*Heñ.* O—you, my lord?—by Mars his gauntlet,  
thanks !

¶ Mock not that I affect the untraded oath,  
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove :  
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now, Sir; she's a deadly theme.

*Heñ.* 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,  
¹ And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' the air,  
Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;  
That I have said unto my standers-by,  
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !  
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen :  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandfire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good ;  
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee ;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Æne.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Heñ.* 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,

² As they contend with thee in courtesy.

¶ *Mock not, &c.*] The quarto has here a strange corruption:  
Mock not *thy affect*, the untraded earth. JOHNSON.

¹ *And seen thee scorning forfeits*—] Folio. The quarto has,  
—— despising many *forfeits*—— JOHNSON.

² *As they contend*—] This line is not in the quarto. JOHNS.

*Heñ.*

*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 the 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 bus 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.* <sup>3</sup> I shall forestal thee, lord Ulysses—Thou!—  
<sup>4</sup> Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

<sup>3</sup> *I shall forestal thee, lord Ulysses—Thou!—*] Should we not read—*though*? Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I shall draw him first into mine. T. T.

<sup>4</sup> *Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;*] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector is taken from Lidgate. See page 178. STEEVENS.

*Heſt.* Stand fair, I pr'ythee. Let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Heſt.* 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.

*Heſt.* 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 oppreſs me with thine eye ?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his  
body

Shall I deſtroy him ? whether 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 !

*Heſt.* It would diſcredit the bleſt gods, proud man,  
To answer ſuch a queſtion. Stand again :  
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,  
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,  
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Heſt.* Wert thou the 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 ſtithied 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 intreat you to be odd with him.

*Heſt.* I pray you, let us ſee you in the fields :  
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd  
The Grecians' cauſe.

*Acil.* Dost thou intreat 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 we: afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally intreat him.  
⁵ 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 thee so much,  
After you part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, Sir.—  
But, 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 lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *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.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Achilles's tent.**Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

ACHILLES.

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 Therfites.*Enter Therfites.**Achil.* How now, thou core of envy?<sup>1</sup> Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and  
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.*Achil.* From whence, fragment?*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?*Ther.* <sup>2</sup> 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's male-varlet.

<sup>1</sup> *Thou crusty batch of nature,——*] *Batch* is changed by  
Theobald to *botch*, and the change is justified by a pompous  
note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*.  
What is more strange, Hanmer has followed him. *Batch* is any  
thing *baked*. JOHNSON.

*Batch* does not signify any thing *baked*, but all that is *baked*  
at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So Ben Jonson  
in his *Cataline* :

“ Except he were of the same meal and *batch*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The surgeon's box,——*] In this answer Therfites only quibbles  
upon the word *tent*. HANMER.

*Patr.*

*Patr.* <sup>3</sup> 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, <sup>4</sup> cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, <sup>5</sup> you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, <sup>6</sup> thou idle immaterial skeyn of slei'd filk, 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!

*Patr.* <sup>7</sup> Out, gall!

<sup>3</sup> *Male-varlet*,——] HANMER reads *male-barlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *cold palsies*,——] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —— *you ruinous*, &c.] Patroclus reproaches Therites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —— *thou idle immaterial skein of slei'd filk*,——] All the terms used by Therites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Out, gall!*] HANMER reads *nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *snob-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.



*Ther.* <sup>8</sup> 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;

<sup>9</sup> 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:

Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour, or go, or stay,

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.

Come, come, Therfites, help to trim my tent,

This night in banquetting milt 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 mad-  
men. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough,  
and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much  
brain as ear-wax: <sup>1</sup> and the goodly transformation of  
Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive  
statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty  
shooing-

<sup>8</sup> *Finch egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact  
meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as im-  
plying 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 terms of reproach  
it is difficult always to pronounce the exact meaning. STEEV.

<sup>9</sup> *A token from her daughter, &c.*] This is a circumstance  
taken from the story book of the three destructions of Troy.

HANMER.

<sup>1</sup> — and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother,  
the bull, the primitive statue, and OBLIQUE memorial of cuckolds;]  
He calls *Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as  
himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of his horns, which  
he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue  
of cuckolds*; i. e. his story had made him so famous, that he  
stood as the great archetype of his character. 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 im-  
plies.

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<sup>2</sup> forced with wit, turn him? To an ass were nothing, he is both ass and ox. To an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizzard, 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-day,<sup>3</sup> spirits and fires!

plies. 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 Therfites 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's evaded. WARRURTON.

The author of *The Revival* observes (after having controverted every other 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.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *forced with wit,*—] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery.—In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By *loving quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is a bird remarkably salacious. Mr. UPTON says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this quality in the bird. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Spirits and fires!*] This Therfites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomed, with lights.*

*Aga.* 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.

*Enter Achilles.*

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector. Welcome, princes all.

*Aga.* 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 drouth. Sweet, quoth a. Sweet sink! Sweet sewer!

*Achil.* Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

*Aga.* Good night.

*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.*]

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he

he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. <sup>4</sup> He will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel 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 dog him: <sup>5</sup> they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent. I'll after—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Calchas's 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 (undiscovered by Diomed); after them Thersites (unseen by Troilus and Ulysses).*

*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.

<sup>4</sup> —He will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabler the hound;—] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says, *Brabbling curs never want fore ears.* ANON.

<sup>5</sup> —they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,—] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lidgate. STEEVENS.

*Ther.*

*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take  
her cliff. She's noted.

*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  
forforn.——

*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!

*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!

' — *her cliff*.] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.  
See *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio,  
employing musical terms, says,

“ — Will none but my *C. cliff* serve your turn.” STEEV.  
*Ulyss.*

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off.

<sup>2</sup> 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.

*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.

*Tber.* How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potatoe finger tickles these together! Fry, letchery, fry!

*Dio.* But will you then?

*Cre.* In faith I will la; never trust me else.

<sup>2</sup> *You flew 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 distraction*, 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.

*Dio.*

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cre.* I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*]

*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.*

*Tber.* Now the pledge; now, now, now!

*Cre.* Here, Diomed, <sup>3</sup> keep this sleeve.

*Troi.* O beauty! where's 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 it 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 prythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

*Tber.* Now she sharpens.—Well said, whetstone.

*Dio.* I shall have it.

*Cre.* What, this?

*Dio.* Ay, that.

*Cre.* O, all ye 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,

+ As I kiss thee.—— [Diomed snatches the sleeve.

Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

<sup>3</sup> —— *keep this sleeve.*] The custom of wearing a lady's sleeve for a favour, is mentioned in *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 12.—

“One ware on his head-piece his lady's sleeve, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling.” STEEVENS.

+ 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.*

*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.

*Dio.* I will have this. Whose was it?

*Cre.* 'Tis 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.* <sup>5</sup> 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.

*Tber.* 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.* Farewell 'till then.

[*Exit.*

*Cre.* Good night. I pr'ythee, come.

<sup>5</sup> By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,] i. e. the stars which she points to. WARBURTON.



6 Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;  
 7 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.* 8 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 recodation 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,

9 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As

6 The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lidgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically; he does not sufficiently dwell on the infamy of the latter: to have furnished Shakespeare 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 never known or seen,

“ Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean.”

STEEVENS.

7 *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. T. T.

8 *A proof of strength she could not publish more,*] She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

9 *That doth invert that test of eyes and ears;*] What test? Troilus had been particularizing none in his foregoing words,

10

As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. ' 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 woman-hood !  
Think we had mothers ; do not give advantage  
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 foil  
our mothers ?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ulyss. Will he swagger himself out of his 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,  
<sup>2</sup> If there be rule in unity itself,  
This is not she. O madness of discourse !

That

to govern or require the *relative* here. I rather think, the words are to be thus split ;

That doth invert *she 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.

<sup>1</sup> *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *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.—

VOL. IX.

I

But

That cause sets up with and against itself!

<sup>3</sup> Bi-fold authority! <sup>4</sup> 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  
<sup>5</sup> As Arachne's broken woof to enter.

But I know not how to apply the word in this sense to *unity*.  
I read,

If there be rule in *purity* itself,  
Or, If there be rule in *verity* itself.

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.

<sup>3</sup> *Bi-fold authority!*———] This is the reading of the  
quarto. The folio gives us,

*By soul 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.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *where reason can revolt*

*Without perdition, and loss assume all reason*

*Without revolt;*———] The words *loss* and *perdition* are  
used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition*  
of *reason*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *As 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; but one of the  
quarto's reads with the folio, *Ariachna's broken woof*, and the  
other *Ariathna's*. It is not impossible that Shakespeare 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 *Humeur 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.” STEEVENS.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates!  
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;  
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself!  
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd:  
 And with another <sup>6</sup> knot five-finger-tied,  
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
 Of her <sup>7</sup> o'er-eaten faith, are given to Diomed.

*Ulyss.* <sup>8</sup> 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  
 Inflamm'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 in his helm;  
 Were it a cask compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,  
 Which ship-men 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.

*Tber.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Troi.* 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.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *knot five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *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.

<sup>8</sup> *May worthy Troilus* ———] Can Troilus really feel on this occasion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses. JOHNSON.

*Enter Æneas.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my lord: Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy.

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Troi.* Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! And, Diomed, stand fast, <sup>9</sup> and wear a castle on thy head!

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Troi.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

*Tber.* 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed, I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode, Patroclus would give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will do no more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Letchery, 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.

<sup>9</sup> — *and wear a castle on thy head!*] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common proof. The same thought occurs in *Henry IV.* page 1.

“ We steal as in a castle cock-sure.”

Agair, in *The little French Lawyer* of Beaumont and Fletcher,

“ \_\_\_\_\_ but use

“ That noble courage I have seen, and we

“ Shall fight as in a castle.” — STEEVENS.

*Hec.*

*Hec.* You train me to offend you: get you in.  
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

• *And.* <sup>1</sup> My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

*Hec.* No more, I say.

*Enter Cassandra.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
Consort 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.

*Hec.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

*Cas.* No notes of fally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother.

*Hec.* Be gone, 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 were as lawful  
<sup>2</sup> For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* <sup>3</sup> It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;  
But vows to every purpose must not hold.  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

<sup>1</sup> The hint for this dream of Andromache, is taken from Lidgate. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> 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 were as lawful

For we would count give much to as violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> 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.

*Hec.*

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;  
 Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :  
 Life every man holds dear ; but the <sup>4</sup> 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,  
 5 Which better fits a lion, than a man.

*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 love of all the gods,  
 Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother :

<sup>4</sup> — dear man] Valuable man. The modern editions read, brave man.

The repetition of the word is in our author's manner. JOHNS.  
<sup>5</sup> Which better fits a lion, —] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. JOHNSON.

And

And when we have our armour buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie!

*Troi.* Hector, thus 'tis in wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

*Troi.* Who should with-hold 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-galled <sup>6</sup> 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 and 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  
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

<sup>6</sup> ——— with recourse of tears;] i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. WARBURTON.



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.* <sup>7</sup> 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 !  
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless anticks, one another meet,  
And all cry,—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

*Troi.* Away !——Away !——

*Cas.* Farewell. Yet, soft. Hector, I take my leave :  
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :  
Go in and cheer the town : we'll forth and fight ;  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Priam.* Farewell. The gods with safety stand  
about thee ! [*Alarm.*]

*Troi.* They are at it ; hark ! Proud Diomed, believe,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve <sup>8</sup>.

*Enter*

<sup>7</sup> O farewell, dear Hector !] The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra was copied by the author from Lidgate.

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> According to the old editions, this scene is succeeded by the following one between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, as the two 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,

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

*Troi.* What now?

*Pan.* Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

*Troi.* Let me read.

*Pan.* A whoreson phthific, a whoreson rascally phthific fo troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing and 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.

*Pan.* Why, but hear you——

*Troi.* <sup>9</sup> Hence, broker lacquey! ignominy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exeunt.*]

manner. The conclusion of the play 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 two lines already mentioned, are to be found. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Hence, *brothel, laquey!*——] 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.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

*Between Troy and the camp.*

[*Alarm.*] *Enter Therstites.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy, doating, 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 on a sleeveless errand. <sup>1</sup> 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 will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin <sup>2</sup> to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

*Enter Diomed and Troilus.*

Soft!—here comes sleeve, and t'other.

*Troi.* Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> — to proclaim barbarism, —] To set up the authority of ignorance to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

*Dio.*

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire:—

I do not fly; but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.

Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*]

*Tber.* 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?

*Tber.* No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing  
knave; a very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do believe thee:—Live. [*Exit.*]

*Tber.* 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  
swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle.  
Yet, in a fort, litchery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

*The same.*

*Enter Diomed and Servant.*

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse,  
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,

<sup>3</sup> *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.

*Enter*

*Enter Agamemnon.*

*Aga.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas  
Hath beat down Menon; <sup>1</sup> bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner;  
And stands Coloffus-wise, waving his beam  
Upon the pashed coarſes of the kings,  
Epistrophus and Cedus. Polyxenus is slain;  
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;  
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruis'd: <sup>2</sup> 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 are a thouſand Hectors in the field:

<sup>1</sup> — *bastard Margarelon*] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*. THEOBALD.

The circumstance was taken from *Lidgate*, page 194.

“ Which when the valiant knight, Margarelon,

“ One of king Priam's bastard children,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *the dreadful ſagittary*

*Appals our numbers:—*] “ Beyond the royallme of  
“ Amalonne came an auncyent kynge, wyſe and dyscreete,  
“ named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a  
“ mervayllouſe beſte that was called SAGITTARYE, that be-  
“ hynde the myddes was an horſe, and to fore, a man: this  
“ beſte was heery lyke an horſe, and had his eyen rede as a  
“ cole, and ſhotte well with a bowe: *this beſte made the Grskes*  
“ *ſore aſerde, 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 *Lidgate*, page 174.

STEEVENS.

Now,

Now, here he fights <sup>3</sup> on Galathe his horse,  
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,  
 And there they fly or die, like <sup>4</sup> scaled sculls  
 Before the belching whales; then is he yonder,  
 And there <sup>5</sup> 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.* Oh, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles  
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:  
 Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsy blood,  
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
 That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him,  
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
 Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day  
 Mad and fantastick execution;  
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,  
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,  
 As if that luck in very spite of cunning  
 Bade him win all.

<sup>3</sup> — on Galathe his horse,] From *The Three Destructions of Troy* is taken this name given to Hector's horse. THEOBALD.

“ Cal'd Galathe (the which is said to have been  
 “ The goodliest horse,” &c. *Lidgate*, page 142.

Again, page 175.

“ And fought, by all the means he could, to take  
 “ Galathe, Hector's horse,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — scaled sculls] Sculls are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from a little book called *The English Expofitor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — the strawy Greeks, —] In the folio it is,  
 — the *straying* Greeks, — JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*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 me 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.

*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.* Oh, traitor, Diomed! turn thy false face,  
thou traitor,

And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse!

*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not look upon.

*Troi.* Come both, ' you cogging Greeks, have at  
you both. [Exeunt, fighting.

<sup>1</sup> — you cogging Greeks, —] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia Mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in respect of Diomed at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. STEVENS.

*Enter*

*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 shall 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,  
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,  
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!  
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

*Enter one in armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly mark:  
No? wilt thou not? \* I like thy armour well;  
I'll

\* — *I like thy armour well;*] This circumstance is taken from Lidgate's poem, page 196.

“ — Guido in this historie doth shew

“ By worthy Hector's fall, who coveting

“ To have the sumptuous armor of that king, &c.

“ So



I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,  
 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 arms.  
 Follow me, Sirs, and my proceedings eye:  
 It is decreed, Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

“ 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 Shakespeare with the hint for the following line:

I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, Greek. STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> *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. I am indebted for this information to E. Smith's *Compleat Huswife*, published in 1741. Holinshed, describing the soldiers of Richmond, making themselves ready, says, “ they bent their bows, and “ *frushed* their feathers.” Of the word *frush* in this last instance, I know not the exact meaning. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.*

*Ther.* The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull! now dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! 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: farewell, bastard.

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.]*

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Hector.*

*Hec.* Most putrefied core, so fair without!—  
Thy goodly armour, thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my 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:

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K

Even

<sup>1</sup> Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* <sup>2</sup> I am unarm'd. Forego this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* <sup>3</sup> 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 hath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the  
earth,

<sup>4</sup> And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My

<sup>1</sup> *Even with the vail*—] The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *I am unarm'd. Forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lidgate'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. There may, however, be variation in the copies, of which there are very many.—Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such book as Hanmer mentions.

“Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand

“Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles

“Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,

“The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour

“As faint Achilles in the Trojan's death.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Strike, fellows, strike*;—] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. OXFORD EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup> *And, stickler-like*,—] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by SIDNEY. “Anthony” (says Sir 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

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.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,  
 and the rest marching.*

*Aga.* 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 is so, yet bragless let it be;  
 Great Hector was as good a man as he.

*Aga.* March hastily 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.

*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!

rying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the combatants. We now call them *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*." STREEVENS.  
 ' *Never go home, &c.*] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

*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 Troy!  
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 eye be call'd,  
Go into 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;  
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-siz'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 phrenzy's thoughts.—  
Strike a free march to Troy!—With comfort go;  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exit *Æneas*, &c.]

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you?

*Troi.* <sup>2</sup> Hence, broker lacquey! ignominy and shame  
[*Strikes him.*

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> Hence, broker lacquey!—] So the quarto. The folio  
has *brother*. JOHNSON.

*Pan.*

*Pan.* A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd! Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set à work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so <sup>3</sup> 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 Pandar's hall, Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall; Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, Though not for me, yet for your aching bones. Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade, Some two months hence my will shall here be made: It should be now, but that my fear is this—  
 + Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:  
 Till then, I'll <sup>5</sup> sweat, and seek about for eases;  
 And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Loved,*—] Quarto; *desired*, folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Some galled goose of Winchester*—] The public stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester.

POPE.

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester 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 a 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.” STEEV.

<sup>5</sup> — *sweat,*—] Quarto; *swear*, folio. JOHNSON.

THIS play is more correctly written than most of Shakespeare'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. Shakespeare 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 honored now living instance of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Effexe, Earl Marshall, &c.* STEEVENS.

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.



## 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 doctor.*

*Two Gentlemen.*

*Queen, wife to Cymbeline.*

Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions,  
a Scotsfayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other  
Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in BRITAIN; sometimes in ITALY.*

# C Y M B E L I N E.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Cymbeline's palace in Britain.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

I GENTLEMAN.

**Y**OU do not meet a man, but frowns : our  
bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers<sup>1</sup>  
Still seem, as does the king's.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

*1 Gent.*

<sup>1</sup> Mr. POPE supposed the story of this play to have been taken 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 novellist, as from Shakespeare, 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. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *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 preceding words,

You do not meet a man but *frowns*.

And

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,  
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow,  
That 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 look, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scoul at.

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 *scoul* at. ———

The *Oxford Editor* improves upon this emendation, and reads,  
————— our *looks*

No 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 emenda-  
tions proposed, Hanmer'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 improve-  
ment: 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.

2 *Gent.*

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 him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself;  
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;

<sup>3</sup> I DO EXTEND him, Sir, within himself;] I extend him  
within himself: my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his  
merit. JOHNSON.

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.

Breeds

Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :  
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
 Could make him the receiver of ; which he took  
 As we do air, fast as 'twas ministred, and  
 In his spring became a harvest : † liv'd in court,  
 (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 that guided dotards. To his mistress,  
 For whom he now is banished, 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 sole child to the king ?

† ————— liv'd in court,

(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd :] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised is truly rare. JOHNSON.

† 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. *Mirror* 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 Mirror 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 *feare the more mature*, as displaying excellencies which they have arrived at maturity without attaining! To *feare*, is here, as in other places, to *fright*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson is mistaken as to the reading of the folio, which is *feated*. The page of the copy which he consulted is very faintly printed ; but I have seen another since, which plainly gives this reading. STEEVENS.

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.

1 *Gent.*

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 convey'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 gentleman,

The queen, and princess.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendants.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,  
daughter,

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

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  
(<sup>1</sup> 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,  
<sup>2</sup> Though ink be made of gall.

*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.]

<sup>1</sup> (*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. JOHNS.

<sup>2</sup> *Though ink be made of gall.*] Shakespeare, even in this poor 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 galls* 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. STEEV.

*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 my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death! Remain, remain thou here  
[*Putting on the ring.*

<sup>3</sup> While sense can keep thee 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.

<sup>3</sup> *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.*

STEVENS.

*Post.*



*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 shouldst repair my youth, & thou heapest  
A year's age on me.

*Imo.* I beseech you, Sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I  
Am senseless of your wrath; <sup>5</sup> a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

• \* ————— thou heapest

*A year's age on me.]* Dr. Warburton reads,  
A year's 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 sufficient, without some example, to justify the alteration. HANMER'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 mistaken when he says that *yare* is used only as a personal quality. See *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

Their ships are *yare*, yours heavy.

*Yare*, however, will by no means apply to Dr. Warburton's sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ————— 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 deam 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 difficulty. *A touch more rare*, may mean a nobler passion. JOHNS.

*Cym.*

*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

*Cym.* Thou 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 <sup>6</sup> puttock.

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst 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 play-fellow; 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.

*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.

<sup>6</sup> ——— a puttock.] A kite. JOHNSON.

*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:

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard.  
For this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

## 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's damn'd.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, 'her beauty and

1 — *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.

her brain go not together. \* 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.*]

## 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'dst 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 with thee?

\* — *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.

\* ————— '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 me, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal. STEEVENS.

*Pis.* 'Twas, " His queen, his queen !"

*Imo.* Then wavy'd his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen, happier therein than I !  
And that was, all ?

*Pis.* No, madam ; <sup>2</sup> for so long  
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 stirs 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  
'em, but

To look upon him ; <sup>3</sup> till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle :

<sup>2</sup> ——— 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 he might to the other's ear : and this was certainly Shakespeare'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.

<sup>3</sup> ——— '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.

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 <sup>4</sup> next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,  
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; <sup>5</sup> or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words; comes in my father;  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,  
<sup>6</sup> Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

<sup>4</sup> ——— next vantage.] Next opportunity. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— or ere I could

*Give him that parting kiss, which I had set*

*Betwixt two charming words;—*] Dr. WARBURTON pro-  
nounces 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.

<sup>6</sup> *Shakes all our buds from growing.*] A bud, without any  
distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural represen-  
tation 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.

*Imo.*

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them dif-  
 patch'd  
 I will attend the queen.  
*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

*Changes to Rome.*

*Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman.*

*Iach.* 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.

*Pbil.* You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which <sup>1</sup> makes him both without and within.

*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) <sup>2</sup> words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

*French.* And then his banishment.

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce <sup>3</sup> under her colours, are wonderfully to extend her; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for

<sup>1</sup> — makes him —] In the sense in which we say, This will make or mar you. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — words him — a great deal from the matter.] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — under her colours, —] Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNSON.



taking a beggar <sup>4</sup> without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Pbil.* 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 curtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad <sup>5</sup> 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; <sup>6</sup> 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

<sup>4</sup> — *without more quality.* —] The folio reads *less quality*. Mr. ROWE first made the alteration. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *I did atone, &c.*] To *atone* signifies in this place to reconcile. So Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*,

“There had been some hope to atone you.” STEEV.

<sup>6</sup> — *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.

not

not to fay it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether flight.

*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, <sup>7</sup> 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.

*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; <sup>8</sup> tho' I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. <sup>9</sup> If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many; but

<sup>7</sup> ——— *which may, without contradiction,——*] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *tho' 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.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many,———*] What? if she did really excel others, could

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 hath 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

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 outjustres 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 comparison.

The author of *The Revival* 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.

unprizeable

unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the 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 <sup>1</sup> 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.

*Pbil.* 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.

*Iacb.* 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——

*Iacb.* 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 <sup>2</sup> abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and, I doubt not, you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

*Iacb.* What's that?

*Post.* A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

*Pbil.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too

<sup>1</sup> — to convince the honour of my mistress;—] *Convince*, for *overcome*. WARRURTON.

So in *Macbeth*,

“ —— their malady *convinces*

“ The great essay of art.” JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — abus'd—] *Deceiv'd*. JOHNSON.

suddenly;

suddenly; let it die as it was born, and I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* <sup>3</sup>Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spok e.

*Post.* What lady would you chuse to assai?

*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, 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 dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* <sup>4</sup>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.

<sup>3</sup> ——— approbation ———] Proof. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *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.

*Iach.*

*Iach.* By the gods it is one. <sup>s</sup> If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is my 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.

<sup>s</sup> *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 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 your's.*

WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakespeare 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.

*Iach.*

*Iach.* Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed. [Exit *Posthumus* and *Iachimo*.

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Pbil.* 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.* While 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; you have 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  
Commanded 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? distil? 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

<sup>1</sup> 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.* <sup>2</sup> Your 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 [*Afide.*]  
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.—— [*Afide.*  
[*To Pisanio.*]

*Cor.* [*Solus.*] <sup>3</sup> I do not like her. She doth think,  
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And

<sup>1</sup> *Other conclusions?*——] *Other experiments. I commend, says WALTON, an angler that tries conclusions, and improves his art.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *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 that have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

“*Cape faxa manu, cape robora, pastor.*” JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *I do not like her.*——] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither



And will not trust one of her malice with  
 A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
 Will stupefy and dull the sense a while :  
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,  
 Then afterwards 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 : <sup>4</sup> 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,  
 To be depend on a thing <sup>5</sup> that leans ?

neither 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 un-  
 easiness which would naturally arise in the mind of the audience  
 on the recollection that the queen had mischievous ingredients  
 in her possession, unless they had been undeceiv'd as to their  
 quality ; and is no less useful to prepare them for the return of  
 Imogen to life. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— to shift his being, ] To change his abode. JOHNS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— that leans ? ] That inclines towards its fall. JOHNS.

Who

Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,  
 So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up  
   *[Pisanio takes up the pbial.*  
 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 pry'thee, 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:  
 6 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  
 7 Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,  
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd  
 To taste of too.

6 *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.

7 *Of leigers for her sweet;—*] A *leiger* ambassador, is one  
 that resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest.

JOHNSON.

*Re-enter Pifanio, and Ladies.*

So, fo; well done, well done.

The violets, cowslips, and the primrofes,  
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pifanio;

Think on my words. [*Exeunt queen and ladies.*]

*Pif.* 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 sutor 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! <sup>8</sup> but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious. <sup>9</sup> Bless'd be those,  
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? *fit!*

*Enter*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *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 chuses 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.* WARB.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Bless'd be those,*

*How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,*

*Which seasons comfort.*——] The last words are equivocal;  
but

*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.

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 ex-  
torted from the present text, rather than change it, yet will  
propose, but with great diffidence, a slight alteration:

————— Bless'd be those,  
How mean soe'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 pri-  
" vilege of those who are educated with aspiring thoughts and  
" elegant desires. Blessed are they, however mean their con-  
" dition, who have the power of gratifying their honest in-  
" clinations, which circumstance bestows an additional relish  
" on comfort itself."

" You lack the *season* of all natures, sleep." *Macb.*  
STEVENS.

*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.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.

— What! are men mad? hath nature given them  
eyes

[*Afide.*

To see this vaulted arch, <sup>1</sup> and the rich crop  
Of sea and land? which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, <sup>2</sup> and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.*

<sup>1</sup> ——— 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.

<sup>2</sup> ——— 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 ventured, against all the copies, to substitute,

Upon th' unnumber'd beach? ———

i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epithet as coupled to that word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*;

“ (In *novæ fert animus mutatas dicere formas*

“ *Corpora.*)” ———

And

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,  
'Twi'xt two such she's, would chatter this way, and  
Contemn with mowes 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.*

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. WARB.

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 *twinn'd*; that is, *twisted*, *convolved*: but this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones. JOHNSON.

The author of *The Revival* 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.”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *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. WARB.

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 *Polthumus*, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when 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.

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

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,  
(That satiate 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.* 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 call'd  
The Britain reveller.

*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

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.—*Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at  
Oxford, 1766.*

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.

\* *He's strange, and peevish.*] He is a foreigner, and easily  
fretted. JOHNSON.

A Gallian

A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton,  
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's his free lungs,  
cries Oh !

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 assured bondage ?

*Imo.* Will my lord say so ?

*Iacb.* Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with  
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,  
And hear him mock the Frenchman : but heaven  
knows

Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iacb.* Not he. But yet heaven's bounty towards  
him, might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;  
In you, whom I account his, beyond all talents ;  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, Sir ?

*Iacb.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, Sir ?

You look on me ; what wreck discern you in me  
Deserves your pity ?

*Iacb.* 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 ?

*Iacb.* That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——but  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on't.

M 4

*Imo.*



*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 <sup>5</sup> timely knowing,  
 The remedy's then born) discover to me  
<sup>6</sup> 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,  
 Fixing it only here : should I (damn'd then)  
 Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs  
 That mount the capitol ; <sup>7</sup> join gripes with hands  
 Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood as  
 With labour) then lye peeping in an eye,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *timely knowing,*] Rather *timely known.* JOHNS.

<sup>6</sup> *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. HAWKINS.

I think my explanation true. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *join gripes with hands, &c.*] The old edition reads,  
 ——— join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falshood (*falshood as*  
 With labour) then by peeping in an eye, &c.

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, and it has been handed down by succeeding editors ; but the repetition which they wished to avoid, is now restored, for if it is not absolute nonsense, why should we refuse to follow the old copy? STEEVENS.

Base and unlustrous as the smoaky 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.

*Iacb.* 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.

*Iacb.* 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 empery,  
Would make the greateſt king double! to be partner'd  
With tomboys, <sup>s</sup> hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition  
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,  
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?  
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?

*Iacb.* Should he make me  
Live like Djana'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;

<sup>s</sup> ——— *hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition*] *Groſs ſtrumpets,*  
hired with the *very penſion* which you allow your huſband.

JOHNSON.

And

And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What ho, Pisanio!—

*Iacb.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,  
Thou wouldst 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 faucy stranger in his court to mart  
As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
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!

*Iacb.* 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 called 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 mens' hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

<sup>9</sup> *As in a Romish stew,—*] The stews of Rome are deservedly censured by the reformed. This is one of many instances in which Shakespeare has mingled in the manners of distant ages in this play. JOHNSON.

*Iacb.*

*Iach.* He sits 'mong 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,  
 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 sums  
 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, <sup>10</sup> 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 a-board to-morrow.

*Imo.* O no, no.

<sup>10</sup> — *being strange,*] i. e. being a franger. STEVENS.

*Iach.*

*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.  
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.  
I have outsood 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.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter Cloten, and two Lords.*

CLOTEN.

**W**AS there ever man had such luck! when I  
' kifs'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit  
away! I had an hundred pound on't. And then a  
whoreson jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *kifs'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 kifs the  
jack* is a state of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So  
in *A Woman never vex'd*, a comedy, by Rowley, 1632.

“ This city bowler has *kifs'd* the mistress at the first cast.”

STEEVENS.

as

as if I borrowed mine 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.*]

*Clot.* When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

*2 Lord.* <sup>2</sup> No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*]

*Clot.* Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? <sup>1</sup> 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, <sup>3</sup> with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

*Clot.* Say'st thou?

*1 Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake <sup>4</sup> 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!

<sup>2</sup> *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.

<sup>3</sup> — *with your comb on.*] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *every companion,* —] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

*2 Lord.*

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Afide.*]

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus's friends.

*Clot.* Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

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. [*Afide.*]

*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. [*Exit Cloten.*]

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 woer,  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce <sup>s</sup> 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!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>s</sup> ——— *he'd make!* ———] In the old editions,  
————— *he'ld make.* ———

HANMER,

————— *hell made.* ———

In which he is followed by Dr. WARBURTON. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*A magnificent bed-chamber; in one part of it a large trunk.*

*Imogen reading in her bed, a lady attending.*

*Imo.* Who's there? my woman Helen?

*Lady.* Please you, madam.

*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 prythee call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

*[Exit lady.]*

To your protection I commend me, gods:

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye!

*[Sleeps.]*

*[Iachimo rises from the trunk.]*

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: <sup>1</sup> our Tarquin thus

<sup>2</sup> Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch<sup>3</sup>

But kiss; one kiss!—rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't!—'tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,

<sup>1</sup> — our Tarquin —] The speaker is an Italian. JOHNS.

<sup>2</sup> 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 Ephemera Britannica*. JOHNSON.



To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd  
 Under these windows: <sup>3</sup> white and azure! lac'd  
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design  
 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 my 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,  
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
 A mole cinque-spotted, <sup>4</sup> 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 rivetted,  
 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.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *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.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *like the crimson drops*

I' the bottom of a cowslip:—] This simile contains the  
 smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakespeare was a most  
 accurate observer of nature. STEEVENS.

Swift,

Swift, swift, <sup>5</sup> you dragons of the night! <sup>6</sup> that  
dawning

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.*

<sup>1</sup> Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in  
lofs, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *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 one of his smaller pieces. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *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 mean-  
ing is, that morning may assume the colour of the raven's eye,  
which is *grey*. Hence it is so commonly called the *grey-ey'd*  
*morning*. And *Romeo and Juliet*,

“ I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye.”

Had Shakespeare 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 *bears*.  
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.* 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 ne'er 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.

<sup>1</sup> *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,*

<sup>2</sup> *His steeds to water at those springs  
On calic'd flowers that lies:*

<sup>1</sup> *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,]* The same hyperboic occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book v.

“ ——— ye birds

“ That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.” STEEV.

<sup>2</sup> *His steeds to water at those springs*

*On calic'd flowers that lies:]* i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

Hamm. r reads,

*Each calic'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 *calice*. JOHNSON.

*And*

*And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that <sup>3</sup> pretty bin,  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone:—if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Enter Queen and Cymbeline.*

*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 you 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 sollicit; 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

<sup>3</sup> — *pretty bin,*] is very properly restored by Hanmer, for *pretty is*; but he too grammatically reads,

With all the things that pretty bin. JOHNSON.

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 forepent 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, makes  
Diana's rangers, false themselves, 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, sometimes, hangs both thief and true-man. What  
Can it not do, and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me ; for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave—— [*Knocks.*

\* ————— *his goodness forepent on us,*] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

*Enter*

*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 is gold for you; fell me your good report.

*Lady.* How! my good name? or to report of you  
What I shall think is good? The princefs——

*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 your best kindness: <sup>s</sup> one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

<sup>s</sup> ——— one of your great knowing

Should learn (being TAUGHT) forbearance.] i. e. A man who is taught forbearance should learn it. JOHNSON.

*Clot.* <sup>6</sup> To leave you in your madnefs, 'twere my fin.  
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 <sup>7</sup> fo verbal: and learn now for all,  
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;  
And am fo near the lack of charity  
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather  
You felt, than make't my boast.

*Clot.* You fin againft  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For

<sup>6</sup> *To leave you in your madnefs, 'twere my fin.*

*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 madnefs. 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 madnefs; so a double cure will be effected of your folly, and my supposed frenzy. WARRURTON.

*Fools are not mad folks.*] This, as Cloten very well understands 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.

<sup>7</sup> — fo verbal;—] Is, fo *verbose*, fo full of talk. JOHNS.

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) 9 in self-figur'd knot;  
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not foil  
 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  
 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 clipt his body, is dearer

8 *The contract, &c.*] Here Shakespeare 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.

9 ——— *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  
 publick considerations. WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by  
 yourself. JOHNSON.



In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.—<sup>1</sup> How now, Pifanio!

*Enter Pifanio.*

*Clot.* His garment? now, the devil——

*Imo.* To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently—

*Clot.* His garment?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a fool;  
Frighted, and angred worse—Go, bid my woman  
Search for <sup>2</sup> 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 in Europe. I do think  
I saw't this morning: confident I am,  
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.  
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but him.

*Pif.* 'Twill not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so. Go, and search.

*Clot.* You have abus'd me.——

His meanest garment?——

*Imo.* Ay, I said so, Sir:

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, Sir,  
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

*Clot.* I will be reveng'd.

His meanest garment?——well. [Exit.

<sup>1</sup> Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus;  
—— all made such men.

*Clot.* How now?

*Imo.* Pifanio! JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —— a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine arm;——] i. e. Too many chances of losing  
it have arisen from my carelessness, WARBURTON.

S C E N E

## S C E N E IV.

## R O M E.

*Enter Posthumus and Pbilario.*

*Post.* Fear it not, Sir. I would I were so sure  
To win the king, as I am bold her honour  
Will remain hers.

*Pbil.* What means do you make to him ?

*Post.* Not 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.

*Pbil.* 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,  
<sup>1</sup> Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe,  
(Statist 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

<sup>1</sup> 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,

“ —— suffer it he also,

“ Or he is goddes brocht in Latio.” STEEVENS.

(Now

(Now <sup>2</sup> wing-led with their courages) will make known  
<sup>3</sup> To their approvers, they are people such  
 That mend upon the world.

*Enter Iachimo.*

*Pbil.* See, Iachimo!——

*Post.* Sure, the swift harts have posted you by land,  
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
 To make your vessel nimble.

*Pbil.* Welcome, Sir.

*Post.* I hope the briefness of your answer made  
 The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady

Is 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.

*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?

<sup>2</sup> —— mingled with their courages——] The old folio has  
 this odd reading:

—— Their discipline,  
 (Now wing-led with their courages) will make known.

JOHNSON.

—— Their discipline,  
 Now wing-led with their courages] May mean their disci-  
 pline borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their military  
 knowledge being animated by their natural bravery. STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> To their approvers,—] i. e. To those who try them. WARB.

*Iach.*

*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 so 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.

*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

4 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
 The prefs of boats, or pride.—A piece of work  
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
 In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd  
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
 Since the true life on't was——

4 *And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
 The prefs 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  
 employed; as it is a plain indication, that the speaker is  
 secretly mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is en-  
 deavouring 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 Proteus 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.

It is easy to fit down and give our author meanings which he  
 never had. Shakespear 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 first. The commentator has contented himself to  
 suppose, that the foregoing play in his book was the play of  
 earlier composition. Nor is the reasoning better than the  
 assertion. If the language of Iachimo be such as shews him  
 to be mocking the credibility of his hearer, his language is  
 very improper, when his business was to deceive. But the  
 truth is, that his language is such as a skilful villain would  
 naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition.  
 His gaiety shews his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his  
 seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art. JOHNSON.

*Post.*

*Post.* This is true ;  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.* The chimney  
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,  
Chast Dian, bathing : never saw I figures  
5 So likely to report themselves : the cutter  
6 Was as another nature, dumb, out-went her ;  
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 brands.

*Post.* 7 This is her honour !  
Let it be granted you have seen all this (and praise  
Be

<sup>5</sup> *So likely to report themselves :—*] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *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. WARB.

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.

<sup>7</sup> *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

Be given to your remembrance) the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then, <sup>8</sup> if you can [*Pulling out the bracelet.*  
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—  
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 out-sell 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?

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 i' her honour?* THEOBALD.

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.

<sup>8</sup> ——— if you can

*Be pale; ———*] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage. JOHNSON.

*Post.*

*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. <sup>9</sup> The vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues: which is nothing.—  
O, above measure false!—

*Pbil.* Have patience, Sir,  
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'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, he hath enjoy'd her.

<sup>2</sup> The cognizance of her incontinency

<sup>9</sup> — [*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.

<sup>1</sup> ————— *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.

<sup>2</sup> [*The cognizance*—] The badge; the token; the visible  
proof. JOHNSON.



Is this; she hath 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,  
<sup>3</sup> (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 arithmetic.  
Ne'er 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;  
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:

<sup>3</sup> (*Worthy the pressing*)—] Thus the modern editions. The  
old folio reads,

(*Worthy her pressing*)—— JOHNSON.

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.

*Enter Posthumus.*

*Post.* <sup>1</sup> Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;  
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  
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife  
The non-parcil 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;—that I thought  
her

As chaste as unsmelt snow.—Oh, 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:

<sup>1</sup> *Is there no way, &c.*] MILTON was very probably indebted to this speech for the sentiments which he has given to Adam, *Paradise Lost*, book x. STEEVENS.

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,

Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill,

In a true hate, to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better. [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.*

C Y M B E L I N E.

**N**OW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?  
*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance  
yet

Lives in mens' 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  
Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

*Clot.* There be many Cæsars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity,  
Which then they had to take from us, to resume  
We have again. Remember, Sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors, together with

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands,  
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
<sup>1</sup> With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;  
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of  
 conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*. With shame,  
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried  
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,  
<sup>2</sup> (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,  
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their farges, crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
 (Oh, giglet fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,  
 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 stronger than it was at that time;  
 and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of  
 them may have crook'd noses, but, to own 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

<sup>1</sup> *With rocks unscalable,*——] This reading is HANMER'S.  
 The old editions have,

With *oaks* unscalable,—— JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> (*Poor ignorant baubles!*)——] *Ignorant*, for *of no use*. WARB.  
 Rather, *unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas.

JOHNSON.

This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambition,  
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
 The sides o' the world) <sup>3</sup> against all colour, here  
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,  
 Becomes a warlike people, which 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 franchise  
 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  
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
 For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defy'd,  
 I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* <sup>4</sup> Thou art welcome, Caius:  
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
 Much under him: of him I gather'd honour;  
 Which

<sup>3</sup> ——— against all colour,——] Without any pretence of right. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou art welcome, Caius:*

*Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent*

*Much under him:——*] Some few hints for this part of the play, relating to Cymbeline, are taken from *Holinshed*:

“Kynbeline, 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

Which he, to seek of me again, perforce  
Behoves me <sup>5</sup> keep at utterance. <sup>6</sup> 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 pastime  
with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us after-  
wards on other terms, you shall find us in our 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, Sir.

*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.*

*Pif.* How? of adultery? wherefore write you not  
<sup>1</sup> What monsters her accuse? Leonatus!  
Oh master! what a strange infection

" ——— 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.

<sup>5</sup> — keep at utterance.—] i. e. At extreme distance. WARB.  
More properly, in a state of hostile defiance, and deadly  
opposition. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — I am perfect,] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth*,  
" — in your state of honour I am perfect." JOHNS.

<sup>1</sup> What monsters her accuse?—] Might we not safely read,  
What monster's her accuser?— STEEVENS.

Is fallen into thy ear? <sup>2</sup> 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 <sup>3</sup> take in some virtue. Oh, my master!  
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were  
 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 letter,*  
[Reading,

*That I have sent her, by her own command  
 Shall give thee opportunity.*—O damn'd paper!  
 Black as the ink that's on thee! senseless bauble!  
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st  
 So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes,

*Enter Imogen.*

<sup>4</sup> 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?

<sup>5</sup> Oh, learn'd, indeed were that astrologer,

That

<sup>2</sup> ——— *What false Italian,*

*(As pois'nous tongu'd as handed)*—] About Shakespeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *take in some virtue.*—] To take in a town, is to conquer it. JOHNSON.

*Kather cheat, beguile.* This expression is at present used only in burlesque language. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer, &c.*] This was a very natural thought. She must needs be supposed, in her circumstances,

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 !  
 Some griefs are medicinal ; that is one of them,  
 6 For it doth physic love ;—of his content,  
 All but in that ! Good wax, thy leave. 7 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 be take  
 me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me ; as  
 you, ob the dearest of creatures, would even renew me  
 with 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 8 loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love.*

Leonatus Posthumus.

circumstances, to be extremely solicitous about the future ; and  
 desirous of coming to it by the assistance of that superstition.

WARBURTON.

6 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.

7 ——— Blest be

*You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers,*

*And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike.*

*Though forfeitures 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.

8 — loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love.] I read,  
 Loyal to his vow and you, increasing in love. JOHNSON.

O 4

Oh,



Oh, 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  
 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——oh, 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 may we 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 ere 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 sun and sun,  
 Madam,'s enough for you; and too much too.

*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 foolery,  
 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  
 ' A franklin's housewife.

*Pif.* Madam, you'd best consider.

<sup>o</sup> *That run i' the clock's behalf.*——] This fantastical expression means no more than (and in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *A franklin's wife.*] A franklin is literally a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal. JOHNSON.

*Imo.*

*Imo.* <sup>2</sup> I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I prythee,  
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;  
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

<sup>2</sup> *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 fortune, 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 thro'.——*] Shakespeare says she can see before her, yet on which side soever she looks there is a fog which she cannot see thro'. 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 thro'.” 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 *what ensues*: for not to know that Shakespeare 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,

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*Changes to a forest with a cave, in Wales.*

*Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roofs as low as ours. <sup>1</sup> See, 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  
And keep <sup>2</sup> their impious turbants 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 told you,  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
<sup>3</sup> 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:

<sup>1</sup> — *See, boys!*—] The old copy reads—*sleep, boys*—  
from whence I conjecture that the poet wrote—*stoop, boys*—  
as that word affords a good introduction to what follows. Mr.  
Rowe first made the exchange, which (as usual) has been  
silently followed. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *their impious turbants 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.

<sup>3</sup> *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.

And

And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
 † The sharded beetle in a safer hold,  
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life  
 Is nobler than attending for a check ;  
 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  
 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 a-bed ;  
 A prison, for a debtor that not dares  
 † To stride a limit.

† *The sharded beetle*—] i. e. The beetle hatched among  
*shards*, or broken tiles. STEEVENS.

† ——— *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 authorized to make *bribe*. I think *babe* cannot  
 be right. STEEVENS.

I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage  
 is what I had not in my 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 mask 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.

† *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

*Arv.*

*Arv.* <sup>7</sup> 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.* <sup>8</sup> 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 slipp'ry, 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,  
 Must curt'sy at the censure.—Oh, 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,

<sup>7</sup> *What should we speak of*] This dread of an old age, un-  
 supplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a senti-  
 ment 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.

<sup>8</sup> *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,

Shook

Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*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  
Followed my banishment; and, these twenty years,  
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:  
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid  
More pious debts to heaven, than in all  
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountain!  
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 valleys. [*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 tho' train'd up thus  
meanly

• P' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
The roof of palaces; and nature prompts them,

In

• *P' 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 bill,  
metaphorically,

In simple and low things, to prince it much  
 Beyond the trick of others. <sup>1</sup> 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 fet my foot on his neck;”—even then  
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,

metaphorically, the *brow*; and in like manner the Greeks and  
 Latins used *ὄρπις*, and *supercilium*. THEOBALD.

—— *tho' train'd up thus meanly,*

*I' the cave, THERE ON THE BROW,——*] The old  
 editions read,

*I' the cave whercon the brow;——*

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 this 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 heaven's; 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 re-  
 marks, abrupt, but perhaps no less suitable to Shakespeare. I  
 know not whether Dr. WARBURTON'S conjecture be not better  
 than mine. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —— *This Polydore,*] The old copy of this play (except in  
 this first instance, where it can be only a blunder of the printer)  
 calls this eldest son of Cymbeline, Polidore, as often as the  
 name occurs. I have therefore replaced it. STEEVENS.

Strains

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
 That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal,  
 (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!—  
 Oh Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience know,  
 Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,  
 At three and two years old <sup>2</sup> I stole these babes;  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou rest'ft 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's 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!  
<sup>1</sup> Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,

<sup>2</sup> ——— [*I stole these babes;*] Shakespeare 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 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.

<sup>1</sup> [*Where is Posthumus?*—] Shakespeare'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. STEEVENS.

That



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 fear, ere wildness  
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me with  
 A look untender? If it be summer news,  
 Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st  
 But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!  
 That <sup>a</sup> 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 e'en mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read;  
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

*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 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 pander 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;

<sup>a</sup> — drug-damn'd—] This is another allusion to Italian  
 poisons. JOHNSON.

Whose

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
 Out-venoms all <sup>3</sup> the worms of Nile; whose breath  
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye  
 All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and <sup>4</sup> states,  
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,  
 This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! what is 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:

Thou then look'd'st like a villain; now, methinks,

Thy favour's good enough. <sup>5</sup> Some jay of Italy,

<sup>6</sup> Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;

And,

<sup>3</sup> —— *the worms of Nile*; ——] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. An old translator of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, speaking of Medea, says,

“Then to her chariot strait her *winged worms* she join'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *states*,] Persons of highest rank. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —— *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.

<sup>6</sup> *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. WARB.

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P

Some

And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ript.—To pieces with me!—Oh,  
Mens' vows are womens' traitors! All good seeming  
By thy revolt, oh, husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows;  
But worn, a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me——

*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. 7 So thou, Posthumus,  
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 seest him,  
A little witness my obedience. Look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit

*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 name of the piece:

“———— a parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose  
fathers were their garments.” STEEVENS.

7 ————— So thou, Posthumus,

*Wilt lay the leaven to 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 was due. The poet paints from  
nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a dis-  
honour 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. WARB.

HANMER reads,

———— lay the level————

without any necessity. JOHNSON.

The

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  
 No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter  
 There is a prohibition so divine,  
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my  
 heart ;——

<sup>8</sup> Something's afore't—soft, soft, we'll no defence ;  
 Obedient as the scabbard !——What is here ?

<sup>9</sup> The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus  
 All turn'd to heresy ? away, away,

[*Pulling his letters out of her bosom.*

Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more  
 Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools  
 Believe false teachers : tho' those that are betray'd,  
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus ;  
 That did'st set up my disobedience 'gainst the king  
 My father, 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

<sup>8</sup> *Something's afore't*—] The old copy reads,  
 Something's afoot—— JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *The scriptures*——] So Ben Jonson, in *The sad Shepherd*,  
 “ The lover's scriptures, Heliodore's, or Tatius'.”  
 Shakespeare, however, means in this place, an opposition be-  
 tween *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

*Pif.* 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.

*Pif.* <sup>2</sup> I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
Didst 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,  
<sup>3</sup> To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
The elected deer before thee?

*Pif.* 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.

*Pif.* Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

<sup>1</sup> *That now thou tir'st on,——*] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *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. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> *To be unbent,——*] 'To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter. JOHNSON.

*Imo.*

*Imo.* Most like;  
Bringing me here to kill me.

*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 him 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 ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow. † Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark

† — Now, if you could wear a MIND  
Dark as your fortune is,——] What had the darkness of her  
mind

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
 That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,  
 But by self-danger; you shall tread a course  
 Pretty, and <sup>5</sup> full of view; yea, haply, near  
 The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,  
 That though his actions were not visible,  
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
 As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* Oh, for such means!

<sup>6</sup> 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) to waggish courage;  
 Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
 As quarrellous as the weazel: <sup>7</sup> nay, you must

Forget

*mind* to do with the concealment of person, which is here advised? On the contrary, her *mind* was to continue unchanged, in order to support her change of fortune. Shakespeare wrote,

— Now, if you could wear a *mein*.

Or according to the French orthography, from whence I presume 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*, applied 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 danger to itself.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — full of view;—] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Though peril to my modesty,——*] I read,

*Through peril——*

*I would for such means adventure through peril of my modesty; I would risque every thing but real dishonour.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — 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 distress*

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek ;  
 Exposing it (but, oh, 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 (<sup>8</sup> 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. Pr'ythee, away.  
 There's more to be consider'd ; but <sup>9</sup> we'll even

distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. WARBURTON  
 proposes to read,

\_\_\_\_\_ the harder hap !—— JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ 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.

<sup>9</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ 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 that good time will give us. ' 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;  
Left, 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, severally.]

## 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 you  
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 un-kinglike.

*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;

' ——— *This attempt*  
*I am soldier to, ———*] i. e. I have enlisted and bound  
myself to it. WARBURTON.

The due of honour in no point omit:—  
So farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clot.* Receive it friendly: but from this time forth  
I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* 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.—Happines!]

[*Exit 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 readines;  
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 busines;

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*

*Re-enter the Servant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, Sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Serv.* Please you, Sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loud 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, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

*Queen.* Go, look after  
Pisanio, that stands 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 fervor 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,

<sup>2</sup> 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,  
Outfells 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  
Shall——

*Enter Pisanio.*

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.

[*Drawing his sword.*

*Pis.* Oh, my good lord!

*Clot.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,  
I will not ask again. Close villain,

<sup>2</sup> *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite*

*Than lady ladies WOMAN; from each one*

*The best she hath,——]* The second line is intolerable  
nonsense. It should be read and pointed thus,

Than lady ladies; *winning* from each one.

The sense of the whole is this, I love her because she has, in a  
more exquisite degree, all those courtly parts that ennoble [*lady*]  
women of quality [*ladies*] *winning* from each of them the best  
of their good qualities, &c. *Lady* is a plural verb, and *ladies*  
a noun governed of it; a quaint expression in Shakespeare's  
way, and suiting the folly of the character. WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the second line to be intolerable, or to be  
nonsense. The speaker only rises in his ideas. *She has all*  
*courtly parts*, says he, *more exquisite than any lady*, than all  
*ladies*, than all *womankind*. Is this nonsense? JOHNSON.

I'll

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,  
How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?  
He is in Rome.

*Clot.* Where is she, Sir? Come nearer;  
No further halting. Satisfy me home,  
What is become of her?

*Pis.* Oh, 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.* <sup>3</sup> Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aside.*  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clot.* Humh!

<sup>3</sup> *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, 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 may be considered as a reply to his boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and is added slyly. *You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more likely of the two.* STEEVENS.

*Pif.* I'll write to my lord, she's dead. Oh, }  
 Imogen, } [*Afide.*  
 Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

*Clot.* Sirrah, Is this letter true?

*Pif.* Sir, as I think.

*Clot.* It is Posthumus's 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 villany foe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pif.* 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 canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

*Pif.* Sir, I will.

*Clot.* Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

*Pif.* 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.

*Pif.* 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

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 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.

*Enter Pisanio, with a suit of clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my 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

## SCENE VI.

*Changes to 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 from the mountain top Pisanio 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  
<sup>1</sup> Is forer, than to lye for need ; and falshood  
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord !  
Thour't 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 ?

[*Seeing the cave.*

Here is a path to it :—'tis some savage hold :  
It were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant :  
Plenty and peace breeds cowards ; hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother. Ho !, who's here ?  
<sup>2</sup> If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,  
Take, or lend—Ho !—No answer ? Then I'll enter.  
Best

<sup>1</sup> *Is forer, —*] Is a greater, or heavier crime. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *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



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 woodman, 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, favoury : weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'ft thyself !

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*. WARRURTON.

I suppose the emendation proposed will not easily be received ;  
it is strained and obscure, and the objection against Hammer'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 ! who's here ?

If any thing that's civil, *take or lend*,

If savage, *speak*.

If you are *civilized* and *peaceable*, take a price for what I want,  
or *lend* it for a future recompence ; if you are *rough inhospitable*  
inhabitants of the mountain, *speak*, that I may know my  
state. JOHNSON.

*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 *Orson*, or *Bremo the wild man* in  
the play of *Mucedorus*. STEEVENS.

*Guid.*

*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,

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, Sir?

*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, Sir. 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.

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Q

*Bel.*

*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 almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat.  
—Boys, bid him welcome.

*Guid.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty;  
I'd 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! <sup>4</sup> 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,  
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

<sup>3</sup> *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.

<sup>4</sup> ——— 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 a less prize, I should not have been too  
heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

5 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 supp'd,  
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Guid.* I 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;  
 'That since the common men are now in action  
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,

5 *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, Cedar par respect a quelcun, obeir, condescendere, &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. JOHNS.

1 *That since the common men are now in action*

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,

*And that, &c.*] These facts are historically true. STEEV.

Q 2

And

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 : <sup>2</sup> and to you, the tribunes,  
 For this immediate levy, he commands  
 His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces ?

<sup>2</sup> *Sen.* Ay.

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia ?

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
 Must be suppliant : the words of your commission  
 Will tie you to the numbers and the time  
 Of their dispatch.

*Tri.* We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> ——— and to you, the tribunes,

For this immediate levy, he commands

His absolute commission. ——— ] Commands his commission is  
 such a phrase as Shakespeare would hardly have used. I have  
 ventur'd 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. WARB.

The plain meaning is, he *commands* the commission to be  
 given to you. So we say, I *ordered* the materials to the  
 workmen. JOHNSON.

A C T

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The forest, near the cave.**Enter CLOTEN.*

I AM near to the place where they should meet, if Pifanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments 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) because, '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 <sup>1</sup> ill-perseverant 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 enforc'd; thy garments cut to pieces <sup>2</sup> before her 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

<sup>1</sup> — *ill-perseverant* —] HANMER. The former editions have *imperseverant*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *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.

Q 3

into

into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[Exit.]

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;  
<sup>1</sup> 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:  
<sup>2</sup> How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What? how? how?

<sup>1</sup> *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.

<sup>2</sup> *How much the quantity,——*] I read,  
*As much the quantity.——* JOHNSON.

*Arv.*

*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,  
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.

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,  
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:  
Experience, oh, thou disprov'ft report!  
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,  
I will now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*]

*Guid.*<sup>3</sup> I could not stir him:

He said he was <sup>4</sup>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.

<sup>3</sup> *I could not stir him:*] Not move him to tell his story. JOHNS.

<sup>4</sup> — gentle, but unfortunate;] Gentle, is well born, of birth  
above the vulgar. JOHNSON.



*Imo.* Well or ill,  
I am bound to you. [Exit Imogen to the cave.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever.—  
This youth, how'er distress'd, appears to have had  
Good ancestors.

*Arw.* How angel-like he sings!

*Guid.* But his neat cookery!

*Arw.* He cut our roots in characters;  
And sauc'd our broth, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

*Arw.* 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.

*Arw.* Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, Grief, untwine  
His perishing root, with the encreasing vine!

*Bel.* 'Tis great morning. Come; away.—  
Who's there?

*Enter Cloten.*

*Clot.* I cannot find those runagates: that villain  
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

<sup>5</sup> *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> — *stinking elder*,—] Shakespeare had only seen *English wines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read *untwine from the vine*. JOHNSON.

Mr. 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.

<sup>7</sup> *It is great morning.*—] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. STEEV.  
*Bel.*

*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 out-laws.—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 whom? 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 am loth to beat thee.

*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

I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,<sup>1</sup>  
 '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 afraid?

*Guid.* Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:  
 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.

<sup>2</sup> Yield, rustic mountaineer. [Fight, and exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> *Yield, rustic mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act i. scene 4. 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 1. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same subject, 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 with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find him, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction which constitutes the excellence of such mixed characters as the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Polonius in the tragedy of *Hamlet*. STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*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; <sup>9</sup> the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute '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.* <sup>1</sup> Being scarce made up, 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.

*Enter*

<sup>9</sup> ——— 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.

<sup>1</sup> 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. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the traces of the letters,

*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.* <sup>2</sup> 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 <sup>3</sup> take us in;  
Displace our heads, where, thank the gods, they grow,  
And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone!

*Guid.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose  
But what he swore to take, our lives? The law  
Protects not us; then why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us?  
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,  
For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul  
Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,

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.

<sup>2</sup> *I'm perfect, what:* \_\_\_\_\_] I am *well informed*, what. So  
in this play,

*I'm perfect*, the Pannonians are in arms. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ *take us in;*] To *take in*, was the phrase in use for to  
*apprehend* an out-law, or to make him amenable to public  
justice. JOHNSON.

He

He must have some attendants. <sup>4</sup> 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  
 To come alone, nor he so undertaking,  
 Nor they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
 If we do fear this body hath a tail  
 More perilous than the head.

*Arv.* 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  
<sup>5</sup> Did make my way long forth.

*Guid.* With his own sword,  
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en

<sup>4</sup> ——— *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.

<sup>5</sup> *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's sickness made my walk forth from the cave tedious. JOHNSON.

His

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 hadst not done't! though  
 valour

Becomes thee well enough.

*Arv.* Would I had done't,  
 So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Polydore,  
 I love thee brotherly, but envy much,  
 Thou'st robb'd me of this deed: I would, <sup>6</sup> revenges  
 That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro',  
 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 prythee, to our rock;  
 You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
 Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
 To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!  
 I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour,  
 ' I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
 And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

<sup>6</sup> ——— revenges

[That possible strength might meet,——] Such pursuit of  
 vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition. JOHNS.

<sup>7</sup> I'd let a PARISH of such Clotens blood,] This nonsense  
 should be corrected thus;

I'd let a *marsh* 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 *marsh*, 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 can-  
 not discover. I would, says the young prince, to recover  
 Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a *parish*. JOHNSON.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* O thou goddess,  
 Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'ft  
 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 rudest 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  
 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?

*Enter*



*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen 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 skipt 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.* <sup>s</sup> O melancholy !  
Who ever yet could found 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 ah

Thou dy'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy !—  
How found you him ?

*Arv.* Stark, as you see ;  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

<sup>s</sup> O, melancholy !

*Who ever yet could found 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, vol. vi. page 441. has retrieved the true reading, which is,

\_\_\_\_\_ thy sluggish crare.

See *The Captain*, page 10.

“ \_\_\_\_\_ let him venture

“ In some decay'd crare of his own.”

A crare, says the author of *The Revisal*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. STEEV.

Not

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 brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Guid.* Why, he but sleeps :

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, 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 hair-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom, not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. <sup>9</sup> The ruddock would,  
With charitable bill (oh bill, fore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;

<sup>9</sup> ——— *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. the summer habit shall be a light *gown of flowers*, thy  
winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown of moss*. WARB.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakespeare'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.” STEEV.

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.—

*Guid.* Pr'ythee have done ;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so ferious. 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,  
<sup>1</sup> He was paid for that : tho' mean and mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust ; yet <sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> *He was paid for that :—*] HANMER reads,

He *has* paid for that :—  
rather plausibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *punished*. So JOHNSON,  
"Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,  
"For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll *pay* you."  
JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ———— *reverence*,

(*That angel of the world*)—] *Reverence*, or due regard  
to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in  
the world. JOHNSON.

*Guid.* Pray you, fetch him hither.  
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 come, and ta'en thy wages.  
Both golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.*

*Arv.* <sup>3</sup> *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:  
<sup>4</sup> The scepter, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.*

<sup>3</sup> *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. Τένον ἀθλιον ἔκλιτε διψῶσαι, ἔκλιτε πεινῶσαι, &c. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *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.

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flash.*

Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone.*

Guid. <sup>5</sup> *Fear not slander, censure rash.*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*

<sup>6</sup> *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 have;*

*And renowned be thy grave! <sup>7</sup>*

*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.

—The ground, that gave them first, has them again:  
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> *Fear not slander, &c.] Perhaps,*

*Fear not slander's censure rash. JOHNSON.*

<sup>6</sup> *Consign to thee,——] Perhaps,*

*Consign to this.——*

And in the former stanza, for *all follow this*, we might read,  
*all follow thee. JOHNSON.*

<sup>7</sup> 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.

*Imogen.*

*Imogen, awaking.*

*Imo.* Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon' bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six mile yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—Oh gods, and goddesses!

[*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: but ' his Jovial face—

Murder in heaven?—how!—'tis gone!—

Pifanio!—

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,

' *Ods pittikins!*—] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Ho*, 1607. STEEVENS.

' — *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*,

“ — Alcides here will stand,

“ To plague you all with his high *jovial* hand.”

STEEVENS.

And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou  
 ' Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,  
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write, and read,  
 Be henceforth treach'rous!—Damn'd Pifanio,  
 Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pifanio!—  
 From this the bravest vessel of the world  
 Struck the main-top! Oh, Posthumus, alas,  
 Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's  
 that?

Pifanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on. How should this be?  
 Pifanio?—

'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them  
 Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
 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 Pifanio's deed, and Cloten's: oh!  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horrider may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us: oh, my lord! my lord!

*Enter Lucius, Captains, 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 readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,  
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,  
 That promise noble service; and they come

<sup>1</sup> *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. JOHNS.

Under

Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Syenna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present  
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, Sir,  
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-  
pose?

*Sooth.* <sup>2</sup> Last night the very gods shew'd me a  
vision:

(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence.) Thus:—  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy South to this part of the West,  
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends,  
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)  
Success to the Roman host.

*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 couch  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—  
Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He is alive, my lord.

<sup>2</sup> *Last night the VERY gods shew'd me a vision:]* The *very gods* may, indeed, signify the gods themselves immediately, and not by the intervention of other agents or instruments; yet I am persuaded the reading is corrupt, and that Shakespeare wrote,

Last night, the WAREY gods——

*Warey* here signifying, *animadverting, forewarning, ready to give notice*; not, as in its more usual meaning, *cautious, reserved*. WARRBURTON.

Of this meaning I know not any example, nor do I see any need of alteration. It was no common dream, but sent from *the very gods*, or the gods themselves. JOHNSON.

R 4

*Luc.*



*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, <sup>3</sup> who was he,  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good figure? What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

<sup>3</sup> ——— 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 paraphrase 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, "Shakespeare de- "signed 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; Shakespeare meant, like a plain man, just as he *spoke*; and as our editor first paraphrased him, Who hath alter'd that good picture otherwise than nature alter'd it? And the solution of the difficulty in this sentiment, 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*. WARB.

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 standing phrases; the question therefore is, Who has altered *this picture*, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it.

JOHNSON.

*1770.*

*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.* † 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, Sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, Sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very fame;  
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,  
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

† *Richard du Champ.*——] Shakespeare may be fairly supposed to have been 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*, 1608, 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 Amphiarus, calling to mind the affection wherein Don INFORTUNIO was drowned towards her,” &c. &c.

STEVENS.

As

As <sup>5</sup> these poor pickaxes 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 daizied plot we can,

And make him with our pikes and partizans

A grave. Come, <sup>6</sup> arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd

As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :

Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

<sup>1</sup> *Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.*

*Cym.* Again ; and bring me word, how 'tis with  
 her.

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

<sup>5</sup> — *these poor pickaxes* —] Meaning her fingers. JOHNS.

<sup>6</sup> — *arm him.* —] That is, *Take him up in your arms.*

HANMER.

<sup>1</sup> *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.

When

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,  
<sup>2</sup> And will no doubt be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome ;  
 We'll slip you for a season ; but <sup>3</sup> our jealousy [*To Pis.*  
 Does yet depend.

*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 matter.

*Lord.* Good my liege,  
<sup>4</sup> Your preparation can affront no less  
 Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're  
 ready ;

<sup>2</sup> *And will*——] I think it should read,  
*And be'll*—— STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *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.

<sup>4</sup> *Your preparation, &c.*] Your forces are able to *face* such  
 an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

The

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.* <sup>5</sup> 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 <sup>6</sup> to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.  
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.

<sup>5</sup> *I heard no letter—*] I suppose we should read with HANMER,  
*I've had no letter.*—— STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *— to the note o' the king, —*] I will so distinguish myself,  
the king shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

*Bel.*

*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'd  
Among the bands) may drive us to ' a render  
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us  
That which we have done, <sup>2</sup> whose answer would be  
death.

Drawn on with torture.

*Guid.* This is, Sir, a doubt,  
In such a time, nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely,  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold <sup>3</sup> their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* Oh, I am known  
Of many in the army: many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore  
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd;  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

<sup>1</sup> ————— 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.

<sup>2</sup> — *whose answer* —] The retaliation of the death of  
Cloten would be death, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *their quarter'd fires,*—] Their fires regularly dis-  
posed. JOHNSON.

*Guid.*

*Guid.* Than be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to the army;  
I and my brother are not known; yourself  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: what thing is it, that I never  
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?  
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel,  
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Guid.* By heavens, I'll go:  
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

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A field between the British and Roman camps.*

*Enter Posthumus, with a <sup>1</sup> bloody handkerchief.*

POSTHUMUS.

<sup>2</sup> YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd  
Thou shouldst 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? Oh, Pisanio!  
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 <sup>3</sup> to put on this: so had you sav'd  
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,

——— *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's  
death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *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 soothes 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 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 not 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 remembered. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — to put on —] Is to incite, to instigate. JOHNSON.

You



You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love;  
 To have them fall no more; you some permit  
 To second ill with ill, & each elder worse;  
 5 And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.

But

<sup>4</sup> ——— 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 know, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads,

————— each elder worse,  
 The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakespeare calls the deed of an elder man an elder deed. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> 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 Shakespeare 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 ill with ill, each other worse,

And make them *trade it*, to the doers' thrift.

Trade

But Imogen's your own. ' Do your best wills,  
 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,  
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
 More valour in me, than my habits shew.  
 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 vanquishes 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,

*Trade and thrift correspond.* Our author plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation; or a frequent practice. So Isabella says,

“Thy sins, not accidental, but a *trade*.” JOHNSON.

“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 best wills,

And make me blest t' obey.— JOHNSON.

VOL. IX.

S

The

The princeſs of this country; and the air on't  
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carle,  
 A very drudge of nature, 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;  
 That 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.*]

### 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.*

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, Sir; 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 dam'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  
turf,

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's his country. Athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings (lads, more like to run  
<sup>1</sup> The country base, than to commit such slaughter;  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those <sup>2</sup> 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*

<sup>1</sup> *The country base,*— i. e. A rustic game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— 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.

S 2

“ *But*

“ *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 noblenefs (which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks;  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd  
coward

But by example (oh, 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,  
<sup>3</sup> 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 <sup>4</sup> bugs o' the field.

<sup>3</sup> *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 Shakespeare'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 figure? JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *bugs* —] Terrors. JOHNSON.

So in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605,

“ Where nought but furies, *bugs*, and tortures dwell.”

STEEVENS.

*Lord.*

*Lord.* This was strange chance.

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

*Post.* <sup>5</sup> Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
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 rhimes.

*Lord.* Farewell; you are angry. [Exit.

*Post.* Still going? This is a lord! oh 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? <sup>6</sup> I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;  
Nor feel him, where he struck. Being an ugly  
monster,

<sup>5</sup> *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, is he therefore forbid to 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 wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common 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 characteristic, say, "*Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent.*" And PRIOR, in his *Alma*,

"North Britons hence have *second fight*;

"And Germans free from *gun-shot fight.*" WARB.

'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 <sup>7</sup> 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; <sup>8</sup> 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,  
<sup>9</sup> That gave the affront with them.

1 *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.

2 *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.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *favourer to the Roman,*] The editions before Hanmer's for Roman read Briton; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton still. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *great the answer be*] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *That gave the affront with them.*] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*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.*

1 Gaol. <sup>1</sup> You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or 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 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: <sup>2</sup> to satisfy, I doff my freedom; 'tis the main part; take No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know

<sup>1</sup> *You shall not now be stolen,——*] This wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *—— 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,



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  
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.  
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;  
 Though 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 those cold bonds. Oh Imogen!  
 I'll speak to thee in silence.— [He sleeps,

† *Solemn music.* Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius  
 Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired  
 like

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 god-heads, 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.

‡ — *cold bonds.* — ] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetic speeches. JOHNS.

† *Solemn music, &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 Shakespeare. POPE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The following passage from Mr. 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 Praise of the red Herring*, 4to, 1599, where he assures us, that in a  
 “ play

*like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping,*

*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 aught but well,

Whose face I never saw ?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,

Attending Nature's law,

Whose father, Jove ! (as men report

Thou orphans' father art)

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him

From his earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes ;

<sup>5</sup> That from me my 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.

“ play of his, called *The Isle of Dogs*, *four* acts, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *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.

1 *Bro.*

1 *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?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
 To be exil'd and thrown  
 From Leonatus' seat, 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 seats 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 crystal 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

T.

To the shining synod of the rest  
Against thy deity.

2 *Both.* Help, Jupiter, or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

*Jupiter descends 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 crystalline. [*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  
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing, and <sup>6</sup> cloys his beak,  
As when his god is pleas'd.

<sup>6</sup> ——— cloys his beak,] What cloys means in this instance, I do not exactly know. STEVENS.

Perhaps we should read,

————— claws his beak. T. T.

*All.*

*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 (oh 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 swerve:  
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! oh rare one!  
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects  
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 re-  
vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then  
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,  
and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff, as 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

'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

The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

*Enter Gaoler.*

*Gaol.* Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

*Gaol.* Hanging is the word, Sir; 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, Sir: 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, <sup>s</sup> and sorry  
that you are paid too much; purse and brain, both

arises from part of it being spoke of the prophesy, 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.

<sup>s</sup> — 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 subdu'd  
too much by the liquor. So Falstaff,

“ —— seven of the eleven I pay'd.” STEEVENS.

empty;

empty ; the brain the heavier, for being too light : the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit : oh, the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice ; you have no true <sup>9</sup> debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge : your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

*Gaol.* Indeed, Sir, 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, Sir, 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 <sup>1</sup> 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 thee 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.

<sup>9</sup> — debtor and creditor——] For an accounting book.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — jump the after-enquiry——] That is, venture at it without thought. So *Macbeth*,

“ We'd jump the life to come.” JOHNSON.

*Post.*

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news; I am called 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 beget young gibbets, <sup>2</sup> 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 desolation 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 targes of proof, cannot be found;  
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:

<sup>2</sup> — *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.” — STEEVENS.

Such



Such precious deeds in '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:  
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees.

[*They kneel.*

Arise my knights o' the battle; I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*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!

' ——— 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 pro-  
mise of courageous behaviour. *JOHNSON.*

To four 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 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, oh 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  
threatned

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 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 dutious, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,

Of

<sup>a</sup> So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join  
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-  
ness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he hath serv'd a Roman.—Save him, Sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him;  
His <sup>3</sup> favour is familiar to me.—Boy,  
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art  
Mine own, I know not why, nor 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,  
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.

<sup>a</sup> *So feat,*——] So ready; so dextrous in waiting. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *favour is familiar*——] I am acquainted with his  
countenance. JOHNSON.

*Cym.* Wherefore eye'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.* † 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.* 'Tis my mistress :

[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good or bad. [*Cymb. and Imogen come forward.*]

*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.

† 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 he th' sweet rosy lad. WARB.

There was no great difficulty in the line, which, when pro-  
perly pointed, needs no alteration. JOHNSON.

*Imo.*

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* What's that to him?

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say,  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thoul't 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 liv'd  
'Twi'x 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  
<sup>s</sup> 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  
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd  
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast (oh, 'would  
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least,  
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus—  
(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,

<sup>s</sup> *Quail to remember,*—] To *quail* is to sink into dejection.  
The word is common to many authors; among the rest, to  
STANYHURST, in his translation of the second book of the  
*Æneid*:

“ With nightly silence was I *quail'd*, and greatly with  
“ horror.” STEEVENS.

T 3

Hearing

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
 For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast  
 Of him that best could speak: <sup>6</sup> for feature, laming  
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
 Postures, beyond brief nature; for condition,  
A shop

<sup>6</sup> ——— for feature, laming] Feature for proportion of parts, which Mr. Theobald not understanding, would alter to *feature*.

————— 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 exceeded, 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 Cleopatra*:

“ 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 vivantes 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 étoient si beaux qu'on pouvoit assurer qu'en tout ce qu'il avoit de l'homme c'étoit 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 auteurs modernes ont suivi ces mêmes sentimens sur la beauté de l'Antique.*” — Je reporterai seulement celui de Scaliger. “ *Le Moyen (dit il) que 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

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.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.— This Posthumus,  
(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  
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 wag'd with him  
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore

last quotation from Scaliger well explains what Shakespeare 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 the poet was conversant with what we call at present *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) give a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakespeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of *Homer*, the first part of which was published in 1596, and with additions in 1598, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation or knowledge of the fine arts. It is surely more for the honour of our poet to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of statuary or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. STEEV.

T 4

Upon



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 carbuncle <sup>7</sup>  
 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  
 'Twi'x 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; <sup>8</sup> averring notes  
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
 (Oh, 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,  
 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,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come!—Oh, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out  
 For torturers ingenious: it is I

<sup>7</sup> So in *Antony and Cleopatra*;

“ He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled

“ Like Phœbus car.”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *averring notes*] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averr'd* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

That

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,  
 By being worfe 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, <sup>9</sup> 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 !—Oh Imogen !  
 My queen, my life, my wife ! oh 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.* Oh, gentlemen, help,  
 Mine, and your mistress—Oh, my lord Posthumus !  
 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 ?

<sup>9</sup> — and she herself.] That is, She was not only the temple  
 of virtue, but virtue herself. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — these staggers—] This wild and delirious perturbation.  
 Staggers is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

*Imo.*

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* Oh 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?

*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?

<sup>2</sup> Think, that you are upon a rock; and now  
Throw me again.

<sup>2</sup> *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 situation 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 perish. STEEV.

*Imo.*

*Poff.* Hang there like fruit, my foul,  
'Till the tree die !

*Cym.* How now, my flesh ? my child ?  
What, mak'ft thou me a dullard in this act ?  
Wilt thou not fpeak to me ?

*Imo.* Your bleffing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*

*Bel.* Tho' 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.

*Imo.* I am forry for't, my lord.

*Cym.* Oh, ſhe was naught ; and 'long of her it was,  
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely ; but her fon  
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pif.* My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. 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 infant death. By accident  
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's  
Then in my pocket ; which directed him  
To ſeek him on the mountains near to Milford ;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,  
Which he inforc'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

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.* Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, Sir King :  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
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 foldier,  
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 shall 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 of him. My sons, I must,  
For my own part unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

<sup>3</sup> *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 hasting of our wrath?—*

i. e. by hastening, provoking ; and as such a provocation is  
undutiful, the demerit, consequently, undoes or makes void  
his former worth, and all pretensions to reward. **WARB.**

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.

*Arv,*

*Arv.* Your danger's ours.

*Guid.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then—by leave;  
Thou hadst, 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  
4 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 saucy: 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:  
5 Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes,

(For

4 *Assum'd this age:—*] 'I believe is the same as *attain'd this age.* STEEVENS.

5 *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

(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, Sir,  
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—  
 The benediction of these covering heavens  
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
 To in-lay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* <sup>6</sup> 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:

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 occurs in the play of *Cymbeline*, in the last scene. Belarius says to the king,

Your pleasure was my *near* offence, my punishment  
 Itself, and all my treason.——

Mr. JOHNSON would read *dear* offence. In the folio it is *near*; which plainly points out to us the true reading, MEERE, as the word was then spelt. *Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.*

<sup>6</sup> *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.

This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  
Your younger princely son; he, Sir, 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.* Oh, 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,  
You may reign in them now! Oh Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? oh, never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I, you brothers;  
When ye 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!

When shall I hear all through? this <sup>8</sup> fierce abridgment  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which

<sup>7</sup> *When ye 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.

<sup>8</sup> — *fierce abridgment*] *Fierce*, is vehement, rapid. JOHNS.

Distinction



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 long interrogatories. 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's quit this ground,  
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—  
 Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To Belarius.

*Imo.* You are my father too; and did relieve me,  
 To see this gracious season!

*Cym.* All o'er-joy'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 soldier, that so nobly fought,  
 He would have well become this place, and grac'd  
 The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, Sir,  
 The soldier that did company these three  
 In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for  
 The purpose I then follow'd;—that I was he,

° *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.

Speak,

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 shews  
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 it. Let him shew  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus,——

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

[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 re-  
vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then  
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,  
and flourish in peace and plenty.

VOL. IX.

U

Thou,

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 ; who, even now,  
 Answering the letter of the oracle,  
 Unknown to you, unfought, were clip'd about  
 With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This has 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 majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue  
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.* <sup>1</sup> 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 ;  
 On whom heaven's justice, both on her and hers,  
 Hath laid 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.

<sup>1</sup> *My peace we will begin* : — ] I think it better to read,  
 By peace we will begin. — JOHNSON.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods !  
 And let the 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,  
 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 SONG, sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over  
*Fidele*, supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair *Fidele's* grassy tomb  
 Soft maids, and village binds shall bring  
 Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,  
 And riste 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.

U 2

3. No

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 chace 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.*

T H E  
L I F E A N D D E A T H  
O F  
K I N G L E A R.

U 3

## Persons Represented.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*  
*King of France.*  
*Duke of Burgundy.*  
*Duke of Cornwall.*  
*Duke of Albany.*  
*Earl of Glo'ster.*  
*Earl of Kent.*  
*Edgar, Son to Glo'ster.*  
*Edmund, Bastard Son to Glo'ster.*  
*Curan, a Courtier.*  
*Doctor.*  
*Fool.*  
*Oswald, Steward to Gonerill.*  
*A Captain, employed by Edmund.*  
*Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.*  
*A Herald.*  
*Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ster.*  
*Servant to Cornwall.*  
1st. } *Servants to Glo'ster.*  
2d. }

Gonerill, }  
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*  
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE *lies in* BRITAIN.

# 'K I N G L E A R.

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

*The king's palace.*

*Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the bastard.*

K E N T.

**I** THOUGHT the king had more affected the duke of Albany than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us: but now, <sup>2</sup> in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for <sup>3</sup> equalities are so

<sup>1</sup> The story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakespeare 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 my collection of the quarto copies) than to all the other performances together. From *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1586, he 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 Glo'ster 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 Shakespeare seems more immediately to have followed them, in the course of my notes on the play. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *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 Gloucester 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.

<sup>3</sup> — *equalities,*—] So the first quarto's: the folio reads—*Qualities.* JOHNSON.

U 4

weigh'd,



weigh'd, <sup>4</sup> that curiosity in neither can <sup>5</sup> make choice of either's moiety.

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glo.* His breeding, Sir, has 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: whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir, 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 a son, Sir, by order of law, <sup>6</sup> some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whore-son must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

<sup>4</sup> — *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 preferring one share to the other. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> — *make choice of either's moiety.*] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half, one of two equal parts*; but Shakespeare commonly uses it for *any part or division*.

Metilinks my *moiety* north from Burton here

In quantity equals not one of yours:

and here the *division* was into *three* parts. Had Shakespeare been aware of the precise meaning, he probably would not have anticipated the determination of the king, who in the next scene divides the kingdom in this manner. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *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.

*Edm.*

*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 :  
[*Trumpets sound within.*]

—The king is coming.

*Enter king Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy,  
Glo'ster.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Glo'ster and Edmund.*]

*Lear.* Mean time we shall <sup>7</sup> express our darker purpose.

The map there. Know, that we have divided,  
In three, our kingdom : <sup>8</sup> and 'tis our fast intent,

<sup>7</sup> ——— express our darker purpose.] *Darker*, for more secret ; not for indirect, oblique. *WARBURTON.*

This word may admit a further explication. *We shall express our darker purpose* : that is, we have already made known in some measure our design 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.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— 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 Shakespeare 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,*

To

To shake all cares and business from our age;  
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
 Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Corn-  
 wall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
 We have this hour a <sup>9</sup> constant will to publish  
 Our daughters several dowers, that future strife  
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and  
 Burgundy,

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 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,  
<sup>1</sup> Where nature doth with merit challenge. Gonerill,  
 Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield 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;  
<sup>2</sup> Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia <sup>3</sup> do? Love and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to  
 this,

<sup>9</sup> —constant will seems a confirmation of *fast* intent. JOHNS.

<sup>1</sup> *Where nature doth with merit challenge.*——] Where the claim of *merit* is superadded to that of *nature*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Beyond all manner, &c.*] i. e. beyond all expression. WARB.  
*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 yet be more. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —do?——] So the quarto; the folio has *speak*. JOHNS.

With

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
 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 of Cornwall? speak.

*Reg.* I am made of that self-metal as my sister,  
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,  
 I find, she names my very deed of love,  
 Only she comes too short; <sup>4</sup> that I profess  
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
<sup>5</sup> Which the most precious square of sense possesses;  
 And find, I am alone fortunate  
 In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]  
 And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's  
<sup>6</sup> More pond'rous than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,  
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;  
<sup>7</sup> No less in space, validity, and pleasure,

<sup>4</sup> ——— [*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.

<sup>5</sup> [*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 *sight* 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.

<sup>6</sup> [*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.

<sup>7</sup> [*No less in space, validity, —*] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. WARBURTON.

Than

Than that confirm'd on Gonerill.—<sup>8</sup> Now our joy,  
<sup>9</sup> Although our last, not least, to whose young love  
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,  
 Strive to be int'refs'd; what say you, ' to draw  
 A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing?

*Cor.* 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 now, Cordelia? mend your speech a  
 little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good, my lord,

You have begot, 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? <sup>2</sup> Haply, when I shall wed,

That

<sup>8</sup> — *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?* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *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.” STEEV.

<sup>1</sup> — *to draw*] The quarto reads, — *to win.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Haply, when I shall wed, &c.*] So in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1586, Cordila says,

“ To

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,

<sup>3</sup> To love my father all.—

*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 Hecat, 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

<sup>4</sup> 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

“ 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.

<sup>3</sup> *To love my father all.*—] These words are restored from the first edition, without which the sense was not complete. POPE.

<sup>4</sup> *Hold thee, from this,*—] i. e. from this time. STEEV.

Her

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,  
 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. <sup>s</sup> Only we still 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,  
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers.—

<sup>s</sup> ————— Only retain

*The name, and all the addition 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, revenue, 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.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,  
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?  
<sup>6</sup> 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  
<sup>7</sup> Reverbs no hollowness.

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

<sup>6</sup> *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 *reserve 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 *reserve thy state*, which conduces more to the progress of the action. JOHNSON.

*Reserve thy state*, is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Reverbs*——] This I presume to be a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverberates*. STEEVENS.

*Kent.*



*Kent.* My life I never held but as <sup>8</sup> a pawn  
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  
<sup>9</sup> 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, forbear.

*Kent.* Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,  
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!  
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
Which we durst never yet, and with <sup>1</sup> strain'd pride  
<sup>2</sup> To come betwixt our sentence and our power;  
<sup>3</sup> Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear;  
Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five

<sup>8</sup> ——— a pawn

[*To wage against thine enemies;—*] 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 to be employed in *waging* war against your enemies. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> [*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.

<sup>1</sup> ——— [*strain'd pride*] The oldest copy reads *strayed pride*; that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride passing due bounds. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> [*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.

<sup>3</sup> [*Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear,*

*Our potency make good;—*] Mr. Theobald, by putting the first

Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from difasters of the world ;  
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back

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.**

In my opinion, *made*, the reading of all the editions, but the quarto, which reads *make good*, is right. Lear had just delegated his power to Albany and Cornwall, contenting himself with only the name and all the additions of a king : he could therefore have *no power* to inflict on Kent the punishment which he thought he deserved. *Our potency made good* seems to me only this : *They to whom I have yielded my power and authority, yielding me the ability to dispense it in this instance, take thy reward.* **STEEVENS.**

Upon our kingdom: if, the tenth day following,  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death. Away! \* By Jupiter,  
This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: 'sith thus thou wilt  
appear,

5 Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—  
The gods to their dear shelter 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 Gonorill.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

6 He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Glo'ster, with France and Burgundy, and attendants.*

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

*Lear.* My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward 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 love?

*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;

\* — *By Jupiter,*] Shakespeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

5 *Freedom lives hence,*—] So the folio: both the quartos concur in reading—*Friendship* lives hence. STEEVENS.

6 *He'll shape his old course*—] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

If aught within that little, <sup>7</sup> 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.* Will you with those infirmities she <sup>8</sup> 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;

<sup>9</sup> Election makes not up on such conditions.

*Lear.* Then leave her, Sir; for, by the power that  
made me,

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,  
<sup>1</sup> 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,

<sup>7</sup> *Seeming* is beautiful. JOHNSON.

*Seeming* rather means *specious*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— owes,] i. e. Possessed of. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *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.

<sup>1</sup> *The best, the dearest*; ———] *Best* is added from the first copy. JOHNSON.

That monsters it: <sup>2</sup> or your fore-vouch'd affection  
 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,  
 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:

<sup>2</sup> 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 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 con-  
 jectural emendation, I should prefer the latter sense, which re-  
 quires no change of reading. JOHNSON.

But

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's not love,  
When it is mingled with regards that stand  
Aloof<sup>3</sup> from the intire point. Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* <sup>4</sup> Royal Lear,  
Give me 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.

*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.—

<sup>3</sup> — *from the intire point.*—] *Intire*, for right, true. WARB.  
Rather, single, unmixed with other considerations. JOHNS.  
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?” STEEV.

<sup>4</sup> *Royal Lear*,] So the quarto: the folio has—*Royal king*.  
STEEVENS.

Thy dow'rlless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,  
 Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
 Not all the dukes of watrish Burgundy  
 Can buy this unpriz'd, precious maid of me.—  
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, tho' unkind;  
<sup>5</sup> Thou 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 benizon.—  
 Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Lear and Burgundy.*]

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* Ye 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. Love well our father:  
 To your professing bosoms I commit him:  
 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,  
<sup>6</sup> And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

*Cor.*

<sup>5</sup> *Thou lovest here,——*] *Here and where* have the power of nouns. Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *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 jingle 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 *wanted*.

i. e. that disherison, which you so much glory in, you deserve.

WARBURTON.

I think

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what <sup>7</sup> plaited cunning hides,  
 \* Who cover faults, shame them at last derides.  
 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 soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric 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

I think the common reading very suitable to the manner of our author, and well enough explained by Theobald. JOHNS.

The meaning may be this. You are well worthy to deserve the *want* (i. e. *poverty*) which, in my opinion, you have *wanted* (i. e. *solicited or desired to have*) from our father. The difficulty is only in the ambiguity of the words *want* and *wanted*, which are used in the different senses of *egere* and *carere*. Both the quarto's read,

And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *plaited cunning*—] i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON.

\* *Who cover faults, &c.*] The quarto's read,

Who *cover* faults, *shame them* at last derides.

This I have replaced. The former editors read with the folio,

Who *covers* faults at last with shame derides. STEEV.



between France and him. Pray you, <sup>9</sup> let us hit together. If our father carry authority with such disposition 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 <sup>10</sup> i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to a castle belonging to the earl of Glo'ster.*

*Enter Edmund, with a letter.*

*Edm.* <sup>1</sup> Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law My services are bound: wherefore should I

<sup>2</sup> Stand in the plague of custom, and permit

The

<sup>9</sup> — *let us hit* —] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us fit.* JOHNSON.

— *let us hit* —] i. e. agree. STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> — *i' the heat*] i. e. We must strike while the iron's hot.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *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 Reginae DEÆQUE MORTALIUM Arcanis.* So that the title here is emphatical. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton says that Shakespeare 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. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *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 the emendation proposed, though I have nothing better to offer. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare seems to mean by the *plague of custom*, Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented

<sup>3</sup> The curiosity of nations <sup>4</sup> to deprive me,  
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines  
<sup>5</sup> Lag of a brother? Why *bastard*? Wherefore *bafe*?  
 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 *bafe*? with *baseness*? *bastardy*? *bale*, *bafe*?  
<sup>6</sup> Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take

More

tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which  
 custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed?  
 Dr. Warburton proposes *plage*, which he defines to be *the place*,  
*the country, the boundary of custom*; which definition he might  
 have spared, as there is no such word as that which he would  
 introduce. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *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 Shakespeare, was a word that sig-  
 nified *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*." *Curiosify* is the old reading, which Mr. Theobald  
 changed into *courtesy*, though the word occurs a second time in  
 this act, and is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in the same  
 sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *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*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two  
 instances, with respect to younger brothers, 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*. HAMMER.

<sup>6</sup> *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 con-  
 firmed atheist; and his being made to ridicule *judicial astrology*  
 was designed as one mark of such a character. For this im-  
 pious 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,

More composition and fierce quality,  
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
 Got 'tween a-sleep 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  
 7 Shall be the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—  
 \* Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

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 incaluisse ardentius,*  
 " *ac cumulatim affatimque generosa semina contulissent, è*  
 " *quibus ego formæ blanditiam et elegantiam, robustas corporis*  
 " *vires, mentemque innubilem consequutus fuissém. At quia con-*  
 " *jugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis."* Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakespeare 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.

7 *Shall be the legitimate.*—] Here the Oxford Editor would 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. STEEV.

\* *Now, gods, stand up for bastards!*] For what reason? He does not tell us; but the poet alludes to the debaucheries of the Pagan gods, who made heroes of all their bastards. WARB.

To

*To him enter Glo'ster.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! <sup>1</sup> subscrib'd his power!  
Confin'd to <sup>2</sup> exhibition! <sup>3</sup> All this done

Upon the gad!—Edmund! how now? what news?

*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; 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.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *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.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *exhibition!*—] Is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *all this done*

[*Upon the gad!*—] So the old copies: the later editions read,

————— *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.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or <sup>4</sup> taste of my virtue.

*Glo.* reads.] <sup>5</sup> *This policy, and reverence of age makes 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* <sup>6</sup> *idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which 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 wake 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 before founded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and

<sup>4</sup> — *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.

<sup>5</sup> *This policy and reverence of ages—*] *Age* is the reading of both the copies of authority. Butter's quarto has, *this policy of ages*; the folio, *this policy and reverence of age*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *idle and fond—*] Weak and foolish. JOHNSON.

fathers

fathers declining, the father should be as a 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, sirrah, 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 <sup>7</sup> 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.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him—Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; <sup>8</sup> wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the business after your own wisdom: <sup>9</sup> I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

*Edm.*

<sup>7</sup> — *pretence* —] *Pretence* is design, purpose. So afterwards in this play,

*Pretence* and purpose of unkindness. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *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.

<sup>9</sup> — *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.

Such

*Edm.* I will seek him, Sir, presently; <sup>1</sup> convey 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: tho' <sup>2</sup> 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. 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, hollownes, 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.*]

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 compos'd on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. JOHNS.

The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra,*

“ Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will

“ *Unstate* his happiness, and be stag'd to shew

“ Against a sword.”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —— *convey the business*——] *Convey*, for introduce: but *convey* is a fine word, as alluding to the practice of clandestine conveying goods, so as not to be found upon the felon. WARB.

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.

<sup>2</sup> —— *the wisdom of nature*——] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. JOHNSON.

*Edm.*

*Edm.* <sup>3</sup> This is the excellent foppery of the world ! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our

<sup>3</sup> *This is the excellent foppery of the world, &c.*] In Shake-  
 speare'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 en-  
 tirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary in qua-  
 lities: 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



our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, <sup>4</sup> and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all 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, disent ils—Et doncques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieulx, la constellation des Astres, & aspect des planetes, que quiconque coignée perdra, soubdain devienra ainsi riche?"—*Nou. Prol. du IV. Livre.*—But to return to Shakespeare. 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.

<sup>4</sup> — and treachers, —] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the old copies, which I have restored to the text, may be supported from most of the old contemporary writers. So in *Doctor Dodypole*, 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 Huntington*, 1601,

"——— Hence, *trecher* as thou art!" STEEVENS.

WE

we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. <sup>5</sup> An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *Urfa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

*Enter Edgar.*

<sup>6</sup> Pat!——— <sup>7</sup> he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh

<sup>5</sup> *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. WARB.

<sup>6</sup> Pat!——— *he comes.*——] The quarto reads,  
——— and out he comes.—— STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *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 this last unity (the necessary

figh like Tom o' Bedlam—O, these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, fol, 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.* <sup>8</sup> I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the

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 Shakespeare 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. **WARB.**

This supposition will not at all suit with the character of Edmund, nor with the comic turn of his whole speech; and I am more apt to think it *satire* than *panegyric*, and intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene made their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wanted them on the stage. **WARNER.**

<sup>9</sup> *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 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.**

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 courts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

*Edg.* <sup>9</sup> How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

*Edm.* Come, come, when saw you my father last?

*Edg.* 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 intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, <sup>2</sup> that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear. 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 toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

<sup>9</sup> *How long have you* — ] This line I have restored from the two eldest quartos, and have regulated the following speech according the same copies. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *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. JOHNS.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business. [*Exit Edgar.*  
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 Gonerill and Steward.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman  
For chiding of his fool?

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me; every hour  
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,

' — *Idle old man,*] The following lines, as they are fine  
in themselves, and very much in character for Gonerill, 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.

That

That still would manage those authorities,  
 That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,  
<sup>2</sup> Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd  
 With checks, as flatteries when they are seen abus'd.  
 Remember what I have said.

*Stew.*

<sup>2</sup> *Old FOOLS are babes again; and must be used*

*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'ers 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 Shakespeare quoted the proverb, 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 Shakespeare must have wrote,

Old *folks* are babes again; and must be used

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 becoming more peevish and perverse by indulgence,

——— when they're seen abus'd.

i. e. When we find that those flatt'ries are abus'd. WARB.

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

*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,  
That I may speak :—I'll write strait to my sister,  
To hold my very course :—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Changes to an open place before the palace.*

*Enter Kent disguised.*

*Kent.* ' If but (as will I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech diffuse) my good intent  
May carry thro' itself to that full issue,

*used and abused.* To *abuse* is, in our author, very frequently the same as to *deceive*. This construction is harsh and ungrammatical ; Shakespeare 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 understand. JOHNSON.

*If but as well I other accents borrow,  
And can my speech diffuse,*——] The first folio reads the whole passage thus :

If but as *will* I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech *defuse*, my good intent  
May carry thro', &c.

Mr. Rowe originally made the alteration ; but, printed in the manner I have inserted them in the text, I believe the former words will convey as forcible a meaning. To *diffuse* speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it ; as *Merry Wives*, &c. act iv. scene 7.

“ —— rush at once

“ With some *diffused* song.”——

So in a book entitled, *A Grecu 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  
“ coloured fecte, but those uglye and *defusealy*.”——To *diffuse* speech may however mean to *speak broad*, with a clownish accent.—The two eldest quarto's concur with the folio, except that they read *well* instead of *will*. STEVENS.

For

For which I raz'd my likenefs.—Now, banish'd Kent,  
If thou can't serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
So may it come! thy master, whom thou lov'ft,  
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? [To Kent.

*Kent.* A man, Sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? What wouldst 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 <sup>2</sup> him that is wise  
and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I  
cannot chuse; <sup>3</sup> and to eat no fish.

*Lear.*

<sup>2</sup> — *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 com-  
panion to profit by. So that it was as much as to say, I pro-  
fess to talk little myself, that I may profit the more by the con-  
versation of the wise.

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. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> — *and to eat no fish*.] In queen Elizabeth's time the  
Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the  
government. 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 encourage-  
ment of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the  
reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful  
badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-bater*, who  
makes the courtesan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the  
Umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers



*Lear.* What art thou ?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be'st as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou ?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Whom wouldst 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 canst 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 doat 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 ?

*Enter Steward.*

Go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, firrah, where's my daughter ?

*Stew.* So please you——

[*Exit.*

*Lear.* What says the fellow there ? Call the clot-

for a traytor ; “ 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 Courtezan* : “ I trust I am none  
“ of the wicked that eat *fish a Fryday.*” WARBURTON.

pole

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 my own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence 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.

*Re-enter Steward.*

O, you Sir, you Sir, come you hither: who am I,  
Sir?

*Stew.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father! my lord's knave! you whoreson dog, you slave, you cur!

*Stew.*

*Stew.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech you pardon me.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?  
[*Striking him.*]

*Stew.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tript neither, you base foot-ball player.  
[*Tripping up his heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, Sir, arise, away. I'll teach you differences. Away, away: if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away: go to; have you wisdom? so.— [*Pushes the Steward out.*]

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving money.*]

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too.—Here's my coxcomb\*  
[*Giving Kent his cap.*]

*Lear.* how now, my pretty knave? how do'st thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* Why? For taking one's part, that is out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind fits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, † take my coxcomb.  
Why,

\* — *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, used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow.

WARBURTON.

Another part of the furniture of a fool was a *bauble*, which, though it is generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool anciently carried in his hand. There is a representation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraven by Baron, and called *Comediens Italiens*. A faint

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? Would I had <sup>5</sup> 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 must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the <sup>6</sup> lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To Kent.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark, nuncle.—

Have more than thou showest,  
 Speak less than thou knowest,  
<sup>7</sup> Lend less than thou owest,  
 Ride more than thou goest,

faint resemblance of it may be found in a frontispiece of L. de Guernier to this play in Mr. Pope's edition. HAWKINS.

This explanation, which I did not receive till it was too late to insert it more appositely, is confirmed by a passage in *All's Well*, &c. act iv. where the clown says,

“ I would give his wife my *bauble*, Sir.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *two coxcombs*,—] Two fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *lady brach*—] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favoured animal*. The old 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.” STEEV.

<sup>7</sup> *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.

Learn

8 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?

*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 one?

*Lear.* 9 No, lad, teach me.

*Fool.* *That lord that counsel'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

8 *Learn more than thou trowest,*] To *trow*, is an old word which signifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable. WARB.

9 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.

me;

me; <sup>1</sup> if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: and the ladies too, they'll 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 hadst 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.

<sup>2</sup> *Fools ne'er had* <sup>3</sup> *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, firrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thy own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,* [Singing.  
*And I for sorrow sung,*  
*That such a king should play bo-peep,*  
*And go the fools among.*

<sup>1</sup> — *if I had a monopoly on't, 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.

<sup>2</sup> *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. The old edition has *wit* for *grace*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *less grace—*] So the folio. Both the quarto's read—*less wit*. STEEVENS.

Pr'ythee,

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain learn to lye.

*Lear.* If you lye, 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 o'thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i' the middle; here comes one o' th' parings.

*Enter Gonerill.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter, what makes <sup>4</sup> that frontlet? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue [*To Gonerill*]; so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing. Mum, mum,

*He that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing.  
Weary of all, shall want some.*

<sup>5</sup> That's a sheal'd peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*

*Gon.* Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,  
But others of your insolent retinue,

<sup>4</sup> — *that frontlet?*—] A *frontlet* was anciently one of the ornaments of an altar; I suppose of the front of it. In the inventory of the wardrobe belonging to Salisbury cathedral, in 1536, are the following particulars: "A red cloth of gold, and a *frontlet* of the same suit." Again,— "A purple cloth, with a divers *frontlet*." Again,— "A cloth white with trefoils, &c. and a *frontlet* of the same." The word is here used figuratively. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *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.

Do

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 his course, and <sup>6</sup> put it on  
 By your allowance; 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,  
 Which else were shame, that then necessity  
 Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For you know, 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 <sup>7</sup> were left darkling.

*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  
 From what you rightly are.

*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart draws  
 the horse? <sup>8</sup> Whoop, Jug, I love thee.

*Lear.* Does any here know me? Why this is not  
 Lear.

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?  
 Either his notion weakens, his discernings

<sup>6</sup> — put it on] i. e. promote, push it forward. So *Macbeth*,  
 “———— the pow'rs

“ Put on their instruments.”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — were left darkling.] This word is used by Milton,  
*Paradise Lost*, book i.

“———— as the wakeful bird

“ Sings darkling.”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — 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.

Are



Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'tis not so.  
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

*Fool.* Lear's shadow.

*Lear.* I would learn that; <sup>9</sup> for by the marks  
Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and reason,  
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.--

*Fool.* <sup>1</sup> Which they will make an obedient father.

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman.

*Gon.*

<sup>9</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ for by the marks

*Of sovereignty, 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.**

<sup>1</sup> *Which they will make an obedient father.*] This line I have restored from the quarto. *Which*, in the fool's answer, is used with two deviations from the present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the particle *I*, and is used, according to a mode now obsolete, for the personal pronoun *whom*. To this note I have subjoined the following remark from the *Observations and Conjectures on some Passages in Shakespeare, printed at Oxford, 1766.*

“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 sovereignty, 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 Gonerill, and whether he himself is Lear. Upon her first speech, he only exclaims,

\_\_\_\_\_ Are you our daughter?

Upon

Gon. This admiration, Sir, 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 <sup>2</sup> 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,  
<sup>3</sup> A little to disquantity your train;

And

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 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 Gonerill,—

Your name, fair gentlewoman. STEEVENS.

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.

<sup>2</sup> ——— a grac'd palace.—] A palace grac'd by the presence of a sovereign. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> A little to disquantity your train;] A little is the 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 Gonerill. POPE.

Of fifty to disquantity your train;] If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he

And the remainder, <sup>4</sup> that shall still depend,  
To be such men as may besort 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,  
<sup>5</sup> Than the sea-monster!

*Alb.* Pray, Sir, be patient.

would have found, in the *first folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after these words,

To have a thankless child—go, go, my people;  
and goes out while Albany and Gonerill 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. Gonerill, 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.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *that shall still depend,*] *Depend*, for continue in service. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *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.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Detested kite! thou liest: [To Gonerill.  
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 names.—O most small fault!  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew?  
Which, <sup>6</sup> like an engine, wrencht my frame of nature  
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 people.

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant  
Of what hath mov'd you.

*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;  
And <sup>7</sup> from her derogate body never spring  
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,  
And be a thwart disinatur'd torment to her!  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;  
With <sup>8</sup> cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;  
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.

*Alb.* Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes  
this?

<sup>6</sup> — like an engine, —] Mr. Edwards conjectures that an engine is the rack. He is right. To engine is, in Chaucer, to strain upon the rack. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — from her derogate body —] Derogate for unnatural. WARB. Rather, I think, degraded; blasted. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — cadent tears —] i. e. Falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read cadent. STEEVENS.

*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 Gonerill.*

<sup>9</sup> That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,  
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon  
thee!

<sup>1</sup> The untented woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,  
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out;  
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,  
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?

<sup>2</sup> Let it be so: I have another daughter,  
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 and attendants.*

<sup>9</sup> 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 thee worth blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, bewep this cause again, &c.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *The untented woundings* ——] *Untented wounds*, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them, and may possibly mean here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. One of the quarto's reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Let it be so, &c.*] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, and part from the second edition. JOHNSON.

*Gon.*

*Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, Gonerill,  
To the great love I bear you—

*Gon.* Pray you, be content.—What, Oswald, ho!  
—You Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, 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.*

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred  
knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep

<sup>3</sup> 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;  
If she'll sustain him and his hundred knights,  
When I have shew'd the unfitness—How now,  
Oswald?

*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,

<sup>3</sup> *At point*, I believe, means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. STEEVENS.

As may <sup>3</sup> 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 <sup>4</sup> more at task for want of wisdom,  
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;  
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 belonging to the duke of Albany's palace.*

*Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Glo'ster 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 be 'there  
afore you.

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have deli-  
vered your letter. [Exit.]

*Fool.* If a man's brain 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 slipshod.

<sup>3</sup> — compact it more.——] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — 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.

<sup>1</sup> — there afore you.] He seems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of Glo'ster, JOHNSON.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool.* Shalt see, thy 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.* What canst tell, boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Canst thou tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face.

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* <sup>2</sup> I did her wrong——

*Fool.* Canst 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's 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 wouldst make a good fool.

*Lear.* <sup>3</sup> 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?

<sup>2</sup> *I did her wrong*——] He is musing on Cordelia. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> *To take it again perforce!*——] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. JOHNSON.

He is 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.



*Fool.* Thou shouldst not have been old, till thou hadst been wise.

*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 Glo'ster.*

*Enter Edmund and Curan, severally.*

E D M U N D.

S A V E 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 'ear-kissing arguments.

*Edm.* Not I; pray you, what are they?

— *ear-kissing arguments.*] Subjects of discourse; topics. JOHNSON.

*Ear-kissing arguments* means no more than that they are yet in reality only *whisper'd ones*. STEEVENS.

*Cur.*

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward,  
'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do 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 <sup>2</sup> 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, <sup>3</sup> i' the haste,  
And Regan with him; <sup>4</sup> have you nothing said  
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?  
Advise yourself.

<sup>2</sup> — *queazy question,*] Something of a *suspicious, questionable,*  
*and uncertain nature.* This is, I think, the meaning. JOHNS.

*Queazy,* I believe, rather means *delicate,* what requires to be  
handled nicely. So Ben Jonson in *Sejanus,*

“Those times are somewhat *queazy* to be touch'd.—

“Have you not seen or read part of his book?”

So in Ben Jonson's *New Inn,*

“Notes of a *queazy* and sick stomach, labouring

“With want of a true injury.”— STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *i' the haste,*] I should suppose we ought to read only  
*in haste;* *i' the* being repeated accidentally by the press-fetter.

STEEVENS:

<sup>4</sup> ————— *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?* HAMMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read,

*Against his party, for the duke of Albany?* JOHNSON.

*Edg.*

*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 Glo'ster, and Servants with torches.*

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword  
out,

<sup>s</sup> 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 <sup>6</sup> their thunder bend,  
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond  
The child was bound to the father.—Sir, in fine,

<sup>s</sup> *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon*] This was a proper circumstance to urge to Glo'ster ; who appears, by what passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be very superstitious with regard to this matter.

WARBUETON.

<sup>6</sup> *— their thunder —*] First quarto ; the rest have it, *the thunder.* JOHNSON.

Seeing

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 my arm :  
 And when he saw my best alarmed spirits,  
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,  
 Or whether <sup>7</sup> gasted by the noise I made,  
 But suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far :

<sup>8</sup> Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;  
 And found—Dispatch.—The noble duke my master,  
 My worthy <sup>9</sup> arch and patron, comes to-night ;  
 By his authority I will proclaim it,  
 That he, who finds him, shall deserve our thanks,  
 Bringing the <sup>2</sup> murtherous coward to the stake ;  
 He that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,

<sup>3</sup> And found him pight to do it, with curst speech  
 I threaten'd to discover him : he replied,  
<sup>4</sup> ' Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,

<sup>7</sup> — gasted — ] Frighted. JOHNSON.

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*,

“ — either the sight of the lady has gasted him, or  
 “ else he's drunk.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *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  
 interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be*  
*punished.* Dispatch. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — arch — ] i. e. *Chief* ; a word now used only in com-  
 position, as *arch-angel*, *arch-duke*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — murtherous coward — ] The first edition reads,  
*caitiff.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And found him pight to do it, with curst speech]* *Pight* is  
*pitched*, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently  
 angry. JOHNSON.

' If

' If I would stand against thee, <sup>3</sup> would the refusal  
 ' 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 <sup>4</sup> 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.

*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!

<sup>3</sup> — *would the refusal*] i. e. Would any opinion that men  
 have reposed in thy trust, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the reposeure.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Strong and fastened.* Quarto. JOHNSON.

*Reg.*

*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.* <sup>s</sup> He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd  
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—

<sup>s</sup> 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.”—— STEEVENS.

*Reg.*

*Reg.* Thus out of season; <sup>6</sup> threading dark-ey'd night.

<sup>7</sup> Occasions, noble Glo'ster, of some prize,  
Wherein we must have use of your advices——  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer <sup>8</sup> 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 dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Stew.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* In the mire.

*Stew.* Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Stew.* Why, then I care not for thee.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *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*. THORS. The quarto reads,

————— *threat'ning dark-ey'd night* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Occasions, noble Glo'ster, of some PRIZE,*] We should read, *poize*, i. e. weight. WARBURTON.

*Prize*, or *price*, for value. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *from our home:—*] Not at home, but at some other place. JOHNSON.

*Stew.*

*Kent.* If I had thee in <sup>1</sup> *Lipfbury pinfold*, I would make thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*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, <sup>2</sup> hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, super-servicable, finical rogue; a one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Lipfbury 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 unexpanded, 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 *one-trunk-inheriting slave*, I take to be a wearer of old cast-off cloaths, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

*Three-suited knave* might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakespeare, one who had no greater change of cloaths than *three suits* would furnish him with: and 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 *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 *Anatomic 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*.”

<sup>2</sup> — *hundred-pound*, —] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Pharrix*, 1607. STEEVENS.  
service;



service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

*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 tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; <sup>3</sup> I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. You whorson, cullionly <sup>4</sup> barber-monger, 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 <sup>5</sup> 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!—

<sup>3</sup> — *I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you.*—] This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making *the sun shine thro' 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 Shakespeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, says,

“ ——— the moonshine's watry beams.”

And, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

“ Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watry moon.”

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> — *barber-monger,*—] Of this word I do not clearly see the force. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *Vanity the puppet's*—] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shews, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. JOHNSON.

*Kent.* Strike, you slave: stand, rogue; stand, you  
 6 neat slave, strike. [Beating him.

*Stew.* Help ho! murder! murder!—

*Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, 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. 7 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  
 could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been  
 but two hours o' the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Stew.* This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have  
 spar'd,

At fuit of his grey beard,——

*Kent.* 8 Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary let-  
 ter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread  
 this

6 — neat slave,—] You mere slave, you very slave. JOHNS.

*You neat slave*, I believe, means no more than *you finical rascal*, you who are an assemblage of *pride and poverty*. Ben Jonson uses the same epithet in his *Poetaster*:

“By thy leave, my neat scoundrel.” STEEVENS.

7 — *Nature disclaims in thee.*] So the quartos and the folio. The modern editors read, without authority,

—— Nature disclaims *her share* in thee. STEEVENS.

8 *Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!*——] I do not well understand how a man is reproached by being called *zed*,  
 VOL. IX. A a nor

<sup>8</sup> this unbolted villain <sup>9</sup> into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail!

*Corn.* Peace, Sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, Sir; 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,  
<sup>1</sup> Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain  
Too 'intrinicate t'unloose: footh every passion,

That

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 Gonerill'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. 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.*

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *this unbolted villain*—] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. WARB.

<sup>9</sup> — *into mortar*,—] This expression was much in use in our author's time. So Massenger, in *New Way to pay old Debts*, act i. scene 1.

“ ——— I will help your memory,

“ And tread thee into mortar.” STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Like rats, oft bite the holy cords aswaine,*

*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 *intrinicate* t'unloose: ———

This

That in the nature of their lords rebels ;  
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,  
 Renege, affirm, <sup>2</sup> and turn their halcyon beaks  
 With every gale and vary of their masters ;  
 As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.  
 A plague upon your <sup>3</sup> epileptic visage !  
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?  
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum-plain,  
 I'd drive ye cackling home to <sup>4</sup> Camelot.

Corn.

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 *intrinsecate*  
 “ 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 in-*  
*sinuate them, certain intrinsecate 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, *intrinsecarsi col uno*, i. e. to grow inti-  
 mate with, to wind one self into another. And now to our  
 author's sense. Kent is rating the steward, as a parasite of  
 Gonerill'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 intrinsecate t'unloose : ———*] By these *holy cords* the poet  
 means the natural union between parents and children. The  
 metaphor is taken from the *cords of the sanctuary* ; and the  
 fomenters of family differences are compared to these sacrilegious  
 rats. The expression is fine and noble. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— and turn their halcyon beaks

*With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters ;*] The *halcyon*  
 is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion  
 was, that this bird, if hung up by the bill, would *vary* with  
 the wind, and by that means shew from what point it blew.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *epileptic visage !*] The frightened countenance of a man  
 ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Camelot.*] Was the place where the romances say  
 A a 2 king

*Corn.* What art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out? Say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, nor his,  
nor 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 <sup>5</sup> constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature. He can't 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,  
<sup>6</sup> Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.*

king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. WARBURTON.

In Somersetshire, 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.

<sup>5</sup> ——— constrains the garb

*Quite from his nature.*——] Forces his *outside* or his *appearance* to something totally *different* from his natural disposition. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *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 kind of parasites, but of their *different corruption of heart*. 2d, Because he says these ducking observants *know how* to stretch their duties nicely. I am persuaded we should read,

Than twenty *filky* ducking observants,  
which not only alludes to the *garb* of a court sycophant, but admirably

*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,  
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,  
Whose influence, like the wrcath of radiant fire  
7 On flickering Phœbus' front——

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discom-  
mend 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, <sup>8</sup> though I should  
win your displeasure to intreat me to't.

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave him?

*Stew.* I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master very lately  
To strike at me upon his misconstruction,  
When he, <sup>9</sup> conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,

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*, fly, insinuating Jacks.”

And in *Coriolanus*,

“——— when steel grows

“Soft as the *parasite's filk*,”——— WARBURTON.

The alteration is more ingenious than the arguments by which  
it is supported. JOHNSON.

7 On *flickering Phœbus' front*—] Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary  
says this word means to *flutter*. I meet with it in *The History*  
*of Clymon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599,

“By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace shall  
“understand.”

So in *The Pilgrim* of Beaumont and Fletcher,

“——— some Castrel

“That hovers over her, and dares her daily;

“Some *flickring* slave.”———

Sir Thomas North, in his translation of *Plutarch*, talks of the  
*flickering* enticements of Cleopatra.—Stanyhurst, in his trans-  
lation of the fourth book of *Virgil's Æneid*, 1582, describes it,

“From the sky down *flickering*,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *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.

<sup>9</sup> *Conjunct* is the reading of the old quarto; *compas* of the  
folio. STEEVENS.

Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,  
 And put upon him such a deal of man,  
 That worthied 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.* Fetch forth the stocks.

You stubborn ancient knave, you unreverend 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 could not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same colour  
 Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so:  
 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 meanest wretches  
 For pilferings, and most common trespasses,  
 Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,

<sup>1</sup> *But Ajax is their fool.*] “ There are none of these rogues  
 “ and cowards but have the subtlety to bring a man, as much  
 “ above their match as Ajax, into disgrace.” Or, perhaps,  
 these rogues and cowards speak of themselves as if Ajax was a  
 fool to them. STEEVENS,

That

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.*]

Come, my 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,

<sup>2</sup> Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd. I'll intreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, Sir. I have watch'd and  
travell'd hard;

Sometime 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.*

*Kent.* <sup>3</sup> 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.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd.*——] Metaphor from  
bowling. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>3</sup> *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 bene-  
diction.* *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.” *T. T.*



That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,  
But misery—<sup>4</sup> I know 'tis from Cordelia;

[*Reading the letter.*]

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscur'd course, <sup>5</sup> 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.*]

<sup>4</sup> ——— *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 obscur'd 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.

<sup>5</sup> ————— and shall find time

*From this enormous state, seeking to give*

*Losses their remedies.———*] I confess I do not understand

this passage, unless it may be considered as a part of Cordelia's letter, which he is reading to himself by moonlight: it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter it is natural enough to dwell on that part of it which promises 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.

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*Changes to a part of the beatb.*

*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. Whiles 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 ; \* 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, who, with roaring voices,  
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms  
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,  
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
 † Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,

Sometime

\* ——— *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 cakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,

“ Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.”

STEEVENS.

† *Poor pelting villages,*—] *Pelting* is used by Shakespeare in the sense of beggarly : I suppose from *pelt* a skin. The poor being generally clothed in leather. WARBURTON.

*Pelting* is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakespeare uses it in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* of *small brooks*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakespeare. *King and no King*, act iv.

“ This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing.”

*Spanish*

Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,  
 Inforce their charity. <sup>3</sup> Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!  
 That's something yet :—<sup>4</sup> Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Changes again to the <sup>1</sup> earl of Glo'ster's castle.*

*Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart from  
 home,  
 And not fend back my messenger.

*Gent.* As I learn'd,

*Spanish Curate, act ii. sc. ult.*—“ To learn the *pelting* law.”  
*Shakespeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream*,—“ every *pelting* river.”  
*Measure for Measure, act ii. scene 7.*

“ And every *pelting*, petty officer.”

From this last instance it appears not to be a *corruption of petty*, which is used the next word to it. And if it comes from *pelt*, a skin, as Dr. Warburton says, the poets have furnished *villages, peace, law, rivers, and officers of justice*, all out of one wardrobe.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *poor TURLYGOOD! poor Tom!*] We should read TURLUPIN. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, 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 suscitantes, 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.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am out-lawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence. JOHNS.

<sup>1</sup> — *earl of Glo'ster's castle.*] It is not very clearly discovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he sent a letter to Glo'ster; but no hint is given of its contents. He seems to have gone to visit Glo'ster while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

The

The night before, there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master!

*Lear.* Ha! makes thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha; <sup>2</sup> he wears cruel garters. Horses are ty'd by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck; monkeys by the loins; and men by the legs. When a man is over-lusty at legs, <sup>3</sup> then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

*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.

*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.

*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do't:

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,

<sup>2</sup> — *he wears CRUEL garters.*—] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made; and 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 *crewel 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.” STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> —— *then he wears wooden nether-stocks.*] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*. Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, has a whole chapter on *The Diversitie of Nether-Stockes worn in England*, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

“ Thy *upper stocks*, be they stuf with filke or stocks,

“ Never become thee like a *nether paire of stocks*.”

STEEVENS.

To

4 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 Gonerill his mistress, salutation ;  
 5 Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,  
 Which presently they read ; on whose contents  
 6 They summon'd up their meiny, strait took horse ;  
 Commanded me to follow, and attend  
 The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks :  
 And meeting here the other messenger,  
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,  
 (Being the very fellow, which of late  
 Display'd so saucily against your highness)  
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew ;  
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :  
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
 The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* 7 Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly  
 that way.  
 Fathers, that wear rags,  
 Do make their children blind ;  
 But fathers, that bear bags,  
 Shall see their children kind.

4 *To do upon respect such violent outrage :*] To violate the public and venerable character of a messenger from the king.

5 *Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,*] *Intermission*, for another messenger which they had then before them, to consider of ; called *intermission*, because it came between their leisure and the steward's message. WARRURTON.

6 *They summon'd up their meiny,*—] *Meiny*, i. e. People.  
 POPE.

7 *Winter's not gone yet, &c.*] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

Fortune,

Fortune, that arrant whore,  
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many <sup>8</sup> dolours  
for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

*Lear.* Oh, how this mother swells up toward my  
heart!

*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, but what you  
speak of?

*Kent.* None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number?

*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. <sup>9</sup> All that fol-  
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 upward, let

<sup>8</sup> ——— *dolours*] Quibble intended between *dolours* and  
*dollars*. HANMER.

<sup>9</sup> *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  
stinking."—Here is a succession of reasoning. You ask,  
why the king has no more in his train? why, because men who  
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.

him

him draw thee after. <sup>1</sup> 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 for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack, when it 'gins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.

<sup>2</sup> 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.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter Lear and Glo'ster.*

*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,

<sup>1</sup> — *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 sentiments from being perversly 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.

<sup>2</sup> *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 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.

You

You know the fiery quality of the duke ;  
How unremovable, and fixt he is  
In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance ! plague ! death ! confusion !—  
Fiery ? what quality ? Why Glo'ster, Glo'ster,  
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

*Glo.* 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—

[*Glo'ster offers to go.*

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  
<sup>3</sup> 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.* Oh me, my heart, my rising heart ! but down.

<sup>3</sup> *Is practice only.*—] *Practice* is in Shakespeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice.* JOHNSON.

*Fool.*



*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to <sup>4</sup> 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, Glo'ster, and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*]

*Regan.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free? [*To Kent.* Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught. Oh Regan, <sup>5</sup> 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,  
<sup>6</sup> Of how deprav'd a quality—Oh Regan!—

*Reg.* I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope, You less know how to value her desert,  
<sup>7</sup> Than she to scant her duty.

*Lear.*

<sup>4</sup> — the eels, when she put them i' the paste—] Hinting that the eel and Lear are in the same danger. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — she hath tied

*Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:] Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.*

<sup>6</sup> *Of how deprav'd a quality—]* Thus the quarto. The folio reads,

*With how deprav'd a quality—* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *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* my be to *measure* or *proportion*. Yet our author uses his negatives with such licentiousness, that it is hardly safe to make

*Lear.* Say? How is that?

*Reg.* I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation. If, Sir, 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 Sir, 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, Sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?

'Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

*Dear*

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.

'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 Shakespeare employs *use* in this signification, is too obvious to want a proof. THEOBALD.

'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 orders 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.

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B<sup>d</sup>

Dr.

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old,

<sup>2</sup> Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

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:

<sup>3</sup> Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—

All the stor'd vengeance 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.

<sup>4</sup> To fall, and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, <sup>5</sup> when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be supported by the following passage in *Milton on Divorce*, book ii. ch. 12. "How hurtful, how destructive it is to *the house*, the church, and "commonwealth!" TOLLET.

<sup>2</sup> *Age is unnecessary*:—] i. e. Old age has few wants. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> *Look'd black upon me*;—] To look black, may easily be explained 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.

<sup>4</sup> *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,

Ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

Do, fall, and blast her pride! JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *when the rash mood is on.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads only, — *when the rash mood*— perhaps leaving the sentence purposely unfinished. STEEVENS.

Thy

Thy <sup>6</sup> 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, <sup>7</sup> to scant my sizes,  
 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?

*Enter Steward.*

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*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 stockt my servant? Regan, I have good  
 hope  
 Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O  
 heavens,

<sup>6</sup> —*tender-hefted*—] This word, though its general meaning be plain, I do not critically understand. JOHNSON.

*Thy tender-hefted nature*—] *Hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is heaved by tender passions. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. Shakespeare uses *bests* for *beavings* 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 passions. *Heft* is an old word signifying *command*. *Hefted* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*to scant my sizes*,] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. JOHNSON.

*A fixer* is one of the lowest ranks of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance. STEEVENS.

B b 2

*Enter*

*Enter Gonerill.*

7 If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—  
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard? [*To Gon.*  
O, Regan, will you take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, Sir? How have I  
offended?

All's not offence<sup>8</sup> that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O, fides, 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<sup>9</sup> much less advancement.

*Lear.* You! did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.  
If, till the expiration of your month,

You

<sup>7</sup> *If you do love old men, if your sweet sway*

ALLOW *obedience, if yourselves are old,*] Mr. Upton has proved by irrefutable 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. Dr. Warburton might have found the emendation which he proposed, in Tate's alteration of King Lear, which was first published in 1687. STEEV.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *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. 1.

“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.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *much less advancement.*] The word *advancement* is ironically used here 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.

Cornwall seems to mean, that *his own disorders* had intitled him even a post of less honour than the stocks. STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> *I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.*] This is a very odd

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 ?

<sup>a</sup> 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.——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 <sup>b</sup> base life afoot.——Return with her ?

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.

<sup>2</sup> 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 any 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.

<sup>1</sup> —— *base life* ——] i. e. In a *servile* state. JOHNSON.

B b 3

Persuade

Perfuate me rather to be flave, <sup>4</sup> and fumpter,  
To this detefted groom. [*Looking on the Steward,*  
*Gon.* At your choice, Sir.

*Lear.* I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;  
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:  
We'll no more meet, no more fee one another:—  
But yet thou art my flefh, my blood, my daughter;  
Or, rather, a difeafe that's in my flefh,  
Which I muft needs call mine: thou art a bile,  
A plague-fore, an <sup>5</sup> emboffed carbuncle  
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;  
Let fhame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer fhoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.  
Mend when thou canft; be better at thy leifure.  
I can be patient; I can ftay with Regan;  
I, and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether fo, Sir;  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome: give ear, Sir, to my fiftter;  
For thofe that mingle reafon with your paffion,  
Muft be content to think you old, and fo—  
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

*Lear.* Is this well fpoken?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, Sir. What, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?  
Yea, or fo many? fith that both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainft fo great a number? How, in one houfe  
Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almoft impoffible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance  
From thofe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

<sup>4</sup> — and fumpter,] *Sumpter* is a horſe that carries neceſſaries  
on a journey, though ſometimes uſed for the caſe to carry them  
in.—Vide *Two Noble Gentlemen*, note 35. and *Cupid's Revenge*,

“ ——— I'll have a horſe to leap thee,

“ And thy baſe iſſue ſhall carry *fumpters*.” STEEV.

<sup>5</sup> ——— emboffed carbuncle] *Emboſſed* is ſwelling, *prom-*  
*berant*. JOHNSON.

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd  
to slack you,  
We could controul them. If you'll 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.

*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.* <sup>6</sup> Those wicked creatures yet do look well-  
favour'd:

When others are more wicked, not being worst,  
Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee;

[*To Gonerill.*

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.

<sup>6</sup> *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 opposition between *wicked* and *well-favour'd*. But he might have remembered what he says in his own preface concerning *mixed modes*. Shakespeare, 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.



Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
 Man's life is cheap as beasts'. 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 <sup>7</sup> 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; <sup>8</sup> touch me with noble anger!  
 O, let not womens' 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,  
 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 thousand flaws,  
 Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Glo'ster, Kent, and Fool.*

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest.*

<sup>7</sup> — *poor old man,*] The quarto has, *poor old fellow.* JOHNS.

<sup>8</sup> — *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 Shakespeare 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.

*Reg.*

*Reg.* This house is little; the old man and his people  
Cannot be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame 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 Glo'ster?

*Enter Glo'ster.*

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth.—He is return'd.

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse, but will I know not  
whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak  
winds

Do forely ruffle, for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, Sir, 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 counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> *Do forely ruffle,——*] Thus the folio. The quartos read,  
*Do forely ruffel, i. e. ruffle.* STEEVENS.

## 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.*

K E N T.

**W**HAT's here, beside foul weather?*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.*Kent.* I know you: where's the king?*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements:  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea;  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change, or cease: <sup>1</sup> 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 outcorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.<sup>2</sup> 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?<sup>1</sup> ——— *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 Shakespeare's. POPE.The first folio ends the speech at *change, or cease*, and begins again with Kent's question, *But who is with him?* The whole speech is forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched. JOHNSON.<sup>2</sup> *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 dens are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens 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.*Gent.*

*Gent.* None but the fool, who labours to out-jeft  
His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of <sup>3</sup> my note,  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  
Although as yet the face of it is cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;  
<sup>4</sup> *Who have (as who have not, whom 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 seen,  
5 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 <sup>6</sup> are but furnishings,  
[<sup>7</sup> But, true it is, <sup>8</sup> from France there comes a power  
Into*

<sup>3</sup> — *my note,*] My observation of your character. JOHNS.  
The quartos read,

— upon the warrant of my art,

i. e. perhaps, on the strength of *my skill* in physiognomy. STEEV,

<sup>4</sup> *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.

<sup>5</sup> *Either in snuffs or packings —*] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *are but furnishings.*] *Furnishings* are what we now call colours, external pretences. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *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.

<sup>8</sup> — *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:

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
Wife in our negligence, have secret fee

In

*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 Shakespeare meant to say, who, without doubt, wrote,

———— *scatbed* kingdom; ———

i. e. hurt, wounded, impaired. And so he frequently uses *scatb* 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 R. bear'sal*. 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 lines which I have distinguished by Italics 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 omissions of the Italics, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the Italics 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 Shakespeare's last copy, but in this passage the first is preferable; for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose Shakespeare 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 *scatbed*; for *scattered*, he says, gives the idea of an *anarchy*, which was not the case. It may be replied that *scatbed* 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*,

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.

*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 this fellow is,  
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!  
I will go seek the king.

*Gent.* 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 <sup>9</sup> the king. I'll this way,  
You that: he that first lights on him,  
Halloo the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*  
S C E N E

*unsettled, disunited.*—Next is offered with great pomp a change of *sea* to *seize*; but in the first edition the word is *see*, for *hire*, in the sense of having any one in *see*, that is, *at devotion for money*. *Fee* is in the second quarto changed to *see*, from which one made *sea* and another *seize*. JOHNSON.

One of the quarto's (for there are two different ones, though printed in the same year, and for the same printer) reads *secret feet*. Perhaps the author wrote *secret foot*, i. e. footing. STEEV.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *the king.* I'll this way,

*You that,* ———] The folio reads,

———— the king, in which your pain,

That way, I'll this: he that first, &c.

So that the late reading,

———— for which you take

That way, I this, ———

was not genuine. The meaning of the passage seems to be this: "Have you any thing more to say?" "Yes," replies

## S C E N E II.

*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 ' thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,  
<sup>2</sup> Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
<sup>3</sup> Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once  
That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house is  
better than the 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.  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,

Kent, " a few words, which are of greater consequence than  
" any thing I have hitherto said. That secret, however, you  
" shall not hear till we have found the king." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *thought-executing* ———] Doing execution with rapidity  
equal to thought. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Strike flat, &c.*] The quarto reads,—*Smite flat.* STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> *Crack nature's mould, 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 ascer-  
tains my explication. 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 sum

" Of nature's *germins* tumble altogether." STEEVENS.

You

3 You owe me no subscription; 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. Oh! oh! 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 lowse:

6 So beggars marry many.  
 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 glass.

3 *You owe me no subscription;—*] *Subscription*, for obedience.  
 WARBURTON.

4 — *Here I stand your SLAVE,*] But why so? It is true,  
 he says, that they *ow'd 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.

*Enter*



*Enter Kent.*

*Lear.* <sup>7</sup> No, I will be the pattern of all patience,  
I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's  
a wise man and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, Sir, <sup>8</sup> are you here? Things that love  
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies  
<sup>9</sup> Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry  
The affliction, nor the <sup>1</sup> fear.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep <sup>2</sup> 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 <sup>3</sup> thou simular man of virtue,  
That art incestuous. Caitiff, in pieces shake

That

<sup>7</sup> *No, I will be the pattern of all patience,  
I will say 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.” STEEV.

<sup>8</sup> — *are you here?*—] The quarto reads,—*fit you here?*

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,*] *Gallow*, a west-  
country word, signifies to scare or frighten. WARBURTON.

So the Somersetshire proverb, “ The dunder do *gally* the  
“ beans.” Beans are supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-  
storms. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *fear.*] So the folio: the later editions read, with the  
quarto, *force* for *fear*, less elegantly. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *this dreadful pother* —] Thus one of the quartos and  
the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *thou simular man of virtue,*] Shakespeare has here kept  
exactly to the Latin propriety of the term. I will only observe,  
that

<sup>3</sup> That under covert and convenient seeming,  
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts  
Rive your <sup>4</sup> concealing continents, <sup>5</sup> and ask  
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,  
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 scantied courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?  
I am cold myself.—Where is the straw, my fellow?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come, your  
hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I have <sup>6</sup> one part in my heart,  
That's sorry yet for thee.

that our author seems to have imitated Skelton in making a substantive of *similar*, as the other did of *dissimilar*,

“With other foure of theyr affynyte,

“Dyſdayne, ryotte, *dissimuler*, subtylte.”—*The Bouge of Courte.* WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *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.

<sup>4</sup> — *concealing continents,*—] *Continent* stands for that which contains or incloses. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ————— and ask

*These dreadful summoners grace.*—] *Summoners* is here the same as *sompners*, *apparitors*, *officers* that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ————— *one part in my heart;*] Some editions read, ————— *thing* in my heart; from which Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, have made *string*, very unnecessarily; both the copies have *part*. JOHN.

The old quarto reads,

That *sorrow*s yet for thee. STEEVENS.

Fool. *7 He that has a little tiny wit,—  
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
Though 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.

8 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:  
When priests are more in word than matter;  
When brewers marr their malt with water;

When

*7 He that has but 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 himself." Yet I am afraid that all this is chimerical, for the burthen appears again in the song at the end of *Twelfth Night*, and seems to have been an arbitrary supplement, without any reference to the sense of the song. JOHNSON.

9 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 wanches' 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

9 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.  
 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 usurers tell their gold i' the field,  
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;—  
 Then shall the realm of Albion  
 Come to great confusion.

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 premising 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 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.

9 *When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;*] *i. e.* Invent fashions for them. WARBURTON.

\* *No heretics burnt, but wenches' suitors ;*] The disease to which *wenches' suitors* are particularly exposed, was called in Shakespeare's time the *brenning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

\* This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time. [Exit.]

## S C E N E III.

*An apartment in Glo'ster's castle.*

*Enter Glo'ster 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 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 receiv'd 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 perceiv'd. 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 reliev'd. 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.

<sup>2</sup> *This prophecy—*] This prophecy is not to be found in any copy of *King Lear* published in the author's life-time.

*Then shall the realm of Albion*

*Come to great confusion.*] These two lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows:

“ When faith fails in priestes saws,  
 “ 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.

This

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 IV.

*Changes to a part of the beatb with a bovel.*

*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.* 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. Thou'dst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the <sup>3</sup> 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;

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night,

To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—

In such a night as this! O Regan, Gonerill!—

<sup>3</sup> ————— *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.* STEVENS.

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave 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:—  
 ' 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,  
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
 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.

*Edg.* [*witbin.*] Fathom and half, 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 bovel.*]

*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, disguis'd like 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.

<sup>1</sup> *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. JOHNS.

<sup>2</sup> *Hump! go to thy bed*——] So the folio. The quarto,  
 Go to thy cold bed and warm thee. JOHNSON.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath <sup>3</sup> led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath <sup>4</sup> 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. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and <sup>5</sup> 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?

—Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em 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 subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.——

<sup>3</sup> — 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.

<sup>4</sup> — 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.

Shakespeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harsenet's *Detection*, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. STEEV.

<sup>5</sup> — taking!—] To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence:

—— strike her young limbs,  
Ye taking airs, with lameness. JOHNSON.



Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?  
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot  
Those <sup>6</sup> pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat 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 not 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, <sup>7</sup> 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 words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven. One that slept in the contriving 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, <sup>8</sup> light of ear, bloody of

<sup>6</sup> ——— *pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *wore gloves in my cap,*—] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So in the play called *Campasse*, "Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, "*gloves worn in velvet caps*, instead of plumes in graven "helmets." WARBURTON.

It was 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. 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. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *light of ear,*—] i. e. Credulous. WARBURTON.  
Not merely *credulous*, but *credulous of evil*, ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

hand;

hand; <sup>9</sup> 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 woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ' says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Seffy: let him trot by. [*Storm still.*  
Lear.

<sup>9</sup> — *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.—Harfenet's book, pp. 279, 280, 226. To this probably our author alludes. STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> — *says suum, mun, nonny, &c.*] Of this passage I can make nothing. I believe it corrupt: for wildness, not nonny, is the effect of a disordered imagination. The quarto reads, *bay no on ny, dolphins, 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 nonny* is the burthen of a song in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (said to be written by Shakespeare in conjunction with Fletcher) and was probably common to many others.

*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 wishing 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. Therefore as different champions are supposed crossing the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each

of

*Lear.* 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 silk, the beast no 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. Come. Unbutton here. *[Tearing off his clothes.]*

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest of his body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul <sup>2</sup> *Flibbertigibbet*; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock. He gives the <sup>3</sup> web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

of them, and repeats these two lines as every fresh one 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 use to me.—As for the words, *says sum, nun*, they are only to be found in the first folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the press-setters, 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.

<sup>2</sup> — *Flibbertigibbet*; —] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his sermons mentions him; and Heywood, 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'lle bast thee with a libet;

“Of all woords I hate woords that end with gibet.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *web and the pin*, —] Diseases of the eye. JOHNSON.

— *Saint*

\* *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!*

**Kent.** How fares your grace?

\* *Switbold footed thrice the old;*] The *old*, my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop says, must be *wold*, which signifies a down, or ground, hilly and void of wood. THEOBALD.

*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 apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt the right*, i. e. depart forthwith. Bedlams, gipsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kind of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders. We have another of them in the *Monsieur 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.” WARB.

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. “ Switbold footed thrice the old another night moore  
“ and her nine fold bid her, O light, and her troth plight,  
“ and arint thee, with arint thee.” JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* is the same as her *nine foals*; i. e. her nine imps. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold. T. T.

*Enter*

*Enter Glo'ster, with a torch.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, 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 is <sup>5</sup> whipt from tything to tything, and stock-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 such <sup>6</sup> small deer  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower:—peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman;

<sup>7</sup> Modo he's called, 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.

<sup>5</sup> — 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. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — 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.

These two lines are taken from an old black letter'd romance of *Sir Bewys of Hampton*, quarto, printed for William Copland, in which occurs this passage. PERCY.

<sup>7</sup> *Modo be's call'd, and Mahu.*] These names are all taken from Harfenet's *Declaration*, &c. as are *Hopdance*, *Fratterretto*, *Purre*, *Haberdicut* or *Obidicut*, *Smolkin*, &c. These last were the devils that possessed Sarah Williams.—*Harfenet*, page 181.

STEEVENS.

*Glo.*

*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 fame learned Theban.

— 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.

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, into the hovel ; keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*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 ; along with us.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glo.* No words; no words; hush.

*Edg.* <sup>8</sup> *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,  
His word was still,——fie, fob, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man.*

S C E N E V.

*Changes to Glo'ster'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; <sup>1</sup> 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

<sup>8</sup> *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*. WARRBURTON.

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*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *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*. WARRBURTON.

advantages

advantages of France: Oh heavens! that this treason were not; or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the dutchefs.

*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 Glo'ster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

*Edm.* [*Aside.*] If I find him <sup>2</sup> 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 Glo'ster, 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.* Fraterretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, Innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a mad-man be a gentleman or a yeoman?

*Lear.* A king, a king!

*Fool.* 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.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *comforting* ———] He uses the word in the juridical sense for *supporting, helping*, according to its derivation; *salvia confortat ne vos.*—*Schol. Sal.* JOHNSON.

*Lear.*



*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits  
<sup>1</sup> Come hissing in upon 'em.——

[*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf,  
<sup>2</sup> a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

*Lear.* It shall be done, I will arraign them strait :—  
 Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ;—  
 Thou sapient Sir, sit here.—Now, ye she foxes !—

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares ! Wantest  
 thou eyes <sup>3</sup> at trial, madam ?]

<sup>1</sup> *Come hissing 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 Shakespeare 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.

What is omitted in the folio, and inserted from the older copy, I have enclosed in crotchets. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —— *the HEALTH of a horse,*—] Without doubt we should read *heels*, i. e. to stand behind him. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare 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.

<sup>3</sup> 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. *Wankest thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary Gonerill, and may signify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the bar of justice?* 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.

Come

<sup>4</sup> *Come o'er the broom, Bessy, to me:—*

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak, and she must not speak,  
Why she dares not come over to thee.*

[*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. <sup>5</sup> *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. 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,  
Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission, sit you too.

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

<sup>6</sup> *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.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Gonerill. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

<sup>4</sup> *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.

<sup>5</sup> — *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly—] Sarah Williams confessed (see Harfenet's book, p. 195.) that when she was troubled with a croaking in her stomach from emptiness, the priests persuaded her it was *the fiend* within her. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *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.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress; is your name Gonerill?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

*Lear.* And here's another, whose warpt looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—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 me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt,  
you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,  
Tooth that poisons if it bite;  
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,  
Hound or spaniel, 7 brache or hym;  
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;  
Tom will make him weep and wail:  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

7 ——— *brache or hym, &c.*] Names of particular sorts of dogs. POPE.

Sir T. Haumer for *hym* reads *lym*. JOHNSON.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Quarolous says,—“all the  
“*lime*-hounds of the city should have drawn after you by the  
“scant.”—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 Britan-*  
*niciis*.—So in the book of *Ancient Tenures*, 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 Massenger's *Bashful Lover*,

“————— smell out

“Her footing like a *lim-bezud*.” STEEVENS.

Do

Do de, de de. <sup>8</sup> Sessy, come, march to wakes and fairs,

And market towns. Poor Tom, <sup>9</sup> thy horn is dry.

*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. <sup>1</sup> You will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

*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.

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Re-enter Glo'ster.*

*Glo.* Come hither, friend? Where is the king, my master?

<sup>8</sup> — *Sessy, come, &c.*] Here is *sessy* again, which I take to be the French word *cesser* 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, jo.* JOHNS.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *sefe*. 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*. It is not impossible that this may be a part of some old song, and originally stood thus:

Cissy, come march to wakes

And fairs, and market towns.—

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have seen in an old ballad, viz.

Thro' the sharp haw-thorn blows the cold wind. STEEV.

<sup>9</sup> — *thy horn is dry.*] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the streets. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *You will say they are Persian;—*] Alluding perhaps to Clytus refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander.

STEVENS:

D d 2

*Kent.*

*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, Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up, And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* <sup>2</sup> Opprest nature sleeps.——— This rest might yet have balm'd <sup>3</sup> 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.*

*Manet Edgar.*

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Opprest 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 Shakespeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes, than of continuing the action. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *thy broken senses,*] The quarto, from whence this speech is taken, reads,—*thy broken sinews.* STEEVENS.

Who

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;  
 Leaving <sup>4</sup> free things, and happy shows, behind:  
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,  
 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:  
<sup>5</sup> Mark the high noises! and thyself bewray,  
 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 Edgar.

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to Glo'ster's castle.*

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, 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 Glo'ster. [Exit 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, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister. Farewell, <sup>6</sup> my lord of Glo'ster.

<sup>4</sup> — free things,—] States clear from distress. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *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.

<sup>6</sup> — *my lord of Glo'ster.*] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old duke by the same title. JOHNSON.

*Enter Steward.*

How now? Where's the king?

*Stew.* My lord of Glo'ster hath convey'd him hence:  
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
<sup>2</sup> Hot questrists after him, met him at gate,  
Who, with some others of the lords dependants,  
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast  
To have well armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

*[Exeunt Gonerill and Edmund.]*

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor  
Glo'ster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:—

<sup>3</sup> 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.

*Enter Glo'ster, brought in by servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his <sup>4</sup> corky arms.

*Glo.* What mean your graces?—Good my friends,  
consider,

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

<sup>2</sup> *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.

*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.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *— corky arms;]* Dry, wither'd, husky arms. JOHNS.

*Corn.*

*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.* <sup>s</sup> By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done  
 To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glo.* Naughty lady,  
 These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,  
 Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;

<sup>s</sup> *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 *Pœnulo*,

“*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, Shakespeare 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 Diomede, swears *by the hand of his mother Venus*, as a covert reproof for Diomede'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 aveng'ers 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,——*] Shakespeare hardly received any assistance from mythology to furnish out a proper oath for Glo'ster. People always invoke their deities as they would have them shew themselves at that time in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of this supposition. STEEVENS.



With robbers' hands, <sup>6</sup> my hospitable favour  
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, Sir, what letters had you late from  
France?

*Reg.* <sup>7</sup> 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 gueffingly fet 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?

*Glo.* To Dover,

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover?

Wait thou not charg'd, at peril——

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer  
that.

*Glo.* <sup>8</sup> I am ty'd to the stake, and I must stand <sup>9</sup> 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 fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

<sup>6</sup> —— *my hospitable FAVOURS*] It is nonsense to understand it of gifts, kindnesses, &c. We should read FAVOUR, i. e. visage. For *they pluck'd him by the beard*. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *Be simple answer'd,*——] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerer*.—Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*. STEEV.

<sup>8</sup> *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.” STEEV.

<sup>9</sup> *the course*.] The running of the dogs upon me. JOHNS.

In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,  
 And quench'd the stelled fires:  
 Yet, poor old heart, he help'd the heavens to rain.  
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd <sup>1</sup> that stern time,  
 Thou shouldst have said, " Good porter, turn the  
 " key ;"

All cruels else <sup>2</sup> subscrib'd: but I shall see  
 The winged vengeance overtake such children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou never:—fellows, hold the  
 chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*[Glo'ster 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 you 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!

*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.]*

*Serv.* Oh, I am slain!—My lord, you have one  
 eye left

To see some mischief on him:—oh!

*[Dies.]*

<sup>1</sup> — *that stern time,*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos  
 read,—that *dearn* time.—*Dearn* is a north-country word,  
 signifying *lonely, solitary, far from neighbours.* STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *subscrib'd:*—] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of  
 the occasion. JOHNSON,

*Corn.*

*Corn.* Left it see more, prevent it:—out, vile gelly!  
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.  
[*Glo'ster is led out.*]

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*]

[*1st Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,  
If this man come to good.

[*2d Serv.* If she live long,  
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

<sup>3</sup> *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 Glo'ster; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant.

JOHNSON.

To

To lead him where he would ; his roguish madness  
Allows itself to any thing.

*2d Serv.* Go thou ; I'll fetch † some flax and whites  
of eggs

T'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.*

**Y**ET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,  
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be  
worst,

The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in esperance ; lives not in fear.

The lamentable change is from the best ;  
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,  
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace !

† ——— *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 con-  
“ ducible thing that can be.” STEEVENS.

‡ *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.

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. T. T.

The

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

*Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.*

My father poorly led? <sup>a</sup> World, world, O world!  
But that thy strange mutations makes 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.

<sup>a</sup> ————— *World, world, O world!*

*But that thy strange mutations makes 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 be willing to submit to death, tho' 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.

Old

*Old Man.* You cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes :  
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,  
<sup>3</sup> Our mean secures us; and our meer defects  
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 ! <sup>4</sup> 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.*

<sup>3</sup> *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 *Glo'ster*, newly maimed by the evulsion of his eyes. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *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 beginning of this scene,

*To be worst,*

The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune, &c.

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst.

WARBURTON.

*Old*

*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.

5 As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;  
They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* How should this be ?

Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sorrow,

6 Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,  
master !

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow ?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Then prythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,  
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain  
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love ;  
And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, Sir, he is mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the time's 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.—7 I cannot daub it further.  
[*Aside.*]

5 As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;  
They kill us for their sport.]

“ Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.”—*Plaut. Captiv.*

*Prolog.* l. 22. STREEVENS.

6 Ang'ring—] Oxford Editor and Dr. Warburton.—*Vulg.*  
*Ang'ring*, rightly. JOHNSON.

7 ——— I cannot daub it—] i. e. Disguise. WARB.

*Glo.*

*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 fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mabub*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since <sup>8</sup> possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So bless thee, master!]

*Glo.*

<sup>8</sup> — *possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*—] Shakespeare 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 intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised 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 chamber-maids* 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 nicknamed, that Harsenet has one chapter *on the strange names of their devils*; *lest*, says he, *meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the name of tapsters or jugglers*. WARBURTON.

The



*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens  
 plagues  
 Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched,  
 Makes thee the happier:—heavens deal so still!  
<sup>1</sup> Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,  
<sup>2</sup> That slaves your ordinance, that will not see  
 Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly:  
 So distribution should undo excess,  
 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.*]

The passage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, because I suppose as the story was forgotten, the jest was lost. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Let the superfluous,——*] Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, tho' it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *That slaves your ordinance,——*] *Superfluous* is here used for one living in abundance. But the next line is corrupt. The only sense I know of, in which *slaves your ordinance* can be understood, is when men employ the form or semblance of religion to compass their ill designs. But this will not do here. Glo'ster is speaking of such who by an uninterrupted course of prosperity are grown wanton, and callous to the misfortunes of others; such as those who fearing no reverse, slight and neglect, and therefore may be said to *brave* the ordinance of heaven: which is certainly the right reading. And this is the second time in which *slaves* has, in this play, been read for *braves*. WARB.

The emendation is plausible, yet I doubt whether it be right. The language of Shakespeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original use. To *slave* or *beslave* another is to *treat him with terms of indignity*: in a kindred sense, to *slave the ordinance*, may be, to *slight* or *ridicule* it. JOHNSON.

To *slave an ordinance*, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*The duke of Albany's palace.**Enter Gonerill and Edmund.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord. I marvel, <sup>1</sup> 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 Glo'ster'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.

*Gon.* Then shall you go no further. [*To Edmund.*  
It is the cowardish terror of his spirit,  
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,  
Which tie him to an answer. <sup>2</sup> Our wishes, on the way,  
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;  
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.  
I must change arms 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,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *our mild husband*] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Gonerill, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *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.

If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;  
[*Giving a favour.*]

<sup>3</sup> 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 Glo'ster! [*Exit Edmund.*]

Oh, the difference of man, and man!  
To thee a woman's services are due,

<sup>4</sup> My fool usurps my body.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Enter Albany.*

*Gon.* <sup>5</sup> I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.* Oh Gonerill!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
Blows in your face.—[<sup>6</sup> I fear your disposition:  
That nature, which contemns its origin,  
<sup>7</sup> Cannot be border'd certain in itself;

<sup>3</sup> *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.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *My fool usurps my body.*] The quarto reads,  
*My foot usurps my head.* STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *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 a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says,

“It is a poor dog that is not worth the *whistling.*”

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *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.

<sup>7</sup> *Cannot be border'd certain*———] *Certain*, for within the bounds that nature prescribes. WARBURTON.

She

8 She that herself will sliver, and disbranch,  
9 From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,

And

¶ *She that herself will SHIVER, and disbranch,*] Thus all the editions, but the old quarto, that reads SLIVER, 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 *sliver* signifies to tear off or disbranch. So in *Macbeth*,

———— slips of yew

*Sliver'd* in the moon's eclipse. WARRURTON.

9 *From her material sap,*————] Thus the old quarto; but *material sap* is a phrase that I do not understand. The *mother-tree* is the true technical term; and considering our author has said but just before, *That nature, which contemns its origin*, there is little room to question but he wrote,

From her *maternal sap.*———— THEOBALD.

*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 contemns 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 Boucbier, printed 1525.* WARRURTON.

E e 2

I suppose

▪ And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:  
Filth favour but themselves. What have you done?  
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,  
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madd'd.  
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

² A man, a prince by him so benefited?  
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

³ Like monsters of the deep.]

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 seem'd glad at last to infer from an apparent error of another press that *material* and *maternal* meant the same. JOHNSON.

¹ *And come to deadly use.*] Alluding to the *use* that witches and enchanters 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. WARB.

² *A man, a prince by him so benefited?*] After this line I suspect a line or two to be wanting, which upbraids her for her sister's cruelty to Glo'ster. And my reason is, that in her answer we find these words,

Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief——

which evidently allude to Glo'ster's case. Now I cannot conceive that she would here apologize for what was not objected to her. But I suppose the players thought the speech too long; which has occasioned throughout, and more particularly in this play, the retrenchment of numerous lines and speeches; many of which have been restored by the care and discernment of Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

Here is a pompous note to support a conjecture apparently erroneous, and confuted by the next scene, in which the account is given for the first time to Albany of Glo'ster's sufferings. JOHNSON.

³ *Like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. JOHNSON.

*Gon.*

*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; [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 his threats;  
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,  
 "Alack! why does he so?"]——

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!

\* Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
 So horrid, as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!

*Alb.* [<sup>s</sup> Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing, for  
 shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness  
 To let these hands obey my blood,  
 They're 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.* Oh, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's  
 dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out  
 The other eye of Glo'ster.

\* *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.

<sup>s</sup> *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 I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend. JOHNSON.

E e 3

*Alb.*

*Alb.* Glo'ster's eyes!

*Mef.* 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 justices, that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can 'venge.—But O poor Glo'ster!  
Loft he his other eye?

*Mef.* Both, both, my lord.  
—This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;  
'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* [*Aside.*] <sup>6</sup> One way, I like this well;  
But being widow, and my Glo'ster 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's 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 of purpose, that their punishment  
Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* [*Aside.*] Glo'ster, 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 know'st. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> *One way, I like this well;*] Gonerill is well pleased that Cornwall is destroyed, who was preparing war against her and her husband, but is afraid of losing Edmund to the widow,

JOHNSON.

S C E N E

## [ S C E N E III.

*The French camp, near Dover.**Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why is the king of France 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.* Whom hath he left behind him, general?

*Gent.* The marshal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any  
demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* Ay, Sir; she took 'em, read 'em 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, which, 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  
Which should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sun-shine and rain at once: her smiles and tears  
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles,

That

<sup>1</sup> SCENE III.] This scene, left out in all the common books, is restored from the old edition; it being manifestly of Shakespeare's writing, and necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is here most beautifully painted. POPE.

This 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.

<sup>2</sup> — a Gentleman.] The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — 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.



That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,  
 As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,  
 Sorrow would be a rarity most below'd,  
 If all could so become it.

*Kent.* † 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?"

"<sup>5</sup> Let pity not be believed!"—There she shook  
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

<sup>6</sup> And clamour-moisten'd her; then away she started  
 To deal with grief alone,

*Kent.*

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 *Philoclea's*. The same book, in another place, says,—"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The old copy reads,—*a better way*,—which is as unintelligible as the other. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *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 is 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? STEEV.

<sup>5</sup> *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 ne'er believe it!—— STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And clamour-moisten'd*—] It is not impossible but Shakespeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony  
 from

*Kent.* ——— It is the stars,  
The stars above us, govern our conditions;  
Else <sup>7</sup> 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——<sup>8</sup> 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.* <sup>9</sup> 'Tis so they are a-foot.

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 discovered himself to his brethren. THEOBALD.

*Clamour moisten'd her; that is, her out-cries were accompanied with tears.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *one self-mate and mate*] The same husband and the same wife. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *These things sting him*

*So venomously, that burning shame*] The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of nature. The *venom* of poisonous animals being a high caustic salt, that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *'Tis so they are on 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, Sir ; 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 : fingering aloud ;  
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow-weeds,  
 With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
 In our sustaining corn. A century send 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.

*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 unpublith'd virtues of the earth,

<sup>1</sup> *With bardocks, hemlock, &c.]* I do not remember any such plant as a *bardock*, but one of the most common weeds is a *burdock*, which I believe should be read here ; and so Hammer reads. JOHNSON.

I do not recollect any author of the age of Shakespeare who uses the word *burdock*. Shakespeare has this line in *K. Henry V.*

“ But hateful *docks*, rough thistles, kecksies, *burrs.*”  
 Which tempts me to believe he wrote on the present occasion,  
 with *burrs, docks, &c.* STEEVENS.

Spring

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 <sup>2</sup> 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 <sup>3</sup> important tears hath pitied.

<sup>4</sup> 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.*]

## 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.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the means to lead it.*] The reason which should guide it. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *important* ———] In other places of this author for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

The folio reads, *importuned*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *No blown ambition* ———] No inflated, no swelling pride, *Reza* on the Spanish Armada:

“Quam bene te ambitio merfit vanissima, ventus,

“Et tumidos tumidæ vos superastis aquæ.” JOHNS.

*Reg.*

*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with <sup>1</sup> your lady at home?

*Stew.* No, madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sifter's letter to him?

*Stew.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Glo'ster's eyes being out,  
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves  
All hearts aginſt us. Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch

<sup>2</sup> 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

Transport her purpoſes by word? Belike,  
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much—

<sup>3</sup> 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,

<sup>4</sup> She gave ſtrange œiliads, and moſt ſpeaking looks  
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her boſom.

<sup>1</sup> — *your lady*—] The folio reads, *your lord*; but lady is the firſt and better reading. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *His nighted life*;—] i. e. His life made dark as night by the loſs of his eyes. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Let me unſeal, &c.*] I know not well why Shakeſpeare gives the ſeward, who is a mere faſtor of wickedneſs, ſo much fidelity. He now reſuſes the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be ſafely delivered. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *She gave ſtrange œiliads,*—] *Oeillade*, Fr. A caſt, or ſignificant glance of the eye. STEEVENS.

*Stew.*

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know it: Therefore, <sup>s</sup> 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

<sup>s</sup> ——— *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 bears 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, <sup>a</sup> 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 regardful 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 9. page 121.

And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,  
To Edmund earl of Glo'ster, &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 Gonerill's. Had there been one of Regan's too, the audience no doubt should have heard it as well as Gonerill'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

<sup>a</sup> The like expression, *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 4.—“*Sir Toby*. Challenge me the duke's youth, to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it.”

delivered.

Than for your lady's. <sup>6</sup> 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 should  
 shew

<sup>7</sup> What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well.

S C E N E VI.

*The country near Dover.*

*Enter Glo'ster, and Edg<sup>r</sup> as a peasant.*

*Glo.* When shall I 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.

delivered by word of mouth to *Edmund earl of Glo'ster*. 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 Glo'ster*.——

*Edg.* Let's see these pockets : the *letter*, that he speaks of,  
 May be my friend.——

Thus the whole is connected, clear, and consistent. DR. GRAY.

<sup>6</sup> —— *You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I  
 have directly told you. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *What party*——] Quarto, *What lady*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE VI.] This scene, and the stratagem by which  
 Glo'ster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from  
 Sidney's *Arcudia*. JOHNSON.

*Glo:*

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, <sup>2</sup> 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.—

<sup>3</sup> How fearful

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 <sup>4</sup> her cock; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for fight. 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 headlong.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *thy voice is alter'd, &c.*] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *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 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. JOHNS.

<sup>4</sup> — *her cock; —*] Her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

*Glo.*



*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand: you are now within a foot  
Of the extreme verge: <sup>5</sup> 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.

*Edg.* Why do I trifle thus 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 inuff, 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.* Good Sir, farewell.

— And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, <sup>6</sup> when life itself

Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,

By this, thought had been past.—Alive or dead?

Ho, you, Sir! friend!—Hear you, Sir?—Speak!

<sup>5</sup> ————— for all beneath the moon

*Would I not leap UPRIGHT.*] But what danger is in leaping  
*upright* or *upwards*? 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.

<sup>6</sup> ————— when life itself

*Yields to the theft.* —————] When life is willing to be  
destroyed. JOHNSON.

Thus

⁷ Thus might he pass, indeed :—yet he revives.

What are you, Sir?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* ⁸ Hadst thou been aught but gossomer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,  
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,  
Hast heavy substance; bleed'ft not; speak'ft; art sound.

⁹ 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 ¹ 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,

⁷ *Thus might he pass, indeed:—*] Thus he might die in reality. We still use the word *passing bell*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Hadst thou been aught but GOSSOMER, 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:

“As sure some wonder on the cause of thunder,

“On ebb and flood, on *gossomer* and mist,

“And on all things, till that the cause is wist.”

DR. GRAY.

⁹ *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.

In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten masts at least*. STEEVENS.

¹ —— *chalky bourn:*] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *bill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *bosky bourn* in the same sense perhaps with Shakespeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*. JOHNSON.

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.

*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 sea:  
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,  
Think, that <sup>2</sup> the clearest gods, who make them honours  
Of mens' 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.* <sup>3</sup> Bear free and patient thoughts.—

*Enter Lear, mad.*

But who comes here?

<sup>4</sup> The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.

*Lear.*

<sup>2</sup> — *the clearest gods,*—] The purest; the most free from evil. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *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 Glo'ster to *free thoughts*, to an emancipation of his soul from grief and despair. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *The safer sense will ne'er accommodate*

*His master thus.*] Without doubt Shakespeare wrote,

*The sober sense,*—

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

*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. <sup>5</sup> That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper. <sup>6</sup> 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 bills. <sup>7</sup> O, well flown, bird ! i' the clout, i' the clout : hewgh.—  
<sup>8</sup> Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

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.

<sup>5</sup> *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.

<sup>6</sup> *Draw me a clothier's yard.*] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a stanza of the old ballad of *Chevy Chase* ;

“ An arrow of a *cloth-yard* long,

“ Up to the head drew he,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *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.

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*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Give the word.*] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. JOHNS.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* <sup>7</sup> Ha! Gonerill!—with a white beard!—  
<sup>8</sup> They flattered 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 that I said!—*Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. <sup>9</sup> 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 'em, there I smelt 'em 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.* <sup>1</sup> 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 Glo'ster's bastard son  
 Was kinder to his father, than my daughters

<sup>7</sup> — *Ha! Gonerill!—with a white beard!—*] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the later editors have followed, has, *Ha! Gonerill, ha! Regan! they flattered me, &c.* which is not so forcible. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *They flattered me like a dog;—*] They played the spaniel to me. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *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.

<sup>1</sup> *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.*—I believe that the meaning of the word *trick* has hitherto been misunderstood. To *trick* means the same as to *trace lightly*; and is a phrase peculiar to drawing. The *tricking* is the first light out-line.—He hath the *trick* (i. e. faint out-line) of Cœur de Lion's face, is a very proper expression; but I am afraid it wants something of that propriety when it is applied to a *voice*.

STEEVENS.

Got

Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yond simpering dame,

<sup>2</sup> Whose face between her forks presages snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name.

<sup>3</sup> The fitchew, <sup>4</sup> nor the soyled horse, goes to't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiend's; there's hell, there's darkness,

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;  
I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but  
the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters funs, I could not see one.

<sup>2</sup> *Whose face between her forks—*] i. e. Her hand held before  
her face in sign of modesty, with the fingers spread out, forky.

WARBURTON.

I believe that the *forks* were two prominences of the ruff  
rising on each side of the face. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The fitchew,—*] A polecat. POPE.

<sup>4</sup> *— nor the soyled horse,—*] I read *stalled horse*. WARB.

*Soyled 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.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report:—it is,  
And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with this case of eyes?

*Lear.* Oh, 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 thy own back;  
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,  
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the  
cozener.

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:

<sup>5</sup> *Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.*——] From *bide all* to *accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revival. JOHNSON.

— *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.

So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widow's Tears*, 1612.

† Admitted! ay, into her heart, and *I'll able it*.” STEVENS.

Take

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:  
 'Tis thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
 We wawle and cry.—I will preach to thee;—mark—  
*Glo.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry, that we are come  
 To this great stage of fools.—<sup>8</sup> This a good block!—  
 It were a delicate stratagem to shoe  
 A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;  
 And

<sup>7</sup> *Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
 We wawle and cry.*—

“ Vagitūq; locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est

“ Cui tantum in vitâ restat transire malorum.” *Lucretius.*

STEVENS.

\* — [*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*. *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*:

“ — Fecce 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



And when I have stolen upon these fons-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.

occasion to adopt it, as the speech itself, or at least the action which 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 old 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*, &c.

“ He weares his faith but as the fashion of his *bat*; it  
“ changes with the next *block*.”

See 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.”

Greene, in his *Defence of Conny-catching*, 1592, describing a *neat companion*, says, “ he weareth a hat of a high *blocke*, and  
“ a broad brimme.”—So in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609.

“ His head will be made serve a bigger *block*.”

So in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635.

“ ——— we have *blocks* for all heads,”

Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599.

“ ——— Where did you buy your *felt*?

“ Nay, never laugh, for you're in the same *block*.”

Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608, “ I cannot keep a *block*  
“ private, but every citizen's son thrusts his head into it.”

Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610.

“ Your hat is of a better *block* than mine.”

Again, in *The Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher,

“ Tho' now your *block-head* be cover'd with a Spanish  
“ *block*.” STEEVENS.

*Gent.*

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, <sup>1</sup> a man of salt,  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
And laying autumn's dust.—I will die bravely,  
Like a smug 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.* <sup>2</sup> Then there's life in't. 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 Sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you. What's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, Sir, 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: <sup>3</sup> the main descry  
Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, Sir: that's all.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on special cause is  
here,

Her army is mov'd on.

*Edg.* I thank you, Sir.

[*Exit Gent.*

*Glo.* You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;

<sup>1</sup> ——— a man of salt,] Would make a man melt away  
like salt in wet weather. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Then there's life in't.—] The case is not yet desperate.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— the main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.] The main body is expected to  
be descry'd every hour. The expression is harsh. JOHNSON.

Let

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now, good Sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's  
blows;

\* 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,  
<sup>5</sup> 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'st.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, <sup>6</sup> go your gait, and let poor

\* *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.

<sup>5</sup> *Briefly thyself remember.*—] i. e. Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. WARB.

<sup>6</sup> — *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 word of dismissal, their term was, *gang your gait*. STEEVENS.

volk

volk pass. And 'chud 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 bat be the harder : chill be plain with you.

*Stew.* Out, dunghill!

*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth, Zir. Come, ' 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 letter, which thou find'st about me,  
To Edmund earl of Glo'ster ; seek him out  
Upon the English party :—Oh, 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 these pockets : the letters, that he speaks of,  
May be my friend.—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 :  
' To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;  
Their papers are more lawful.

' — *che vor'ye,*—] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. JOHNSON.

' — *your costard*—] *Costard*, i. e. Head. STEEVENS.

' — *no matter vor your foyns.*] *To foyn*, is to make what we call a *feint* in fencing. Shakespeare often uses the word.

STEEVENS.

' *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.

*Reads*

*Reads the letter.*

**L**ET our reciprocal vows be remembered. 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 loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,  
Gonerill.

\* Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;  
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands  
‡ Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctified  
Of murd'rous lechers: and, in the mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of † 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, ‡ and have ingenious feeling

‡ *Oh, 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 sí 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.

‡ *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.

† — *the death-practis'd duke.*—] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by *practice* or treason. JOHNSON.

‡ — *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.

Of

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract,  
 So should my thoughts be <sup>6</sup> sever'd from my griefs,  
 [Drum afar off.  
 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 <sup>1</sup> every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.  
 All my reports go with the modest truth;  
 Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

*Cor.* <sup>2</sup> Be better suited:  
<sup>3</sup> These weeds are memories of those worser hours;  
 I pr'ythee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon, dear madam;  
 Yet to be known, <sup>4</sup> shortens my made intent;

My

<sup>6</sup> — *sever'd* —] The quartos read *fenced*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *every measure fail me*.] All good which I shall allot thee, or *measure out* to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Be better suited* :] i. e. Be better dress'd, put on a better suit of cloaths. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *These weeds are memories of those worser hours* ;] *Memories*, i. e. Memorials, remembrancers. Shakespeare uses the words in the same sense, *As you like it*, act ii. scene 3.

“ Oh, my sweet master! O you *memory*

“ Of old Sir Rowland!” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *shortens my MADE intent* ;] There is a dissonancy of terms in *made intent* ; one implying the idea of a thing done, the

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  
Of this child-changed father!

*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.* <sup>6</sup> Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.

*Phys.* Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* <sup>7</sup> Very well.

*Phys.* Please you draw near.—Louder the music  
there!

the other, undone. I suppose Shakespeare wrote *LAI*D *intent*,  
i. e. projected. WARRBURTON.

An *intent made*, is an *intent formed*. So we say in common  
language, to *make a design*, and to *make a resolution*. JOHNS.

<sup>5</sup> *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.

<sup>6</sup> *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 appro-  
priates 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.

<sup>7</sup> *Very well.*] This and the following line I have restored  
from the quartos. STEEVENS.

*Cor.*

Cor. O my dear father! <sup>8</sup> Restoration, hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made! [Kisses him.]

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,  
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? <sup>9</sup> To watch (poor perdu)  
With this thin helm? <sup>1</sup> Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

<sup>8</sup> ————— 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.

<sup>9</sup> ————— To watch poor PERDU:

[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, tho' 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. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ————— Mine enemy's dog,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, Mine injurious dog. Possibly the poet wrote, Mine injurer's dog. STEEVENS.

Against



Against my fire. And waft 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,

<sup>2</sup> 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.

*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?

<sup>3</sup> 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 hand in benediction o'er me.—

<sup>4</sup> No, Sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.*

<sup>2</sup> *Had not concluded ALL.*—] All what? we should read  
and point it thus:

Had not concluded.—Ah!—

An exclamation on perceiving her father wake. WARB.

The plain construction is this: *It is wonder that the wits and  
life had not all ended.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *I am mightily abus'd.*—] I am strangely imposed on by  
appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *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 Shakespeare's tragedy  
had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say  
whether

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me :  
 I am a very foolish fond old man,  
 Fourscore and upward ;  
 Not an hour more or less : and, to deal plainly,  
<sup>5</sup> I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.  
 Methinks, I should know you, and know this man ;  
 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, <sup>6</sup> is cur'd in him. [<sup>7</sup> And yet 'tis danger  
<sup>8</sup> To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]

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.

<sup>5</sup> *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.

<sup>6</sup> *is cur'd—*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,  
*is kill'd.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And, yet, &c.*] This is not in the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *To make him even o'er the time—*] i. e. To reconcile it to his apprehension. WARBURTON.

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.* ° Holds it true, Sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain ?

*Kent.* Most certain, Sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people ?

*Kent.* As it is said, the bastard son of Glo'tter.

*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.*

° 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.

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.*

EDMUND.

**K**NOW of the duke, if his last purpose hold;  
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course. He's full <sup>1</sup> of alteration,  
And self-reproving:—bring <sup>2</sup> 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:  
—Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,  
Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honour'd love.

[*Reg.* <sup>3</sup> But have you never found my brother's way  
To the <sup>4</sup> fore-fended place?

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

<sup>1</sup> ——— of alteration,] One of the quartos reads,  
——— of abdication. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— his constant pleasure.] His settled resolution. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> But have you never, &c.] The first and last of these speeches, printed in 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 thro' 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. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— fore-fended place?] *Fore-fended* means prohibited, forbidden. STEEVENS.

Reg. I am doubtful, that you have been conjunct  
And <sup>4</sup> 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, Gonerill, and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister  
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.——

<sup>5</sup> Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daughter,  
With others, whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,

Not

\* — *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.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *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: *'fors* this business, &c.

puts the two last lines in a parenthesis, and then paraphrases the whole in this manner. “ Sir, it concerns me (tho' not the  
“ king

<sup>6</sup> Not holds 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:

<sup>7</sup> For these domestic and particular broils

<sup>8</sup> Are not to question here.

*Alb.* Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

[*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.*] Oh, 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,

“king and the discontented party) to question about your  
“interest in our sister, 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  
Gonerill 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, Glo'ter, 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.— WARB.

<sup>6</sup> *Not holds the king;—*] The quartos read *bolds*. STEEV.

<sup>7</sup> *For the domestic and particular broils*] This is the reading  
of the folio. The quartos have it,

For these domestic doore particulars. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Are not to question here.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,

Are not the question here. STEEVENS.

I can produce a champion, that will prove  
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.  
<sup>6</sup> Here is the guess of their true strength and forces,  
By diligent discovery; but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* <sup>7</sup> 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 Gonerill;  
And hardly shall I <sup>8</sup> carry out my side,  
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,

<sup>6</sup> *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.

<sup>7</sup> *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occasion. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *—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.

They

They shall never see his pardon: <sup>9</sup> 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.*

<sup>1</sup> *Enter Edgar and Glo'ster.*

*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.

<sup>2</sup> Ripeness is all. Come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too. [Excunt.

<sup>9</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ 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.

<sup>1</sup> The reader, who is curious to know how far Shakespeare 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. STEEV.

<sup>2</sup> *Ripeness is all.*—] i. e. To be ready, prepared, is all. STEEV.



## 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 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; <sup>1</sup> 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, <sup>2</sup> packs and sects of great ones, That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* <sup>3</sup> Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He

<sup>1</sup> *And take upon's 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.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *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*. *Set*, however, may well stand. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,*

*The gods themselves throw incense.*—] The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that

Seneca

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,  
 4 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ;  
 5 The goujeers shall devour them, 6 flesh and fell,  
 Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starv'd 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

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.

4 *And fire us hence, like foxes.*—] There is, I believe, some  
 allusion in this passage which I do not clearly understand. A  
 thought not unlike it, occurs in *Webster's Dutcheffs of Malfy*,  
 1623 :

“ Some falling out among the cardinals.  
 “ These factions among great men, they are like  
 “ Foxes, when their heads are divided  
 “ They carry fire in their tails, and all the country  
 “ About them goes to wreck for't.”

I have been since informed that it is usual to *smoke foxes* out of  
 their holes. STEEVENS.

5 *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.

6 ——— *flesh and fell,*] *Flesh and skin.* JOHNSON.  
 ——— *flesh and fell,*] So Skelton's works, page 257.

“ Nakyd asyde  
 “ Neither *flesh* nor *fell.*”

Chaucer uses *fell* and *bones* for *skin* and *bones* :

“ And said that he and all his kinne at once,  
 “ Were worthy to be brent with *fell* and *bons.*”

*Troilus and Cresside.*

DR. GRAY.

Does

Does not become a sword. <sup>7</sup> 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'lt  
done.

Mark, I say, *instantly*; and carry it so,  
As I have set it down.

*Capt.* <sup>8</sup> 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, Gonerill, 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  
To some retention and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosoms on his side,  
<sup>9</sup> And turn our imprest lances in our eyes,

<sup>7</sup> ————— *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  
murder; and this, the Bastard tells us afterwards, was signed  
by Gonerill and himself. Which was sufficient to make this  
captain *unaccountable* for the execution. WARRBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *I cannot draw, &c.*] These two lines I have restored from  
the old quarto. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And turn our imprest lances in our eyes,*] i. e. Turn the  
*launce-men* which are *presti'd* into our service, against us.

STEEVENS.

Which

Which do command them. With him I sent the  
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
Where you shall hold your session. [<sup>1</sup> 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,

<sup>2</sup> 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;  
<sup>3</sup> Bore the commission of my place and person;  
<sup>4</sup> The which immediacy may well stand up,  
And call itself your brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot:

<sup>5</sup> 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-squint.

*Reg.* Lady, I am not well; else I should answer

<sup>1</sup> *At this time, &c.*] This passage, well worthy of restoration, is omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the question, what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Bore the commission of—*] *Commission*, for authority. WARB.

<sup>4</sup> *The which immediacy—*] *Immediacy*, for representation. WARBURTON.

*Immediacy* is rather *supremacy* in opposition to *subordination*, which has *quiddam medium* between itself and power. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *In his own grace—*] *Grace* here means *accomplishments*, or *honours*. STEEVENS,

From

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,  
Take thou my foldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; <sup>6</sup> the walls are thine:  
Witness the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him?

*Alb.* <sup>7</sup> The lett 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 arrest, [*Pointing to Gon.*  
This gilded serpent.—For your claim, fair sister,  
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 loves to me,  
My lady is bespoke.

*Gon.* <sup>8</sup> An interlude! ———

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Glo'ster: let the trumpet sound;  
If none appear to prove upon thy person  
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 <sup>9</sup> poison. [*Aside.*

*Edm.* There's my exchange. What in the world he is,  
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *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.

<sup>7</sup> *The lett alone lies not in your good will.*] Whether he shall not or shall depends not on your choice. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *An interlude!* ———] This short exclamation of Gonerill 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.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *poison.*] The folio reads *medicine*. STEEVENS.

Call

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 !

*Enter a Herald.*

*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue ; for thy foldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* This sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well, convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan led.*

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet sound,  
And read out this. [A trumpet sounds.

*Herald reads.*

**I***F any man of quality, or degree, <sup>1</sup> within the lists of  
the army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed earl  
of Glo'ster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him ap-  
pear 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 :

<sup>1</sup> ——— *within the lists of the army,* ———] The quartos read,  
——— *within the host of the army.* ——— STEEVENS.

Yet

Yet am I noble as the adversary  
I come to cope withal.

*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.  
<sup>1</sup> 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;  
<sup>2</sup> Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,  
And from the extremest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most road-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,

<sup>1</sup> *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 rites 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 Edg. 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*. STREV.

<sup>2</sup> *Conspirant 'gainst*—] The quartos read,  
*Conspicuate 'gainst*— STEEVENS.

And

2 And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes ;  
 What safe and nicely I might well delay  
 By rule of knight-hood, I disdain and spurn.  
 Back do I tofs 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.]

3 Alb. Save him, save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Glo'ster :  
 By the law of 4 arms thou wast not bound to answer  
 An unknown opposite, thou art not vanquish'd,  
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. 5 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. 6 Monster, know'st thou this paper ?

2 And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes ;] 'Say, for essay, some shew or probability. POPE.

3 Alb. Save him, save him !

Gon. *This is mere practice, Glo'ster :*] Thus all the copies ; but I have ventured to place the two hemistichs to Gonerill. '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.

4 — *thou wast not bound to answer*] One of the quartos reads, — thou art not bound to offer, &c. STEEVENS.

5 *Shut your mouth, dame,*] " Knowest thou these letters ?" says Lear 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.

6 *Monster, know'st thou this paper ?*] So the quarto ; but the folio,

Most monstrous, O, know'st thou, &c. JOHNSON.  
 Gon,



*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.* <sup>6</sup> 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 <sup>7</sup> to scourge us:

The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,  
Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right; 'tis true;  
The wheel is come <sup>8</sup> 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!

<sup>6</sup> *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.

<sup>7</sup> — *to scourge us:*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,  
————— *to plague us.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *full circle;—*] Quarto, *full circled.* JOHNSON.

That

† 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.

*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.

[‡ *Edg.* † — This would have seem'd a period  
 To such as love not sorrow; but—another,  
 To amplify too much, to make much, more,  
 And top extremity.

Whitst

† *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 made the necessary alteration; and 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.

‡ The lines between crotchets are not in the folio. JOHNS.

† — *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 re-  
 flection refers to the Bastard's desiring to hear more; and to  
 Vol. IX. H h Albany's

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,  
 Who having seen me in my worst estate,  
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then finding  
 Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong arms  
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out,  
 As he'd burst heaven; <sup>3</sup> 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?

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 seem'd 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.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *shrew 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.

*Gent.*

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smoaks;  
It came even from the heart of——

*Alb.* Who, man? speak.

*Gent.* Your lady, Sir, your lady: and her sister  
By her is poison'd; she confesses 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.—

[*Gonerill and Regan's bodies brought out.*]

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,  
Touches us not with pity.—

*Edg.* \* Here comes Kent, Sir.

*Alb.* O! it is 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——

\* *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.

*Edg.* To whom, my lord? Who has the office? Send Thy token of reprove.

*Edm.* Well thought on. Take my sword,  
 4 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  
 To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
 5 That she foredid herself.

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.  
 [Edmund is borne off.

*Enter Lear, with 6 Cordelia dead in his arms.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men  
 of stone;  
 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;

4 Give it the captain.——] The quartos read,  
 —— Take my sword, the captain,  
 Give it the captain.——] STEEVENS.

5 That she foredid herself.] To foredo, signifies to destroy  
 by suicide. It is used again in *Hamlet*, act v.

“ —— did, with desperate hand,

“ Foredo its own life.” —— STEEVENS.

6 —— 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 Gonerill 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 Shakespeare to permit her to outlive the time allotted  
 her in the construction of his play. STEEVENS.

If

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Edg.* <sup>7</sup> Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* <sup>8</sup> Fall, and cease!

*Lear.* This feather stirs, she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance which 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.

<sup>7</sup> 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 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.

<sup>8</sup> *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 to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *cease* is used for to *die*:

“ Both suffer under this complaint you bring;

“ And both shall *cease*, without your remedy.” STEEV.

H h 3

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?

I've seen the day, with my good biting falchion  
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 strait.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,  
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* <sup>9</sup> 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 strait.

*Kent.* That, from your first <sup>1</sup> of difference and decay,  
Have follow'd your sad steps——

*Lear.* You're welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else.—All's cheerless, dark, and  
deadly.

Your eldest daughters have <sup>2</sup> fore-doom'd themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says; 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.

<sup>9</sup> *This is a dull fight.*——] This passage is wanting in the  
quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —— *of difference and decay,*] Decay, for misfortunes.

WARBURTON.

The quartos read,

That from your *life* of difference and decay. STEEV.

<sup>2</sup> —— *fore-doom'd themselves,*] Thus the quartos. The  
folio reads, —— *fore-done.* STEEVENS.

What

<sup>3</sup> 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; to you, your rights,  
[To Edgar.]

<sup>4</sup> 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.* <sup>5</sup> And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,  
 no life:

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!—

<sup>6</sup> Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir.—  
 Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips;  
 Look there, look there!— [He dies.]

*Edg.* He faints:—my lord, my lord—

*Kent.* Break, heart; I pry thee, 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 rough world  
 Stretch him out longer.

<sup>3</sup> *What comfort to this great decay may come,]* Decay, for  
 desolation. WARRURTON.

*What comfort to this great decay may come,]* This *great decay*  
 is Lear, whom Shakespeare poetically calls so; and means the  
 same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty, this ruin'd*  
*majesty.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *With boot,]* With advantage, with increase. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *And my poor fool is hang'd!]* This is an expression of  
 tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have  
 thought) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while  
 he is searching for life there. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *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. STEEVENS.



*Edg.* He is gone, indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :  
He but usurpt his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence. Our present business  
Is general woe. <sup>7</sup> 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 me ; <sup>8</sup> I must not say, no.

*Alb.* <sup>9</sup> 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.*

<sup>7</sup> — *Friends of my soul,*—] A Spanish phrase. *Amigo de mi alma.* WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *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 forebore 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 quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have since discovered that they vary one from another in many instances. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *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 personated 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 Shakespeare. 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,

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. Shakespeare, 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 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 Glo'ster'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, Shakespeare 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

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 suffrage, 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 Hollinshed 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 Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare.

*A lamentable SONG of the Death of King Leir and  
his Three Daughters.*

<sup>1</sup> **K** I N G Leir once ruled in this land  
With princely power and peace,  
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.

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.

<sup>2</sup> *King Leir, &c.*] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in *The Golden Garland*, black letter. To the tune of, *When flying Fame*.

In doing so, you glad my foul,  
 The aged king reply'd;  
 But what sayst 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 those thy sisters be maintain'd  
 Until my dying day.

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

Her father, old king Leir, this while  
 With his two daughters staid :  
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,  
 Full soon the same decayd ;  
 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 Gonerill ;  
 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 stay  
 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 fort.

Where

Where when he 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 beggars' 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 pass'd 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

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, whose 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.

















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