THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SIXTH,

CONTAINING,

The LIFE and DEATH of KING LEAR.
TIMON of ATHENS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
The TRAGEDY of MACBETH.
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. Tonson, C. Corbet, H. Woodfall,
J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, Clark and
Collins, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, T. Lownds,
and the Executors of B. Dodd.
M,DCC,LXV.
THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

KING LEAR.

Vol. VI.
Dramatis Personae.

L E A R, 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.
Doktor.
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.

Of this Play the Editions are,

I. Quarto, 1608, by Nathaniel Butler.
II. In the folio of 1623.
III. Quarto, by Jane Bell, 1655. This edition is of no value, for, neglecting the better copy in the folio, it follows the first quarto, even in the errors of the press.

This edition, like all the other, except Bell's, is given from the folio. The variations are sometimes noted.

King
KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The KING's PALACE.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund the Bastard.

KENT.

I thought, the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us, but now, ¹ in the Division of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the Dukes he values most; for qualities are so weigh'd, ² that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my Lord?

Glo. His Breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I

¹ 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.

² Equalities, 4to.

³ that curiosity in neither.] Curiosity, for exactest scrutiny. The sense of the whole sentence is, The qualities and properties of the several divisions are to be weighed and balanced against one another, that the exactest scrutiny could not determine in preferring one share to the other;

WARBURTON.

have
have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could, where-upon 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, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came somewhat faucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this Nobleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord:

Glo. My Lord of Kent.

Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. [Trumpets sound, within.

—The King is coming.

4 some year elder than this,

The Oxford Editor, not understanding the common phrase, alters year to years. He did not consider, the Balfard says,

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

Log of a Brother.—

Warburton.

SCENE
Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gonerill.

Glo. I shall, my Liege.

Exit.

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided, in three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our first intent, to shake all cares and business from our age, conferring them on younger strengths, while we unburden'd crawl to'rd death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,

We have this hour a constant will to publish our daughters sever'ral dow'rs, that future strife may be prevented now. The princes France and Burgundy,

5 express our darker purpose.] Darker, for more secret; not for indirect, qulique.

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.

6 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.

7 Constant will seems a confirmation of fast intent.

B 3 Great
KING LEAR.

Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their am'rous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, daughters,
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Int'rest of territory, cares of state,
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most,
That we our largest bounty may extend,
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Gonerill,
Our eldest born, speak first.

Gen. Sir,
I 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,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? love and be silent.

Aside.

Lear. Of all these Bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champions 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'm 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; 't that I profess.

—Beyond all manner of so much—

WARBURTON.

Beyond all manner, &c.] i. e. beyond all expression.

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.

—that I profess.] That seems to stand without relation, but is referred to find, the first conjunction being inaccurately suppressed.

My-
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's

More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Gonerill.—Now our joy,
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.

2 Which the most precious square
of sense possessis;] 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,
inuniate that she knew of any
pleasures which the fift afford-
ed. This is imagined and ex-
pressed with great propriety and
delicacy. But the Oxford Editor, for square, reads spirit.

Warburton.
This is acute, but perhaps
square means only compafs, com-
prehension.

3 More pond'rous than my


tongue.] We should read,
their tongue, meaning her sif-
ters.

Warburton.
I think the present reading
right.

4 No less in space, validity,]
Validity, for worth, value; not
for integrity, or good title.

Warburton.

5 Now our joy,] Here the true
reading is picked out of two
copies. Butler'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.
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, no more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Left you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return those duties back, as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? haply, when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
5 To love my father all.—
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
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous Scy-
thian,
Or he, that makes his generation meffes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

6 To love my father all.—] first edition, without which the
These words restored from the sense was not compleat. Pope.

Be
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 nurs’ry. Hence, avoid my fight!—

[To Cor.

So be my grave my peace, as here I give.
Her father’s heart from her;—Call France—Who flies?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters’ dowers digest the 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. Our self by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustaine’d, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns; 7 only retain
The name and all th’addition to a King,
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,

7 — only retain
The name, and all th’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.—
Heft, 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 sup-
pose, all the other bysins. 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 ex-
ecution.

This
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 pray'rs—
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?
* Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? To plainness honour's
bound,
When Majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness; answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee leafl; Nor are those empty hearted, whose low found
Reverbs no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn

* 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 infirmity, which, if not sometimes detected and censured, must impair the credit of antient 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 strops instead of falls to fell.

The meaning of answer my life my judgment is, Let my life be answerable for my judgment, or I will take my life on my opinion.

He reading which, without any right, has possessed all the modern copies is this,

----------- to plainness Honour
Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.
Reserve 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 Shakspere'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.
KING LEAR.

To wage against thine enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my fight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain

9 The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by Apollo——

Kent. Now by Apollo, King,
Thou swear’st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vaflal! miscreant!——

[laying his hand on his sword.


Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy see beftow
Upon the foul disease; revoke thy doom,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I’ll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou haft sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durft never yet; and with strait’nd pride,
2 To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
3 Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear;

Our

9 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.

1 —— strain’d pride, ] The oldest copy reads, fired pride; that is, pride exorbitant; pride passing due bounds.

2 To come betwixt our sentence and our power; ] Power, for execution of the sentence.

WARBURTON.

3 Which nor our nature, nor our place can bear;

Our potency make good; ] Mr. Theobald, by putting the first line into a parenthesis, and altering make to made in the second line, had destroyed the sense of the whole; which, as it stood before he corrupted the words, was this: “You have
endeavour’d, 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
flation will suffer me to bear;
and the other, had I yielded
‘to it, my power could not
make good, or excuse.”——

Whi: 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.
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disfaters of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
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,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[To Cordelia.
That justly think'st, and haft most rightly said.
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To Reg. and Gon.
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adieu;

5 He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.

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 defense of implacability.

* By Jupiter.] Shake, eare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before.

5 He'll shape his old course— He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles.

SCENE
SCENE III.

Enter Gloster, with France and Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address tow'rd 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 what your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we held her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little ⁶ 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 owes,
Unfriend'd, new-adopted to our hate;
Dower'd with our curfe, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir;
* Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made me,

⁶ Seeming is beautiful.
* 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.
KING LEAR.

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,
T'aven't your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch, whom nature is asham'd
Almoost t'acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The 7 best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it; 8 or your fore-vouch'd affection

7 Best is added from the first copy.
8 The common books read,
——or you for fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint:——] This line has no clear or strong sense, nor is this reading authorised 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 you for fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint.
Fall 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 reproof 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 infected with hatred. Let the reader determine.

As I am not much a friend to conjectural emendation I should prefer the latter sense, which requires no change of reading.
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 dis honour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour,
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it,
Hath loft me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not 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 9 from th'intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. [To Lear.] Royal King,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing:—I've sworn.

Bur. I'm 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,

9 from th' intire point.] Intire. Rather, single, unmixed with
for right, true. WARBURTON. Other considerations.

Most:
KING LEAR.

Most choice, forfaken; and most lov'd, despis'd.
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
Be't lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold't neglect
My love should kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dow'rfess daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France;
Not all the Dukes of war'rish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, tho' unkind;
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, without our love, our benizon.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. Exeunt Lear and Burgundy.

SCENE IV.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father; with wafh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you; I know 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 duty.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you

'Thou lovest here,—] Here and a better residence in another
where have the power of nouns. place.
'Thou lovest this residence to find

At
KING LEAR.

At fortune’s alms; you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[Exeunt France and Cordelia;]

SCENE V.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I’ve to say,
Of what most nearly appertains to us both.
I think, our father will go hence to night.

Reg. That’s 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
groisly.

Reg. ’Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and foundest of his time hath been
but rash; then must we look, from his age, to
receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted

2 And well are worth the Want
that you have wanted.] This
is a very obscure Expression, and
must be pieced out with an im-
plied Sense to be understood.
This I take to be the Poet’s
Meaning, spirit of the Jingle
which makes it dark: “You
well deserve to meet with that
Want of Love from your Hus-
band, which you have pro-
cessed to want for our Father.”

THEOBALD.

AND well are worth the Want
that you have wanted.] This
nonsense must be corrected
thus,

And well are worth the Want
that you have vaunted.

i. e. that differențon, which you
so much glory in, you deserve.

WARBURTON.

I think the common reading
very suitable to the manner of
our author, and well enough
explained by Theobald.

3 Who covers faults, &c.] Il
vira bien, qui vira le dernier.
condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, 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 i' th' heat.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my Goddes; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custum, and permit

Warburton.

4 let us hit] So the old quart. The folio, let us fit.
5 Thou, Nature, art my Goddes;] 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 Vannini calls one of his books, De admirandis naturae rege desque mortali lum Eracisi. So that the title here is emphatical.

Warburton.

6 Stand in the plague of custum.] To stand in the plague of custum, is an absurd expression. We should read, Stand in the place of custum. i.e. the place, the country, the boundary of custum. Why should I, when I profess to follow the freedom of nature, be confined within the narrow limits of custom? Plague, is a word in common use amongst the old English writers. So Chaucer, The plagus of the North by land and sea.—From plaga.

Warburton.

The
The courtesy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
* Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
As honest Madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base, with baseness, bastardy, base, base,
* Who, in the lufty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality;
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a-sleep and wake? Well then,

The word plague is in all the
old copies: I can scarcely think
it right, nor can I yet reconcile
myself to the emendation pro-
posed, though I have nothing
better to offer.

7 The courtesy of Nations]
Mr. Pope reads Nicety. The Co-
pies, 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.

* Edmund inveighs against the
tyranny of custom, in two in-
fiances, with respect to younger
brothers, and to bastards. In the
former he must not be understood
to mean himself, but the argu-
ment becomes general by imply-
ing more than is said, Wherefore
should I or any man. HAMMER.

* Who, in the lufty stealth of
nature, &c.] Thicke fine lines
are an instance of our author's
admirable art in giving proper
sentiments to his characters. The
Bastard's is that of a confirmed
Atheist; and his being made to
ridicule judicial astrology was de-
signed as one mark of such a
character. For this impious jug-
gle had a religious reverence
paid to it at that time. And
therefore the best characters in
this play acknowledge the force
of the stars' influence. But how
much the lines following this,
are in character, may be seen by
that monstrous wish of Vanini,
the Italian Atheist, in his tract
De admirandis naturæ, &c. print-
ed at Paris, 1616, the very year
our poet died. O utinam extra
legitimum & communalem thorun
effem procreatus! Ita enim proge-
nitores mei in Venerem incalui-
fent ardentius, ac cumulatim affa-
mitique generosa femina contu-
liissent, e quisq. eg. formae blan-
ditant et elegantiam, robustas cor-
poris vires, mentemque innubiat
consequutas fulssem. At quia con-
jugatorum sibi sboles, his or-
batus fum 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.
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land; 
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to th' legitimate; fine word—legitimate.
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base 
8 Shall be th' legitimate. I grow, I prosper;
9 Now, Gods, stand up for bastards!

SCENE VII.

To him, Enter Gloster.

Glo. Ken; banish'd thus! and France in choler parted! 
And the King gone to-night! subscriv'd his pow'r! 
Confin'd to exhibition! all this done 
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now? what news?

8 Shall be th' legitimate.—] Here the Oxford Editor would show us that he is as good at coining phrases as his Author, and fo alters the text thus,

Shall to th' legitimate.

i. e. says he, stand on even ground with him, as he would do with his author. Warburton. 

Hammer's emendation will appear very plausible to him that shall consult the original reading. 

Butler's quarto reads,

—Edmund the base
Shall to th' legitimate.

The folio,—Edmund the base
Shall to th' legitimate.

Hammer, 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.

9 Now, Gods, stand up for bastards!] For what rea-

fon? He does not tell us; but the poet alludes to the debaucheries of the Pagan Gods, who made heroes of all their bastards.

Warburton. 

1 subscrib'd his pow'r!] 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.

2 Exhibition is allowance. The term is yet used in the universities.

3 all this done 

—Edmund, how now? what news? 

Upon the gad!] So the old copies: the later editions read, 

all is gone 

Upon the gad! which, besides that it is unauthorised, is less proper. To do upon the gad, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are fung by the gad fly.

Edm.
Edm. So please your lordship, none.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see; come. If it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads.]

5 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 idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which frowns, not as it hath power, but

Though taste may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read, affy or tisf of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So in Hamlet,

Bring me to the test.

6 idle and fond. Weak and foolish.
as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep, till I wake'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; I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has 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 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
feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other
pretense 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——Heav'n and Earth! Edmund, seek him
out; wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the bu-
iness after your own wisdom; I would unstate my-
sell, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently; convey
the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you
withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon por-
tend no good to us; tho' the wisdom of nature can
reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd

7 Pretence is design, purpose.
8 wind me into him.] I once
thought it should be read, you in-
to him; but, perhaps, it is a fa-
miliar phrase like, do me this.
9 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 is this learned man's ex-
planation. 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 set-
tled and composed on such an
occasion.

The words would and should
are in old language often con-
founded.

1 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. WARBURTON.

To convey is rather to carry
through than to introduce; in
this place it is to manage artfully;
we say of a juggler, that he has
a clean conveyance.

2 the wisdom of nature] That
is, though natural philosophy can
give account of eclipses, yet we
feel their consequences.

C 4

by
by the frequent 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, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall loose thee nothing, do it carefully—and the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, Honesty. 'Tis strange. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Manet Edmund.

Edm. 3 This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of

3 This is the excellent foppery of the world, &c.] In Shake-

scar's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ri-
diculed, that runs thro' the whole piece. Thus, in the Tempest, the lying disposition of travellers, and in A. you like it, the fantastick humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite plea-

santry. In like manner, in this play of Lear, the dotages of ju-
dicial astrology are severely ridicu-
culed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well con-
dered, 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 predica-
tion I read this other day, what would follow these ecstases. However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal con-
sequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely befuddled with it, cer-
tainly deserved the severest lath of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be en-
dowed with, either from nature, or traducively 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
of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our dif-
affers, the sun, the moon and stars; as if we were
bias it to all the contrary ill quali-
ities. So wretched and mon-
trous an opinion did it set out
with. But the Italians, to whom
we owe this, as well as most o-
other unnatural crimes and fol-
lies of these latter ages, soment-
ed its original impicity to the
most detestable height of exra-
vagance. Parus Ajour-si, an
Italian physician of the 13th
century, affirms us that those
prayers which are made to God
when the moon is in conjunction
with Jupiter in the Dragon's
tail, are infallibly bad. The
great Milton with a just indigna-
tion of this impicity, hath, in
his Paradise Recommt, satirized
it in a very beautiful manner,
by putting these revels into
the mouth of the Devil. Nor
could the licentious Rabolais
himself forbear to ridicule this
impious dotage, which he does
with exquisite address and hu-
mour, where, in the fable which
he so agreeably tells from Arc-
ps, of the man who applied to Ju-
piter for the loss of his hatchet,
he makes those, who, on the
poor man's good success, had
projected to trick Jupiter by the
fame petition, a kind of astro-
logicc atheists, who ascribed
this good fortune, that they imagin-
ed they were now all going to
partake of, to the influence of
some rare conjunction and con-
figuration of the stars. Hen,
ben, d'ent ils—Et doncque, telle
est au temps prés la révolution
des Cielx, la constellation des Ay-
tres, & aspet des Planetes, que
quiconque Cognit perdra, soube-
dain axeindra ayns riche?—

But to return to Shakespear.
So blasphemous a delusion, there-
fore, 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 ob-
liquely; and the circumstances
of the scene furnished him with
as good an opportunity as he
could wish. The perfons 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 reli-
gion 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 orb,
From whom we do exist and cease
to be.

For the doctrine of fate is the
true foundation of judicial As-
trology. Having thus discred-
ted it by the very commendations
given to it, he was in no
danger of having his direct satire
againit 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, espe-
cially when he has added such
force of reason to his ridicule,
in the words referred to in the
beginning of the note.

villains
villains on necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an inforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. 4 An admirable evasion of whore-master Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon’s tail, and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

SCENE IX.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat!——5 he comes, like the Catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous Melancholy, with a

4 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 Athiologers, (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 unmeaning to ever more just above, gives additional elegance to the expression.

WARBURTON.

5 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 Unitis, it shews that these Unitis are in nature, and in the reason of things, and not in a meer arbitrary invention of the Greeks, as some of our own country critics, of a low mechanic genius, have, by their works, persuaded our critics 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
sigh 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. I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

Edg.

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 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.

Warburton.

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. The quarto has the passage thus:

I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily, as of unnaturalness between the child and parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and male-
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 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, 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 spent of his rage goes flower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will furtively 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; 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.
Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inferred 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.

7 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.

SCENE
SCENE X.

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.

SCENE XI.

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 ev'ry 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.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question. If he distaste it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-rul'd. 8 Idle old Man, That still would manage those Authorities,

8 Idle old Man.] The following Lines, as they are fine in themselves, and very much in Character for Gonerill, I have restored.
That he hath giv'n away!—Now, by my Life,
9 Old Fools are Babes again; and must be us'd
With Checks, as flatteries when they're seen abus'd.

Retored from the Old Quarto.
The last verse, which I have ventured to amend, is there printed thus:

*With Checks, like Flatteries when they are seen abus'd.*

Theobald.

9 Old Fools are Babes again; and must be us'd

*With Checks like Flatteries when they're 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 Flatteries when they're seen abus'd.*

Mr. Theobald restores it thus,

*With Checks like Flatteries 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 us'd

*With Checks, not Flatteries 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 Flatteries 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 Flatteries are abused.

Warburton.

These lines hardly deserve a note, though Mr. Theobald thinks them very fine. Whether fools or folk 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 once weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be used with checks. There is a play of the words used and abused. To abuse is, in our author, very frequently the same
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you; what grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so. I'll write strait to my sister to hold my course. Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.

SCENE XII.

Changes to an open Place before the Palace.

Enter Kent disguis'd.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my speech difuse, my good intent
May carry thro' itself to that full issue,
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come. Thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner. Go, get it ready.
How now, what art thou? [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 him that is wise and

fame 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. [him that is wise and says little;] Thou saying little may be the character of wisdom, it was not a quality to chuse a companion
and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eat no fish.

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 wouldest thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doft 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 counsels, ride, run, marr a companion by for his conversation. We should read, to say little; which was prudent when he chose a wise companion to profit by. So that it was as much as to say, I profess to talk little myself, that I may profit the more by the conversation of the wise.

Warburton.

To converse signifies immediately and properly to keep company, not to discourse or talk. His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are no tattlers nor tale-bearers. The old reading is the true.

[2 and to eat no fish.] In Queen Elizabeth's time the peapits were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, He's an honest man and eat 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 enjoined for a reason by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called Cecil's Fahl. To this disgraceful badge of popery, Fletcher alludes in his Woman-bater, who makes the courtezan say, when Lazzarillo, in search of the Umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the Intelligencers, for a traitor. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him when he called for fish. And Marston's Dutch Courtesan. I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a fryday.

Warburton.
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, sirrah, where’s my daughter?

Stew. So please you——

[Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clodpoll 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.

Enter Steward.

O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; 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. I am none of these, my Lord; I beseech your pardon.

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 football 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 again; 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.
SCENE XIII.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too. Here's my coxcomb.  

[Giving Kent his cap.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'ft 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, 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 two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?  
Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.—  
Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whip'd out, when the lady brach may stand by th' fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.  
Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.  
[Lear. Do.  
Fool. Mark it, nuncle.

3 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, resembing the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, used to denote a vain conceited meddling fellow.  

Warburton.  

4 two coxcombs.] Two 'fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters.
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
* Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
5 Learn more than thou knowest,
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within 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 unsee'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. Do'st thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That Lord, that counsel'd thee to give away thy land,

Come, place him here by me! do thou for him stand;
The sweet and bitter Fool will presently appear,
The one, in motley here; the other, found out there.

Lear. Do'st thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

* Lend less than thou owest.] That is, do not lend all that thou hast. To owe in Old English is to pass. If owe be taken for to be in debt, the more prudent precept would be,

Lend more than thou owest.
5 Learn more than thou knowest.] To throw, is an old word which signifies to believe. The precept is admirable. WARB.

6 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 cenfure monopolies.

Kent.
KING LEAR.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my Lord.

Fool. No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to myself, they'll be snatching.

Give me an egg, uncles, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'th'middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy Crown i'th'middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine as on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden crown away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whip'd that first finds it so.

Fools ne'er had less grace in a year, [Singing.
For wise men are grown fo't'sho;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you won't to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, uncles, 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.

Pr'ythee, uncles, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain learn to lye.

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. Warb.

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.
Lear. If you lye, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.
Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'll 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'th'middle; here comes one o'th'parings.

SCENE XIV.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frown.
Fool. Thou waft a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her crowning; now thou art an o without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forthwith, I will hold my tongue; [To Gonerill.] to your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

Mum, mum, He that keeps nor crust nor crumb, [Singing. Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a sheald' peasled. [Pointing to Lear.

Gon. Not only, Sir, thus your all-licens'd fool,
But others of your insolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
I thought, by making this well known unto you,
'T have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and 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
KING LEAR.

Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, uncle,
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 were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good
wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away.
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an As know when the cart draws
the horse? * Whoop, Jug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not Lear.
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargy’d—Ha! waking?—’tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

9 Fool. Lear’s shadow.

* Whoop, Jug, &c.] There
are in the fool’s speeches several
passages which seem to be pro-
verbal allusions, perhaps not
now to be understood.

9 Fool. Lear’s shadow.] I
have given this passage according
to the first folio. The quarto,
which the modern editors
have followed, makes Lear con-
tinue the speech thus:

Lear’s shadow? I would learn
that; for by the marks
Of sovereignty, of knowledge
and reason,
I should be false persuaded I had
dughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman?
I think the folio in this place
preferable. Dr. Warburton has
inferred these lines with the fol-

lowing note:

___for by the marks
Of sovereignty, of knowledge,

_and of reason.] His daugh-
ters prove so unnatural, that, if
he were only to judge by the rea-
son 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 in this mat-
ter? 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, Sovereignty of reason.
And it is remarkable that the Edi-
tors had depraved it there too.
See Note, Act 1, Scene 7, of that
play.

Warburton.
Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you,
To understand my purposes aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, should be wife.
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 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,
Of fifty to disquantity your train;
And the remainders, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may befor your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses, call my train together.
—Degen'rate 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.

SCENE XV.

To them. Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents—O, Sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, Sir.—Prepare my horses.—

[To Albany.

\*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 nowhere specify'd by Gonerill. Pope. \*—that shall still depend.] Depend, for continue in service. Warburton.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

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, like an engine, wrenched 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’m guiltless, as I’m ignorant,
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord—

Hear, Nature, hear! dear Goddes, 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 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 cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks:

3 from her derogate body] Derogate, for unnatural. WARB.
Rather, I think, degraded; blasted.
4 With cadent tears—] We should read, candent, i.e. hot, scalding. More agreeable to the passionate imprecation of the speaker; and to his usual phraseology: as where he says present-

ly after,

—these hot tears that break
from me perforce,
and again,
—my own tears

Do scald like molten lead.

WARBURTON.

This emendation, if candent be a word any where to be found, is elegant, but not necessary.

Turn
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.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, wherefore comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it,
But let his disposition have that scope,
That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?——

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee—Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;

[To Goneril.

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th'untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep 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?

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 fleam thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever. [Ex:unt Lear and attendants.

5 I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.

That these hot tears, that break from me perforce, should make the un
waft blasts and fogs upon the un
tender woundings of a father's
curse, pierce every sense about the old fond eyes, beweep this cause again, &c.

6 The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, and part from the second edition.
SCENE XVI.

Gon. Do you mark that?
Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
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
At point a hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy. Oswald, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far—
Gon. Safer than truth 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 sustaine him and his hundred Knights,
When I have shew'd th' unfitness—

Enter Steward.

How now, Oswald?
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
KING LEAR.
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. So, get you gone,
And hasten your return. [Exit Steward.
—No, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at talk 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, th' event. [Exeunt.

SCENE XVII.

A Court-Yard belonging to the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman and Fool.

LEAR. Go you before to Gloster with these letters.
Acquaint my daughter no further with anything 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, were't not
in danger of kibes?
LEAR. Ay, boy.
Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not
go slip-shod.
LEAR. Ha, ha, ha.
Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee

7 —compact it more.] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent ac-

* there afore you.] He seems
to intend to go to his daughter,
but it appears afterwards that he
is going to the house of Gloster.

kindly;
kindly; for though she’s as like this as a crab’s like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can’t tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Can’t thou tell, why one’s nose stands i’th’ 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. I did her wrong—

Fool. Can’t tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put’s head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a cape.

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. To tak’t again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I’d have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How’s that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, ’till thou hadst been wife.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad. Sweet heav’n, Keep me in temper; I would not be mad.

8 I did her wrong.] He is is meditating on the resumption musing on Cordelia.

9 To tak’t again perforce!] He
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.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'fter.

Enter Edmund and Curan, severally.

EDMUND.

SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Dutcheifs, will be here with him this 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?

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! Beft! This weaves itself perforce into my business;

* Subjects of discourse; topicks.
My father hath set guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a * 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 giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now i' th' night, i' th' haffe;
And Regan with him; I have you nothing said
Upon his Party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I'm 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 hoa, here!
Fly, brother—Torches!—So farewell— [Ex. Edgar]
Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father! father!
Stop, stop. No help?

To him, 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,

*—queazy question] Sometimes of infectious, questionable
and uncertain nature. This is,
I think, the meaning.

'—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
I cannot but think the line
corrupted, and would read,
Against his party, for the Duke
of Albany?
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conj'ring the moon
To stand's 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 murther of your lordship;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
Gainst Parricides did all their thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father.—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnat'ral 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 th' encounter,
Or whether I was fled by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found.—Despatch. The noble Duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night;

This non-sense should be read and pointed thus,
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found, dispatch'd.—

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 be shall be punished. Despatch.
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, who finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the 6 murth'rous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
7 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him. He replied,
Thou unpossessing Bastard! do'th thou think,
If I would stand against thee, 8 would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? no; when I should deny,
As this I would, although thou didn't produce
My very character, I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou must make a durlard 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! strange, fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—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.

6 murd'rous coward] The first edition reads, caitiff.
7 And found him pight to do it,
with curst speech] Pight is pitched, fixed, settled. Curst is severe, harsh, vehemently angry.
8 — would the reposal] i. e. would any opinion that men have repos'd in thy trust, virtue,
&c. Warburton.
9 Strong and fastened. 4to.

Vol. VI. 

E 

SCENE
KING LEAR.

SCENE IV.

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 th' offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? Your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, Shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights,
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that comfort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' 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, I assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear, that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. 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. As for you, Edmund,

Whole
Whose virtue and obedience in this instance
So much commends 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. I thank your Grace.

Corm. You know not why we came to visit you—

Reg. Thus out of season *threading dark-eyed
night;

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
to answer from our home: the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay Comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam.
Your Graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.

---threading dark-eyed Night.]
I have not ventured to displace
this Reading, tho' I have great
Suspicion that the Poet wrote,
-threading 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 Alley, i.e. going thro' bye passages to avoid
the high Streets; or to threading

---in the dark. Theob.
The quarto reads,
-threat'ning dark-eyed night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of
some prize.] We should read, poise, i.e. weight.
Warburton.

Why not prize or price for value?

---from our home:] Not at home, but at some other place.

E2 SCENE
SCENE V.

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. I' th' mire.
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in *Lipbury* 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, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted- stockings knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd in way of

*Good evening*] In the common editions it is Good dawning, tho' the time be apparently night. But this was not *bake-*

*Pear's* phrase. The common editions were corrupt indeed, and should have given it us, as the poet wrote it, Good dawning.

i. e. good morn, the common evening-falutation of that time.

WARBURTON.

It is plainly past evening, and may, without any inconvenience, be supposed to be dawning.

*Lipbury 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 commentaries have left unexplained, 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 dresties 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 like to be a wearer of old cast-off cloaths, an inheritor of torn breeches.

good
good 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 clam'rous 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; o I'll make a fop o' th' moonshine of you. You whoreson, cullionly * 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 * Vanity the Puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll go carbonado your shanks—Draw, you rascal. Come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!—

Kent. Strike, you slave. Stand, rogue, stand, you t neat slave, strike.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!—

6 I'll make-a fop o' th' 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, the 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 shaft beams of the watry moon.

* Warburton. barber-monger.] Of this word I do not clearly see the force.

7 Vanity the puppet.] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shews, in which Vanity, Iniquity, and other vices, were personified.

t neat slave.] You mere slave, you very slave.
Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part—
Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please.
Come, I'll flesh ye. Come on, young matter.
Glo. Weapons? Arms? what's the matter here?
Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that
strikes again. What's 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. Nature disclaims all share 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 pain-
ter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been
but two hours o' th' trade.
Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?
Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have
spar'd at suit of his grey beard—
Kent. *Thou whorefon zed! thou unnecessary let-
ter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread

8 *Thou whorefon Zed! thou unnecessary letter!* I do not well understand how a man is reproached by being called Zed, nor how Z is an unnecessary letter. Scarron compares his deformity to the shape of Z, and it may be a proper word of insult to a crook-backed man; but why should Gonerill's sleward be crooked, unless the allusion be to his bending or cringing posture in the presence of his superiors? Perhaps it was written, *thou whorefon 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.
this unbolted villain 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 similing rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too intricatite t'unloose; sooth every passion,

That

---

9 this unbolted villain] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. _Warburton._

1 Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwaine,

Which are t'intricate, 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 boy, 'tis evident, that he was not aware of the Poet's fine Meaning. I'll 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 intricatite t'unloose——

This Word again occurs in our Author's _Antony_ and _Cleopatra_, where she is speaking to the A'pick:

Come, mortal wretch;

With thy sharp Teeth this knot intrinicate

Of Life at once untie.

And we meet with it in Cynthia's _Rivels_ by Ben. Johnson.

---

Yet there are certain puntilios, or, as I may more nakedly intrinicate them, certain intricatite Strokes and Words, to which your Activity is not yet amounted, &c.

It means, inward, hidden, perplexed; as a Knot, hard to be unravell'd; it is deriv'd from the Latin adverb _intrinsecus_; from which the Italians have coin'd a very beautiful Phrase, _intrinsecus col une_, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one self into another. And now to our Author's Sense. _Kent_ is rating the Steward, as a Parable of Gonerill's; 'and supposes very justly, that he has fomented the Quarrel betwixt that Princes and her Father: in which office he compares him to a sacrilegious Rat; and by a fine Metaphor, as Mr. Warburton observ'd to me, stiles the Union between Parents and Children the holy _Cords_.

_Theobald._

Like rats, oft bite the holy
Cords in twain

Too intricatite t'unloose;—] By these holy cords the Poet means the natural union between parents
That in the nature of their Lords rebels,
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,
Renega, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry Gale and Vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your *epileptick visage!*
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Gooe, if I had you upon Sarum-plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot.*

*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 sawcy roughness; and *constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!

An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;


rents 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.*

*—epileptick visage!] The frightened countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit.

*—Camelot] Was the place where the romances say, King Arthur kept his court in the well; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. *Warb.*

In Somer-fshire 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.

*Hanser.*

*—constrains the garb
Quite from his nature.] Forces his outside or his appearance to something totally different from his natural disposition.
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Pæbus' 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, *though I should win
your displeasure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any.
It pleas'd the King his matter very lately
To strike at me upon his misconstrucon,
When he conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthied him; got praises of the King,

5 Than twenty silly ducking observants,] The epithet silly cannot be right. I'ft, 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. 2. Because he says these ducking observants know how to stretch their duties nicely. I am persuaded we should read,

Than twenty silky ducking observants,
Which not only alludes to the garb of a court sycophant, but admirably well denotes the smoothness of his character. But what is more, the poet generally gives them this epithet in other places. So in Richard III. he calls them

——Silky, fly, insinuating Jacks.
And in Coriolanus,

——when steel grows

Soft as the parasite's silk——

Warburton.

The alteration is more ingenious than the arguments by which it is supported.

* though I should win your displeasure to intreat me to't.] Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to intreat me to be a knave.

For
KING LEAR.

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 rev'rend 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.

Reg. '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-fame nature
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 pil'rings, and most common trespassers,
Are punish'd with; the King must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued 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.

SCENE
SCENE VII.

Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I'll intreat for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've 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. 7 Good King, that must approve the common
Saw,
That out of heaven's benediction com'ft
To the warm fun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,
Looking up to the moon.
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery. 8 I know, 'tis from Cordelia,

[Reading the letter.

Who

6 Will not be rubb'd nor
stopp'd —] Metaphor from
bowling. WARB.
7 Good King, that must approve
the common Saw,] That art
now to exemplify the common
proverb,
That out of, &c.
That changes better for worst. Hamner observes, that it is a
proverbial saying, applied to
those who are turned out of
house and home to the open wea-
ther. It was perhaps first used
of men dismissed from an hos-
pital, or house of charity, such
as was erected formerly in ma-
ny places for travellers. Those
houses had names properly e-
ough alluded to by Heaven's
Benediction.
8 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
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course, and shall find time
From this enormous state seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er watch'd,
Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel.

[He sleeps.]

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a part of a Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I'VE heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That Guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While's I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself, and am bethought
To take the basest and the poorest shape,
That ever Penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; else all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and perfections 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,
Of my obscured course, and shall find time
From this enormous state seeking, to give
Losses their remedies.
Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the enormous care of seeking her fortune will allow her time, she will employ it in remedying losses. This is harsh; perhaps something better may be found. I have at least supplied the genuine reading of the old copies. Enormous is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things.

Poor
KING LEAR.

9 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cots and mills,
Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity. 1 Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet. 2 Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

SCENE IX.

Changes again to the * Earl of Glo'ter's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. This strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not fend back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha! mak'it thou thy shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

9 Poor pelting villages,—[Pelling is used by Shakespeare in the sense of beggarly: I suppose from pelt a skin. The poor being generally clothed in leather.

WARBURTON.

Pelling is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of petty. Shakespeare uses it in the Midsummer-Night's dream of small brooks.

1 — poor Turlygood! poor Tom!] We should read Turlupin. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of pipies, 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 Hereticks, and actually burn'd some of them at Paris. But what sort of Religions they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. Turlupin Cynthialem sapientia, sucta, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu. Plainly, nothing but a band of Tom-a'-Berkelams.

WARBURTON.

Hamner reads, poor Turlupin. It is probable the word Turlygood was the common corrupt pronunciation.

2 — Edgar I nothing am.] As Edgar I am out-lawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence.

* Earl of Glo'ter's Castle.

It is not very clearly discovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he sent a letter to Glo'ter, but no hint is given of its contents. He seems to have gone to visit Glo'ter while Cornwell and Regan might prepare to entertain him.

Fool.
KING LEAR.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters. Horses are
ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, mon-
keys by th' loins, and men by th' legs. When a
man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden ne-
ther 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,
3 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 a recking Post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Guenrill his mistress, salutation,
4 Deliver'd letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
5 They summon'd up their meiny, sfrait took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;

3 To do upon respect such violent outrage.] To violate the
publick and venerable character of a messenger from the King.
4 Deliver'd letters spight of intermission.] Intermission, for ano-
other message which they had then before them, to consider of;
called intermission, because it came between their leisure and
the Steward's message. WARB.
5 Their summon'd up their meiny,—] Meiny, i.e. people.
Pope.
And
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 faucily 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. * 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.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many ⁶ dolours
for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up tow'rd 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' th' stocks for that
question, thou'dst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach
thee there's no lab'ring i' th' winter. ⁷ All, that fol-
low their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men;

and

* Winter's not gone yet, &c.] between dolours and dollars.  

Hanmer:  

⁷ All, that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind
men; and there's not a nose among

twenty.

⁶ dolours] Quibble intended
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, left it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. 8 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 begins to rain, And leave thee in the storm.
9 But I will tarry; the fool will flay, 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'th Stocks, fool.

SCENE

20. When a wise man gives thee, &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 authour 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.

But
SCENE X.

Enter Lear and Glo’ster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They’re sick? They’re weary? They have travell’d all the night? Mere fetches, The images of revolt and flying off. Bring me a better answer—

Glo. My dear Lord, You know the fiery quality of the Duke, How unremovable, and fixt he is In his own course.


Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform’d them so.
Lear. Inform’d them? Doft thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord?
Lear. The King would speak with Cornwall. The dear father Wou’d 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—

[Glocestor offers to go.]

No, but not yet. May be, he is not well; Infirmity doth still neglect all office, Whereeto our health is bound; we’re not ourselves,

But I will tarry; the fool will stay, And let the wife 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 wife men are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but there is no folly.
When Nature, being opprèst, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state! But wherefo're

[Looking on Kent.
Should he fit here? This Act persuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
*Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the Duke and's 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.
Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to 'the
Eels, when she put them 'th' Pasty alive; she rapt
'em o'th' coxcombs with a flick, and cry'd, down wantons, down.
'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse butler'd his hay.

SCENE XI.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your Grace! [Kent is set at Liberty.
Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.
Lear. Reg'm, I think you are; I know, what reason
I have to think so; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress. O, are you free? [To Kent.
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: oh Regan, * she hath tied

* Is practice only. Practice is
in Shakespeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for a Lay: artificer.
* the Eels, when for 'at them 'th' Pasty] Hinting that the Eel and Lear are in the same danger.
-- she hath tied
Sharp took'd his kind of like a
writure here; Aluding to the
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here; [Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,

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,

Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least

Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,

She have restrained 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 your Self; therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return;

Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgivenes?

Do you but mark, how this becomes the House.

Dear


the fable of Prometheus. War B. 3 Of how deprav’d a quality] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,

With how deprav’d a quality.

4 Than she to scant her duty The word scant is directly contrary to the sense intended. The quarto reads,

—which is no better. May we not change it thus:

You less know how to value her desert.

Than she to scant her duty.

To scant may be to measure or proportion. Yet our authour ules his negatives with such licentiounes, that it is hardly safe to make any alteration.

5 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 Daughters Forgivenes 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
Dear daughter, I confess, that I am old,
6 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 unsightly tricks,
Return you to my sister.
Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
7 Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the flor'd vengences of heaven fall
On her ingratitude! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!—
Corn. fy! Sir, fy!

in this Signification, is too ob-
vous to want a Proof. Theob.
Do you but mark, how this be-
comes the House.] Mr. Theob-
ald says, This phrase seems to
say it's to the purpose; and there-
fore alters it to,
—becomes the use,
which signifies less. The Ox-
ford 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 ex-
pressive phrase,
—becomes the House;
which signifies the order of fa-
milies, duties of relation. Warb.
With this most expressive phrase
I believe no reader is satisfied.
I suspect that it has been writ-
ten originally.
Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this be-
cometh—thus.
Dear daughter, I ro ffs, &c.
Becomes the house, and becometh
thus, might be eaily confounded
by readers so unskilful as the
original printers.

6 Age is unnecessary.] That is,
old age has few wants.
7 Look'd black upon me.] This
is a Phrase which I do not un-
derstand; but to look blank is a
known Expression, signifying, ei-
ther to give discouraging Looks
to another, or to stand dismay'd
and disappointed one's self. The
Poet means, that Gonerill gave
him cold looks, as he before
phrases it. Theob.
Look'd black upon me:] So all
the editions. Mr. Theobald al-
ters it to blank. A small altera-
tion, only turning black to white.
His reason is, because to look
black upon him is a phrase he did not understand. I believe so. But
it alludes to a serpent's turning
black, when it swells with rage
and venom, the very creature to
which Lear here compares his
daughter. Warburton.
To look black, may eaily be
explained to look cloudy or
gloomy. See Milton:
So frowned the mighty com-
batants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown.
Lear.
KING LEAR.

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty
You fen-fuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun
8 To fall, and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest Gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy * tender hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to rashness; 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 haftly words, 9 to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'lt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of court'fy, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o' th' Kingdom thou haft not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. [Trumpet within.
Lear. Who put my man i' th' 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-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

8 To fall, and blast her pride.] Thus the quarto: the folio reads not so well, to fall and blitfer. I think there is still a fault, which may be easily mended by changing a letter.

—Infect her beauty
Ye fen-fuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun.

Do, fall, and blast her pride.

*—tender hefted] This word, though its general meaning be plain, I do not critically understand.

9 —to scant my sizes.] To contract my allowances or proportions settled.
KING LEAR.

Lear. Who stocked my servant? Regan, I’ve good hope,
Thou didst not know on’t.—Who comes here?

SCENE XII.

Enter Goneril.

O Heav’ns,
'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 th’ hand, Sir? How have I
offended?
All’s not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O fides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i’th’ Stocks?
Corn. I set him there, Sir; but his own disorders
Deserv’d much less advancement.

Lear.

1 If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old.] Could it be a ques-
tion whether heaven allowed obedience? The poet wrote,
HALLOW obedience.—
i.e. if paternal government here be so much the image of the
mild government of heaven, that it sanctifies the obedience
due to parents, and esteems the violators of it impious, make it
your cause. He adds, if yourselves are old. This perhaps
may appear low and ridiculous to the unlearned reader; but we
are to consider this pagan King as alluding to the ancient hea-
then Theology, which teaches that CAELUS, or OURANUS, or HEA-
ven, was deposed by his son SATURN, who rebelled and rose in
arms against him. His case then being the same with Lear’s, he
was the fittest to be addresst to on this occasion. WARD.

Mr. Upton has proved by irresistible authority, that to allow
signifies not only to permit but to approve, and has defercively
replaced the old reading,
2 —much less advancement.] The word advancement is ironic-
cally used here for conspicuousness of punishment; as we now say,
Lear. You? did you?
Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month, You will return and sojourn with my sister, Dismissing half your train, come then to me. I'm now from home, and out of that provision Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
4 No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chafe To wage, against the enmity o'th' air, To be a comrade with the wolf and owl; Necessity's sharp pinch—Return with her?

*a man is advanced to the pillory.
We should read,
---but his own disorders
Deserve'd much more advancement.
3 I pray you, Father, being weak, seem so.] This is a very odd request. She, surely asked something more reasonable. We should read,
---being weak, seem'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.
4 No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chafe To wage against the enmity o'th' air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
Necessity's sharp pinch!— Return with her.
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 defants, The breach of the sense here is a man's 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 wage against any one, was a common expression; and, being a species of acting, (namely, acting in opposition) was as proper as to lay, act against any one. So, to wage against the enmity o'th' 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.
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dow'rfles took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like pension beg,
To keep * base life a-foot — Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave, and sumptor,
To this detested 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 see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-fore, or t imboessd carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan;
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to myifter;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, since both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

* — 'eò life] That is, in a  t — imboessd carbuncle] Imboessd is swelling, protuberant.
KING LEAR.

Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd to flack ye,
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; must I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,

When

5 Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wink-ed.] As a little before, in the text [like fatterers] the editors had made a similitude where the author intended none; so here, where he did, they are not in the humour to give it us, because not introduced with the formulary word, like. Lear's second daughter proving still more unkind than the first, he begins to entertain a better opinion of this from the other's greater degree of inhumanity; and expresses it by a similitude taken from the deformities which old age brings on.

Those wrinkled creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wrinkled:

For so, instead of wicked, it should be read in both places: which correction the word well-favour'd might have led to.

Lear considers the unnatural behaviour of his daughters under this idea, both in and out of his senses. So again, speaking of them, in his distraction, he says, and he's another wolfe warpt looks proclaim what store heart is mad of. Shakespeare has the character of a very incorrect writer, and so, indeed, he is. But this character being received, as well as given, in the lump, has made him thought an unfit subject for critical conjecture: which perhaps may be true, with regard to those who know no more of his genius than a general character of it conveys to them. But we should distinguish. Incorrectness of style may be divided into two parts: an inconsistency of the terms employed with one another; and an incongruity in the construction of them. In the first case he is rarely faulty; in the second, negligent enough. And this could hardly
KING LEAR:
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.

hardly be otherwise. For his ideas being the clearest, and his penetration in discovering their agreement, disagreement, and relation to each other, the deepest that ever was in any Poet, his terms of course must be well put together: Nothing occasioning the jumbling of discordant terms, from broken metaphors, but the cloudiness of the understanding, and the consequent obscurity of the ideas: Terms being nothing but the painting of ideas, which he, who sees clearly, will never employ in a discordant colouring. On the contrary, a congruity in the construction of these terms (which answers to drawing, as the use of the term does to colouring) is another thing. And Shakespeare, who owed all to nature, and was hurried on by a warm attention to his ideas, was much less exact in the construction and grammatical arrangement of his words. The conclusion is, that where we find gross inaccuracies, in the relation of terms to one another, there we may be confident, the text has been corrupted by his editors: and, on the contrary, that the offences against syntax are generally his own. Had the Oxford Editor attended to this distinction, he would not perhaps have made it the principal object in his restored Shakespeare, to make his author always speak in strict grammar and measure. But it is much easier to reform such slips as never obscure the sense, and are set right by a grammar-rule or a finger-end, than to reduce a depraved expression, which makes nonsense of a whole sentence, and whose reformation requires you to enter into the author's way of thinking. WARBURTON.
I have given this long note, because the editor seems to think his correction of great importance. I was unwilling to deny my reader any opportunity of conviction which I have had myself, and which perhaps may operate upon him, though it has been ineffectual to me, who, having read this elaborate and oratorian remark, still think the old reading best. 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-favoured. But he might have remembered what he says in his own preface concerning mixed modes. Shakespeare, whole 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.
KING LEAR.

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 needs one?

Lear. O, reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
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 heav'n's, give me that patience which I need!
You see me here, you Gods, a 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; touch me with noble anger;
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatur'al 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;

6 The quarto has, poor, old fellow.
7—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 affix 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.

No,
KING LEAR:

No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping.
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

[Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent and Fool.

SCENE XIII.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[Storm and tempest.

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestowed.

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 Gloster?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not
where.

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 high
winds
Do sorely 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 desp'rate 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' th' storm. [Exeunt.

ACT 6
A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent.

Who's there, besides 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, 

Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage Catch in their fury, and make nothing of; Strives in his little World of Man t'outcorn The to-and-fro-conflicting Wind and Rain.

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?

---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 Shakspere'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 re-trenched.

9 This night wherein the Cub-drawn bear would couch.] Cub-drawn has been explained to signify dr. run by nature to its young; whereas it means, wh'fe drags 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 my ¹ note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's division,
Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall,
² 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,
Either in sniffs 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 are but furnishings.
³ But true it is, ⁴ from France there comes a power

¹ —my note.] My observation of your character.
² Who have, as who have not—] The eight subse-
quent Verses were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and
unto no purpose. For my part, I
see nothing in them but what is
very easy to be understood; and
the Lines seem absolutely neces-
sary to clear up the Motives, upon
which France prepared his Inva-
sion: nor without them is the Sense
of the Context compleat.

³ But true it is, &c.] In the
old editions are the five follow-
ing lines which I have inserted
in the text, which seem neces-
ary to the plot, as a preparatory
to the arrival of the French army
with Cordelia in Act 4. How
both these, and a whole scene
between Kent and this gentle-
man in the fourth act, came to
be left out in all the later edi-
tions, I cannot tell: they de-
pend upon each other, and very
much contribute to clear that
incident.

⁴ —from France there comes
a power

Into th’s scatter’d kingdom;
who already,
W’s: in our negligence, have se-
cret sea

In some of our best ports—] Scattered kingdom, if it have any
sense, gives us the idea of a king-
dom fallen into an anarchy: but
that was not the case. It sub-
mited quietly to the government
of Lear's two sons-in-law. It
was divided, indeed, by this
means, and so hurt, and weak-
en'd. And this was what Shakes-
pear meant to say, who, with-
out doubt, wrote,

—scathed kingdom,—

i.e. hurt, wounded, impaired.

And
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wife in our negligence, have secret fee
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To shew their open banner.—Now to you,
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

And so he frequently uses feath for hurt or damage. Again, what a strange phraze is, having sea in a port, to signify a fleet's lying at anchor? which is all it can signify. And what is strange still, a secret sea, that is, lying incognito, like the army at Knight's-bridge in the Rehearsal. Without doubt the poet wrote,

—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. Warrington.

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 Italicks 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 Italicks, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the Italicks are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious be-

cause 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 seathed; for scattered, he says, gives the idea of an anarchy, which was not the case. It may be replied that seathed 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 aggravate or extenuate for mere convenience, or for vanity yet less than convenience. Scattered naturally means divided, unsettled, disunited.

Next is offered with great pomp a change of sea to seize, but in the first edition the word is fee, for hire, in the sense of having any one in fee, that is, in devotion for money. Fee is in the second quarto changed to see, from which one made sea and another seize. Some
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 of you,
Offer this Office.]

Gent. I'll 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 that Ring,
And she will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fy 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 the King, 
for which you take
That way, I this, he that first lights on him,
Halloo the other. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.

Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout
'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o’th’ world,
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-waters out o’door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here’s a night that pities neither wife 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 kingdoms, call’d you children; you owe me no subscription; then let fall your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave, a poor, infirm, weak, and despis’d old man. But yet I call you servile minions, that have with two pernicious daughters join’d your high engender’d battles, gainst a head so old and white as this. Oh! oh! ’tis foul.

6 Crack Nature’s Mould, all germains spill at once.] Thus all the Editions have given us this Passage, and Mr. Pope has explain’d 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 Germains, from German. Our Author not only uses the same Thought again, but the Word that ascertains my Explanation. In Winter’s Tale:
Lest Nature crush the sides o’th’ Earth together,
And marr the Seeds within. Theobald.

7 You owe me no subscription.] Subscription, for obedience. War.

5 —here I stand your slave;] But why so? It is true, he says, that they owed him no subscription; yet sure he owed them none. We should read,
—here I stand your brave;
i.e. I defy your worst rage, as he had said just before. What led the editors into this blunder was what should have kept them out of it, namely the following line,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis’d old man!
And this was the wonder, that such a one should brave them all.

Warburton.
The meaning is plain enough, he was not their slave by right or compact, but by necessity and compulsion. Why should a passage be darkened for the sake of changing it? Besides of Brave in that sense I remember no example.

* —’tis foul.] Shameful; dishonourable.
KING LEAR.

Fool. He that has a house to put’s head in, has a good head-piece.
The codpiece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall lowe;*
So beggars marry many.
That 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.

SCENE III.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. 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 wife man and a fool.
Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? Things, that love night,
Love not such nights as these, the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wand’lers 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
Th’ affliction, nor the fear.
Lear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful poth’r o’er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

* So beggars marry many.] That is, a beggar marries a wife and lice.
9 Gallow the very wand’lers of the dark.] Gallow, a west-country word, signifies to fear or frighten. Warburton.
* So the folio, the later editions read, with the quarto, force for fe-r, less elegantly.
That haft within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou Perjurè, and 2 thou Simular of virtue,
That art incestuous. Caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Haft practis’d on man’s life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your 4 concealing continents and ask
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More finn’d against, than finning.

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 ev’n but now, demanding after you,
Deny’d me to come in, return, and force
Their scanty courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?

2—thou Simular of virtue.] Shakespeare has here kept exactly to the Latin propriety of the term. I will only observe, that our author seems to have imitated Silenus in making a substantive of Simular, as the other did of Dissimilar,

With other foure of theyr affy-

nyte,

Dislayne, ryotte, Difymuler,

jubryte.

The bouge of Courte.

WARBURTON.

3 That under covert and convenient seeming.] This may be right. And if so, convenient is used for commodious or friendly. But I rather think the poet wrote,

That under cover of convivial

seeming,

i.e. under cover of a frank, open, social conversation. This raises the sense, which the poet expresses more at large in Timon of Athens, where he says,

—The fellow that

Sits next him now, parts bread

with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided

draught;

Is th’ readiest man to kill him.—

WARBURTON.

Convenient needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; accommodated to the present purpose; suitable to a design. Convenient seeming is appearance such as may promote his purpose to destroy.

4—concealing continents—] Con-

tinent stands for that which contains or incloset.
I'm 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've one part in my heart, That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. 6 He that has an a little tyny wit,
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;
Must make content with h:s fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.
7 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When nobles are their t.skn' tutors;
No bereticks burn'd, but wenchkol' tutors;
When every case in law is right,
No 'Squire in debt, nor no par Knight;
When Slanders do not live in ton,
And cut-purses come not in thorns;
When surers tell their gold i'd fe d,
And barods, and whorers, do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion Come to great confusion.
Then come: the time, who lives to jeet,
'That Going shall be us'd with feet.] The judicious reader will observe through this heap of nonsence 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

5 —— one part in my heart,]
Some editions read,
—-thing in my heart,
from which Hammer, and Dr. Warburton after him, have made firing, very unnecessarily; both the copies have part.
6 He that has but a little tyny quit, 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 f:all, 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.
7 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go;
When priests are more in words than matter;
When brewers marr their malt with water;
KING LEAR.

When priests are more in words than matter,
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks 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 Flanders do not live in tongues;
And cut-purses come not to throngs;

The present would prevent from ever happening. Each of these prophecies has its proper inference or deduction; yet, by an unaccountable stupidity, the first editors took the whole to be all one prophecy, and so jumbled the two contrary inferences together. The whole then should be read as follows, only premising that the first line is corrupt 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 hereticks 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 Flanders do not live in tongues;
And cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold in the field;
And bards and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion come to great confusion. i. e.

- Never.

The sagacity and acuteness of Dr. Warburton are very conspicuous in this note. He has disentangled the confusion of the passage, and I have inferred 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.

8 When nobles are their tailors' tutors;] i. e. invent fashions for them. Warburton.

9 No hereticks burnt, but wenches' suitors;] The dif-
case to which wenches suitors are particularly exposed, was called in Shakespeare's time the brevuing or burning.
When usurers tell their gold i’th’ field;
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I do live before
his time. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Gloster’s Castle.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. A LACK, alack, Edmund, I like not this un-
natural 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,
or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division
between the Dukes, and a worle 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 in-
cline to the King; I will look for him, and privately
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 are strange things toward, Ed-
mund; pray, you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This curtesy, forb’d thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all.
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE
KING LEAR.

SCENE V.

Changes to a part of the Heath with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. HERE is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter.
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Will't 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 fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' 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'll 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!—
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.

G 4
Lear. Prythee, 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. ¹ 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, wherefo' 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 Heav'n's more just.

Edg. [within.] 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 boxe.

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'th' straw?

Come forth.

SCENE VI.

Enter Edgar, disguis'd like a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. ² Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

¹ 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.

² Humph, go to thy bed.] So the folio. The quarto, Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.
KING 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 led through fire and through flame, through ford and through whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane 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 whirl-winds, star-blasting, and taking. Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now—and there—and here again, and there.

[Storm still.]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paff?

—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.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those * pelican daughters.

3 led through fire and through flame,] Alluding to the ignis fatuus, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction.

4 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

5 tak'ng,] To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

—strike her young limbs, Ye taking airs with tameness.

* pelican daughters.] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood.

Edg.
Edg. Pillicock fat on pillicock-hill,
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and
madmen.

Edg. Take heed o’th’ 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, 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 heav’n. 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, light of ear, bloody of
hand; hog in cloath, fox in sleuth, 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 de-
fy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows
the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my
boy, boy, Seffey: let him trot by.

[Storm still.

---

6 wore gloves in my cap.] That is, his mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So in the play called Composte. Try men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers. Gloves worn in velvet cap, instead of plumes in graven helments.

Warburton.

7 light of ear, i. e. credulous.

Warburton.

8 suum, mun, nonny, &c.] Of this passage I can make nothing. I believe it corrupt: for wildness, not noneness, is the effect of a disordered imagination. The quarto reads, huy n on n.,

Dolphins, my boy, cease, let I'm trot by. Of interpreting this there is not much hope or much need. But any thing may be tried. The mad man, 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 conde-
sceends to let him pass, and calls to his boy Dolphin [Rodolph] not to contend with him. On—

Dolphin, my boy, cease. Let I'm trot by.

Lear.
Lear. Thou wert 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 ow'st 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. Prythee, 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 on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Eg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock. He gives the *web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

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.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

* web and pin;] Diseases of the eye.

9 Swithold footed thrice the old, } The o'd, my ingenious Friend Mr. Bifb p says, must be Wald, 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
Ni e-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
Ara 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.

i. e. Saint Withold traversing the Wold or Down; 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
Enter Gloster, with a Torch.

Lear: What's he?
Kent: Who's there? what is't you seek?
Glo: What are you there? Your names?
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 for fallets, swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and flock-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 small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that diistemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or right spell against the Episettes. The last line is the formal exclamation or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, are ye the right, i.e. depart forthwith. Bedlam, 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 Monstre Thomas of Fletcher, which he expressly calls a night-spell, and is in these words,

Saint George, Saint George,
Our Lady's Knight,
He works by day, so he does by night;
And when he had her found,
He her bowes and her bound;
Until to him her troth she plight,
She would not sir from him that night.

Wareburton.

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. Swithold footed thrice the old another night Moore and her nine fold bid her, O light, and her troth plight, and arint thot, with arint thee.

2 — small deer] Sir Thomas Hamer reads geer, and is followed by Dr. Warburton. But deer in old language is a general word for wild animals.
Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman; Mu-

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T'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 th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

—What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Imporntune him once more to go, my Lord.

His wits begin t'unsettle.


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'm 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 dearear. 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 th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear.
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, stoof him; let him take the fellow.
GLO. Take him you on.
KENT. Sirrah, come on; along with us.
LEAR. Come, good Athenian.
GLO. No words, no words, hush.
EDG. Children Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, fye, foh, and sum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Gloster's Castle:

CORN. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his house.
EDM. How, my Lord, I may be censor'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; but a provoking merit, set a work by a reprovable badness in himself.

3 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, Parite, Donvanish, Bachelors. The most noble of the youth particularly, Infans. Here a story is told, in some old ballad, of the famous hero and giant killer Roland, before he was knighted, who is, therefore, called Infans; which the ballad maker translated, Child Roland.

WARBURTON.

This word is in some of our ballads. There is a song of Child Walter, and a Lady.

4 But a provoking merit,] i.e. a merit which being neglected by the father, was provoked to an extravagant act. The Oxford Editor, not understanding this, alters it to provoked spirit.

WARBURTON.

EDM.
KING LEAR.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the letter, which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. Oh heavens! that this treason were not; or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Glo'fter. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him 5 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.

SCENE IX.

A Chamber, in a Farm-House.

Enter Kent and Glo'fter.

Glo. HER E 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!

5 comforting] He uses the its derivation; salvia confortat word in the juridical sense for ne vos. Schol. Sal.

supporting, helping, according to

Enter
Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, Innocent, and beware the soul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle; tell me, whether a madman 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.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

6 Come hizzing in upon 'em——

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf,

7 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 justice;

Thou sapient Sir, sit here—now, ye she foxes!——

Edg. Look, where she stands and glares. Wants thou eyes?

At trial, Madam.

6 Come hizzing in upon 'em——

Then follow in the old edition several speeches in the mad way, which probably were left out by the Players, or by Shakspeare himself; I shall however insert them here, and leave them to the reader's mercy.

Pope.

As Mr. Pope had begun to insert several Speeches in the mad way, in this Scene, from the Old Edition; I have ventured to replace several others, which stand on 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 printed in Italics.

7 the health of a horse; Without doubt we should read heels, i.e. to stand behind him.

Warburton.

Shakspeare is here speaking not of things maliciously treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horse is above all other animals subject to disasters.
"Come o'er the Broom, Beffy, 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. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two
white Herrings. Creak 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 me in the evi-
dence.
Thou rob'd man of justice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. You are o'th' commission, fit you too.
Edg. Let us deal justly.

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.
Fool. Come hither, Missresi, 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 pro-
claim
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.

8 Come o'er the Broom, Beffy, we may better read,
to me.] As there is no rela-
tion between broom and a boat,
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 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. Avant,
you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, branche, 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.
Do de, de de. Seffey, come, march to wakes and
fairs,
And market towns. Poor Tom, 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
for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fa-
shion of your garments. You will say, they are Per-
sian; but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'fter.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here and rest a
while.

9 — brachy, or hym, &c. ] Names of particular sorts of dogs.
Pope.

Sir T. Hanmer for hym reads
lym.
1 Here is Seffey again, which I take to be the French word
cessez pronounced cessez, which was, I suppose, like some others
in common use among us. It is an interjection enforcing cessation
of any action, like, be quiet, have done. It seems to have
been gradually corrupted into, so, so.

2 Thy horn is dry.] Men that begged under pretence of lunac-
cy ailed formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the streets.

Lear.
**KING LEAR.**

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains.

So, so, we'll go to supper i' th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the King, my matter?

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 tow'r'd Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy matter. If thou should daily 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. *Opprest Nature sleeps.*

This Rest might yet have balm'd thy broken Senses, Which, if Conveniency will not allow, Stand in hard Cure. Come, help to bear thy Master; Thou must not stay behind. 

[To Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt, bearing off the King.

---*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 design'd, 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? Theob. The lines inferred from the quarto are in Italic. The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty; yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakes-peare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the Scenes, than of continuing the Action.

---
Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our Betters see bearing our Woes,
We scarcely think our Miseries our Poes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most 'tis mind;
Leaving * free things, and happy Shows behind:
But then the Mind much Sufferance does o'erskip,
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 chidest, as I father'd!—Tom, away;
† 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.

SCENE X.

Changes to Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. POST speedily to my Lord your husband,
Flew him this letter. The army of France
is landed. Seek out the traitor Gloster.

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 fettinate preparation; we are bound to the
like. Our Posts shall be swift, and intelligent be-

*—free things,] States clear
from disputes.
† Mark the high noises,] At-
tend 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 erro-
neous sentence, and recall thee
to honour and reconciliation.
KING LEAR.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or six and thirty of his Knights,
Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,
Who with some other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him tow'r'd Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet Lord, and sister.

[Exeunt Gon. and Edm.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us;
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a court'fy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controll.

SCENE XI.

Enter Gloster, brought in by Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his starry arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my Friends,
consider,
You are my Guests: Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say, [They bind him.


Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

—my Lord of Gloster.] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with
his Father's titles. The Steward, speaking immediately after,
mentions the old Duke by the
fame title.

—is corky arms.] Dry, wi-
thered, husky arms.

H 3

Corn.
KING LEAR.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—

[Regan plucks his beard.

Glo. 5 By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken and accuse thee; I'm your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favour
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. 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

5 By the kind gods,— We are not to understand by this the Gods in general, who are bene-
sicent and kind to men; but that particular species of them
called by the ancients Dii hospita-
tales, kind Gods. So Plautus in
Paculio,

Deum hospitalem ac tesseram
me cum ferro,
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 Cressi-
da, Æneas, in an expostulation
with Diomedes, swears by the hand
of his mother Venus, as a covert
reproof for Diomedes' brutality in
wounding the Goddes of Beauty
in the hand, and a secret inti-
mation 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 clods;
and again when he meets his
wife after a long absence, by the
jealous Queen of Heaven; for Ju-
no was suppos'd the aveng'refs of
conjugal infidelity. In Othello
the double Iago is made to swear
by J anus. And in this very play
of Lear, a pagan much given to
judicial Astrology, very conso-
nantly to his character, swears

By all the operations of the orbs,
By whom we do exist, and cease
to be.

WARB.

6 —my hospitable favours] It is nonsene to understand it of
gifts, kindneßs, &c. We should read favour, i.e. vifage. For
they pluck'd him by the beard.

WARBURTON.

Have
KING LEAR.

Have you sent the lunatick King? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart.
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning——

Reg. And falle.

Corn. Where haft 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. I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand 't the
course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sifter
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
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 heav'n's to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shou'dst have said, "go, porter, turn the key;"
All cruel's else sub'scrib'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'fter 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; th' other too.

7 the course.] The running of the dogs upon me.
8 —subscrib'd;] Yielded, sub-
KING LEAR.

Corn. If you see vengeance—

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord.
I've 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.]

Corn. Let 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. [Ex. with Glo'fter.

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. —Regen, I bleed apace.
KING LEAR.

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[Exit Corn. 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
To lead him where he would; his rogueish Madness
Allows itself to any Thing.

2d Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some Flax and whites
of Eggs
I'll apply to's bleeding Face. Now, Heaven help him!

[Exeunt severally.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An open COUNTRY.

Enter EDGAR.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, most dejected thing of Fortune,

9 I'll never care what Wickedness I do, This short Dialogue I have inserted from the Old Quarto, because I think it full of Nature. Servants could hardly see such a Barbarity committed on their Master, without Pity; and the Vengeance that they presume must overtake the Actors of it, is a Sentiment and Doctrine well worthy of the Stage.

THEOBALD.

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloster; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant.

Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd.] The meaning is, 'Tis better to be thus contemned, and known to yourself to be
KING LEAR:
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!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glo'fter, led by an old man.

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!

be contemned. Or perhaps there
is an error, which may be rec-
tised thus :

Yet better thus unknown to be
contemned:

When a man diverts himself of
Eis real character he feels no pain
from contempt, because he sup-
poses it incurred only by a vo-
untary disguise which he can
throw off at pleasure: I do not
think any correction necessary.

World, world, O World!
But that thy strange Mutations
make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.

The reading of this passage has
been explained, but not sat-
isfactorily. My explanation
of the poet's sentiment was,
"If the number of changes
and vicissitudes, which hap-
pen 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 re-
flexion of the author. I read
therefore, make us wait thee.

O world!

But that thy strange Mutations
make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.
But that thy strange Mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord,
I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away. Good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumble when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere 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! who is't can say, I'm at
the worst?

Yield to signifies no more than
give way to, sink under, in opposition to the struggling with,
hearing up against the infirmities of age.

Sir T. Hanmer.

Our mean secures us;—] i. e.
moderate, mediocorde condition.

Warburton.

Hammer writes, by an easy change, meanest secures us. The
Two original editions have,
Our means secure 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
gluten 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 Gloster, newly maimed by the
Evulsion of his eyes.

—who is't can say, I'm 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, some-
thing worse than the present
may still happen. What occa-
Sion'd this reflexion was his rash-
ly 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.

I'm
I'm worse, than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet; the worst is not,
So long as we can say, this is the worst.
Old Man. Fellow, where go'lt?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.
Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'th' 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've heard more since,
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their sport.
Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [Aside.]—Bles's thee, master,
Glo. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my Lord.
Glo. Get thee away. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'er take us hence a mile or twain
I'th' way tow'rd 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, 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.—I cannot daub it further.
[Aside.

5 Ang'ring. Oxford Editor and Dr. Warburton.—Vulg. Dis guise.
6 —I cannot daub it—] i.e. Ang'ring, rightly.
Glo.
Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.

—Blefs thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know’lt 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. Blefs thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of Lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididen, Prince of Dumbness; Mahu, of Stealing; Mohu, of Murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of Mopping and Mowing; who since possess chamber-maids and waiting-women.

Glo.

7 possess 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 compos’d with great art and vigour of stile and composition by Dr. S. Harfenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the Privy-Council, in a work intitled, A Declaration of egregious Papistical impostures, to withdraw her Majesty’s subjects from their allegiance, &c. praefidet by Edmunds, alias Wotton, 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 dispoofe pretended demoniacks, 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 Catholick, where Marwood, a servant of Anthony Babington’s (who was afterwards executed for treason) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friwood 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 successe, 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 Harfenet has one chapter on the strange names of their Devils; last, says he, meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the name of Tapsters.
KING LEAR.

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!
* Let the superfluous, and lust dieted man,
* 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. Do'lt 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 do'lt 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.

fiers or Jugglers. Warburton.
The passage in Italeks is omitted in the folio, because I suppose as the story was forgotten, the jest was lost.
* Let the superfluous.] Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated.
* Th. 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's fer 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, sight 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.

SCENE
SCENE II.

The Duke of Albany’s Palace.

Enter Gonerill and Edmund.

Gow. WELCOME, my Lord. I marvel, your mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where’s your Master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang’d.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil’d at it. I told him, you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of Gloster’s treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform’d him, then he call’d me fat;
And told me, I had turn’d the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gow. Then shall you go no further. [To Edmund.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake; he’ll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. 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; you ere long shall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress’s command. Wear this; spare speech;

[Giving a favour;]

1 —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.

De-
Decline your head. This kifs, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster! [Exit Edmund.
Oh, the strange difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due,
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh Gonerill,
You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind
Blows in your face — I fear your disposition:
That Nature, which contains its origine,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will shiver, and disbranch,
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither.

Pope.

2 — I fear your disposition:]
Thee and the speech ensuing are in the edition of 1608, and are but necessary to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresseth to his wife.

Warburton.

3 Cannot be border'd certain —] Certain, for within the bounds that nature prefers.

Warburton.

4 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'dst shiver'd like an egg.
But sliver signifies to tear off or disbranch. So in Macbeth,

--flips of yeow.
Sliver'd in the moon's e lisse.

Warburton.

5 From her maternal sap,—] Thus the old Quarto; but material sap is a Phrase that I don't understand. The Mother-Tre is the true technical Term; and considering, our Author has said but just above, That Nature, which contains its Origine, 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 wife reasons, Material sap, (says he) I own is a phrase that I don't understand.
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; 'tis foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile,
    Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
    Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
    A father, and a gracious aged man,
    Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded.
    Cow'd my good Brother suffer you to do it,

defend. The mother-tree is the true technical term, and considering our author had said just before, That Nature, which contemns its origine—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 proper epithet for body. But the fault 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 material, but could not be so when applied to a branch only. For the 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 Chronicles, which runs in these words, Sir John Froissart's Chronicle translated out of French into Our Material English Tongue by John Bouchier, printed 1525.

WARBURTON.

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 seems glad at last to infer from an apparent error of another pres that material and maternal mean the same.

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 bawd against her husband's life. WARB.
KING LEAR.

A man, a Prince by him so benefited?
If that the heav'n's do not their visible Spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd, man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hath not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy Drum?
France spreads his Banners in our noiseful land.
With plumed helm thy slayer begins his threats;
While 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!

7 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 occasion'd thro' out, 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.

8 Like monsters of the deep.] i.e. diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who un-naturally assumes them. WARBURTON.
Alb. Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing, for shame.

Be-monster not thy feature. Weren't 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 fiend thee —

Gon. Marry, your manhood now! —

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Oh, my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead,
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes. A servant, that he bled, 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 Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
—This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answ're;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside] One way, I like this well;

1 Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing! Of these
lines there is but one copy, and
the editors are forced upon con-
exture. They have published
this line thus thus:
Thou chang'd, and self-con-
verted thing!

but I cannot but think that
by self-cover'd the author
meant, thou that hatt disguised
nature by wickedness; thou that
hast bid the woman under the

2 One way, I like this well;]
Gonerill is well pleased that Corn-
wall is destroyed, who was pre-
paring war against her and her
husband, but is afraid of losing
Edmund to the widow.
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [Exit.
Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes?
Mef. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He'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.
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.

SCENE III.

DOVER.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone
back
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the State,
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which

3 SCENE III.] This Scene left out in all the common books,
is restored from the old edition; it being manifestly of Shake-
speare'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 in Italicks.
4 The Gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia.
Imports 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 Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Far.

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 prove
Which should express her goodliest; you have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once;—her Smiles and Tears
Were like a wetter May. Those happy smiles,
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 belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Kent. 6 Made she no verbal question?

Gent.

5—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.

6 Made she no verbal QUESTION?]
Why, what kind of question could she make but verbal? Does not the word question imply it? This is enough to prove something wrong. The answer shews where it is. For tho' the Gentleman says _yes_ to the question; yet instead of proving his words, he runs out into a long story of Cordelia's complaints and exclamations. The question then evidently was,

Made she no verbal QUESTION?
From question, complaint, _i.e._ did she lament and complain in words? And this was a proper question, because she might have done it in sighs, and inarticulate exclamations. The answer too, is proper, and to the point, as the reader may see. But the editors not understanding the short word _question_, lengthened it into one, they did; And so made Kent ask a nonsensical question, and the Gentleman give an impertinent an answer. WARB.
Gent. Yes, once, or twice, she heard the Name of Father
Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart.
Cry'd, sist: ,! sisters!—Shame of Ladies! sisters!
Kent! Father! Sisters! What? 'lb' storm? 'lb' night?
Le! Pity ne'er believe it!—There she shook
The holy water from her hea'ny Eyes;
7 And, Clamour most'en'd her, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.
Kent. —It is the Stars,
The Stars above us, govern our conditions:
Else one self-mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. Spoke you with her since?
Gent. No.
Kent. Was this before the King return'd?
Gent. No, since.
Kent. Well, Sir; the poor distressed Lear's in town,
Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

I do not see the impropriety of verb'd question: such pleonasmus are common. So we say, my ears have heard, my eyes have beheld. Besides, where is the word questi to be found?

And, Clamour most'en'd, )
Tho' Clamour may distort the mouth, it is not wont to moisten the eyes. Read clamour-motion'd, which conveys a very beautiful idea of grief in Cordelia, and exactly in character. She bore her grief hitherto, says the relation, in silence; but being no longer able to contain it, she flies away, and retires to her closet to deal with it in private. This he finely calls, Clamour-motion'd; or provok'd to a loud expression of her sorrow, which drives her from company.

WARBURTON.
It is not impossible, but Shakespeare might have form'd this fine Picture of Cordelia's Agony 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 wept aloud, and discovered himself to his Brethren.

THEOBALD.
After all that has been said, the sense is good of the old reading. Clamour most'en'd her, that is, her outcries were accompanied with tears.

8 —one self-mate and mate]
The same husband and the same wife.

Gent,
KING LEAR.

Gent. Why, good Sir?
Kent. A fou’reign shame so bows him. His unkindness, That strip’d her from his benediction, turn’d her To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights To his dog-hearted daughters. 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 Pow’rs you heard not?
Gent. ’Tis so they are a-foot.
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. Pray, along with me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A CAMP.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. A LACK, ’tis he; why, he was met ev’n now As mad as the next sea; singing aloud; Crown’d with rank furmiterr, and furrow-weeds, With burdocks, hemlock, nettle, cuckoo-flowers,

9—These things sting him So venomously, that burning shame—] The metaphor here preferred 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. Warburton thinks it necessary to read, ’tis said, but the sense is plain. So it is that they are on foot.

2 With burdocks, hemlock, &c.] I do not remember any such plant as a burdock, but one of the most common weeds is a burdock, which I believe should be read here, and so Hauner reads.

I 4 Dar-
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A sentry send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There are 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 unpublish'd Virtues of the Earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediant
In the good man's distress. Seek, seek for him;
Left his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life,
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, Madam:
The British Pow'rs 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 * important Tears hath pitied.
* 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,

---the means to lead it.] The reason which should guide it.

* No blown ambition---] No inflated, no swelling pride. Be-
za on the Spanish Armada.

SCENE
SCENE 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. With much ado

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ign'rance, Gloster's eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry

The strength o'th' 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 busines.

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—

* Let me unseal the letter.

—your Lady—] The folio reads, your Lord, but Lady is

the first and better reading

* Let me unseal, &c.] I know not well why Shakespeare gives

the Steward, who is a mere fac-

tor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter, and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered.

Stew.
KING LEAR.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband; I'm sure of that; and, at her late being here, She gave strange oëliads, and most speaking looks To noble Edmund. I know, you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know't; Therefore, 6 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. 7 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 farewell, 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.

Reg. What party I do follow.

Stew. Fare thee well.

SCENE VI.

The Country, near Dover.

Enter Glo'ster, and Edgar, as a Peasant.

Glo. WHEN shall I come to th'top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how we labour.

6 —I do advise you, take this note.] Note means in this place not a letter but a remark. Therefore observe what I am saying.

7 —You may gather more.] You may infer more than I have directly told you.

8 What party] Quarto, what Lady.

9 This scene and the strata-gem by which Glo'ster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's Arcadia.
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 eye’s snuffish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks, ‘thy voice is alter’d; and thou speak’st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You’re much deceiv’d: in nothing am I
chang’d,
But in my garments,
Glo. Sure, you’re better spoken.
Edg. Come on, Sir, here’s the place. Stand still.—
How fearful
And dizzy ’tis, to cast one’s eyes so low!
The crows and coughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so grogs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fisher-men, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

1—thy voice is alter’d, &c.] Edgar alters his voice in order to
pass afterwards for a malignant
spirit.
2———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 re-
marked, with a poor attempt at
pleafantry, 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
worth to the utmost excellence
of poetry. He that looks from
a precipice finds himself affailed
by one great and dreadful image
of irresistible destruction. But this
overwhelming idea is dissipate and
enfeeled from the infant
that the mind can restore itself
to the observation of particulars,
and diffuse its attention to distant
objects. The enumeration of
the crows and coughs, the sam-
phire-man and the fishers, coun-
teraets the great effect of the
prospect, as it peoples the de-
fert of intermediate vacuity, and
stops the mind in the rapidity of
its descent through emptines and
horror.

Di-
Diminish’d to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for fight. The murmuring surge,
That on th’ unnumbred idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I’ll look no more,
Left my brain turn, and the deficient sight,
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me, where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand. You’re now within a foot
Of th’ extrem verge; for all below the moon
Would I not leap outright.

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, ’s another purfe, 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 sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposite Wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
—Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[He leaps, and falls along.

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.
—And yet I know not how Conceit may rob

—her cock;—] Her cock-beat.
*—for all below the moon
Would I not leap upright.] But what danger in leaping up-
right 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.
The treasury of life, \(^5\) when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Hoa, you, hear you, friend?—Sir! Sir!—Speak!
\(^6\) Thus might he pass, indeed—yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

**Glo.** Away, and let me die.

**Edg.** Had'ft thou been aught but Gofs'mer, fea-
thers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost breathe,
Haft heavy substance, bleed'ft not; speak'ft, art found.
\(^7\) Ten mafts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou haft perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

**Glo.** But have I fall'n, or no?

**Edg.** From the dread summit of this \(*\) chalky bourn!\(^*\)
Look up a-height. The thrill-gorg'd Lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

**Glo.** Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

**Edg.** Give me your arm.
Up. So.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

**Glo.** Too well, too well.

---when life itself
Yields to the thief.—\(^5\) When
life is willing to be destroyed.

Thus might he pass, indeed—\(^6\) Thus he might die in reality.
We still use the word passing bell.

---Ten mafts at each make not the altitude,\(^7\) So Mr. Pope
found it in the old editions; and
seeing it corrupt, judiciously cor-
rected it to attach'd. But Mr.
Theobald restores again the old
nonsense, at each.\(^8\)

---... \(^*\) chalky bourn!\(^*\) Bourn
seems here to signify a kill. Its
common signification is a brook.

Milton in Comus uses \(bolky bourn\)
in the same sense perhaps with
Shakespeare. But in both authours
it may mean only a boundary.

\(^{125}\) 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 mafts on end—

---chaikly bourn!\(^*\)
Edg. This is above all strangenesse.
Upon the crown o’th’ 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 enriged sea.
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
I think, that * the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men’s impossibilities, have preserv’d thee
Glo. I do remember now. Henceforth I’ll bear
Affliction, ’till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often ’twould say,
The fiend, the fiend—He led me to that place.
Edg. *Bear free and patient thoughts.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lear, mad.

But * who comes here?
The safer sense will ne’er accommodate
His matter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning; I am
the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

---the clearest gods,---] The
purest; the most free from evil.
9 The safer sense will ne’er
accommodate
His matter 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 rather,

The safer sense will ne’er accommodate
His matter thus.
Here is Lear, but he must be mad,
His sound or sanguine sense would
never suffer him to be thus disguised.

* 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 exhoriating
Glo’sfer to free thoughts,
to an emancipation of his soul
from grief and despair.

Lear

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. *Ha! Gonerill!—With a white Beard?—* 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. 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 lye, I am not age-proof.

1 That fellow handles his Bow like a Crow-keeper.] Mr. Pope in his last Edition reads Crow-keeper. ’Tis certain we must read Crow-keeper. In several Counties to this day, they call a stuff’d Figure, representing a Man, and arm’d 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 Oertelius in his account of our island.

2 O well flown Bird,] Lear is here raving of archery, and shooting at buts, as is plain by the words i’ th 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.

3 Give the word.] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pas, requires the watch-word.

4 Ha! Gonerill!—with a white beard?] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, Ha! Gonerill, bab! Regan! they flattered me, &c. which is not so forcible.

5 they flattered me like a dog,] They played the spaniel to me.
Glo. 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 flie
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Glo'sier's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell mell; for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simpering Dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name.
The fitchew, nor the soyled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite;
Down from the waisfe they're 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. Fy, fy, fy; pah, pah;
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination! there's mony for thee.

Glo. O, let me kis 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. Do'ft thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doth

---

6 *Whose face to'sen her forks*]
i.e., her hand held before her face in sign of modestly, with the fingers spread out, forky. *Warb.*
I believe that the forks were two prominences of the ruff rising on each side of the face.

7 *The fitchew,*] A Polecat. *Pope.*

8 *nor the soyled horse,*] I read *stalled horse.* *Warb.*
*Soyled horse* is probably the same as *pampered horse,* *enchanted fowl.*

thou
thou squint 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 suns, I could not see one.
Edg. I would not take this from report. It is, And my heart breaks at it.
Lear. Read.
Glo. What, with this case of eyes?
Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no mony 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 yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear. Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou haft seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.
Glo. Ay, Sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur. There thou might'rt 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'rt to use her in that kind,
For which thou whip'rt her. Th' usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and fur'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.

[Robes and fur'd gowns hide all] From hide all to acceptor's lips, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revival.
None does offend, none, I say, none; 'I'll able 'em!
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' 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 Gloster.
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither;
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.— This a good block!—
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put't in proof;
And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

—'I'll able 'em;] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or
uphold them. So Stegan, contemporary with Chaucer, says,
Set all my life after thine ordainance
And able me to merie or thou... 

But the Oxford Editor alters it, to absolve. WARBURTON,
—'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 woolled moulded together. The sentence then follows properly:

A troop of horse with felt;—

that is, with flocks kneaded to a mass, a practice I believe sometimes used in former ages, for it is mentioned in Ariosto.

—Rece nel cader frepito quanto
Avviste avuto sotto t'indi 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 sur prise his enemies by a troop of horse shod with flocks or felt. Yet block may stand, if we suppose that the flight of a block put him in mind of mounting his horse.
SCENE VIII.

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 surgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.
Gent. You shall have any thing.
Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt;
To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,
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. * Then there’s life in’t. 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. Moiit sure, and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish found.
Edg. But by your favour,
How near’s the other army?
Gent. Near, and on speedy foot. † The main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

* —Then there’s life in it.] The
case is not yet desperate.
† —The main descry
stands on the hourly thought.] The
main body is expected to be
descry’d every hour. The ex-
pression is harsh.
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;
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 moxt poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
*Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pitty. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon of heav'n
To boot, and boot! —

SCENE IX.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! most happy!
—That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh,
To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember. The sword is out,
That must destroy thee.
Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [Edgar oppos.
Stew. Wherefore, bold peafant,
Darr't thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence,

* Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows. i.e. i.e. quickly recollect the past sorrows past and present; but the Oxford Editor loses all this sense, by altering it to
—knowing and feeling. Warr.

Warburton.
King Lear

Left that th' 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'lt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gaité, and let poor volk pass. And 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, 6 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 haft slain me. Villain, take my purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find’st about me,
To Edmund Earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party. Oh, untimely death!—[Dies.

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy Miftriss,
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 friends. He’s dead; I’m only sorry,
He had no other death’s-man. Let us see——
By your leave, gentle wax and manners. Blame us not; 7 To know our enemies’ minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

6 che vor’ye, ] I warn you. Edgar counterfeits the western dialect.
7 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. WARE.

K 3

Reads
KING LEAR.

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal Vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and bis bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate Servant,

Gonerill.

Oh, undistinguifh'd space of woman's Will! A plot upon her virtuous husband's life, And the exchange my brother. Here, i' th' sands Thee I'll rake up, the poet unsanctified 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 busines I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how fliff is my vile sense, That I stand up, and have ingenious Feeling

8 Oh, undistinguifh'd space of woman's Will!] So the first Quarto reads, but the first Folio Letter, Will! I have no idea of the meaning of the first reading, but the other is extremely fictitious; the carium & mutabile sanguis, 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. Honore Sanson explains this thought with infinite humour, Entre el si y el no de la mujer, no me atreveria so a poner una punta d'Agüjero. Between a woman's yes and no I would not undertake to thrust a pin's point.

9 Thee I'll rake up,] I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night.

1 —the death practis'd Duke;] The Duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by practice or treason.

2 —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 my huge sorrows; better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,

[Drum afar off.

And woes, by wrong imagination, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand.

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, further. I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.

Changes to a Chamber.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O, Thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy Goodness? life will be too short,
And 'e'ry 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. Be better suited,
These weeds are memories of those worst hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, *shortens my made intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good Lord.
—How does the King? [To the Physician.

—'e'ry measure fail me.] All good which I shall allot thee,
or measure out to thee, will be scanty.
*—shortens my made intent;] There is a dissonancy of terms
in made intent; one implying the idea of a thing done, the other,
undone. I suppose Stakes ear
wrote laid intent; i.e. pro-
j ected. WA & B.

An intent made, is an intent
formed. So we say, in common
language, to make a design, and
to make a resolution.
KING LEAR.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused nature;
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.
Phys. Please your Majesty,
That we may wake the king, he hath slept long?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' way of your own will. Is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chair, carried by Servants.

Phys. Ay, Madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. O my dear father! 5 Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kifs
Repair those violent harms, that my two sistres
Have in thy reverence made! [Kisses him.
Kent. Kind and dearest Princess!
Cor. Had you not been their Father, these white
flakes
Did challenge 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? 6 To watch, poor Perdu,
With

5—Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips;—]
This is fine. She invokes the
Goddes of Health, Higieia, under
the name of Restoration,
to make her the minister of her
Rites, in this holy office of re-
covering her father's lost senses.

Warburton.

6—To watch poor Perdue:
With this thin helm?—] It
ought to be read and pointed
thus,

—To watch, poor Perdu!

With this thin Helm?—
The allusion is to the forlor-
hope in an army, which are put
upon desperate adventures, and
called in French, enfer perdu; she
therefore calls her father poor
Perdu; Perdue, which is the
common reading, being the fe-
mimine.
With this thin Helm? My very Enemy's Dog,
Though he had bit me, thou'd have stood that Night
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,
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'th' grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss, 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?

8 'I'm 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.
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;

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.

8 'I'm mightily abus'd.' I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of
uncertainty.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourcore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
9I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I'm mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have,
Remembers not these garments; nay, 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, 'tis faith. I pray you,
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, is cur'd in him:_—' And, yet 'twere danger
To make him even o'er the Time, b'as lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me;
Pray you now, forget and forgive.
I am old and foolish.

[Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician and Attendants.

9 The quarto reads, I fear I am not perfect in my mind.
2 To make him even o'er the Time,—] i.e. to reconcile
1 And yet, &c.] This is not in his apprehension. Ward.
in the folio.

Manent
Gent. 3 Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is Contractor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the Bastard Son of Glo'fter.

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 of the Kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The Arbitrement is like to be bloody. —

Fare you well, Sir. [Exit Gent.

Kent. My Point and Period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well, or ill, as this day's Battle's fought. [Exit Kent.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A C A M P.

Enter Edmund, Regan, Gentleman, and Soldiers.

EDMUND.

Know of the Duke, if his last purpose hold; or whether since he is advis'd by aught, To change the course? He's full of Alteration, And self-reproving. Bring * his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sifter's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, sweet Lord,

3 What is printed in Italics 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.

* — his constant pleasure.] His settled resolution.

You
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. I never shall endure her. Dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear not. She, and the Duke her husband—

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I'd rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me.——— [Aside.
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.

Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state

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
Coriolanus. I could never be va-
liant 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 com-
mon reading, is likewise very
necessary; for otherwise, Albany,
who is characterized 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. Not-
withstanding this, Mr. Theobald,
by an unaccountable turn of

thought, reads the fourth line
thus,

I never yet was valiant: for
this business, &c.

puts the two last lines in a pa-
renthefs, and then paraphrases
the whole in this manner. Sir,
it concerns me (is't not the 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 sentence
should be preferred. And Regan
and Gonerill in their replies show
both apprehensives that this subject
was coming into debate. Now
all that we can collect from their
replies, is that they were apprehen-
sive he was going to blame
their cruelty to Lear, Glosier,
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.
For'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 holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose—
Edm. Sir, you speak nobby.
Reg. Why is this reason’d?
Gon. Combine together ’gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let’s then determine with th’ Antient of war
On our proceeding.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your Tent.
Reg. Sifter, you’ll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. ’Tis most convenient. Pray you, go with us.
Gou. [Aside.] Oh, ho, I know the riddle. I will go.

SCENE II.

As they are going out, Enter Edgar disguis’d.

Edg. If e’er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I’ll overtake you.—Speak.


Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have vict’ry, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem,
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’ve read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I’ll appear again.

[Exit.
Alb.
KING LEAR.

Alb. Why, fare thee well. I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The Enemy's in view, draw up your Powers, Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces, By diligent discovery; but your haste Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

SCENE III.

Edm. To both these sitters 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 sitter Gonerill; And hardly shall I 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, Shall never see his pardon.

For my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

5 We will greet the time. We will be ready to meet the occasion.

6—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 preadre partie, to take his resolution.

7—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.

SCENE
SCENE IV.

Another open Field.

Alarm within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. HERE, father, take the shadow of this tree For your good Host; pray, that the right may thrive. If ever I return to you again, I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [Exit Edgar.
[Alarm, 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 ev'n here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men must endure Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither. Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

SCENE V:

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.
Cor. We're not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressed 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 in 'th' 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;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and facts of great ones,
That ebb and flow by 'th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such Sacrifices, my Cordelia,

2 And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies,—]
This whole speech is excellently fine, and an admirable description of the idle life of a coffee-house politician. The meaning of these two lines, which are a little ambiguous, is this. We will take upon us to interpret and judge of the designs of Providence in the various fortunes and revolutions of men and governments, as if we were placed for spies over God Almighty, to watch his motions; God's spies signifying either spies employed by him or set upon him, is the occasion of the obscurity. Warton.

I rather take the other meaning. As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of plying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct.

9 —packs and facts—] Packs is used for combinations or collections, as in a pack of cards. For facts I think facts might be more commodiously read. So we say, affairs are now managed by a new set.

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia.

The Gods themselves throw in.
The Gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heav’n,
And drive us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eye,
The goujeers shall devour them, 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
Does not become a sword. 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. [Exit Captain.

ad quod respiciat, intentus operi
suo Deus: Ece par Deo dignum,
vir fortis cum mala fortuna com-
potitus.

WARBURTON.

4 [flehs and fell] Flesh and skin.

5 —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

Warburton.
SCENE VI.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to-day your valiant grain,
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,
And turn our imprest lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the
Queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t'appear
Where you shall hold your Session. * At this time,
We sweat and bleed; the Friend hath lost his Friend;
And the best Quarrels, in the Heat, are curst
By those that feel their Sharpness.—
The Question of Cordelia, and her Father,
Requires a fitter Place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you bur 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 Pow'rs;
Bore the Commission of my Place and Person;

* This passage, well worthy of restoration, is omitted in the
4 Bore the Commission of—
folio. [Warburton.]

6
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother,
Gon. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.
Reg. In my Right,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Gon. Holla, Holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the World, that I create thee here
My Lord and master.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. 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 love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

5 The which immediacy—] immediacy, for representation.
Warburton.

Immediacy is rather supremacy
in opposition to subordination,
which has quiddans medium between itself and power.
6—the walls are thine:] A metaphorical phrase taken from
the camp, and signifying, to set reader at discretion. But the Oxford Editor, for a plain reason,
alters it to, —they all are thine. Warb.

7 The Lett alone lies not in your good will.] Whether he shall
not or shall depends not on your choice.
KING LEAR.

Gon. * An interlude! —
Alb. Thou art arm’d, Gloster; 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’l ne’er trust medicine. [Aside.
Edm. There’s my exchange. What in the world he is,
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet. He that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.

[Exit Regan lef.

SCENE VII.

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet sound,
And read out this. [A trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of Quality, or Degree, within the lift of
the army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl
of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him ap-

* 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.
pr'ar by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his
defence.

Her. Again.

Her. Again.

[Trumpet answers, within.

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this Call o' th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is loft,
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the Adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund Earl of
Glo'ster?

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,
Behold, it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine Honours, my Oath, and my
Profession.

I protest,

* Behold, it is the privilege of
mine Honours,
My Oath, and my Profes-
sion.] The charge he is
here going to bring against the
Balfard, he calls the privilege,
&c. To understand which phra-
seology, we must consider that the
old Rites of Knighthood are
here alluded to; whose oath and
profession required him to disco-
very all treasons, and whose pri-

vilege it was to have his chal-
lenge accepted, or otherwise to
have his charge taken pro confes-
sio. For if one who was no
Knight accused another who was,
that other was under no obliga-
tion to accept the challenge. On
this account it was necessary, as
Edgar came disguised, to tell the
Balfard he was a Knight.

Warburton.

The privilege of his oath
means the privilege gained by
taking the oath administered in
the regular initiation of a knight
professed.

Maugre
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence, 
Spite of thy victor-word, and fire-new fortune, 
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor; 
Falsè to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father; 
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince, 
And from th' extremest upward of thy head, 
To the descent and dust below thy foot, 
A moost toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, no; 
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent 
To prove upon thy heart whereto I speak, 
'I hou liest.


t, in Wisdom I should ask thy name; 
But since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike, 
*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 toss these treasons to thy head, 
With the hell-hated yce o'erwhelm thy heart; 
Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise, 
This sword of mine shall give them instant way, 
Where thou shalt rest for ever. Trumpets, speak. 
[Alarm. Fight.

' Alb. Save him, save him. 

Gen. This is Practice, Gloster. 

By th' law of war, thou waft not bound to answer 
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd, 
But cozen'd and beguil'd. 

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame, 
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, Sir,
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
—No tearing.—Lady, I perceive, you know it.

[Gives the letter to Edmund.

Gon. Say, if I do; the Laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. * Monster, know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not, what I know— [Exit Gon.

Alb. Go after her. She's desperate, govern her.

SCENE VIII.

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 haft this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. * Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'rt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.
The Gods are just, and of our pleafant vices
Make instruments to scourge us;
The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou'ft spoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come *full circle*; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal Nobleness. I must embrace thee.

---

*So the quarto; but the folio,
Most monstrous, O, know'st thou, &c.*

*Let's exchange charity.* Our author by negligence gives his heatens the sentiments and practices of christianity. In *Ham-

let 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.*

*Quarto, full circled.*
KING LEAR.

Let Sorrow split my heart, if ever I.
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my Lord. Lift 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! That we the pain of death would hourly bear, Rather than die at once, taught me to shift Into a mad-man's rags, t'assume a Semblance, The very Dogs disdain'd; and in this habit Met I my father with his bleeding rings, Their precious gems new lost; became his guide, Led him, begg'd for him, fav'rd 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 extrems of passion, joy and grief, Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me, And still, perchance, do good; but speak you on, You look, as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in, For I am almost ready to dissolve,

Hearing of this.

5 Edg. 6—This would have seem'd a Period,
To such as love-not sorrow: but Another,  
To amplify too much, would make much, more,  
And top Extremity!  
Whilst I was big in Glamour, came there a Man,  
Who having seen me in my worser State,  
Shan'd my abbor'd Society; but now 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; 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 tran'd.  
Alb. But who was this?  
Edg. Kent, Sir, the banis'h'd Kent, who in disguise  
Fallow'd his enemy King, and did him Service  
Improper for a Slave.

Scene IX.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help!  
Edg. What kind of help?  
Alb. Speak, man.  
Edg. What means this bloody knife?  
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks; it came even from the heart  
Of—O! she's dead.—

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,
Alb. Who's dead? Speak, man:
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.
Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[Goneril and Regan's Bodies brought out.
This Judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touched us not with pity.—
O! is this He? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.
Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night.
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cor-
delia?
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 flew 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—into the Castle; for my Writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
—Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run—
Edg. To whom, my Lord? Who has the office? Send
Thy token of reprieve.

7 Here comes Kent.] The manner in which Eg er here mentions
Kent, seems to require the lines

which are inserted from the first
edition in the foregoing scene.
Edm. Well thought on. Take my sword,
Give it the Captain—
Edm. He hath Commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she foredied herself.
Alb. The Gods defend her! Bear him hence a while,
[Edmund is borne off.

SCENE X.

Enter Lear, with 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. She's gone for ever.
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! Lend me a looking-glass,
If that her Breath will mit or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd End?
8 Edg. Or image of that horror——
Alb. Fall, and cease.
Lear. This feather flits, she lives; if it be so,
It is a Chance which do's redeem all forrows,
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, murd'rous traitors all!
I might have fav'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,

8 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.
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill’d the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. ’Tis true, my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I’ve seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosiers spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o’th’ best.—I’ll tell you strait.

Kent. If fortune brag of two he lov’d and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same; your servant Kent;
Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. ’Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He’d 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 of difference and decay,
Have follow’d your fad steps——

Lear. You’re welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else. All’s cheerless, dark, and
dead.
Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desper’ately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it,
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;

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.

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. 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? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never——
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there——

[He dies.

Edg. He faints. My Lord,—

Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass. He
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

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. * Friends of my soul, you twain

[To Kent and Edgar.

Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd State suftain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me; I must not say, no.

[Dies.

* With boot,] With advan- Spani's phrafe. Amigo de mi al-
tage, with increafe. W ar B.

—Friends of my soul, ] A

Alb.
KING LEAR.

Alb. 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.

3 A'b. 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 Care 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 different interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not contribute 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 differentiates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling usurps ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in the Adventure very minutely criticised this play, remarks; that the influences 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 daugh-
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 apologise with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick 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 recompened by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to cooperate 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 villany is never at a flop, 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 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 Tate, 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 doubts 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 publick 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, that 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 afflicts him only as a secondary and subordinate evil; He observes with great justly, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather
rather consider the injured father
than the degraded king.

The story of this play, ex-
cept the episode of Edmund,
which is derived, I think, from
Sidney, is taken originally from
Geoffry of Monmouth, whom
Holinshed generally copied;
but perhaps immediately from
an old historical ballad, of which
I shall infest the greater part.
My reason for believing that the
play was posterior to the ballad
rather than the ballad to the
play, is, that the ballad has no-
thing of Shakespeare's nocturnal
templet, 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 hint-
ed Lear's madness, but did not
array it in circumstances. The
writer of the ballad added some-
thing 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 Shake-
peare.

King Lear 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.

The writer then proceeds with the histories, and very nearly
Lear's questions to his daughters, according to Shakespeare,
and their answers, according to

Thus flattering speeches won renown
By these two sisters here.
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down;
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town.

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found:
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the King her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court,
He made his wife and Queen.
Her father, old King Lear, this while
With his two daughters staid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same deny'd;
And living in Queen Regan'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 the 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 Regan's court:
She will not use me thus I hope,
But in a kinder sort.
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 Gonerill
The wootful King did die,
That within 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 frantick 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 beslain 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 senfeless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Ev'n thus posses'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 by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant fort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Agrippus' court;
Whole 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 reposest King Lear,
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.
TIMON
OF
ATHENS.
Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, A noble Athenian.
Lucius,
Lucullus,  } Lords.
Sempronius,
Aemantus, a Philosopher.
Alcibiades.
Flavius, Steward to Timon.
Flaminius,
Lucilius,  } Timon's servants.
Servilius,
Caphis,
Varro,
Philo,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortenius,
Ventidius, one of Timon's Friends.
Cupid and Maskers.
Strangers.

Phrynia,
Timandra,  } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant; with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods not far from it.

From Lucian's Dialogues.

Of this Play there is no Edition known but that of the Players.
A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, at several doors.

Poet.

G O O D day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

'But what particular rarity? what so strange,' Which

But what particular rarity? &c.,] Our author, it is observable, has made his poet in this play a knave. But that it might not reflect upon the profession, he has made him only a pretender to it, as appears from his having drawn him, all the way, with a false taste and judgment. One infallible mark of which, is a fondness for every thing strange, surprizing and portentous; and a disregard for whatever is common, or in nature. Shakespeare therefore has put his poet after upon this inquiry. WARBURTON. The learned commentator's note must shift for itself. I cannot but think that the passage is at present in confusion. The Poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage thus:

Poet. Ay, that's well known. But what particular...ity? What so strange? That no...fold record not matches?
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Which manifold Record not matches? See,
Magick of Bounty! all these Spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it
were
To an untirable and continuant goodness.

He pass'd.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't.

For the Lord Timon, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. *'Tis a good form. [Looking on the jewel.

Jew. And rich. Here is a water. Look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedi-
cation
To the great Lord.

Poet. A thing flipt idly from me.

Our Poesy is as a Gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire 'th'flint

Paint. See!

Poet. Magick of bounty, &c.

It may be not improperly ob-
served here, that as there is on-
ly one copy of this play, no help
can be had from collation, and
more liberty must be allowed to
conjecture.

*—touch the estimate.] Come
up to the price.

* When we for recompence, &c.] We
must here suppose the poet
butly reading his own work; and
that these three lines are the in-
troduction of the poem addres-
ted to Timon, which he afterwards
gives the painter an account of.

Warburton.

5—which oozes] The folio co-
py reads, which oozes. The mo-
dern editors have given it, which
issues.

Shew
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Shews not, 'till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, Sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis.

This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable? how this grace

Speaks

—and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes.] Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions, chafes. WARB.

This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparks from the flint. What follows next? that it, like a current, flies each bound it chafes.

This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players shorten speeches to quicken the representation; and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment.

7 Upon the heels, &c.] As soon as my book has been presented to Lord Timon.

8 This comes off well and excellent.] By this we are to understand what the painters call the goings off of a picture, which requires the nicest execution.

WARBURTON.

The note I understand less than the text. The meaning is, This figure rises well from the canvas. C'est bien relevé.

9 —how this grace

Speaks its own standing?] This relates to the attitude of the figure; and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in Hamlet, speaking of another picture, says,

A Station like the Herault, Mercury,
New-lighted on a beau'n-kissing bill,
which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of Raphael,
TIMON OF ATHENS

Speaks his own standing? What a mental power
This eye shoots forth? How big imagination
Moves in this lip? To th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch. Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors Nature; 't artificial strife
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed!

Poet. The Senators of Athens! happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
visitors.

I have, in this rough Work, shap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath-world cloth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift

At once on 't eastern Cliff of
Paradise
He lights, and to his proper
sope returns.
—Like Mai's son he flood.

Warburton.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. This grace
stands his own standing, is only, The graciousness of this figure shows how it stands. I am
inclined to think something corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

—how this grace
Speaks understanding? what a
mental power
This eye shoots forth? —
'T artificial strife.

Strife for action or motion. Warb.

Strife is either the contest or act with nature.

Hic illē est Raphael, timuit,
quos spectante, vincit
Rerum magna parenstis, et mor-
entis, mori.

Or it is the contrast of forms, or opposition of colours.

* This confluence, this great flood
of visitors.

Manc sa本国tus totis exstit
aditus undam.

Halts
TIMON OF ATHENS.

1 Halts not particularly, but moves itself
2 In a wide sea of wax; no level'd malice
infests one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their Service to Lord Timon; his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts, yea, from the glas-fac'd flatterer
To Apefantaus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The Base o'th' mount

3 Halts not particularly.] My design does not stop at any
single characters.

4 In a wide sea of wax;] Anciently they wrote upon waxen
tables with an iron file. Han.

5 — no level'd malice
Why this epithet to malice? which belongs to all actions
whatever, which have their
aim or level. Shakespeare wrote,
— no leven'd malice,
which is not only a proper epiphet for the acuity of that passion, but answers well to the
next words infects, and, leaving no tract behind, as any thing fermenting or corrosive does.

Warburton.

To level is to aim, to point
the shot at a mark. Shak'speare's
meaning is, my poem is not a
fatiere written with any particular view, or levelled at any single
person; I fly like an eagle into
the general expanse of life, and
leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage.

6 I'll unbolt— I'll open; I'll explain.

7 — glib and slipp'ry creatures,
Hammer and Dr. Warburton after him, read, natures. Slippery is
smooth, unrefitting.

8 — glas-fac'd flatterer That
shows in his own look, as by
reflection, the looks of his patron.

Is
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states; amongst them all,
Whole eyes are on this sov'reign lady fixt,
One do I perforate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on:
All thos' which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance;
Rain sacrifical whip'ring's in his ear;
Make sacred even his stirrup; and through him
Drink the free air.

from the circumstance of its being offered up in whisper's:
Which shews it was the calumniating thos' whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were oppositely his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murder'd reputation of others, Shakespeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls sacrifical whisper's, alluding to the victims offer'd up to Idols.

Drink the free air. That is, catch his breath in affected fondness.


T I M O N O F A T H E N S.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his Dependants,
Which labour'd after to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words; yet you do well
To shew Lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

S C E N E II.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [To a Messenger.

Mes. Ay, my good Lord. Five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most straight.
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing periods
His comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

---He thought it mean
Only to help the poor to beg again.

But
TIMON OF ATHENS:
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your Honour. [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon; hear me speak. Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius:
Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your Lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well, what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got;
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her ressort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.

[Therefore be will be, Timon.] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning, If the man be honest, my Lord, for that reason he will
be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent. Warr. I rather think an emendation necessary, and read, There-
TIMON OF ATHENS. 175

His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt.
Our own precedent passions do instruct us,
What levity's in youth.
Tim. [To Lucil.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chase
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present, in future all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: i.e. may
That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [Exeunt Lucil. and old Ath.

Therefore well be him, Timon.
His honesty rewards him in itself.
That is, if be is honest I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter.
The first transcriber probably wrote will be him, which the next, not understanding, changed to, be will be.

never may
That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

i.e. may I never have any accession of fortune which you are not the author of. An odd strain of complaisance. We should read,

Which is not ow'd to you.

i.e. which I will not acknowledge you laid the foundation of in this generous act. Warb.
The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as owed or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal.

Poet.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Poc. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your Lordship!

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon; Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome. The Painting is almost the natural man; For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature, He is but out-side; 'tis pencil'd figures are Ev'n such as they give out. I like your Work; And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance 'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare ye, gentlemen. Give me your hand,

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations. If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd, It would 'unclew me quite.

Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated. As those, which fell, would give; but you well know. Things of like value, differing in the owners, Are by their masters priz'd. Believ't, dear Lord, You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good Lord, he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here.

---pencil'd figures are Ev'n such as they give out.—] Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.

unclew my quiet.] To uncelew is to unwind a ball of thread. To uncelew a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.

Are by their masters priz'd; Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held.

SCENE
Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest—

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st them not?

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture, Apemantus?

---

3 Enter Apemantus.] See this character of a Cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his "Auction of the Philosophers;" and how well Shakespeare has copied it.

4 Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.] The first line of Apemantus's answer is to the purpose; the second absurd and nonsensical; which proceeds from the loss of a speech dropt from between them, that should be thus restored.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.

[Poet. When will that be?]

Apem. When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Warburton.

I think my punctuation may clear the passage without any greater effort.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Atem. The best for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Atem. He wrought better that made the Painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pin. Y'are a dog.
Atem. Thy mother's of my generation; what's she, if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Atemantus?
Atem. No, I eat not Lords.
Tim. If thou shouldst thou'dst anger ladies.
Atem. O, they eat Lords; so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Atem. So, thou apprehend'st. Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How doft thou like this jewel, Atemantus?
Atem. Not so well as Plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What doft thou think 'tis worth?
Atem. Not worth my thinking. How now, Poet?
Poet. How now, Philosopher?
Atem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art thou not one?
Atem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Atem. Art not a Poet?
Poet. Yes.
Atem. Then thou liest. Look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.
Atem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heav'n's, that I were a Lord!
Tim. What wouldst thou then, Atemantus?
Atem. Ev'n as Atemantus does now, hate a Lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Atem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. 5 That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.—
Art thou not a Merchant.
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not!
Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.
Apem. Traffick’s thy God, and thy God confound
thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet’s that?
Mef. ’Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse
All of companionship.
Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us;
You must needs dine with me. Go not you hence,
’Till I have thank’t you; and when dinner’s done,
Shew me this piece.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

I’m joyful of your fights.
Molt welcome, Sir!  [Bowing and embracing.
Apem. So, so! Aches contract, and starve your sup-ple joints! That there should be small love amongst
thee sweet knaves, and all this courtesy! 6 The strain of man’s bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have fav’d my longing, and I feed
Molt hungerly on your fight.

5 That I had no angry wit, to be a lord.] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text, that I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord, it is satirical enough of con-science, wiz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakespeare uses lean-witted in his Richard II. And thou a lunatick, lean-witted, fool. Warp.

6 The strain of man’s bred out into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhausted and degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into monkey.

N 2
Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
Ere we do part, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is’t, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
Luc. That time serves still.
Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit’st it.
Lucul. Thou art going to Lord Timon’s feast.
Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
Lucul. Why, Apemantus?
Apem. Thou shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
Luc. Hang thyself.
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.
Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or— I’ll spurn thee hence.
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o’th’ as.
Luc. He’s opposite to humanity.
Come, shall we in, and taste Lord Timon’s bounty?
He, sure, outgoes the very heart of kindness.
Lucul. He pours it out. Plutus, the God of gold,
Is but his Steward. No meed but he repays Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the Giver a Return exceeding

7 Ere we depart,—] Who de- depart. Common Sense favours depart. Theo- take Alcibiades was to my Emendation. Theobald leave Timon, Timon was not to
TIMON OF ATHENS.

All use of quittance.

Luc. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Luc. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly.

Ven. MOST honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the Gods
To remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius. You mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives.

8 All use of quittance. [i.e.,
All the customary returns made
in discharge of obligations.

Warburton.

I rather read, all use or quit-
tance, all interest or requital.

9 If our Betters play at that
game, we must not dare

To imitate them. Faults that
are rich are fair. [These
two lines are absurdly given to

Timon. They should be read thus:

N 3
Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devise'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnes, sorry ere 'tis shown,
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, fit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [They sit down.

Luc. We always have confest it.

Apol. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apeimantus! you are welcome.

Apol. No; you shall not make me welcome. I
come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fy, th'art a churl; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.
They say, my Lords, that Ira furor brevis est,
But yonder man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Tim. If our better's play at that
    game, we must not.

Apol. Dare to imitate them:
    faults that are rich are fair.
This is said satirically and in character. It was a sober reflection
in Timon; who by our better's mean't the Gods, which require
to be repay'd for benefits received;
but it would be impertinency in men
to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. 
Ape-
    m nus, agreeably to his char-
       acter, perverts this sentiment;
as if Timon had spoke of earthly graces and potentates, who
expect largest returns for their favours; and therefore, ironi-
cally, replies as above. W R B.

I cannot see that these lines
are more proper in any other
mouth than in Timon's, to whole character of generosity and con-
descension they are very suitable.
To suppose that by our better
are meant the Gods, is very
harsh, because to imitate the
Gods has been hitherto reckon'd
the highest pitch of human vir-
tue. The whole is a trite and
obvious thought, uttered by Tim-
on with a kind of affected
modesty. If I would make any
alteration it should be only to
reform the numbers thus:

Our better's play that game; we
must not dare
T imitate them: faults that are
rich, are fair.
TIMON OF ATHENS. 183

Aem. Let me stay at thy peril, Timon. I come to observe. I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an Athenian, therefore welcome; 'tis myself would have no power.

---Pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Aem. *I scorn thy meat; 'twould chock me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you Gods! what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not? It grieves me to see

3 So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
And, all the madness is, * he cheers them up too:
I wonder, men dare truft themselves with men!
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is th' readiest man to kill him. *I has been prov'd.
Were I a Great man, I should fear to drink,

* I myself would have no power*

If this be the true reading, the sense is, all Athenians are wel-

come to share my fortune: I would myself have no exclusive right or

power in this house. Perhaps we might read, I myself would have

no poor. I would have every

Athenian consider himself as joint

possessor of my fortune.

2 I scorn thy meat, 'twould chock me: for I should ne'er

flatter thee.] A very pretty rea-

son why his meat would chock him, because he should never flatter

him. We should read and

point this nonsence thus,

*I scorn thy meat: 'twould chock me*

fore

I should ne'er flatter thee.

i.e. before I should ever flatter

thee.

---WARBURTON.

Of this emendation there is little need. The meaning is, I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat.

3 So many dip their meat in one man's blood.] The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to

pursuit by being gratified with the blood of the animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding cheers them to the chase.

*— he cheers them up too.*

I believe Shakespeare wrote up to?*

---WARBURTON.

I believe not.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Left they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes; Great men should drink with harness on their throats. Tim. My Lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire; This and my food are equal. There's no odds. Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf; I pray for no man but myself; Grant, I may never prove so fond To trust man on his oath, or bond; Or a barker for her weeping; Or a dog, that seems a sleeping; Or a keeper with my freedom; Or my friends, if I should need'em. Amen, Amen; So fall to't: Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's

4 wind-pipe's dangerous notes; The notes of the wind-pipe seem to be only the indications which shew where the wind pipe is.

5 My Lord, in heart; That is, my Lord's health with sincerity. An emendation has been proposed thus: My Love in heart, but it is not necessary.
TIMON OF ATHENS. 185

no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all these flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

Luc. Might we but have the happiness, my Lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeal, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I should have much help from you; how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have oft wisht

6 for ever perfect.] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness.
7 how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands.] The Oxford Editor alters charitable title to character and title. He did not know that charitable signifies dear, endearing: nor consequently understood what Milton meant by,

Relations dear, and all the Charities

Of father, son, and brother—All, in English, are called Charities, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving consisted; not in the act, but the disposition.

8 did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I think it should be inverted thus: did I not chiefly belong to your hearts. Lucius wishes that Timon would give him and the rest an opportunity of expressing some part of their zeal. Timon answers that, doubtless the Gods have provided that I should have help from you; how else are you my friends? why are you filed my friends, if—what if I do not love you. Such is the present reading; but the consequence is not very clear; the proper close must be, if you do not love me, and to this my alteration restores it.

9 I confirm you.] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

If poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits. And what better or proper can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! 'Joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water. Methinks to forget their faults, I drink to you.

_Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon._

_Lucull. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up._

_Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard._

_Lord. I promise you, my Lord, you mov'd me much._

_Apem. Much!_

_Sound Tuck't._

_Tim. What means that trump? how now?_

---

1 _O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born;_ For this _Hammer_ writes, _O joy, e'en made a joy ere't can be born_; and is followed by Dr _Warburton_. I am always inclined to think well of that which is approved by so much learning and sagacity, yet cannot receive this alteration. Tears being the effect both of joy and grief supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit which he seldom fails to indulge. _Timon_ weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out. _O joy, e'en made away, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed._

2 _mine eyes, &c.] In the original edition the words stand thus: mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults, I drink to you. Perhaps the true reading is this, Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I drink to you._

3 _to make them drink._] _Hammer_ reads, _to make them drink thee,_ and is again followed by Dr _Warburton_, I think without sufficient reason. The covert sense of _Aphemantis_ is, _what thou lost they get._

4 _like a babe._] That is, a weeping babe.
Enter Servant.

Serv. Please you, my Lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

SCENE VI.

Enter Cupid with a Masque of Ladies, as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all That of his bounties taste! the five best Senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:

Th’Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas’d from thy Table rise,

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They’re welcome all; let ’em have kind admittance.

Let musick make their welcome.

In former copies:
There take, touch, all pleas’d from thy Table rise;

They only now—] The five senses are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and those only in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we should read,

Th’Ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas’d from thy Table rise,

These only now, &c.

i.e. the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the hearings, touch, taste and smell, are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your sight in a Masque. Moflerger, in his Duke of Milan, copied the passage from Shakespeare; and, apparently, before it was thus corrupted; where, speaking of a banquet, he says,

—All that may be had
To please the eye, the ear, taste,
touch or smell,
Are carefully provided.——

Warburton.

Luc.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Luc. You see, my Lord, how amply you’re belov’d.

Apen. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance? They are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life;
As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that’s not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends’ gift?
I should fear, thole, that dance before me now,

Warburton.

When I read this passage I was at first of the same opinion with this learned man; but, upon longer consideration, I grew less confident, because I think the present reading susceptible of explanation, with no more violence to language than is frequently found in our author. The glory of this life is very near to madness, as may be made appear from this pomp exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on oil and roots. When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity.
Would one day stamp upon me. 'T has been done;
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon;
each singling out an Amazon, and all dance, men
with women; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys,
and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. * My Lord, you take us even at the best.
Aphem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would
not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose yourselvses.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my Lord. [Exeunt.

Tim. Flavius,——

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet? there is
no crossing him in's humour,

Else I should tell him—well—'t faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then if he could:

7 —mine own device] The
mark appears to have been de-
signed by Timon to surprize his
guests.

* My Lord, ] This answer
seems rather to belong to one of
the ladies. It was probably on-
l'y marked L in the copy.

8 —be'd be cross'd then if he
could.] The Poet does not
mean here, that he would be
cros'd in Humour, but that he
would have his Hand cros'd with
Money, if he could. He is
playing on the Word, and al-
luding to our old Silver Penny,
used before K. Edward the first's
Time, which had a Crofs on the
Reverse with a Crease, that it
might be more easily broke into
Halves and Quarters, Half-pence
and Farthings. From this Penny,
and other Pieces, was our com-
mon Expression derived, I have
not a Crofs about me; i. e. not a
Piece of Money. Theobald.

'Tis
Tis pity, Bounty has not 9 eyes behind;
That men might ne'er be wretched 1 for his mind.

Luc. Where be our men?
Serv. Here, my Lord, in readiness.
Luc. Our Horses.
Tim. O my good friends!
I have one word to say to you; look, my Lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As 2 to advance this jewel, accept and wear it,
Kind my Lord!

Luc. I am so far already in your gifts——
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.
Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near! Why then another time I'll hear thee.
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. [Aside] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your Honour, Lord Lucius, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses trapt in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly. Let the Presents Be worthily entertain'd.

9 —— eyes behind:] To see the miseries that are following her.
1 —— for his mind:] For nobleness of soul.
2 — to advance this jewel:] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it.
Enter a third Servant.

How now? what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my Lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company tomorrow to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour three brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received. Not without fair reward.

Flav. [Aside.] What will this come to? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer.

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To shew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes For ev'ry word. He is so kind, that he Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books. Well, 'twould I were gently put out of office, Ere I were forc'd! Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

[Exit.]

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you 'bate too much of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of our love.

1 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord. I know no man

Can
Can justly praise, but what he does affect;
I weigh my friend's affection with my own.
3 I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, * tis not enough to give,
My thanks, I could deal Kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch't field.

Alc. * I defile land, my Lord.
1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound——

Tim. And so am I to you.
2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd——

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 Lord. The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,
Keep with you, Lord Timon——

Tim. Ready for his friends. [Exeunt Lords.

---

3 I tell you true.] The other editions, I'll tell you.
4 —tis not enough to give;
5 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms
Thus the passage stood in all editions before Hamer's, who
restored my thanks.
6 I defile land.] This is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble.

Alcibiades is told, that his estate
lies in a pitch'd field. Now
pitch, as Falstaff says, dob de-
file. Alcibiades therefore replies,
That his estate lies in defiled land.
This, as it happened, was not
underlfeod, and all the editions
published, I def; land.

---
Ape. What a coil's here, 
5 Serving of becks and jutting out of bums! 
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums 
That are giv'n for 'em; friendship's full of dregs; 
Methinks, false hear's should never have found legs. 
Thus honelt fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apeamantus, if thou wert not fullen, 
I would be good to thee.

Ape. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd 
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and 
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'lt so long, 
Timon, 'I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in 
paper shortly. What need these feasts, pomp's, and 
vain-glories?'

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I 
am sworn not to give regard to you. 
Farewel, and come with better musick.

Ape. So——

5 Serving of becks—] This nonsence should be read, 
SERRING of becks—
from the French, jerrer, to join 
close together. A metaphor tak- 
en from the billing of pigeons. 
Wardburton.
The commentator conceives 
neck to mean the mouth or the 
kind, after the French, bec, whereas 
it means a salutation made 
with the head. So Milton, 
Nods and becks, and wreathed 
smiles.
To jerve a beck, is to offer a salu-
tation.

6 I doubt, whether their legs, 
&c.] He plays upon the word 
leg, as it signifies a limb and a 
how or act of obeisance.

7 I fear me, thou wilt give 
avay thyself in paper shortly.] 
i.e. be ruin'd by his securities 
entered into. But this sense is 
flat, and relishes very little of 
the salt in Apeamantus' other ref-
lections. We should read, 
give away thyself in proper 
shorly. 
i.e. in person; thy proper self. 
This latter is an expression of 
our author's in the Tempest; 
and ev'n with such like valour 
men long and crown 
Their proper selves. WARB.

Hammer reads very plausibly, 
Thou wilt give away thyself in 
perpetuum.

Vol. VI. O Thou
TIMON OF ATHENS:
Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then.
I'll lock
8 Thy heaven from thee. Oh, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick Place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.

AND late, five thousand. To Varro and to Isidor
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horse to Timon;
9 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horses. ¹ No porter at his gate,

8 Tey' tenen—] The pleasure of being flattered.
9 In old Edition:
   Ask nothing, give it him, it
   foals me straight
   An able horse,
   "If I want
   "Gold, (says the Senator) let
   "me steal a Beggar's Dog, and
   "give it to Timon, the Dog
   "coins me Gold. If I would
   "sell my horse, and had a mind
   "to buy ten better instead of
   "him; why, I need but give
   "my Horse to Timon, to gain
   "this Point; and it pretendly
   "fetches me an horse." But is
   that gaining the Point propos'd?
The first Folio reads, less corruptly than the modern Impressions,
   —And able Horses—
Which Reading, join'd to the Reafoning of the Passage, gave
me the Hint for this Emendation.

THEREAL.

¹ — No porter at his gate,
But rather one that niles, and
still invites I imagine that
a line is lost here, in which the
usual behaviour of a lurid porter
was described.
T I M O N O F A T H E N S.

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pafs by it. It cannot hold; no reason
Can foun’d his state in safety. Capbis, hoa!
Capbis, I fay.

Enter Capbis.

Capb. Here, Sir, what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and halfe you to Lord

Timon;
Importune him for my monies, be not ceas’d
With flight denial; nor then filen’d, when
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus. But tell him, sirrah,
My ufe cry to me, I muft serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paff’d,
And my reliance on his frafted dates
Has fmit my credit. I love and honour him;
But muft not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muft not be toft and turn’d to me in words,
But find fupply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a moft importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked Gull,
Who flafts now a Phoenix. Get you gone.

Capb. I go, Sir.

--- no reason

Can found his state in safety.

The supposed meaning of this
must be, No reason, by fouding,
flafting, or trying, his state,
can find it safe. But as the
words fand, they imply, that
no reafon can safely found his state.
I read thus,

--- no reason

Can found his state in safety.

Reafon cannot find his fortune to
have any safe or solid foudation.
The typs of the first printer
of this play were so worn and
defaced that f and s are not al-
ways to be diftinguifhed.

O 2
Sen.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Sen. I go, Sir?—3 Take the bonds along with you, And have the dates in Compt.

Capb. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to TIMON's Hall.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop. So senseless of expence, That he will neither know how to maintain it, Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account How things go from him, and resumes no care Of what is to continue. *Never Mind Was to be so unwise, to be so kind. What shall be done. He will not hear, 'till feel. I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Ifidore, and Varro.

Fy, fy, fy, fy.

3 — take the Bonds along with you, And have the Dates in. Come.]

Certainly, ever since Bonds were given, the Date was put in when the Bond was entered into: And these Bonds *Timon* had already given, and the Time limited for their Payment was laps'd. *The Senator's* Charge to his Servant must be to the Tenour as I have amended the Text; Take good Notice of the Dates, for the better Computation of the Interest due upon them. *Timon.*

*never Mind Was, to be so unwise, to be so kind.* Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely express'd: And all for the sake of a wretched rhime. To make a sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus, *never Mind Was [made] to be so unwise [in order] to be so kind.*

i.e. Nature in order to make a profuse mind never before endow'd any man with so large a share of folly. *Ward.*
TIMON OF ATHENS. 197

Capb. 5 Good even, Varro. What, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Capb. It is; and your's too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so.

Capb. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Capb. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades.—Well, what's your will?

[They present their bills.

Capb. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Capb. Of Athens here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Capb. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days, this month.

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,

In giving him his Right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Capb. Nay, good my Lord—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good Lord—

Isid. From Isidore. He prays your speedy payment—

3

5 Good evening, Varro.] It is observable that this good evening

is before dinner; for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will go forth

again as soon as dinner's done, which may prove that by dinner

our authour meant not the corna

of ancient times, but the mid-

day's repast. I do not suppos

the passage corrupt: such inad-

vertencies neither authour nor

editor can escape.

There is another remark to be

made. Varro and Isidore sink a

few lines afterwards into the ser-

vants of Varro and Isidore. Whe-

ther servants, in our authour's

time, took the names of their

masters, I know not. Perhaps

it is a slip of negligence.

Capb.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Capb. If you did know, my Lord, my master's wants——

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six weeks And past.—

Ibid. Your Steward puts me off, my Lord, And I am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

—I do beseech you, good my Lords, keep on,

[Exeunt Lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,

[To Flavius,

How goes the world, that I am thus encountered With clam'rous demands of broken bonds, And the detention of long-fince-due debts, Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, The time is unagreeable to this business. Your importunity cease, 'till after dinner; That I may make his Lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.

[Exit Timon.

Flav. Pray, draw near.

[Exit Flavius.

SCENE III.

6 Enter Apemantus, and F.o.l.

Capb. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus, let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Ibid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

6 Enter Apemantus and Fool.] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, and the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phryne, Isminda, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Var. I speak not to thee.

Aptom. No, 'tis to thyself. Come away.

[To the Fool.

fud. [To Var.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Aptom. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Capb. Where's the fool now?

Aptom. He last asked the question. Poor rogues', and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, Aptomantus?

Aptom. Asses.

All. Why?

Aptom. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool, how does your mistresses?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Aptom. Good! gramercy!

Enter

7 Poor rogues', and usurers' men! bawds, &c. This is said so abruptly that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Aptom. He last ask'd the question.

All. What are we, Aptomantus?

Aptom Asses.

All. Why?

Aptom. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues', and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want. Speak, &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgotten in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands.

8 She's e'en setting on water to scald. The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the burning, and a sense of scalding is one of its first symptoms.

9 Would, we could see you at Corinth. A cant name for a bawdy house, I suppose from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander...
TIMON OF ATHENS:

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress's page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apeamantus?

Apeam. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apeamantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apeam. Can't not read?

Page. No.

Apeam. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go, thou wast born a baftard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast helpt a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.

Apeam. Ev'n so, thou out-run'st grace.

Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apeam. If Timon stay at home.

—You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would, they serv'd us.

Apeam. So would I— as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When

ab Alexandro has these words: CORINTHI sex pler mile Prestititae in Templo Veneris aedificavit, & si qu
testa licebat quibusque remetiri oportens dure, et velut Sac
corum Nixiarum Deorum familiaris sa
lebant. Milton, in his Apology

for Smetham, says, Or search-
ing for me at the Bordellos, where
it may be he has left himself, and
reps up, without pity, the page
and rheumatic old Prelates, with
all her young Corinthian Ladies,
to enquire for such a one. Warb.
men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this.

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-maister, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no lees esteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-maister, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometimes it appears like a Lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirtee, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether, a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow Lover, Elder brother, and Woman; sometimes the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near. I'll speak with you anon. [Exit Creditors, Apemantus and Fool.

SCENE IV.

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me?

[his artificial one.] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it.

That
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Flav. You would not hear me;
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good Lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight, checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The greatest of your Having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be fold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd; some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim, and at length

How

2 —made your minister] So the original. The later editions have all made you minister.
3 Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time; i.e., Tho' it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent, by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford Editor understood the sense, he would not have altered the text to,

Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time.

Warburton.

I think Hamner right, and have received his emendation.

4 —and at length

How goes our reck'ning?] This Steward talks very wildly. The Lord indeed might have asked,
How goes our reck’ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my land extend.

Flav. * O my good Lord, the world is but a word?
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And let me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been opprest
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz’d with lights, and bray’d with minstrelsy;
I have retir’d me to * a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr’ythee, no more.

Flav. Heav’ns! have I said, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants

What a Lord seldom knows,

How goes our reck’ning?

But the Steward was too well satisfied in that matter. I would read therefore,

Hold good our reck’ning?

The Oxford Editor would appropriate this emendation to himself, by altering it to, make good.

Warburton.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common, to propose, interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The present reading may therefore stand.

5 O my good lord, the world is but a word;] The Folio reads,

—but a word;

And this is the right. The meaning is, as the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

Warburton.

6 —a wasteful cock;] i.e. a cockloft, a garret. And a wasteful cock signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use.

Hammer.

Hammer’s explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A wasteful cock is a cock or pipe with a turning flopple running to waste. In this sense both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that cock is ever used for cockloft, or wasteful, for lying in waste, or that lying in waste is at all a phrase.

This
This night englutted! Who now is not Timon's! What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's? Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise, The breath is gone whereof this praise is made; Feast-won, fait-lost; one cloud of winter show'rs, These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further. No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart; Unwistely, not ignobly, have I giv'n. Why doft thou weep? canft thou the conscience lack, To think I shall lack friends? secure thy heart; If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing, Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use, As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you Mistake my fortunes: I'm wealthy in my friends. Within there, Ho! Servilius, Flaminius!

SCENE V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other servants.

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally. You to Lord Lucius—to Lord Lucullus, you.—I hunt-

Arguments, for natures. W A R B. How arguments should stand for natures I do not see. But the licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far fetched explications. Arguments may mean contents, as the arguments of a book, or evidences and proofs.
ed with his Honour to day—You to Sempronius—Con- 
mand me to their loves; and I am proud, say, that 
my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a sup-
ply of money. Let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum—

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; To Flavius.

Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have 
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em fend o'th' instant 
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I've been bold,

For that I knew it the most gen'r'al way,
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in Return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer in a joint and corporate voice, 
That now they are at Fall, want Treasure, cannot 
Do what they would; are sorry—You are honourable—
But yet they could have wish't—They know not— 
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature 
Maycatch a wrench—'Would all were well—'Tis pity— 
And fo intending other serious matters, 
After disaffectful looks, and these hard fractions, 
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods, 
They froze me into silence.

Tim.

Warburton. There is, I think, no conceit 
in the head of Flavius, who, 
by fractions, means broken hints, 
interrupted sentences, abrupt re-
marks.

2 half caps.] A half-cap is a 
cap slightly moved, not put off.
3 Cold moving Nois.] All 
the Editions exhibit these as two 
distinct Adjectives, to the Preju-
dice of the Author's Meaning; 
but they must be joined by an 
Hy-
Tim. You Gods reward them!
I prythee, man, look cheerily. These old fellows

† Have their Ingratitude in them hereditary;
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And, nature as it grows again tow'r'd earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Go to Ventidius—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak,
No Blame belongs to thee.—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate; when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Stew. "Would, I could not: that thought is bount-
ty's foe;
Being * free itself, it thinks all other so. [Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

Hyphen, and make a Compound
Adjective out of a substantive
and a Particle, and then we have
the true Sense of the Place;
Cold-novin', Cold-preserving;
Nods in discouraging, that they
chilled the very Anceur of our
Petition, and froze us into Silence.

⁠†—Have their Ingratitude
in them hereditary;] Hereditary, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural
constitution being called heredi-
tary, he calls their Ingratitude
so. WAREURTON.

³ 'Would, I could not:] The
original edition has,

I would, I could not think it,
that thought, &c.

It has been changed, to mend
the numbers, without authority.

* Free, is liberal, not para-
imous.
ACT III. SCENE I.

Lucullus's House in Athens.

Flaminius waiting, Enter a Servant to him.

SERVANT.

I have told my Lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of Lord Timon's men; a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, Sir.—Fill me some wine.—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good Lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which, in my Lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply, who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present affilience therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting, says he? alas, good Lord. A noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I had'n't with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, on purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warn-
warning by my Coming. Every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your Lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a tow'rdly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason, and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah, [To the servant, who goes out.]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy Lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, altho' thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three Solidaires for thee. Good boy, wink at me, and say, thou sawst me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
6 And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [Throwing the money away.

Lucul. Ha! Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy matter. [Exit Lucullus.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee; Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
7 It turns in less than two nights? O you Gods! I feel my master's passion. This slave

6 And we alive that liv'd?] i.e. And we who were alive
7 It turns in less than two nights?] Alluding to the then, alive now. As much as turning or acence of milk. to say, in so short a time. Warb.

Unto
Unto this hour has my Lord's meat in him;
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O! may diseases only work upon't,
And when he's sick to death, let not that part
Of nurture my Lord paid for; be of power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II.

A publick Street.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. WHO, the Lord Timon? He is my very
good friend, and an honourable gentleman.
1 Stran. * We know him for no less, tho' we are but
strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my
Lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now
Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his
estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fy, no. Do not believe it; he cannot want for
money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my Lord, that not
long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus,
to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't,
and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was
deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you; deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? Now, before
the Gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable
man? There was very little honour shew'd in that.
For my own part, I must needs confess, I have re-
ceived some small kindnesses from him, as money,

* Of nurture.] The common copies read nature. The emenda-
tion is Sir T. Hanmer's.
* We know him for no less.] That is, we know him by report
to be no less than you represent him, though we are strangers to
his person.
plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasions so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my Lord, I have sweat to see his Honour.—My honour'd Lord—

[To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius? you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well. Commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! What hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that Lord. He's ever sending. How shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

Ser. He's only sent his present occasion now, my Lord, requesting your Lordship to supply his infant use, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know, his Lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn
myself honourable? How unluckily it hap'ned, 3 that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour? Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do.—The more beatt, I say. —I was sending to use Lord Timon my self, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and, I hope, his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflications, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, Servilius.

[Exit Servilius.

—True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [Exit.

1 Strat. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Strat. Ay, too well.

1 Strat. Why, this is the world's soul;
And just of the fame piece is every 4 flatterer's spirit:

Who

3 That I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of Honour?] Tho' there is a seeming plausible Antithesis in the Terms, I am very well allured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little Part of what? Honour is the only Substantive that follows in the Sentence. How much is the Antithesis improv'd by the Sense which my Emendation gives? "That I should purchase for a little Dirt, and undo a great deal of Honour?"

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir T. Han mer, but neglected by Dr. War burton. I think Theobald right in suspecting corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, tho' perhaps we may better read, purchase the day before for a little park.

4 —flatterer's spirit:] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other editions read, Why, this is the world's soul: Of the same piece is every flatterer's sport.

Theobald. Mr. Upton has not unluckily tran-
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dill? For, in my knowing,
Timon has been this Lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's Silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, oh, see the monstrosity of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

1 Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life;
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart; but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dilpense,
For policy fits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

transposed the two final words, thus,

Why, this is the world's sport:
Of the same piece is ev'ry flatterer's soul.

5—in respect of his i.e. considering Timon's claim for what he asks. WARB.

—in respect of his, That is, in respect of his fortune, what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possessest, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.

6—I would have put my wealth into donation, and the best half should have return'd to him, Hammond reads,

I would have put my wealth into partition, And the best half should have attorn'd to him.
Dr. Warbuton receives attorn'd.

SCENE
SCENE III.

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum!
Above all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus,
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison; all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. Oh, my Lord,
7 They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal,
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?
Ventidius and Lucullus both deny'd him?
And does he send to me? three! him—
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? 8 His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over? must I take th' cure upon me?
H'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him;
He might have known my Place. I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first,
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him;
And does he think so backwardly of me,

7 They've all been touch'd,] That is, tried, alluding to the touchstone.
8 —his Friends, like Physicians Thriv'd, give him over?] I have refuted this old Reading, only amended the Pointing which was faulty. Mr. Pope, suspecting the Phrase, has substituted Thrice in the room of thriv'd, and so disarm'd the Poet's Satire. Physicians thriv'd is no more than Physicians grown rich; Only the Adjective Passive of this Verb, indeed, is not so common in Use; and yet is a familiar Expression, to this Day, to say, Such a One is well thriven on his Trade.

THEOBALD.
The original reading is,
—his friends (like Physicians) Thrive, give him over? which Theobald has misrepresented. Hammer reads, thr' d, plausibly enough. Instead of three proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read thrice. But perhaps the old reading is the true.

P 3 That
TIMON OF ATHENS.

That I'll requite it last? No.
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' rest, and I 'mongst Lords be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's fake;
I'd such a courage to do him good.
But now return.
And with their faint Reply this Answer join;
Who 'bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent! your Lordship's a goodly villain.

The devil knew not what he did, when he made
man politick; he crost'd himself by't; and I cannot
think, but in the end the villanies of man will set
him clear. How fairly this Lord strives to appear
foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like thofe

9 I'd [such a courage] Such an ardour, such an eager desire.
1 The devil knew not what he did.] I cannot but think that the
negative not has intruded into
this passage, and the reader will
think so too, when he reads Dr.
Warburton's explanation of the
next words.
2 will set him clear.] Set him
clear does not mean acquit him
before heaven: for then the De-
mist must be supposed to know
what he did: But it signifies
puzzle him, cut him at his
own weapons. Warburton.

How the devil, or any other
being, should be set clear by be-
ing puzzled and outdone, the
commentator has not explained.
When in a crowd we would have
an opening made, we say, Stand
clear, that is, out of the way of
danger. With some affinity to
this use, though not without
great harshness, to set clear, may
be to set aside. But I believe
the original corruption is the in-
fertion of the negative, which
was obtruded by some transcrib-
er, who supposed crost'd to mean
thwarted, when it meant, exempted from evil. The use of
crosting, by way of protection
or purification, was probably
not worn out in Shakespeare's
time. The sense of set clear is
now easy; he has no longer the
guilt of tempting man.
3 takes virtuous copies to be
wicked: like thofe, &c.] This is
a reflection on the Puritans of
that time. These people were
then set upon a project of new-
modelling the ecclesiastical and
civil government according to
scripture rules and examples.
Which makes him say, that un-
der zeal for the word of God,
they would set whole realms on
fire.
that under hot, ardent, zeal would set whole Realms
on fire.
Of such a nature is his politicke love.
This was my Lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the Gods. Now his friends are dead;
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must * keep his house.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.
Changes to Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, † Lucius, and other
servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his
coming out.

Var. WELL met, good morrow, Titus and Hor-
tensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius? What do we meet together?

Luc. And, I think, one busines! does command
us all.

For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And Sir Philotus too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think
the hour.

Phi. Labouring for nine.

fire. So Sempronius pretended to
that warm affection and generous
jealousy of friendship, that is af-
fronted, if any other be applied
to before it. At best the hembali-
tude is an awkward one: but it

fitted the audience, tho' not the
Speaker.  

* —keep his house.] That is,  
keep within doors for fear of duns.

† Lucius is here again for the
servant of Lucius.
Luc. So much?
Phi. Is not my Lord seen yet?
Luc. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder: he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him.
You must consider that a Prodigal's Course
Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable.
I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is,
One may reach deep enough, and yet find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your Lord sends now for money.
Hor. True, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. Against my heart.
Luc. How strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes!
And e'en as if your Lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. * I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness.
I know, my Lord hath spent of Timon's wealth;
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's yours?
Luc. Five thousand.
Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it should seem by th' sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
† Else, surely, his had equal'd.

* —a Prodigal's course
Is like the sun's.] That is, like
him in blaze and splendour.
Solem occidere et reire posunt. Catull.

That is, of this commission, of
this employment.
† Else, surely, his had equal'd. Should it not be, Else, surely,
mine had equal'd.
Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my Lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud. Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir—

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my Lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th'interest in their glutt'rous maws;
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up,
Let me pals quietly.

Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves.

[Exit.

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter, what. He's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter
Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's Servilius; now we shall have some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it. For take it of my soul,
My Lord leans wondrously to discontent,
His comfortable temper has forsook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick;
And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Serv. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer.

Flam. [within.] Servilius, help—my Lord! my Lord.

SCENE V.

Enter Timon, in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron-heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My Lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Far. And mine, my Lord.

Capb. And ours, my Lord.

Pet. And our bills.

* Enter Servilius. It may be skillfully filled his Greek story observed that Shakespeare has un- with Roman names.

Tim.
TIMON OF ATHENS. 219

Tim. Knock me down with 'em. Cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours—and yours?

Var. My Lord——

Capb. My Lord——

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you. [Exit. Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our Maiters may throw their caps at their money. These debts may bewell call'd desperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear Lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?——

Flav. My dear Lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so—My steward!

Flav. Here, my Lord.

Tim. So fitly!—Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All.—
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my Lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There's not so much left as to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care.

Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my Cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Changes to the Senate house.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 Sen. My Lord, you have my voice to't. The fault's bloody;

'Tis necessary he should die.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true: the law shall bruise him.

Alc. Health, Honour, and Compassion to the senate!

1 Sen. Now? Captain.

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your Virtues;

For Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepped into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.

5 He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues;

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,
An honour in him which buys out his fault,
But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe,

5 He is a man, &c.] I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for an hon[or, it is there, and b[ear. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He is a man, setting his fault aside,

Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he soil, &c.

6 —setting his fault aside, We must read,

—this fault.—

WAVERUNTON.

And
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. 9 You undergo too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair;
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
to bring Man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, 1 and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his rayment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his Injurious to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My Lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a Captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

7 —and unnoted passion] Unnoted, for common, bounded.

Warburton.

8 He did behave his anger] Behave, for curb, manage. But
the Oxford Editor equips the old
Poet with a more medibh phrase,
He did behave in's anger—
A paltry clipt jargon of modern
tops, for behave himself. Ward.
The original copy reads not
behave but behave. I do not well
understand the passage in either
reading. Shall we try a daring
conjecture?

—with such fierb and unnoted
passion

He did behold his adversary

Went.
As if he had but prov'd an
argument.
He looked with such calumnis on
his plain adversary.

9 You undergo too strict a pa-
radox,] You undertake a pa-
radox too hard.

1 —and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them
like his rayment, carelessly;]
It should be read and pointed thus,
—and make his wrongs
His outside wear; harg like his
ruitment, carelessly. Ward.
The present reading is better.

And
And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, sure, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
The as, more than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge;
If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh, my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good;
Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremeft guilt,
But, in detence, by mercy, 'tis most juft.
To be in anger is impiety,
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? His Service done

At Lacedemon, and Byzantium,

That stay at home;

If bearing carry it, then is the as
More captain than the lion, and
The felon
Loaden with irons wiser, &c.

—sin's extremeft guilt.

Guft, for aggravation.

Guft is here in its common sense; the utmost degree of appetite for sin.

—by mercy, 'tis most juft.

By mercy is meant equity. But we must read,

—'tis made juft.

Mercy is not put for equity.

If such explanation be allowed, what can be difficult? The meaning is, I call mercy herself to witnesss, that defensive violence is juft.

Were
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my Lords, h'as done fair service, And slain in battle many of your enemies; How full of valour did he bear himself In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty * with 'em, 6 He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner. If there were no foes, That were enough To overcome him. In that beauteously fury He has been known to commit outrages, And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us, His days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war. My Lords, if not for any parts in him, (Though his right arm might purchase his own time, And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you, Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both. And for I know, † your reverend ages love Security, I'll pawn my victories, All my honour to you, on his good returns. If by this crime he owes the law his life, Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore; For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies. Urge it no more, On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother, He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

*—with 'em.] The folio, with him.

6 He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.] What is a sworn rioter? We should read, He's a sworn rioter— that is, given to all excesses, as the sayer of another in another place, fo surfei-fueeln or swell'd. 2 Warburton.

A sworn rioter is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty.

†—your reverend ages love Security, —] He charges them obliquely with being usurers.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be.
My Lords, I do beseech you, know me.
2 Sen. How?
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.
3 Sen. What!——
Alc. I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?
Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alc. Banish me!
Banish your Dotage, banish Usury,
That make the Senate ugly.
Sen. If, after two day's shine, Athens contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed preiently. [Exeunt.

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All thole, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into Captains wounds? Banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

7 — I should prove so base.]"
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most hands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as Gods. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Timon's House.

Enter divers Senators, at several doors.

1 Sen. THE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 Sen. I also wish it to you. I think,
this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when
we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him, as
he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Sen. It should not be by the perfusion of his new
feasting.

In former copies:

--And lay for hearts.

'Tis honour with most hands to be at odds; But surely,
even in a soldier's sense of honour, there is very little in being
at odds with all about him: which shews rather a quarrelsome
disposition than a valiant one. Besides, this was not Alcibiades's
cafe. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phrase
in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. I will
lay, lays he, for hearts; which is a metaphor taken from card-
play, and signifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the
figure was continued in the following line, which should be
read thus,

'Tis honour with my hands to be at odds;

i.e. to fight upon odds, or at disadvantage; as he must do aga
the united strength of Ath. And this, by soldiers, is
accounted honourable. Shake-
speare uses the same metaphor, on
the same occasion, in Coriolanus.

He lurched all swords.

WARBURTON.

I think hands is very properly
substituted for lands. In the
foregoing line, for, lay for hearts,
I would read, play for hearts.

Upon that were my thoughts tiring.] A hawk, I think, is said
to tire, when the amanuences herself
with pecking a pheasant's wing,
or any thing that puts her in
mind of prey. To tire upon a
thing, is therefore, to be idly
employed upon it.

Vol. VI. Q 1 Sen.
TIMON OF ATHENS:

1 Sen. I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off, but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Sen. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Sen. Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 Sen. A thousand pieces.

2 Sen. A thousand pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, Sir——Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, Gentlemen both!—and how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 Sen. The Swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your Lordship.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.——Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay. Feast your ears with the musick awhile, if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble Lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.

2 Sen. Most honourable Lord, I'm e'en sick of shame,
shame, that when your Lordship t’other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on’t, Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover’d dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? what’s the news?

2 Sen. Alcibiades is banish’d. Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish’d!

3 Sen. ’Tis so; be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I’ll tell ye more anon. Here’s a noble feast toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will’t hold? will’t hold?

2 Sen. It does, but time will.—And so—

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his Mistress. Your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves prais’d; but reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despis’d. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are—

1 The rest of your fees.] We should read foes. Warr.

Q2 rest
TIMON OF ATHENS.

rest of your foes, O Gods, the senators of Athens, togeth
er with the common rogues of people, what is amis in
them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these
my friends—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing
bles them, and to nothing are they welcome.
Uncover—Dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water,

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth friends. Smoke, and lukewarm
water

* Is your perfection. This is Timon's last.
Who stuck, and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Courteous Leftroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of fortune, Trencher-friends, Time-flies,
Cap and knee Slaves, Vapors, and Minute-jacks;
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost Thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first—Thou too—and Thou—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn House, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

---

* Is your perfection.—[ Perfection, for exact or perfect likeness.
Warburton.

Your perfection, is the highest
of your excellence.

— and spangled you with flatteries.] We should cer-
tainly read,

—and spangled with your flatteries.

The present reading is right.

---

6 Time-flies.] Flies of a season.

7 — minute-jacks; ] Hammar

thinks it means Jack a lantern,
which shines and disappears in
an infant. What it was I know
not; but it was something of
quick motion, mentioned in Rich-
ard III.

*—the infinite malady] Every

kind of diseale incident to man

and beast.
Re-enter the Senators.

1 Sen. How now, my Lords?
2 Sen. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury!
3 Sen. Pish! did you see my cap?
4 Sen. I've lost my gown.
1 Sen. He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my jewel?
2 Sen. Did you see my cap?
3 Sen. Here 'tis.
4 Sen. Here lies my gown.
1 Sen. Let's make no stay.
2 Sen. Lord Timon's mad.
3 Sen. I feel'd upon my bones.
4 Sen. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
That girdleth in those wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minifter in their steads; to general filth
Convert o'th' instant, green Virginity!

8 Act 4.] The incidents of are taken from the Timon of Lucian. WARBURTON.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats. Bound-servants, steal;
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is 'tis brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains. Fear and Piety,
Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestick awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold Scatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, Blains,
Sow all the Athenian booms, and their Crop
Be general Leprosy. Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns.
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall;
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low! [Exit.

9—'tis brothel.] So Hamner.
The old copies read, o'th' brothel.
—yet confusion—] Hamner
reads, let confusion; but the
meaning may be, through by such

confusion all things seem to haste
to dissolution, yet let not dissolution
come, but the miseries of confu-
sion continue.

SCENE
SCENE II.

Changes to Timon's House.

* Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.

1 Serv. HEAR you, good master steward. Where's our master? Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining? Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods, I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a House broke! So noble a master fall'n! all gone! and not One friend to take his fortune by the arm, And go along with him?

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs From our companion, thrown into his grave, So his familiars* from his buried fortunes Slink all away; leave their false vows with him, Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self, A dedicated beggar to the air, With his disease of all shun'd poverty, Walks, like Contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery, That fill'd our faces: we are fellows still, Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark, And we poor mates, stand on the dying deck, Hearing the surges threat; we must all part Into the sea of air.

* Enter Flavius, ] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; no thing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants. *—from his buried fortunes] The old copies have to instead of from. The correction is Hanmir's.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you,
Where-ever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[Giving them money.
—Nay put out all your hands—not one word more.
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[They embrac', and part several ways.
Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendship,
To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest Lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness; strange unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes Gods, does still mar men.
My dearest Lord, blest to be most accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous friends;
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow and enquire him out;
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his Steward still. [Exit.

3 —strange unusual blood.]
Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction; but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps,

—strange unusual mood,
may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse.
TIMON OF ATHENS. 233

SCENE III.

The WOODS.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O Blessed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infest the air. Twin'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser. 6 Not ev'n nature,

4 O blessed, breeding sun,—]
The sense, as well as elegance of the expression, requires that we should read,
O BLES sing BREEDING sun,
i.e. Thou that before usedit to breed blessings, now breed curses and contagion; as afterwards he says,
Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn.

I do not see that this emendation much strengthens the sense.
5 —thy sister's orb] That is, the moon's, this sublunary world.
6 —Not ev'n nature,

To whom all fores lay siege,—]
He had said the brother could not bear great fortune without despising his brother. He now goes further, and affords that even human nature cannot bear it, but with contempt of its common nature. The sentence is ambiguous, and, besides that, otherwise obscure. I am persuaded that our author had Alexander here principally in mind;
whose uninterrupted course of success, as we learn from history, turned his head, and made him fancy himself a God, and contemn his human origin. The Poet says, ev'n nature, meaning nature in its greatest perfection:

And Alexander is represented by the ancients as the most accomplished person that ever was, both for his qualities of mind and body, a kind of masterpiece of nature. He adds,

To whom all fores lay siege,—]
i.e. Although the imbecility of the human condition might easily have informed him of his error. Here Shakespeare seems to have had an eye to Plutarch, who, in his life of Alexander, tells us, that it was that which stagger'd him in his sober moments concerning the belief of his Divinity.

"Εἶπεν δὲ μᾶλλον συνεπὸς ὑπὸ τῆς ὑπὲρ τὴν καθόλου καί συνετήσιος τό θεῦ καί το ἀνθρώπιναι τὸ ἀνθρώπου " WARB. I have
TIMON OF ATHENS.

To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and denude that Lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

It is the Paftour lards the brother’s fides,

I have preferred this note rather for the sake of the commentator than of the author. How nature, to whom all fores lay siege, can so emphatically express nature in its greatest perfection, I shall not endeavour to explain. The meaning I take to be this: Brother when his fortune is enlarged will scorn brother; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own.

Raise me this Beggar, and deny that Lord. Where is the senate and English of den’t that Lord? Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun It is to be refer’d? And it would be absurd to think the Poet meant, deny to raise that Lord. The Antithesis must be, let fortune raise this beggar, and let her strip and despoil that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which senfe is complicated by this flight alteration,

—and denude that lord.

So lord Rea in his relation of M. Hamilton’s plot, written in 1630, All the Hamilton’s b d denuded themselves of their fortunes and estates. And Charles the First, in his message to the parliament, says, Denude ourselves of all.


Warburton,

It is the Paftour lards the Beggar’s fides, this as the editors have order’d it, is an idle repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakspear meant a quite different thing: and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus:

It is the Paftour lards the Weather’s fides,
The Wnat that makes him lean.

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflexion; there is no more difference between man and man in the eftem of superficial or corrupt judgments, than between a fat sheep and a lean one.

Warburton.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear senfe even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as I have given it from the original edition.

It is the Paftour lards the Brother’s fides,

The want that makes him leave.

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus,

It is the Paftour lards the Beggar’s fides,

The
The Want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, this man’s a flatterer? if one be,
So are they all, for every greeze of fortune
Is smooth’d by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There’s nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Then be abhor’d,
All farts, societies, and throngs of men!
His Semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains.
Destruction fang mankind! — Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging the earth.

Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his palate
With thy most operant potion!
What’s here? Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, Gods, I am no idle votarist.
Roots, you clear heav’ns!
Thus much
Of this will make black, white; fair, foul; wrong, right;

The want that makes him lean. And upon this reading, of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the Poet, bears contempt hereditary, and wealth nat ve honour. To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; it is the Paftour that greases or flatters the rich brother, and will grease him on till want makes him leave.
The Poet then goes on to ask, Who dares to say, this man, this Paftour, is a flatterer; the crime is universal; through all the world

the learned pate, with allusion to the Paftour, ducks to the golden fool. If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of Paftour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of grace and cherubims in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others.

I would therefore read thus:

It is the Paftour lards the brother’s sides,
’Tis want that makes him leave.
The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading.

— for every greeze of fortune] Greece, for step or degree.

— no idle votarist.] No insincere or inconstant suppliant.
Gold will not serve me instead of roots.

Bare
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You Gods! why this? What? This you Gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; blest th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She whom the spittle-houfe, and ulcerous fores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'rt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.] Ha, a drum?

—* Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,

2 * Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:] Aristophanes in his Platus, Act 5.
Scene 2, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plautus.
WARBURTON.

3 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads; i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their discontent. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford Editor, supposing stout to signify healthly, alters it to sick; and this he calls emending.
WARBURTON.

4 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again; Waped or wappen'd signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARB.

Of wappen'd I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To wap or wapen is used by Spenser in his Hubberd's tale, but I think not in either of the sense mentioned. I would read wain'd, for decay'd by time. So our author in Richard the third,
A beauty-waining and distress'd

5 To th' April day again.] That is, to the wedding-day, called by the poet, sardonically, April day, or fool's da.

6 Do thy right nature.] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee.

7 Thou'rt quick.] Thou hast life and motion in thee.
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
—Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.

SCENE IV.

Enter Alcibiades with drum and sife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart, For shewing me again the eyes of man.
Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am Mijentropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do with thou wert a dog, That I might love thee something.
Alc. I know thee well; But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee, I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground. Gules! gules!
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel; Then what should war be? this fell whore of thine Hath in her more destruction than thy sword, For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. *I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns To thine own lips again.
Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give; But then renew I could not, like the moon,
There were no fans to borrow of.
Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.
Alc. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If

* I will not kiss thee,] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips by kissting thee.
* thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man; if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

_Alc._ I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

_Tim._ Thou saw'lt them when I had prosperity.

_Alc._ I see them now; then was a blessed time.

_Tim._ As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots, _Timan._ Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?

_Tim._ Art thou _Timan:ra_?

_Timan._ Yes.

_Tim._ Be a whore still. They love thee not that use thee, Give them diseases, leaving with thee their luft; Make use of thy falt hours, seafon the slaves For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth

9 To th' Tub falt, and the diet.

_Timan._

* _If thou wilt not promis, &c._

That is, however thou mayst act, since thou art man, hated man, I with thee evil.

8 _Be a whore still. They love thee not, that use thee._

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust: Make use of thy falt hours._&c._

There is here a flight transposition. I would read,

_—They love thee not that use thee._

Leaving with thee their lust, give them diseases, Make use of thy falt hours, season the slave For tubs and baths. 9 _To th' Tub falt, and the diet._

One might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous word _Fub-falt_, which has notwithstanding passed current with all the editors. We should read _Tub-falt_. The author is al-

_luding to the _Lus Venerea_ and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by _Guaium_, or _Mercurial Unctions_; and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and left, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. The regimen for the course of _Guaiacum_ (says Dr. Friend in his Hist. of Physick, Vol. 2. p. 385.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopian expresses it, the bones and the very man himself was macerated. Wiseman says, in England they used a Tub for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the _Urbition_, it was sometimes continued for thirty seven days; (as he observes, p. 375;) and during
Timon. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
—I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them——
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?
I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap——
Tim. Warr'lt thou 'gainst Athens?
Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy
Conquest,
And after, thee, when thou hast conquered!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains thou wast born to
conquer my country.
Put up thy gold. Go on——Here's gold——Go on;
'Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one,
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron,

during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary absence required. Hence the term of the Tub-fast. Warburton.

Will o'er some high-vic'd city
hang his poison.
In the sick air.——] This is

Be as a planetary plague, wonderfully sublime and picturesque. Warburton.

when Jove

3

It
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-barn bore at mens' eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a * baftard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remorse. Swear against objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet?
I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

Tim. Doft thou, or doft thou not, heav'n's curse
upon thee!

Both. Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou
more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

---

2 That through the window-

[The reading is more probably window-bars. The virgin that
shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber.

3 exhaust their mercy;] For
exhaust, Sir T. Haughton, and after
him Dr. Warburton, read extort;
but exhaust here signifies literally
to draw forth.

* baftard] An allusion to the
tale of Oedipus.

* And to make whore a bawd.] The power of gold, indeed,
may be suppos'd great, that can
make a whore forfake her trade;
but what mighty difficulty was
there in making a whore turn
bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here
he is describing the mighty power
of gold. He had before shewn,
how gold can persuade to any
villany; he now shews that it has
still a greater force, and can even
turn from vice to the practice,
or,
Your aprons mountant; you're not othable,
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders, and to heav'nly agues,
Th'immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths;
I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats.

Yet may your pains six months be quite contrary.
And thatch.

or, at least, the semblance of
virtue. We must therefore read,
to restore sense to our author,
*And to make whole a Basew—*
i.e. not only make her quit her
calling, but thereby restore her
to reputation. *Warburton.*
The old edition reads,
*And to make whores a basin.*
That is, enough to make a whore
leave whoring, and a bawd leave
making whores.

*I'll trust to your conditions.* You
need not swear to continue
whores, I will trust to your
inclinations.

—yet may your pains six months
Be quite contrary—] This is
obscure, partly from the ambi-
guity of the word *pains,* and
partly from the generality of the
expression. The meaning is this,
he had said before, follow con-
stantly your trade of debauchery: that
is, (says he) for six months
in the year. Let the other six
be employed in quite contrary
pains and labour, namely, in the
severe discipline necessary for the
repair of those disorders that

Your debaucheries occasion, in
order to fit you anew to the trade;
and thus let the whole year be
spent in these different occupa-
tions. On this account he goes
on, and says, *he is false hair,*
&c. But for, *pains six months,*
the *Oxford Editor* reads, *pains*
*exterior.* What he means I
know not. *Warburton.*
The explanation is ingenious,
but I think it very remote, and
would willingly bring the au-
thor and his readers to meet on
easier terms. We may read,

—yet may your pains six months
Be quite contraried.

Timon is wishing ill to mankind,
but is afraid 'tis the whores
should imagine that he wishes
well to them; to obviate which
he lets them know, that he impre-
cates upon them influence enough
to plague others, and disappoin-
tments enough to plague them-
selves. He wishes that they may
do all possible mischief, and yet
take *pains six months* of the year
in vain.

In this sense there is a connec-
tion of this line with the next.
TIMON OF ATHENS;

Your poor thin roofs with burdens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd, no matter)
Wear them, betray with them, and whore on still;
Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold—What then?
Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions low
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
And mar 'men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false Title plead,
Nor found his quillets shrilly. Hoar the Flamen,
That scolds against the quality of fleth,
And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee

Finding your pains contrariest, try
New expedients, that shach your thin
Roofs and paint.

To contrary is an old verb.
Leysner relates, that when he
to court, he was advis'd
not to contrary the king.

men's spurring.] Han-
mer reads spurring, properly e-
ough, if there be any ancient
example of the word.

that his particular to
foresee[ In this beautiful
passage there is a strange jumble
of metaphors. To smell in order
to foresee, is using the benefit of
the senses in a very absurd way.
The sense too is, as bad as the
expression: Men do not for sake
and betray the public in order to
foresee their own particular ad-
vantenge, but to provide for it.
Foreseeing is not the consequence
of betraying, but one of the
causes of it. Without doubt we
should read

Of him, that, his particular to
foresee,
Smells from the general aveal—
i.e. provide for, secure. Fore-
see has a great force and beauty
in this place, as signifying not
barely to secure, but to make a
previous provision for securing.

Warburton

The metaphor is apparently
incongruous, but the sense is
good. To foresee his particular,
is to provide for his private ad-
vantenge, for which he leaves the
right scent of publick good. In hunt-
ing, when hares have crost'd one
another, it is common for some of
the hounds to smell from the gen-
eral aveal, and foresee their own
particular. Shakespeare, who seems
to have been a skilful sportsman,
and has alluded often to falcon-
ry, perhaps alludes here to hunt-
ing.

To the commentator's emen-
dation it may be objected, that
he
Timon of Athens

243

Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd pate ruf-
flans bald,
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat, and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold.—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counsel with more money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief, first. I've given
you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'.nds Athens. Farewell,
Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'ft well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence. Away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him. Strike.

[Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia and
Timandra.

Scene V.

Tim. [Digging.] That nature, being sick of man's
unkindnes,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou

9 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast

Teems,

he used foresend in the wrong
meaning. To foresend is, I
think, never to provide for, but
to provide against. The verbs
compounded with for or fore have
commonly either an evil or ne-
gative fene.

9 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast] This i-
mage it taken from the ancient
statues of Diana Ephesia Multi-
mammia, called σωματος φίλας
μήτρας Μήτρης; and is a very
good comment on these extraor-
dinary
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same metal,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom’d worm;
With all th’ abhorred births below crisp heav’n,
Whereon Hycrion’s quick’ning fire-doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Enfear thy fertile and conception womb,

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man;
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented—O, a root—Dear thanks!

Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,

Whereof

dinary figures. See Mountfau-
con. P’Antiquitex ftiquie, l. 3.
c. 15. He’s adling to the
same representations, calls the
earth ΓΑΙ ΕΥΡΙΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ.

Warburton.

1 — eyeless worm;]
The serpent which we, from the
smallness of his eyes, call the blind
worm, and the Latin, Casria.

2 — below crisp heav’n.] We
should read cript, i.e. vaulted,
from the Latin CRIPTA, a vault.

Warburton.

Mr. Upton declares for cript,
curled, bent, hollow.

Let it no more bring out un-
grateful man.] This is an absurd
reading. Shakespeare wrote,
— bring out to ungrateful man,
i.e. fruits for his sustenance and
support; but let it rather teem
with monsters to his destruction.
Nor is it to be pretended that
this alludes to the fable: For he
is speaking of what the earth
now brings forth; which thought
he repeats afterwards,

Dry up thy barrow’d vein,
and plow-torn leas, &c.

Warburton.

It is plain that bring out is bring
forth, with which the following
lines correspond so plainly, that
the commentator may be sus-
ppected of writing his note with-
out reading the whole passage.

4 Dry up thy marrows, veins
and plow-torn leas.] The in-
tegrity of the metaphor absolutely
requires that we should read,

Dry up thy barrow’d vein,
and plow-torn leas.

Mr. Theobald owns that this gives
a new beauty to the verse, yet
as ancient morals follows, mar-
rows might have gone before,
and mean the fat of the land.
That is, because there is a meta-
phor afterwards that suits it, it
may be admitted, tho it violates
the metaphor in the place it is
used.
Whereof ingrateful man with likerish draughts,
And morfels unctuous; greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips,—

**SCENE VI.**

*Enter* Apemantus.*

More man? plague! plague!—

_Apem._ I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

_Tim._ 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consummation catch thee!

_Apem._ This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this Ipade? this place?
This flatter-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flutterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. 

Shame not these woods,

By

used in. But this unhappy critic
never consider'd that men ought
to earn this fat before they eat
it. From this emendation the
Oxford Editor has sprung anoth-
er, and reads,

_Dry up thy Meadow, Vine-
yards._

I cannot concur to cenfure
Theobald as a critic very unhappy.
He was weak, but he was cautios:
finding but little power in
his mind, he rarely ventured far
under its conduct. This
	timidity hindered him from dar-
ing conjectures, and sometimes
hindered him happily.

This passage, among many
others, may pass without change.
The genuine reading is not _mar-
vow, wines_, but _marrows, wines_:

and the sense is this; O, nature!
'tis a fine product men, enfeal thy
womb; but if thou wilt continue
to produce them, at least cease to
pamper them; _dry up thy mar-
rows_ on which they fatten with
unctuous morfels, thy wines which
give them _likerish draughts_, and
thy _plow-torn leas_. Here are ef-
fects corresponding with causes,
_likerish draughts_ with _wines_, and
_unctuous morfels_ with _marrows_,
and the old reading literally pre-
ferrued.

Shame not these woods.] But
how did Timon any more shame
the woods by assuming the cha-
acter of a Cynic, than _Apemau-
tus_ did? The poet certainly
meant to make _Apemantus_ say,

Don't disgrace this _garb_, which
thou
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou waft told thus;
Thou gav'ft thine ears (like tapsters, that bid welcome)
To knaves, and all approachers; 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal. Hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likenes.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Asem. Thou'lt cast away thyself, being like thyself,
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'lt thou,
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'lt out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, candle thy morning tale
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreekful heav'n, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Asem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

shou hast only affected to assume;
and to seem the creature thou art
not by nature, but by the force
and compulsion of poverty. We
must therefore restore,
—Shame not thee weaves.
Aemansus, in several other pas-
fages of the scene, reproaches
him with his change of garb.

Warburton.

This emendation is not worse
nor better than the common
reading.

—the cunning of a carper.] For the Philosophy of a Cynic,
of which see Aemansus was;
and therefore he concludes,
—Do not assume my likenes,
Warburton.

Cunning here seems to signify
counterfeit appearance.

—moist trees.] Hamner
reads very elegantly, mofs'd trees.

Asem.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatt'rest misery.
Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caytiff.
Tim. Why doft thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doft please thyself in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this four cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst Courtier be,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out lives uncertain pomp; is crown'd before;
The one is filling still, never compleat;

Tim. Always a Villain's Office or a Fool's.
Doft please thyself in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?] Mr. Warburton proposes a Correc-
tion here, which, tho' it opposes the Reading of all the
printed Copies, has great justi-
ness and Propriety in it. He
would read;
What! and know't too?
The Reasoning of the Text, as it stands in the Books, is, in
some sort, concluding backward: or rather making a Knave's
and a Villain’s Office different:
which, surely, is absurd. The
Correction quite removes the
Aburdity, and gives this sensible
Rebuke. “What! Doft thou
please thyself in vexing me,
"and at the same time know it"
to be the Office of a Villain
"or Fool." Theobald.
Such was Dr. Warburton's first
conjecture, but afterwards he
adopted Sir T. Hanmer's con-
jecture, what a knave thou; but
there is no need of alteration.
Timon had just called Apemantus
fool, in consequence of what he
had known of him by former
acquaintance; but when Apeman-
tus tells him, that he comes to
vex him, Timon determines that
to vex is either the office of a vil-
lain or a fool; that to vex by de-
sign is villany, to vex without
design is folly. He then properly
asks Apemantus whether he takes
delight in vexing, and when he
answers, ye, Timon replies, what,
and knave too? I before only
knew thee to be a fool, but I
now find thee likewise a knave.
I his seems to be so clear as not
to stand in need of a comment.
9 —is crown'd before.] Arrives sooner at high wits; that
is, at the completion of its wits.

Vol. VI. R 4 The
The other, at high wish. Best states, contentless, Have a distracted and most wretched Being; Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but followed

1 —by his breath,—] It means, I believe, by his counsel, by his direction.
2 —but bred a dog.] Alluding to the word Civic, of which feel Apeomanus was. WARB.
3 Hadst thou, like us] There is in this speech a fallen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the manhandler. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter written by the earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence.

"God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but successors to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think therefore, dear earl, that I have flaked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, there is no peace to the ungodly.

* From infancy. Swareth is the dress of a new-born child.
5 —precepts of respect,—] Of obedience to laws.
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself, 5 who had the world as my confectionary,  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employments  
That numberless upon me fluck, as leaves  
Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush  
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows. I to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden.  
Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time  
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate  
men?  
They never flatter'd thee. What haft thou giv'n?  
If thou wilt curse, thy father * that poor rag,  
Must be thy subject, who in spight put stuff  
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! Be gone—  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
6 Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.  
Apen. Art thou proud yet?  
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.  
Apen. I, that I was no prodigal.  

5 — But myself;] The connection here requires some attention. * But is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adverative particle refers to the two first lines.  
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm  
With favour never classt; but bred a dog.  
— — But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary, &c.  
The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion.  

* — that poor rag.] If we read poor rogue, it will correspond rather better to what follows.  
6 Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apenantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condems.  
Dr. Warburton explains worst by lowest, which somewhat weakens the sentence, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.
TIMON OF ATHENS:

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
—That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it.

[Offering him another.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apcm. So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Apcm. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt.
Tell them there, I have gold. Look, so I have.

Apcm. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apcm. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o'days, Aperantius?

Apcm. Where my stomach finds meat; or rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my

Apcm. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Apcm. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in
thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee 7 for too
much curiosity, in thy rags thou knowest none, but
art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for
thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apcm. Doft hate a medlar?

7 for too much curiosity;] i. e. The Oxford Editor alters it to
for too much finical delicacy. courtesie. WARBURTON.
Timon of Athens. 251

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apen. An th' hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apen. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apen. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men, are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apenantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apen. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

Apen. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would besige thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspezt thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the as; if thou wert the as, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflic thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would

8 Ay, though it look like thee.] Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenour of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would expect him to have answered, Yes, for it looks like thee. The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it, I, though it look like thee. Perhaps we should read, I thought it look'd like thee.

9 The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree;
would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldest be kill'd by the horse; wer't thou a horse, thou wouldest be seiz'd by the leopard; wer't thou a leopard, thou wert German to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and feest not thy los in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the asf broke the wall, that thou art out of the City?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. The Plague of Company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what elle to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a Beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. ¹ Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. ² Would, thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

³ A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speakeft.

tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. Giffur Hist. Anim.

HANMER.

¹ Thou art the cap, &c.] i.e. the property, the bubble.

WARBURTON.

I rather think, the top, the principal.

The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit.

² A Plague on thee!

Apem. —Thou art too bad to curse.] In the former Editions, this whole Verse was placed to Apemantus: by which, absurdly, he was made to curse Timon, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse.

THEOBALD.
TIMON OF ATHENS. 253

Tim. If I name thee.—I'll beat thee, but I should
infect my hands.

Aepem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Cheoler does kill me, that thou art alive:
I swoon to see thee.

Aepem. 'Would, thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee.

Aepem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Aepem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[Aepamantus retreats backward, as going.
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But ev'n the meer necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph;
That death in thee at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

'Whole blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible God,
That foldrest close impossibilities,
And mak'est them kifs! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! Oh, thou Touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

'Twixt natural son and fire!]

Αιδ τιτον ηι αδελφοι
Αιδ τιτον έ τοχοις. ANAC.

't Whose blush doth thaw the
consecrated snow, That lies on Dian's lap!—]

The imagery is here exquisitely
beautiful and sublime. W A R E.

Aepem.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Apem. 'Would 'twere so.
But not 'till I am dead! I'll say, thou haft gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.
Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.—
Apem. Live, and love thy misery!
Tim. Long live so, and so die! I am quit.

* More things like men—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Scene VII.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The more want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Thief. True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens' sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, 'you want much of meat.

Why

* More thing like men—] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Hamer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unskillfully, but with unwarrantable licence.

5 —you want much of meat.] Thus both the Player and poetical editors have given us this passage; quite sand-blind, as ho-
TIMON OF ATHENS. 255

Why should you want? behold, 6 the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth an hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips: The bounteous huswife nature on each bush Lays her full meats before you. Want? why want?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes; You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are thieves profest, that you work not In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascals, thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape, 'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician, His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob, 8 takes wealth and life together.

nef Launcelot says, to our Author's Meaning. If these poor Thieves wanted Meat, what greater Want could they be curs'd with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant, the Poet wrote,

— you want much of meet. i.e. Much of what you ought to be: much of the Qualities befiting you as human Creatures.

Theobald.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads, you want much of men. They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are men that much do want. Here is an ambiguity between much want and want of much. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their greatest want is, that, like other men, they want much of meat; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, Want? why want?

What need is there now of emendation?

6 —the earth bath roots; &c ]

Vile elus. et duris hareniva
mora rubetis
Pugnantis stomachi compusaere
famen:

Flumina vicina: simul fugit.

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions.

7 In limited professions. — ] Limited, for legal. Warburton.

8 —takes wealth and life together. ] Hanmer. The first copy has,

—take we life and lives together. The later editors gave it,

—take wealth and live together.
256 TIMON OF ATHENS.

Do villany, do, since you professe to do't, 
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievry. 
The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction 
Rob the vast Sea. The Moon's an arrant thief, 
And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun. 
9 The Sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves 
The Moon into salt tears. The earth's a thief, 
That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln 
From gen'rall excrements. Each thing's a thief. 
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power 
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves, away, 
Rob one another. There's more gold; cut throats; 
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go, 
Break open shops, for nothing can you steal 
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this 
I give you, and gold confound you howsoever! Amen. 
[Exit.

3 Thief. H'as almost charm'd me from my profession, 
by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he 
thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Thief.

9 The Sea's a thief, whose li-
cuid surge resolves 
The Moon into salt tears.—[The Sea melting the Moon into tears, is, I believe, a secret in philosophy, which no body but Shakespeare's deep Editors ever dream'd of. There is another opinion which 'tis more rea-
able to believe that our Author may allude to, aix., that the faltness of the Sea is caused by 
several ranges, or Mounds of rock-
salt under water, with which 
refusing liquid the Sea was im-
pregnated. This I think a suf-
cient authority for changing Moon into Mounds. WARD.

I am not willing to receive mounds, which would not be un-
derstood but by him that had fug-
getted it. The moon is suppos'd 
to be humd, and perhaps a source 
of humidity, but cannot be re-
joined by the surge of the sea. 
Yet I think moon is the true read-
ing. Here is a circulation of 
thievvery described: the sun, moon 
and sea, all rob, and are robbed.

'Tis in the malice of man-
kind, that he thus advises us; not 
to have us thrive in our mystery.] 
i.e. 'Tis the common malice of 
mankind that makes One give 
such advice to Another, as may 
prove to his Detriment. One 
would think this easy enough.
But the Oxford Editor reads, 'is 
in
TIMON OF ATHENS.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my trade.
1 Thief. * Let us first see peace in Athens.
2 Thief. There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. 

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods, and Timon’s Cave.

Enter Flavius.

Oh, you Gods!
Is you despis’d and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and failing?
Oh, monument and wonder of good deeds,
Evilly bestow’d!

3 What change of honour desp’rate want has made?

in his malice to mankind, that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery. Which is making compleat nonfence of the whole reflection: For if Timon gave this advice, out of his malice to his species, he was in earnest, and so far from having any design that they should not thrive in their mystery, that his utmost wish was that they might.

Warburton.

Hammer’s emendation, though not necessary, is very probable, and very unjustly charged with nonfence. The reason of his advice, says the thief, is malice to mankind, not any kindness to us, or desire to have us thrive in our mystery.

* Let us first see peace in Athens, &c.] This and the concluding little speech have in all the editions been placed to one speaker: But, ’tis evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the second thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade.

Warburton.

3 What change of honour desp’rate want has made?]

We should read,

What change of humour—

Warburton.

The original copy has, what an alteration of honour has desp’rate want made. The present reading is certainly better, but it has no authority. To change honour to humour is not necessary. A change of honour, is a change of an honorable state to a state of disgrace.
Warburton.

In defiance of this criticism I have ventured to replace the former reading, as more suitable to the general spirit of the scene, and as free from the absurdities charged upon it. It is plain that in this whole speech friends and enemies are taken only for those who profess friendship and enmity; for the friend is supposed not to be more kind but more dangerous than the enemy. In the emendation *that would mischief* are placed in opposition to *that would woo*, but in the speaker's intention *that would mischief* is more appropriate than *that would woo*. The sense is, Let me rather *woo* or **care** *that would mischief*, that profess to me mischief, than *those that really do mischief under false professions ofkindness*. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: **Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.** This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage.
Timon comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why dost thou ask that? I have forgot all men. Then, if thou grantest that thou art a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest man about me, all I kept were *knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The Gods are witness, Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, dost thou weep? Come nearer, then I love thee, Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping; Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord, T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts, To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward So true, so just, and now so comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.

—Let

* Knave is here in the compound sense of a servant and a rascal.

7 —Pity's sleeping; I do not know that any correction is necessary, but I think we might read,
eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter,
pity sleeping.

Fre never flow (to give is to dif-
olve as saline bodies in moist
weather) but by lust or laughter, undisturbed by emotions of pity.

8 It almost turns my dangerous nature wild. i.e. It almost turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature: for, by dangerous nature, is meant wild-natured. Shakespeare wrote,

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild. i.e. It almost reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that,
—Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual, sober Gods! I do proclaim
One honest man. Mistake me not. But one;
No more, I pray; and he's a f对待ward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself; but all, save thee,
I fell with curfes.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise,
For, by oppressing and be raving me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service;
For many to arrive at second matters,
Upon their first Lord's neck. But tell me true,
For I must ever doubt, tho' ne'er so sure,
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
A ufuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flcis. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and Suspect, a'as, are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feai;
Suspect still comes, where an estate is leaff,
That which I shew, heav'n knows, is meerly love,
Duty. and zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

he puts in a caution immediately
after, that he makes an except-

Warburton.

This emendation is speious,
but even this may be controver-
ed. To turn said is to distrust.
An appearance so unexpected,
says Timon, almost turns my jo-

veur out to destruction. Accord-

ingly, he examines with nicey
left his phrenzy should deceive
him.

Let me behold thy face. Surely
this man

Warburton.

W as born of woman.

And to this suppos'd disorder
of mind he alludes,

Perpetual, sober, Gods!—

Ye powers whose intellects are
out of the reach of perturbation.
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so. Thou singly honest man, Here, take. The Gods out of my misery Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy, But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men, Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none, But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone, Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em, 'Debts wither 'em. Be men like blasted woods, And may diseases lick up their false bloods. And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curst,
Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free; Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet.

9—from men.] Away from human habitations.

1—Debts wither.] Debts wither them to nothing.

2—Enter Poet and Painter.] The poet and the painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him, could see them: But the scenes of the thieves and the steward have pass'd before their arrival, and yet pass'd, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the poet and painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order; for the painter alludes to the thieves, when he says, he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. This impropriety is now heighten'd by placing the thieves in one act, and the poet and painter in another: but it must be remembered, that
Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him; he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a trial of his friends?

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his Cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

1 in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration.

2 the deed is] In the old edition, the deed of saying is quite out of use.
Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. *It must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulence.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him. Then do we sin against our own estate, When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:
*While the day serves, before black-corner'd night, Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light. Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a God's gold, that he is worshipped In bafer temples, than where Swine do feed! 'Tis thou that rigg'lt the bark, and plow'ft the foam, Settlest admired rev'rence in a slave. To thee be Worthy, and thy saints for aye Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey! —'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted, Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off, Whose thankless natures, (oh abhorred spirits!)

---

4 it must be a personating of himself; Personating, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person. WARB.
5 While the day serves, before black-corner'd night, We should read,

—black-cornette night. A cornette is a woman's head-dress for the night. So in another place he calls her, black-brow'd night. WARBURTON.

Black-corner'd night is probably corrupt, but black cornette can hardly be right, for it should be black-cornetted night. I cannot propose any thing, but must leave the place in its present state.
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. * Let it go naked, men may see't the better;
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travel'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I require
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men. You've heard, that I have
gold;
I'm sure, you have. Speak truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my friend. nor I.

Tim. Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens; thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say. And for thy fiction,

[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault;

* Let it go naked, men may see't the better.] The humour of
this reply is incomparable. It
insinuates not only the highest
contempt of the flattery in par-
ticular, but this useful lesson in
general, that the images of things
are clearest seen through a sim-
plicity of phrase; of which in
the words of the precept, and in
those which occasion'd it, he has
given us examples. W A R B.

Mar-
TIMON OF ATHENS. 265

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither with I,
You take much pains to mend.

*Bath.* Befeech your Honour

To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Bath.* Most thankfully, my Lord.

*Tim.* Will you; indeed?

*Bath.* Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

*Bath.* Do we, my Lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,
Know his gros patchery, love him, and feed him;
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd,
That he's *a made up villain.*

*Pain.* I know none such, my Lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well. I'll give you gold.
Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them 7 in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

*Bath.* Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this. *But two in
company—
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

*—a mad-up villain ] That is, a villain that adopts qualities
and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite.
7—*in a draught,* That is, in the jakes.
8—*But two in company—* That is, to be supplied thus, But

two in company, f'or's all. *Warn.*
This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: but
two in company, that is, stand a-
part, let 'em two be together; for even when each stands single
there are two, he himself and a
villain.

But
TIMON OF ATHENS.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves,
You have work for me; there is your payment. Hence!
You are an Alchymist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs! [Beating, and driving 'em out.

SCENE III.

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon:
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part, and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his Cave,
Peace and Content be here. Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends. Th' Athenians
By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee.
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,
and be hang'd!
For each true word a blister, and each false
Be cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. —Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim.
Tim. I thank them. And would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for; ourselves, in thee.
The Senators, with one consent of love,
Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing,

2 Sen. They confes
Tow'd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
And now the publick body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own Fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And sends forth us to make their sorrowed Tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh. Down by the dram,
Ay, ev'n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;

9 And now— ] So Hamner.
The old editions have, which now.

1 Of its own Fall,— ] The Oxford Estor alters Fall to F-alt, not knowing that Shakespeare uses Fall to signify dishonour, not destruction. So in Hamlet,
What a falling off was there!

Warburton.
The truth is, that neither fall means disgrace, nor is fault a necessary emendation. Falling off in the quotation is not disgrace, but defaction. The Athenians had fear, that is, felt the danger of their own fall, by the arms of all the gods.

2—restraining aid to Timon; I think it should be restraining aid; that is, withholding aid that should have been given to Timon.

3 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram; ] This which was in the former editions can scarcely be right, and yet I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompence that our offences cannot outweigh, heaps of wealth down by the dram, or delivered according to the exactest measure. A little disorder may perhaps have happened in transcribing, which may be reformed by reading,

—Ay, ev'n such heaps
And sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee——
TIMON OF ATHENS.

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore I do please thee to return with us,
And of our Athenes, thine and ours, to take
The Captainship; thou shalt be met with thanks,
* Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority.—So shall we soon drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athenes.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon—

Tim. Well, Sir, I will. Therefore I will, Sir. Thus—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he lack fair Athenes,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the flain
Of contumelious, beaftly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuse but tell him, that—I care not.
And let him take't at worst. For their knives I care not,
While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whistle in th'unruly camp,

* Allowed with absolute power.

This is neither Engiş nor sense.

We should read,

Hallow'd with absolute power,
I. e. Thy person shall be held sacred.

For absolute power being an attribute of the Gods, the ancients thought that he who had it in society, was become sacred, and his person inviolable: On which account, the Romans called the Tribunial-power of the Emperors, Sacrosanctus potestas.

WARBURTON.

Allowed is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled. So of a Buffoon in Love's Labour lost, it is said, that he is allowed, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer.

But
TIMON OF ATHENS. 269

But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'th throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosp'rous Gods,
As thieves to keepers,

**Hec.** Stay not. All's in vain.

**Tim.** Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to morrow. *My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still:
Be Alcibiades your plague; you his;
And last so long enough!

1 **Sen.** We speak in vain.

**Tim.** But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 **Sen.** That's well spoke.

**Tim.** Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 **Sen.** These words become your lips, as they pass
thro' them.

2 **Sen.** And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

**Tim.** Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident Throes,
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindness to them, I'll teach them to prevent
Wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 **Sen.** I like this well, he will return again.

**Tim.** I have a Tree, which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
An i shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, *in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please

---

*My long sick

---

**Tim.** The
disease of life begins to promise me a period.

---

Metaphorically, from highest to lowest.

To
TIMON OF ATHENS.

To stop affliction, let him take his Haste;
Come hither, ere my Tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself—I pray you, do my Greeting.

Flav. Vex him no further, thus you still shall find

him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to Athenes;
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a-day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come,
And let my grave stone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amis, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be mans' works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his Reign.

[Exit Timon.

1 Sen. His discontents are unremoveably coupled to
his nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Sen. THOU hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?
Mes. I have spoke the least.

"In our dear peril.] So the language of that time, signified
Feiide, and rightly. The Ox-
dead, and is so used by Shake-
ford Editor alters dear to dead, fear in numberless places.
not knowing that dear, in the

WAREURTON.

Bé-
Besides, his expedition promises
Present Approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's Cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowship 'th' Cause against your City,
In par. for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Sen. Here come our Brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' Drum is heard, and fearful Scouring
Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foe's the snare. [Exeunt:

SCENE V.

Changes to the Woods.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho.—No answer?—
What is this?—
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span;
Some beast read this; here does not live a man.

Dead,

We should read,

Some beast read this; here does not live a man.] Some
beast read what? The soldier had
yet only seen the rude pile of
earth heap'd up for Timon's grave,
and not the Inscription upon it.
TIMON OF ATHENS:

Dead, sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our Captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days;
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Who's Fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers.

Alc. SOUN D to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible Approach.

[Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the wall.
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice. 'Till now myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your Power,
Have wander'd with our 
traverst arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries,

beast inhabiting the woods; and
such a cavity, as either must have
been so over-arched, or hap-
pened by the casual falling in of
the ground. WARBURTON.

Notwithstanding this remark,
I believe the old reading to be
the right. The soldier had only
seen the rude heap of earth. He
had evidently seen something
that told him Timon was dead;
and what could tell that but his
tomb? The tomb he sees, and
the inscription upon it, which
not being able to read, and finding
none to read it for him, he
exclaims peevishly, some beast
read this, for it must be read,
and in this place it cannot be
read by man.

There is something elaborately
unskillful in the contrivance of
sending a soldier, who cannot
read, to take the epitaph in wax,
only that it may close the play
by being read with more solemn-
ity in the last scene.

8—traverst arms,—] Arms
acros.

9—the time is 

A

bird is 

when his feathers
are grown, and he can leave the
nest. 
Flus is mature.

1 When crouching marrow in
the bearer strong
Cris, of itself, no more.] The
mar-
TIMON OF ATHENS. 273

Cries, of itself, no more; now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
And purdy Infolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear;
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message, and by promis'd means,
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs, nor are they such,
That these great tow'r's, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath

mearrow was supposed to be the
original of strength. The image is
from a camel kneeling to take
up his load, who rises immedi-
ately when he finds he has as much
laid on as he can bear. Warb.

1 Above their quantity. Their
refers to rages. Warb.

—So did we woo Transformed Timon to our City's
Love

By humble Message, and by promis'd means: ] Promis'd
Means must import the recruiting
his funk Fortunes; but this is
Vol. VI.

not all. The Senate had wooed
him with humble Message, and
Promise of general Reparation.
This seems included in the flight
change which I have made——
and by promis'd mend—Thos.

Dr. Warburton agrees with
Mr Thebali, but the old-
reading may well stand.

4 Shame, that they wanted
Cunning in Excess,
Hath broke their Hearts.] i. e.
in other Terms.—Shame, that
they were not the cunning it
Men alive, hath been the Cauie
of
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble Lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes, take thou the destin’d tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenge. Crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th’ infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to’t with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir’d gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou’lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine Honour else,
of their Death. For Cunning in
Excess must mean this or nothing.
O brave Editors! They had
heard it said, that too much Wit
in some Cafes might be dangerous,
and why not an absolute
Want of it? But had they the
Skill or Courage to remove one
perplexing Comma, the easy and
genuine Sense would immedi-
ately arise. "Shame in Excess (i.
"e. Extremity of Shame) that
"they wanted Cunning (i.e. that
"they were not wise enough
"not to banish you;) hath broke
"their Hearts." Theobald.

I have no wish to disturb the
manes of Theobald, yet think
some emendation may be of-
fered that will make the con-
struction less harsh, and the sen-
tence more serious. I read,
"Shame that they wanted coming
in excess
Hath broke their hearts.
Shame which they had so long
wanted, at last coming in its
most excess.

5 —not square—] Not regular,
not equitable.

That
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have feal'd thy full desire.

_Alt._ Then there's my glove;
Defend, and open your * uncharged ports;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own;
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, † not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied to publick laws
At heaviest answer.

_Both._ 'Tis most nobly spoken.

_Alt._Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

_Sol._ My noble General, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' th' sea;
And on the grave-stone this inscription, which
With wax I brought away; whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Ancibades reads the epitaph.]

_Here lies a wretched coarse, of wretched soul bereft,
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!_

_Here lie I Timon, who all living men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fall, but pass, and stay not here thy gait._

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Tho' thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,

*—uncharged ports; † not a man

_is, unguarded gates._

_Note:— not his quarter._

That a soldier shall quit his station, or
be let loose upon you; and if any
commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law.

_T 2_ Scorn'dst
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplet,
which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On—Faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble Timon, of whose memory
Hereafter more—Bring me into your City,
And I will use the Olive with my Sword;
Make war breed Peace; make Peace stint War; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.
—Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.

6 — our brain's flow.—] Ham-mer and Dr. Warburton read
brain's flow.

7 —— yet rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low Grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, of whose Memory
Hereafter more.—] All the E-
ditors, in their Learning and Sagacity, have suffer'd an unac-
countable Aburdity to pass them in this Passage. Why was Ne-
tune to weep on Timon's Faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what
Faults had Timon committed, ex-
cept against his own Fortune and happy Situation in Life? But
the Corruption of the Text lies only in the bad Pointing, which
I have disengaged, and restored to the true Meaning. Akibia-
des's whole Speech, as the Edit-
ors might have observ'd, is in
Breaks, betwixt his Reflections on Timon's Death, and his Ad-
dress to the Athenian Senators:
and as soon as he has commen-
ted on the Place of Timon's Grave, he bids the Senate set forward;
tells 'em, he has forgiven their Faults; and promises to use them
with Mercy. Theobald.

THE play of Timon is a do-
melick Tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the
attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but
the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact.
The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that
ostentatious liberality, which
scatters bounty, but confers no
benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this Tragedy are many pas-
sages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have
endeavoured to rectify or explain with due diligence; but having
only one copy, cannot promise
myself that my endeavours will
be much applauded.

T I T U
TITUS

ANDRONICUS.
Dramatis Personæ.

Saturninus, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

Bassianus, Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.

Marcus,

Quintus,

Lucius,

Murius,

Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.

Sempronius.

Alarbus,

Chiron,

Demetrius,

Aaron, a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.

Captain, from Titus's Camp.

Æmilius, a Messenger.

Goths, and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.

Lavinia, Daughter to Titus Andronicus; Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

Scene, Rome; and the Country near it.

The editions of this play are,

Quarto. 1594. For Edward Quarto. 1611. I have the two latter editions.

Folio. 1623.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in ROME.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door; and Bassianus and his followers, at the other, with drum and Colours.

SATURNINUS.

Noble Patricians, Patrons of my Right;
Defend the justice of my Cause with arms;
And Countrymen, my loving Followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.

I am the first-born Son of him, that last
Wore the imperial Diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bef. Romans, friends, fol'wers, favourers of my Right,
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,

It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism.
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th’ imperial Seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman Empery,
Chosen Andronicus, sur-named Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city-walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barb’rous Goths;
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoak’d a nation strong, train’d up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies’ pride. Five times he hath return’d
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with Honour’s Spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his Name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senate’s Right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Flead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my thoughts!
Titus Andronicus

Bsf. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine;
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich Ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my Cause in balance to be weighed.

[Exeunt Soldiers.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
Right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person and the Cause;
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bsf. Tribunes!—And Me, a poor Competitor.

[They go up into the Senate-house.

Scene II.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way. The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumstanced with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Sound
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. 2Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds! Lo, as the Bark, that hath discharg'd her freight, Returns with precious lading to the bay, From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage; Cometh Andronicus with laurel boughs, To re-salute his Country with his tears; Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

—2 Thou great Defender of this Capitol, Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend! Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons, Half of the number that King Priam had, Behold the poor Remains, alive and dead! These, that survive, let Rome reward with love; These, that I bring unto their latest home, With burial among their Ancestors. Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword: Titus, unkind, and careles of thine own, Why suffer'st thou thy Sons, unburied yet, To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx? Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[They open the Tomb.

—There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,

2 Hai', Rome, victorious in thy mourning Weeds! 2 I suspect that the poet wrote, —in my mourning Weeds.

i.e. Titus would say; Thou, Rome, art victorious, tho' I am a mourner for those sons which I have left in obtaining that victory. WARBURTON.

3 Thy is as well as my. We may suppose the Romans, in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mourning habits.

3 Jupiter, to whom the capitol was sacred.

And
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars.
—O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?
Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives;
The eldest son of this distressed Queen.
Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son;
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy Triumphs and Return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for King and Common-weal
Were Piety in thine, it is in these;
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
Tit. Patient yourself, Madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a Sacrifice;
To this your son is markt, and die he must,
T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
Titus Andronicus

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius,
with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, Madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,

The self-same Gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in her Tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Gotbs,
When Gotbs were Gotbs, and Tamora was Queen,
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopt;
And intrails feed the sacrificing fire;
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.

* The self-same Gods, that
arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp re-
venge
Upon the Thracian Tyant in
his Tent, &c.; I read, against the Authority of all the Copies,
in her Tent; i.e. in the
Tent where she and the other Trojan Captive Women were kept: for thither Hecuba by a
Wile had decoy'd Polyncefor, in order to perpetrate her Revenge. This we may learn from Euri-
pid's Hecuba; the only Au-
thor, that I can at present re-
member, from whom our Wri-
ter must have glean'd this Cir-
cumstance. THEOBALD.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

SCENE III.

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long,
My noble Lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The Cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!

Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,

5 And Fame's eternal date for virtue's praise!

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumph her in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, Nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame;
Fair Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

5 And fame's eternal date for virtue's praise!'] This absurd with is made sense of by changing end into in. WARD.
To live in fame's date is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression.
To outlive an eternal date is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

That
That hath aspire'd to Solon's happiness;
And triumphs over chance, in Honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliatament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With these our late-deceased Emperor's sons;
Be Candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with Proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up Rule, resign my life,
And set abroach new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In Right and Service of their noble Country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to controul the world.
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it left.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me Right.
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
'Till Saturninus be Rome's Emperor.

Andronicus, were thou were slipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the Good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee.

Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Baj. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee.
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and Thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable-meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus
And gratulate his safe Return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this Common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—Long live our Emperor!

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great Emperor;
And say,—Long live our Emperor Saturnine!

[A long Flourish, 'till they come down.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empress,
Rome's royal Mistres, Mistres of my heart,
And in the sacred Panteon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace;
And here in sight of Rome, to Saturninus,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial Lord.
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honour's Ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor;
To him, that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would chuse, were I to chuse anew.
—Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome;
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, who comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord; fithe true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtefy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;
Proclaim our honours, Lords, with trump and drum.

Basf. Lord Titus, by your Leave, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earneft then, my Lord?
Basf. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this Reason and this Right.

[The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.

Mar. Suum cuique is our Roman justice:
This Prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! Where is the Emperor's Guard?
Treason, my Lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.
Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bass. By him, that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.

SCENE IV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My Lord, you pass not here——

Tit. What! villain-boy,
Barr'ft me my way in Rome? [Titus kills Mutius.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Luc. My Lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock,
I'll trust by leisure him, that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a Stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'ft, I begg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways. Go give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;

changing piece.] Spoken it is now, used personally as a
of Lavinia. Piece was then, as word of contempt.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the Commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phebe 'mong her Nymphs,
Doth over-shine the gallant Art Dames of Rome;
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I chose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of Rome.

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,
(Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenius stands.)
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of heav'n to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Pantheon; Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
——Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?
Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. Oh, Titus, see, oh, see, what thou hast done! In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no. No son of mine, Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed, That hath dishonour'd all our family; Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes; Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb; This Monument five hundred years hath stood, Which I have sumptuously re-edifis; Here none but soldiers, and Rome's Servitors, Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls. Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord, this is impiety in you; My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him: He must be buried with his brethren.

[Titus's sons speak.

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? what villain was it spoke that word? [Titus's son speaks.

Quin. He, that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight? Mar. No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, ev'n thou haft struck upon my Crest, And with these boys mine Honour thou haft wounded. My foes I do repute you every one, So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, 'till Mutius' bones be buried.

[The brother and the sons kneel.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble Nephew here in virtue’s nest,
That died in honour, and Lavinia’s cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That flew himself, and wife Laertes’ son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr’d his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.
The dismall’st day is this, that e’er I saw,
To be diihonour’d by my sons in Rome.
Well; bury him, and bury me the next.
[They put him in the tomb.
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
’Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!
[They all kneel, and say;
—No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue’s cause.
Mar. My Lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it, that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc’d in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
If by device or no, the heav’ns can tell.
Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good Turn so far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.
SCENE VI.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door. At the other door, Baffianus and Lavinia with others.

Sat. So, Baffianus, you have plaid your prize; God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Baf. And you of yours, my Lord; I say no more, Nor with no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power, Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Baf. Rape call you it, my Lord, to seize my own, My true-betrothed love, and now my wife? But let the laws of Rome determine all; Mean while I am possessor of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very short with us, But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Baf. My Lord, what I have done, as best I may, Answer I must, and shall do with my life; Only thus much I give your Grace to know, By all the duties which I owe to Rome, This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here, Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd; That in the rescue of Lavinia, With his own hand did slay his youngest son, In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath To be controul'd in that he frankly gave; Receive him then to favour, Saturnine; That hath express'd himself in all his deeds, A father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Baffianus, leave to plead my deeds, 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me; Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge, How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever Tamora Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

U 3 Then
Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all;
And at my suit, Sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my Lord; the Gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whole fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him,
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain Suppose,
Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontent:
You are but newly planted in your Throne;
Left then the People and Patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part;
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which Romes repute to be a heinous sin,
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone;
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know, what 'tis to let a
Queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—

Come, come, sweet Emperor,—come, Andronicus—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her. My Lord,
These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily:
And must advise the Emperor for his good.

This
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus,
And let it be my honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have past
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, Lords, and you, Lavinia,
By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to Heaven and to his High-
ness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be
friends.

The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure, as death, I swore,
I would not part a batchelor from the priest.

Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two brides;
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends;
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To morrow an it please your Majesty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your Grace Bon-jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and grammercy too. [Exeunt.
ACT II.  

SCENE I.

Before the PALACE.

Enter Aaron alone.

AARON.

NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having girt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiac in his blithe coach,
And over-looks the higheste-peering hills;
So Tamora——

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue floops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fix thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistrels,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haft prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
Away with loathsome weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this Queen,
This Goddess, this Semiramis;—this Queen,

7 In the quarto the direction is, manet Aaron, and he is before made to enter with Tamor: though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act.

8 Upon her wit—] We should read,

Upon her will——

WARBURTON.

I think wit, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right.

This
This Syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

**SCENE II.**

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with Braves;
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!—These lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desp'rate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [They draw.

Aar. Why, how now, Lords?
So near the Emperor's Palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a Quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The Cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the Court of Rome.
For shame, put up———

Chi.
Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thumbt these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

L.c. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spokeen coward! thou thousandst with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Ae. Away, I say—
Now by the Gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty Brabble will undo us all;
Why, Lords—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a Prince's right?
What is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or is shams to degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?
Young Lords, beware—and should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Cbi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

D.m. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice;
Lavinia is thy elder brother's hope.

Aer. Why, are ye mad! or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this Device.

Cbi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her whom I love.

Aer. To achieve her—how?

D.m. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

9 Not I, till I have sheath'd,
[This speech, which has been all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Ch.iron, wore both given to the wrong speaker. For it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful speeches on the other. Warb.
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a thrieve, we know.
Tho' Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [Aside.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
   court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Cbi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou haft hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye—and are you such fools,
To Value for this? would it offend you then
That both should speed!

Cbi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you
   jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
You must perforce accomplishest as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love;
A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest-walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented Plots there are,
TITUS ANDRONICUS:
First by kind for rape and villany;
Sing! you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Emperors with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance confereate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The Emperor's Court is like the House of Fame,
The Palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears;
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye;
And revel in Lavinia's Treasury.
_Cei_ Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.
_Dem._ _Sit fes aut nefas_ 'till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
_Per Styga, per Manes vebor._

"—by kind—" That is, by _nature_, which is the old signification of _kind._
SCENE III.

Changes to a Forest.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with bounds and borns, and Marcus.

Tit. The Hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,
And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the Court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's person carefully;
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of bounds, and wind borns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty.
—Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

2 The division of the play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun.

—The morn is bright and gray; i.e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but gray which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford Editor alters gray to gay.

W. Warburton.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman Hunting. [To Tamora,

Mar. I have dogs, my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to a desert part of the Forest.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree;
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the Empress’ chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look’st thou sad
When every thing doth make a gleeeful baist?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,

* That have their alms, &c.] come at this gold of the empress,
This is obscure. It seems to
mean only that they who are to

The
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And whilst the babbling Echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double Hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandring Prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber;
Whilast hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aor. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unrowl
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the Empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heav'n than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philiomel must lose her tongue to day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted scrawl;
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life.

Aor.
SCENE V.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Baf. Whom have we here? Rome's royal Empress? Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops? Or is it Dian, habited like her, Who hath abandoned her holy groves, To see the general Hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps: Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had, Thy Temples should be planted presently With horns, as was Aetem's; and the hounds Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs, Unmannerly Intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress, 'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning; And to be doubted, that your Moor and you Are singled forth to try experiments. Save shield your husband from his hounds to-day! 'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Baf. Believe me, Queen, your s Jiwarth Cimmerian Doth make your honour of his body's hue, Spotted, detest'd, and abominable. Why are you sequestred from all your train? Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed, And wandred hither to an obscure plot, Accompanied with a barbarous Moor, If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport, Great reason, that my noble Lord be rated

\[\text{s} — \text{Jiwarth Cimmerian.}\]

\[\text{Jiwarth is black. The Moor is called Cimmerian from the affinity of blackness to darkness.}\]
For fauciness.—I pray you, let us hence.
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BA. The King my brother shall have note of this.

LAV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.

Good King, to be so mightily abus'd!
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious Mother,
Why does your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have t'ic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is.
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unles the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulterers,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

6—noted long.] He had yet been married but one night.

7 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.] This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up.
Titus Andronicus:

That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mother's life;
Or be ye not from hencelorth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs Balianus.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
strength.
[Stabbing him likewise.

Lav. I come, Semiramis;—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name suits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poinard; you shall know, my
boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted Hope she braves your migh-
tines;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an Eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lief.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-prefered honesty of yours.

---

[And with that painted Hope she braves your mightiness;]

Lavinia stands upon her chastity,
And nuptial vow; and upon the
merit of these braves the Queen.
But why are these called a painted cope?
we should read.

And with this painted cope—
i.e. with this gay covering. It
is well expressed. Her reasons
were of a religious nature; and
are therefore called a painted
cope, which is a splendid eccle-
siastic vestment: It might be cal-
led painted, likewise, as indica-
ating that her virtue was only
pretended. Warburton.

Painted hope is only species
hope, or ground of confidence
more plausible than solid.     

Lav.
Lav. O Tamora, thou bear'st a woman's face—
Tam. I will not hear her speak. Away with her.
Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word—
Dem. Listen, fair Madam. Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pity. [To Chiron.
Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a
bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch the lark:
Yet have I heard, Oh could I find it now!
The lion mov'd with pity did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh, be to me, tho' thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her.
Lav. Oh, let me teach thee. For my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Ev'n for his sake am I now pitilefs.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent;
Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. [Laying bold on Tamora.] O Tamora, be call'd a
gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.
Tam. What begg'ft thou then? Fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more, That womanhood denies my tongue to tell; O, keep me from their worse than killing lust, And tumble me into some loathsome pit; Where never man's eye may behold my body: Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee. No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! For thou haft stayed us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no woman-hood? ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confusion fall———

Cki. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth—bring thou her husband; [Dragging off Lavinia. This is the hole, where Aaron bid us hide him.

Tam. Farewel, my sons. See, that you make her fure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed, 'Till all th' Andronici be made away. Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, And let my spleenful sons this Trull deflour. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before; Strait will I bring you to the loathsome pit, Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame, Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while. [Marcus falls into the pit.

Quin.
Quin. What, art thou fallen? what subtile hole is this,
Whole mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning-dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mar. O brother, with the distallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.
Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the King to find them here;
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his Brother.
[Exit Aaron.

SCENE VII.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quin. I am surpriz'd with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart fulcet's, more than mine eye can see.
Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aar and thou, look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by fursomise.
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mar. Lord Bassoanus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detest'd, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know it is he?
Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks;
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Coysus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Baffianus' grave.
—I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee. [Falls in.

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along. With me—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Baffianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest,
He and his lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the north-side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.
Enter Tamora with Attendants; Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord, the King?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev’d with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom doft thou search my wound; Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,
The complott of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man’s face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturninus a letter.

Saturninus reads the letter.

And if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus ’tis we mean;
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know’st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

Oh, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder’d Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Shewing it.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [To Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them ’bide, until we have devis’d
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wond’rous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

X 4

Tit.
Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursèd sons,
Accursèd, if the fault be prov'd in them—
Sat. If it be prov'd! You see, it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. I did, my Lord: yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your Highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them. See, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will intreat the King;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk with them. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE IX.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chri. Write down thy mind, betray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chri. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, or hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chri. If 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.

SCENE
SCENE X.

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my Niece, that flies away so fast? Cousin, a word; where is your husband? If I do dream, 'twould all my wealth would wake me! If I do wake, some planet strike me down, That I may slumber in eternal sleep! Speak, gentle Niece, what stern ungenteel hands Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments, Whole circling shadows Kings have fought to sleep in; And might not gain so great a happiness, As half thy love! why dost not speak to me? Alas, a crimson river of warm blood, Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind, Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips, Coming and going with thy honey breath. But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee; And, lest thou shouldest detect him, cut thy tongue. Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame! And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, As from a conduit with their issuing spouts, Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face, Blushing to be encountered with a cloud. Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so? O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast, That I might rail at him to ease my mind! Sorrow concealed, like an oven flopt, Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is. Fair Philomela, she but loft her tongue, And in a tedious sampler few'd her mind.

4 If I do dream, 'twould all my wealth would wake me! If all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.

But,
But, lovely Niece, that Mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Theseus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
Oh, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in ROME.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Titus.

Hear me, grave fathers; noble Tribunes, stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept,
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd,
And for these bitter tears, which you now see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in Honour's lofty bed.

[Andronicus lieth down, and the judges pass by him.
For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears;
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [Exeunt,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow;
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.

Oh, reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you——

Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, tho' they cannot answer my distressed,
Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, Tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of Tygers;
Tygers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

SCENE II.

Enter Marcus, and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her:
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlest, 6 in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?

6 —in thy father's sight?] We should read, sight. WARB. 

Or
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life,
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use;
Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. 'Tis my Deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead;
For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wildernes of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.

7 It was my Deer;] The play upon Deer and dear has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle, The pale that held my lovely Deer.

Had
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me. What shall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath marry’d thee;
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn’d, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather’d lily almost wither’d.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill’d her husband.

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta’en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are stain’d like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
’Til the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sob’s and weeps.

Mar.
Mar. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark; I understand her signs;
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee,
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss.

SCENE III.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word; that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the Sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

8 Writing Destruction on the enemies' Castle? Oh, none of Both but are of high desert, My hand hath been but idle, let it serve To ransome my two nephews from their death; Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along, For fear they die before their Pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care, Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use the ax.

[Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them both, Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest, And never, whilst I live, deceive men so.

---

8 Writing Destruction on the enemies' Castle?] Thus all the editions. But Mr. The-bald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former Editors at the expense of a great deal of awkward mirth, corrects it to Cage; and this, he says, he'll stand by: And the Oxford Editor, taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close Helmet which covered the whole head, was called a Castillo, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critic as these Editors, says, (in Shetton's translation of 1615,) I know what is a helmet, and what a morion, and what a close Castle, and other things touching warfare, lib. 4. cap. 18. And the original, celada de encuex, has something of the same signification. Shakespeare uses the word again in Troilus and Cressida; Stand fast, and wear a Castle on thy head.

WARBURTON.
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that, you'll say, ere half an hour pass.  [Aside.
[He cuts off Titus's hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dis-
patch'd.

Good Aar. on, give his Majesty my hand.
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villany  [Aside.
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aar. on will have his soul black like his face.  [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call. What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[To Lavinia.

Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit.

9 And do not break into these read, instead of this nonsense,
two extremes.] We should --- woe-extremes.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.
Mar. But yet let reason govern thy Lament.
Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth overflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swol'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea, hark, how her sighs do blow,
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth,
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To eate their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'lt the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back.
Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,

i. e. extremes caused by excessive sorrow. But Mr. Theobald, on his own authority, alters it to
deep, without notice given. W. R. It is deep in the old quarto of 1614.
And yet detested life not shrink thereat;
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest than to breathe.

[Lavinia kisses him.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery! die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber; see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son with this dear fight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I controll thy griefs;
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal fight
The closing up of your most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!—

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed?

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find Revenge's Cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see, what task I have to do—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made;—come, Brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay;
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woful'ft man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewel, proud Rome; 'till Lucius comes again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister,
O, 'would thou wert as thou toefore haft been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturninus and his Empresse
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his Queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a Power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit Lucius.
Scene VI.
An Apartment in Titus's House.
A Banquet.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh;
Then thus I thump it down.——
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To Lavinia.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-fall tears.

Mar. Fy, brother, fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?

1 This scene, which does not contribute anything to the action, yet seems to have the same authour with the rest, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I;
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,—
To bid Aeneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme; no talk of hands,—
Left we remember still, that we have none.
Fy, fy, how frantically I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, Marcus, what she says,
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, merr'd upon her cheeks.
Speechless complaint!—O, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know the meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leavethese bitter, deep, laments;
Make my Aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny!
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother; get thee gone,
I see, thou art not for my company.

2 —by still practice—] By constant or continual practice.

Mar.
Tit. But?—how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting Doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry;
And thou hast kill’d him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, it was a black ill-favour’d fly,
Like to the Emperefs’ Moor; therefore I kill’d him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There’s for thyself, and that’s for Tamora.
Yet still, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Come, take away; Lavinia, go with me;
I’ll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exeunt.

3 And buzz lamenting Doings in the air. Lamenting Doings, is a very idle Expression, and conveys no Idea. I read Do-
ing. The Alteration, which I have made, tho’ it is but the Addition of a single Letter, is a great Increase to the Sense: and tho’, indeed, there is somewhat of a Tautology in the Epitete and Substantive annexed to it, yet that’s no new Thing with our Author. Theobald.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

TITUS'S House.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter Titus, and Marcus.

Boy.

HELP, grandfire, help. My Aunt Lavinia follows me every where, I know not why. Good uncle Marcus, see, how swift she comes. Alas, sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thy Aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, Lucius, somewhat doth she mean.

Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee;

Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory,

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unlesse some fit or phrenzy do poiffe her;

For I have heard my grandfire lay full oft,

Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;

Although, my Lord, I know my noble Aunt

I loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which
Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,
Caufelefs, perhaps; but pardon me, sweet Aunt;
And, Madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come and make choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'n's
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than
one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was;
Or else to heav'n she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she toffes fo?.

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cuil'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her. What would she find? Lavinia, shall I
read?

This is the tragick Tale of Philembl,
And treats of Tercus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the
leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see;

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
O had we never, never, hunted there!
Pattern'd by that the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should Nature build so foul a den,
Unless the Gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet Girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman Lord it was durst do the deed;
Or flunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My Lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.

This sandy Plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
Th's after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curst be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at least,
What God will have discover'd for revenge;

Hear'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.

Tit. Ch, do you read, my Lord, what she hath writ?

Stepnum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful Sons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Mogn Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audis fcelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle Lord; although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to exclains.
My Lord, kneel down with me: Lavinia, kneel,  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's Hope,  
And swear with me, as, with the woeful peer,  
And father, of that chaste dishonoured Dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus fware for Lucrece's rape,  
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths;  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,  
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,  
She's with the lion deeply still in league;  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.  
You're a young Huntsman, Marcus, let it alone;  
And come, I will go get a leaf of braf,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by; the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,  
And where's your lesson then? boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my Lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed chamber should not be safe,  
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
For this ungrateful Country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an' if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.  
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the Emperers' sons  
Prefents, that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.  
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my House;  
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,  
Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on.

[Exeunt.

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,  
And
TITUS ANDRONICUS,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foes’ marks upon his batten’d shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge;
Revenge the Heavens for old Andronicus!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron and Demetrius at one door: and at another door young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.

Chi. D. Emetrius, here’s the Son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandsfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your Honours from Andronicus;
And pray the Roman Gods, confound you Both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what’s the news?

Boy. That you are both decyphered (that’s the news)
For villains mark’d with rape. May it please you,
My grandsfather, well advis’d, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, like bloody villains. [Exit.

4 Revenge the Heav’ns—It should be,
should read,
Revenge thee, Heav’ns!—Ye was by the transcriber taken
WARBURTON. for s*, the.
TITUS ANDRONICUS. 333

Dem. What's here, a scrawl, and written round about?

Let's see.

Integer vitae, secelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Cbi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well:
I read it in the Grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace—right, you have it—

Now, what a thing it is to be an Ass?
Here's no fond jest: th' old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:

But were our witty Emperors well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest a-while.

And now, young Lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome strangers, and more than lo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good before the Palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his Brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good to see so great a Lord

Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Cbi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.

Cbi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the Gods have given us over.

[Aside. Flourish.

Dem.
Titus Andronicus

Dem. Why do the Emp’ror’s trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emp’ror hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Scene III.

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nurse. Good morrow, Lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well. More or les, or ne’er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone:

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?

What dost thou wrap and fumle in thine arms?

Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven’s eye,

Our Emperes’ shame, and stately Rome’s disgrace.

She is deliver’d, Lords, she is deliver’d.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest!

What hath he sent her?


Aar. Why, then she is the Devil’s dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyles, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The Emperes sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal;

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger’s point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a Hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what haft thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou haft undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I’ve done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou haft undone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must, the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my Scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, Younglings, not Enceladus
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the God of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye ale-house painted signs,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
*In that it seems to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Emperors from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it, how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe;
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*In that it seems to bear another hue.

---

* I'll broach the tadpole—] A ther hue: ] We may better broach is a spit. I'll spit the read, tad-pole. In that it seems to bear ano-

---

Dem.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever 'slam'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears,
Fy, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, Lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood, that first gave life to you;
And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is infranchised and come to light;
Nay, he's your brother by the furer side;
Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Emperess?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice.
Save you the child, so we may be all safe.

Aar. Then fit we down, and let us all consult,
My son and I will have the wind of you;
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so; brave Lords. When we all join in

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
The ocean, swells not so as Aaron storms.
But stay again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd Emperess.

Aar. The Emperess, the midwife, and yourself—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the Emperess, tell her, this I said—

They sit on the ground.

[He kills her.

Week,—week!—So cries a pig, prepar'd to th'spit.

Dem.
Titus Andronicus

Dem. What mean‘st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aer. O Lord, Sir, ’tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu’d babling gossip? no, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not this, one Mulites lives, my country-man,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc’d,
And be receiv’d for the Emp’ror’s heir,
To calm this tempesťt whirling in the Court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my Lords, ye see, I have given her physic;
[Pointing to the Nurse.
And you must needs below her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant-grooms.
This done, see, that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

De. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. [Exeunt.

Aer. Now to the Goths, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the Emperefs’ friends.
Come on, you thick-lip’d slave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that put us to our shifts;
I’ll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

6 Go pack with him,—] Pack dern gamesters, to act collu-
here seems to have the meaning of make a bargain. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of mo-

Vol. VI. Z And
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

A Street near the Palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other
Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows
with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the
way.
Sir boy, now let me see your archery.
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras aejrea reliquit—be you remember'd, Marcus—
She's gone, she's fled—Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, cousins, shall go found the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land——
No, Publius and Sempronius; you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver this petition,
Tell him it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with forrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome!—Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and, pray, be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh Publius, is not this a heavy toil,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?
Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,  
By day and night t'attend him carefully,  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
'Till time beget some careful remedy.  

Mar. Kinmen, his sorrows are past remedy:  
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.  

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters,  
What, have you met with her?  

Pub. No, my good Lord, but Pluto sends you word,  
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.  
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,  
He thinks, with Jove in heav'n, or somewhere else,  
So that performe you need must play a time.  

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays;  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.  

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,  
But metal, Marcus, steal to th' very back;  
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can  
bear.

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heav'n, and move the Gods,  
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:  
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, Marcus.  
[He gives them the arrows.

Ad Jovem, that's for you—here, ad Apollinem—  
Ad Martem, that's for myself;  
Here, boy, to Pallas—here, to Mercury—  
To Saturn and to Cælus—not to Saturnine—  
You were as good to shoot against the wind.  
To it, boy; Marcus—loose when I bid:  
O' my word, I have written to effect.

7 Yet wrong with wrongs,—] To wring a horse is to press or  
strain his back.

There's
TI TTUS AND MONICUS.

There's not a God left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court.

We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [They shoot.

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh, well said, Lucius;

Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my Lord; when Publius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,

That down fell both the ram's horns in the Court,

And who should find them but the Emp'rs' villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not chuse

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your Lordship joy!

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice, what says Jupiter?

Clown. Who? the gibbet-maker? he says, that he

hath taken them down again, for the man must not be

hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, Sir, I know not Jupiter,

I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clown. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there.

God forbid, I should be so bold to pres into heav'n in

my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons
to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl
betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for

your.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado, but give your pigeons to the Emperor.

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then, here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir. Let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration.

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant;

And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me, what he says.

Clown. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.

[Exeunt.]
WHY, Lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen
An Emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know, as do the mighty Gods,
However the disturbers of our peace
But what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the God of war;
Sweet scrools, to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll to awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'ft conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, most lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the beft,
For these contempt. Why, thus it shall become [Aside:
High-witted Tamora to glose with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wife,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter Clown.

How, now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?
Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your Mistresship be Empirical.
Tam. Emperefs I am, but yonder fits the Emperor.
Clown. 'Tis he. God and St. Stephen give you good Even:
I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[The Emperor reads the letter.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
Clown. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah, thou must be hang'd.
Clown. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [Exit.

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know, from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne? as if his traiterous sons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ft to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.
Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my Lords; Rome never had more cause;
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a Power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the Conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus,
Who threat in course of his revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius General of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms,
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;
'Tis he, the common people love so much,
Myself hath often over-heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd, that Lucius were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody;

Enter Nuntius Æmilius.] Thus the old books have described this Character. In the Author's Manuscript, I presume, 'twas writ, Enter Nuntius; and they observing, that he is immediately called Æmilius, thought proper to give him his whole Title, and so clapped in Enter Nuntius Æmilius.—Mr. Pope has very critically followed them; and ought, methinks, to have given his new-adopted Citizen Nuntius a place in the Dramatis Personae.
Titus Andronicus

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep.
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not treat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora intreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our ambassador;

[To Αemilius.
Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Αemilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Αemil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[Exeunt.

--- honey stalks to sheep.] is common for cattle to over-
Honey-stalks are clover flowers, charge themselves with clover, which contain a sweet juice. It and die.

Act
ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp, at a small Distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Lucius.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any Icathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronius,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'Il follow, where thou leadst,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omn. And, as he faith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

SCENE II.

Enter a Goth leading Aaron, with his child in his Arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon
TITUS ANDRONICUS. 347

Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controul’d with this discourse:

"Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam.
"Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
"Had Nature lent thee but thy mother’s look,
"Villain, thou might’st have been an Emperor;
"But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
"They never do beget a coal-black calf;
"Peace, villain, peace! (ev’n thus he rates the babe)
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
"Who, when he knows thou art the Emperefs’ babe,
"Will hold thee dearly for thy mother’s fake."
With this, my weap’n drawn, I rush’d upon him,
Surpriz’d him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th’incarnate Devil,
That robb’d Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the Pearl that pleas’d your Emperefs’ eye,
And here’s the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-ey’d slave, whither would’st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of baftardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
A sight to vex the father’s soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Emperefs;

1 Aar. Get me a Ladder. Lu-
cius, save the Child.] All
the printed Editions have given
this whole Verse to Aaron. But
why should the Moor here ask for
a Ladder, who earnestly wanted
to have his Child sav’d?

Theobald.
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but Vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall; and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no God;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not! as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And haft a thing within thee called Conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; (for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him;)—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soever it be,
That thou adorest and haft in reverence,
To save my boy, nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Ev'n by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the Emperor.

Luc. O moft infatiate, luxurious, woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'I was her two sons that murder'd Baffianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.  

Luc. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that triming?  
Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut and trim'd;  
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.  

Luc. Oh, barb'rous beastly villains like thyself!  
Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them. 
That codding spirit had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set;  
That bloody mind, I think, they learnt of me,  
As true a dog as ever fought at head;——  
Well; let my deeds be witness of my worth.  
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,  
Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay:  
I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;  
Confed'rate with the Queen, and her two sons.  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't!  
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,  
And when I had it, drew myself apart,  
And almost broke my heart with extrem laughter.  
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,  
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads!  
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;  
And when I told the Emperors of this sport,  
She swooned almost at my pleasing Tale,  
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.  

Goth. What! can't thou say all this, and never blush!  
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the Saying is.  
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?  
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.  
Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet, I think,

*As true a dog as ever fought at head;* An allusion to bulldogs, whose generosify and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose.  

Few
Few come within the compass of my curse
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor Men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Ev'n when their sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging; presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Goths,
The Roman Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Getb. What says our General?

Luc. Aemilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to Titus's Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in these strange and sad habiliments,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs,
Knock at the Study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock, and Titus appears above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me open the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See, here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my Talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldest talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,

Wit-
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Emperors, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal Kingdom,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody Murder or detested Rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some furance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe;
Provide two proper Palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves;
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile foot-man all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam.
Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Caufe they take vengeance on such kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord, how like the Emperefs' sons they
are,
And you the Emperefs! but we worldly men
Have miserable and mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus from above.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

SCENE IV.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Emperefs and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the Emperefs never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome, as you are, what shall we do?
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Vol. VI. A a Dem.
Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Cbi. Shew me a villain, that has done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thouland, that have done thee wrong;
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou fin'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
There is a Queen attended by a Moor;
Well may't thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haft thou lessons'd us, this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads tow'rd Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
When he is here, ev'n at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Emperess and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls:

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths,
Bid him repair to me: and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are;
Tell him, the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father’s life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I’ll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [To her sons.] What say you, boys, will you abide with him,
While I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern’d our determin’d jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair,
And tarry with him ’till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho’ they suppose me mad,
And will o’er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. [Aside.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit Tamora.

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chb. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ’d?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress’ sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fy, Publius, fy! thou art too much deceiv’d,
The one is Murder, Rape is th’ other’s name?
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them;

A a 2

Oft
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.

[Exit Titus.

Ch. Villains, forbear; we are the Emperors' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word,
Is he sure bound? Look, that ye bind them fast.

SCENE V.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia
with a Bason.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are
bound.
—Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mixt,
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless Chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would ye say, if I should let you speak?
Villains!—for shame, you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herseif Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
Titus Andronicus

And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads;
And bid that shrumpet, your unhallow’d dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us’d my daughter,
And worse than Procu I will be reveng’d.
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak’d.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur’s feast.

[He cuts their throats.

So, now bring them in, for I’ll play the cook,
And see them ready ‘gainst the mother comes.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron
Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father’s mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
’Till he be brought unto the Emp’ror’s face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings;
And see, the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear, the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,

3 And of the paste a coffin—] A coffin is the term of art for the
cavity of a raised pye.
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

_Luc._ Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave.

[Execunt Gothi with Aaron;
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.  [Flourish,
The trumpets shew, the Emperor is at hand.

**SCENE VI.**

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Emperess, with
Tribunes and others.

_Sat._ What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
_Luc._ What boots it thee to call thyself a Sun?
_Mar._ Rome's Emperor, and Nephew, break the
parley;
These quarrels must be quietly debated:
The feast is ready, which the careful _Titus_
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Plea'e, you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
_Sat._ Marcus, we will.  [Hautboys.

_A Table brought in._ Enter Titus like a Cook, placing
the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over
her face.

_Tit._ Welcome, my gracious Lord; welcome, dread
Queen,
Welcome, ye warlike Goths, welcome, _Lucius,
And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs, plea'e you eat of it.
_Sat._ Why art thou thus attir'd, _Andronicus_?
_Tit._ Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empereis.

"—break the parley;] That is, begin the parley. We yet
say, he breaks his mind:"
Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were.

My Lord the Emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Because she was enforc’d, stain’d, and defilour’d?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrow.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father’s sorrow die!

[He kills her.

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill’d her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish’d? Tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will’t please you eat, will’t please your Highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I, ’twas Chiron and Demetrius.
They ravish’d her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, ’twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed;
Eating the flesh, that she herself hath bred.
’Tis true, ’tis true; witness, my knife’s sharp point.

[He stabs the Empress.

A a 4 Sat.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed? There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome, By uproar fever'd, like a flight of fowl Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts, Oh, let me teach you how to knit again This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf, These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be Bane unto herself; And she whom mighty Kingdoms curtly to, Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away, Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age, Grave witnesses of true experience, Cannot induce you to attend my words, Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our Ancestor, When with his solemn tongue he did discourse To love-fick Dido's sad attending ear, The story of that baleful burning Night, When subtile Greeks surpriz'd King Priam's Troy: Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears, Or who hath brought the fatal engine in, That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound. My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel; Nor can I utter all our bitter grief, But floods of tears will drown my oratory, And break my very utterance; even in the time When it should move you to attend me most, Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale, Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble Auditory, be it known to you, That curfed Chiron and Demetrius

[To Lucius,
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother,
And they it were that ravished our sister;
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banish'd,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t'embraceme as a friend;
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas!—you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: oh, pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar, Now is my tongue to speak: behold this child,
Of this was Tamora deliver'd;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witnessthis is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amis? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronicus,
We'll hand in hand all headlong cast us down,

And
And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual Closure of our House.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Aem. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor, for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal Emperor!
Go, go, into old Titus' forrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death;
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governour!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof; but, Uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this Trunk;
Oh, take this warm kisf on thy pale cold lips,

These forrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;
The laft true duties of thy noble Son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kifs for kifs,
Thy brother: Marcus tenders on thy lips;
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in flowers; thy grandfire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving brest thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindnes, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! ev'n with all my heart,
Would I were dead, so you did live again—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping—
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

SCENE VII.

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast deep in earth, and famish him,
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food;
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb!
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evil I have done:
Ten thousand worse, than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our Househol'd's Monument:
As for that heinous tygress Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

This is one of those Plays which I have always thought, with the better Judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the Lift of Shakespeare’s genuine Pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a Proof to strengthen this Opinion, that may put the Matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the Introduction to his Barbauld’s Fair, which made its first Appearance in the Year 1614, couples Jeronimo and Andronicus together in Reputation, and speaks of them as Plays then of twenty-five or thirty Years standing. Consequently Andronicus must have been on the Stage before Shakespeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: And I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his Genius to Stage-Writing before he associated with the Players, and became one of their Body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the Stage, with the Addition of his own matterly Touches, is incontestable, and thence, I presume, grew his Title to it. The Diction in general, where he has not taken the Pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of Henry VI. The Story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a Surname of pure Greek Derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any Body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the Time of her Emperors, any Wars with the Goths that I know of, not till after the Translation of the Empire, I mean to Byzantium, and yet the Scene of our Play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the Empire at the Capitol.

THEOBALD.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the title is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular verification, and artificial cloaks, not always elegantly, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the Spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by John, that they were not only born but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though
Titus Andronicus.

Theobald declares it incontestable, I see no reason for believing.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakespeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakespeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravencroft, who, in the reign of Charles II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us in his preface, from a theatrical tradition I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakespeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakespeare's touches very discernible.

The
THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MACBETH.
Dramatis Personæ.

D U N C A N, King of Scotland.
Malcolm, { Sons to the King.
Donalbain, { Generals of the King's Army.
Macbeth, 
Banquo, 
Lenox, 
Macduff, 
Ross, 
Menteth, 
Angus, 
Cathness, 
Fleance, Son to Banquo.
Seward, General of the English Forces.
Young Siward, his Son.
Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth:
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

S C E N E, in the End of the fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

Of this play there is no edition more antient than that of 1623.
Most of the notes which the present Editor has subjoined to this play were published by him in a small pamphlet in 1745.
MACBETH.

ACT I.  SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. * Enter three Witches.

1 Witch.

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,

3 Witch. That will be ere Set of Sun.

1 Witch.

* Enter three Witches.] In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the Theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was

When the Battle's lost and won. i.e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. These wayward fitters, as we may see in a note on the third scene of this act, were much concerned in battles.

He nominantur Valkyrias; quas quodvis ad prælimium Oidmus mittit.

Warburton.
was then universally admitted to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most by the learned themselves. These phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (Suppl. to the Introduction to D. n Quixote) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor

the reception so general. Olymposidorus, in Phoebus’s extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practiced this kind of military magic, and having promised χάζως ὄψιν κατὰ βαψίαν ἴπτιγον, to perform great things against the barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instances of the Empereors Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The Empereurs shewed some kindness in her anger by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom’s book de Sacrdor, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. Προσέχειν δι’ ἐνα μικρόν τὸν, ἐναμένει άπελθεν, δια τοῦς μαλάχαρες, καὶ ἐκλείπει δι’ αἰσθέρρειας, καὶ πάνω γονάτις άναμνη καὶ ἀδιάν. Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic. Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his de-
MACBETH.

1 Witch. I come, I come, Grimalkin.—
2 Witch. Padocke calls—anon!

All.

description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and tho' day was gradually encroaching upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warboys, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concur to propagated and confirm this opinion. The King, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his Dialogues of Daemonologie, written in the Scotch dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain King James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of Daemonologie was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That 'if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman or child out of the grave, —or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, forcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise or exercise any sort of witchcraft, forcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, walled, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body;
MACBETH.

All. * Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[They rise from the stage and fly away.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace at Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. WHAT bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
Gaining my captivity. Hail, brave friend!

"6. That every such person
"being convicted shall suffer
"death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakespeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law
and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as
prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered,
and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire,
where their number was greater than that of the houses. The
Jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakespeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.

* Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

i.e. We make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day,
soon after says,

So foul and fair a day I have not seen. WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning is, that
to us, perversé and malignant as we are, fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Say
MACBETH.

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Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choak their Art. The merciless Macdonal,
Worthy to be a Rebel; for to That
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him, from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses was supply’d;
And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew’d like a rebel’s whore. But all too weak;
For brave Macbeth, well he deserves that name,
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish’d steel,
Which smock’d with bloody execution,
Like Valour’s Minion carved out his passage,
’Till he fac’d the slave;
Who ne’er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,
’Till he unseam’d him from the nave to th’ chops,
And fix’d his head upon our battlements.

King:

3 —from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses
was supply’d; J Whether
supplied of, or supplied from or
with, was a kind of Grecism of
Shakespeare’s expression; or wheather
of the corruption of the
editors, who took Kernes and
Gallow-glasses, which were only
light and heavy armed Foot, to
be the names of two of the western islands, I don’t know. Hinc
conjectura vigorem etiam adjicient
arma quaedam Hibernica, Gallicis
antiquis similis, jacula nimirum
pedium levis armaturae quos Ker-
nos vocant, nec non secures &
loricae ferrae pedium itidum grand-
sorris armaturae, quos Galloglas-
fios appellant. Warrei Antiq.
Hiber, cap. 6, Warburton. 4 In former editions:
And fortune on his damned
quarry smiling. J Quarrel
was formerly used for cause, or
for the occasion of a quarrel, and
is to be found in that sense in
Hollinghead’s account of the sto-
ry of Macbeth, who, upon the
creation of the prince of Cumber-
land, thought, says the histo-
rarian, that he had a just quarrel
to endeavour after the Crown.
The sense therefore is, Fortune
smiling on his execrable cause, &c.
This is followed by Dr. Warburton.

5 —be unseam’d him from the
nave to th’ chops;] We seldom hear of such terrible crofs
blows given and received but by
giants and miscreants in Amadis
de Gaule. Besides it must be a

strange
MACBETH.

King. Oh, valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. 6 As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come,

Dif-

frange awkward stroke that could unrip him upwards from the navel to the chops. But Shakespeare certainly wrote,

"be unscann'd him from the nape to th' chops,
\[ i.e. \] cut his skull in two; which might be done by a High andr's sword. This was a reasonable blow, and very naturally expressed, on supposing it given when the head of the weared combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the nape is the hinder part of the neck, where the cerebrae join to the bone of the skull. So in Coriolanus,

"O! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks."

The word unscann'd, likewise, becomes very proper; and alludes to the future which goes crofs the crown of the head in that direction called the sutura sagittalis; and which, consequently, must be opened by such a stroke. It is remarkable, that Melkor, who in his youth read and imitated our poet much, particularly in his Comus, was miffed by this corrupt reading. For in the manuscript of that poem, in Trinity-Collage Library, the following lines are read thus,

"Or drag him by the cuhles, and cleave his scalp"

Down to the hips.——

An evident imitation of this corrupted passage. But he alter'd it with better judgment, to

\[ to a soul death \]

Curt'd as his life.

WARBURTON.

6 As whence the sun 'gins his reflection. [Here are two readings in the copies, gives, and 'gins, i.e. begins. But the latter I think is the right, as founded on observation, that storms generally come from the east. As from the place (says he) whence the sun begins his course, (viz. the east) shipwrecking storms proceed, &c. For the natural and constant motion of the ocean is from east to west; and the wind has the same general direction. PRAEIPUAS generalis [ventorum] caus[a] est, Sol qui aere ratificat & attenuat. Aer enim vsus ab oriente e stipulat. Inde et ut Aër à jœm ipsum fas alium vicinum aere muggn inspexit protrudet: cumque Sol ab Oriente in occidentem circumvolveat, praecipuus ab eo aëris impulsius fret versus occidentem. VA-

reni Geogr. l. 1. c. 14. prop. 10. See also Doctor Halley's Account of the Tr. de Winds of the Mon-sons. This being so, it is no wonder that storms should come most frequently from that quarter; or that they should be most violent, because there is a con-

The
Discomfords well'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark; No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd, Compell'd these skipping Kermes to trust their heels; But the Norweyan lord, surveying 'vantage, With furbišt arms and new supplies of men Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this Our Captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes,

As sparrow, eagles; or the hare, the lion. If I say sooth, I must report, they were

As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,

So the true reading is 'gins; the other reading not fixing it to that quarter. For the Sun may give its reflection in any part of its course above the horizon; but it can begin it only in one. The Oxford Editor, however, sticks to the other reading, gives: and says, that, by the Sun's giving his reflexion, is meant the rainbow, the strongest and most remarkable reflexion of any the Sun gives. He appears by this to have as good a hand at reforming our physics as our poetry. This is a discovery, that shipwrecking storms proceed from the rainbow. But he was misled by his want of skill in Shakespeare's phraseology, who, by the Sun's reflexion, means only the Sun's light. But while he is intent on making his author speak correctly, he flaps himself. The rainbow is no more a reflexion of the Sun than a tune is a sistle. And, tho' it be the most remarkable effect of reflected light, yet it is not the strongest. Warburton.

There are not two readings: both the old folios have 'gins.
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
9 Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell——
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.———
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons,

Enter Rossé and Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rossé.
Len. What haste looks through his eyes?
1 So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

preston not more loudly to be
applauded, or more easily par
donned than that which is reject
ed in its favour. That a crown
is charged with thunder or with
double thunders may be written,
not only without nonsense, but
with elegance, and nothing else
is here meant by cracks, which
in the time of this writer was a
word of such emphasis and digni
ity, that in this play he terms
the general dilution of nature
the crack of doom.

The old copy reads,
They doubly redoubled strokes.

As cannons overcharged with
double cracks.] Double is
here used for great, and not for
two. He uses double in this
sense in other places, as in Love's
Labour Lost.
I understood you not, my griefs
are double.
See note on the word in Othello,

9 Or memorize another Gol
gotha.] Memorize, for make
memorable. Warburton.
1 So should be look, that seems
to speak things strange.] The
meaning of this passage, as it
now stands, is, so should be look,
that looks as if he told things
strange. But Rossé neither yet
told strange things, nor could
look as if he told them; Lenox
only conjectured from his air
that he had strange things to tell,
and therefore undoubtedly said,
'What haste looks thro' his eyes?
So should be look, that seems to
speak things strange.

He looks like; one that is big
with something of importance;
a metaphor so natural that it is
every day used in common dis
course.

So should be look, that seems to
speak things strange.] I.e.,
that seems as if he would speak;

Warburton.
Macbeth.

Ross. God save the King!

King. Whence cam’st thou, worthy Thane?

Ross. From Fife, great King,

Where the Norwegian banners 2 flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway, himself, with numbers terrible,

Afflicted by that most disloyal traitor

The Thane of Cawdor, gan a dismal conflict.

’Till that Bellona’s bridegroom, lapt in proof,

Confronted him 3 with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm ’gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,

The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Ross. Now Sweno, Norway’s King, craves composition;

Nor would we dignify him burial of his men,

’Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme’s-kill-isle,

Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom-intrest. Go, pronounce his death;

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I’ll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.]

2 — flout the sky.] To flout is
to daub anything in another’s face.

Warburton.

3 Confronted him with self-comparisons.] The disloyal
Cawdor, says Mr. Theobald. Then
comes another, and says, a strange
forgetfulness in Shakespeare, when
Macbeth had taken this Thane of
Cawdor prisoner, not to know
that he was fallen into the King’s
displeasure for rebellion. But
this is only blunder upon blunder.
The truth is, by him, in this verse,
is meant Norway: as the plain
construction of the English requires.

And the assistance the Thane of
Cawdor had given Norway was
underhand; which Ross and Ar-
gus, indeed, had discovered;
but was unknown to Macbeth.
Cawdor being in the court all
this while, as appears from Ar-
gus’s speech to Macbeth, when
he meets him to salute him with
the title, and infinates his crime
to be living the rebel with hidden
help and vantage. Warburton.

The second blunderer was the
present editor.

4 — with self-comparisons.]
i.e. gave him as good as he
brought, they’d he was his equal.

Warburton.

Scene
WITCH haft thou been, sister?

2 WITCH. Killing swine.

3 WITCH. Sister, where thou?

1 WITCH. A sailor’s wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.

5 Aroint thee, witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master of th’ Tyger:
But in a sieve I’ll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I’ll do—I’ll do—and I’ll do.

2 WITCH. I’ll give thee a wind.

1 WITCH. Thou art kind.

3 WITCH. And I another.

1 WITCH. I myself have all the other.

5 Aroint thee—] Aroint, or: avaunt, be gone. Polo.
Aroint thee, witch!—] In one of the folio editions the reading is Aroint thee, in a sense very consistent with the common accounts of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the places where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, aroint thee, witch, will mean, away, witch, to your infernal assembly. This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word aroint in no other author; till looking into Hearne’s collections I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published, in which St Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, OUT OUT AROINT, of which the last is evidently the same with aroint, and used in the same sense as in this passage.

And
"And the very points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
'Th' ship-man's card.—
I will drain him dry as hay,
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;
Weary ev'n nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.
Look, what I have.

2 Witches. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreckt as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

2 Witches. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. * The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus

6 And the very points they blow.] As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that Shakespeare wrote *waifus*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard.

7 He shall live a man forbid.]

1. e. as one under a Curse.

6.7. Interdiction. So afterwards in this Play,

By his own interdiction stands
accurs'd.

So among the Romans an Outlaw's Sentence was, *Aqua & Ignis interdictio*; i.e. He was forbid the Use of Water and Fire, which imply'd the Necessity of Banishment. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accursed*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *lid* is originally to pray, as in this Saxon fragment.

He is one that prays and makes amends.

As to *forbid* therefore implies to prohibit, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning.

8 The weyward sisters, hand in hand.] The Witches are here speaking of themselves: and it is worth an Enquiry why they
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine!
Peace!——the Charm's wound up.

SCENE

they should file themselves the wayward, or wayward Sisters. This Word, in its general Acceptation, signifies, porrect, forward, money, obstinate, untractable, &c. and is every where so used by our Shakespeare. To content ourselves with two or three instances.

Fy, fy, how wayward is this foisth love,
That, like a teach beke, &c.

Two Gent. of Verona.
This squimled, rubbing, purbling, wayward by,
Love's Labour Lost.

And which is worst, all you've ever is but for a wayward son.

It is improbable the Witches would adopt this Epithet to themselves, in any of these Scenes, and therefore we are to look a little farther for the Poet's Word and Meaning. When I had the first Suspicion of our Author being corrupt in this Place, it brought to my Mind the following Passage in Chaucer's Troilus and Criseide, l.b. iii. v. 618.

But O Fortune, executrix of Wierdes.

Which Word the Glossaries expound to us by Fates, or Destinies. I was soon confirmed in my Suspicion, upon happening to dip into Hezlin's Cosmography, where he makes a short Recital of the Story of Macbeth and Banquo.

These two, says he, traveling together through a Forest, were met by three Fairies, Witches, Wierdes. The Scots call them, &c.

I presently recollected, that this Story must be recorded at more Length by Hollingsted, with whom, I thought, it was very probable, that our Author had traded for the Materials of his Tragedy, and therefore Confirmation was to be fetched from this Fountain. Accordingly, looking into his History of Scotland, I found the Writer very prolix and expressive, from Heder Bockin, in this remarkable Story; and, p. 150. speaking of these Witches, he uses this Expression,

But afterwards the common Opinion was, that these Witches were either the weird Sister; that is, as ye would say, the Goddesses of Destiny, &c.

Again, a little lower;
The Words of the three weird Sisters also (of whom before ye have heared) greatly encouraged him thereunto.

And in several other Paragraphs there this Word is repeated. I believe, by this Time, it is plain, beyond a Doubt, that the Word wayward has obtained in Macbeth, where the Witches are spoken of, from the Ignorance of the Copyists, who were not acquainted with the Scotch Term; and that in every Passage,
SCENE IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers, and other attendants.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Foris?—What are these,

fage, where there is any Relation to these Witches, or Wizards, my Emendation must be embraced, and we must read weird.

Theobald.
The weyward sisters, hand in hand,] Mr. Theobald had found out who these weyward sisters were; but observed they were called, in his authentic Hiding-feat, Weird sisters; and so would needs have weyward a corruption of the text, because it signifies perverse, froward, &c. and it is improbable (he says) that the witches should adopt this epithet to themselves. It was hard that when he knew so much, he should not know a little more; that weyward had anciently the very same sense, as weird; and was, indeed, the very same word differently spelt; having acquired its later signification from the quality and temper of these imaginary witches. But this is being a critic like him who had discovered that there were two Hercules's; and yet did not know that he had two next-door neighbours of one and the same name. As to these weyward sisters, they were the Fates of the northern nations; the three handmaids of Odin. Her nomi-
nantur Valkyriae, quas quotidius ad Praelium Odisus mittis. Hæ viros morti desinent, & auctoriam gubernant. Gurna, & Rota, & Paracuram minima Skullda: per aera & maria equitant semper ad mortiuros eligendor; & cades in potestate habent. Bartholinus de Causis contempset à Danis ad hac Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakespeare makes them three; and calls them, Poster of the sea and land; and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks, so that his witch-scenes are like the barn they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing flowing in the natural world; as here, from every thing alvd in the n. a. But
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips,—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can. What are you?
1 Witch. All-hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
2 Witch. All-hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.
Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do found so fair? I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaistical, or That indeed [To the Witches.
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble Partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble Having, and of royal Hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of time,
And say, which Grain will grow and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

as extravagant as all this is, the
play has had the power to charm
and bewitch every audience from
that time to this. Warburton.

That man may question?] Are
ye any beings with which man
is permitted to hold converse, or
of which it is lawful to ask ques-
tions?

Are ye fantaistical,—] By
fantaistical is not meant, accord-
ing to the common signification,
creatures of his own brain: For
he could not be so extravagant
to ask such a question; but it is
used for supernatural, spiritual.

By fantaistical, he means crea-
tures of fancy or imagination;
the question is, Are those real
beings before us, or are we de-
ceived by illusions of fancy.
1 Witch. Hail!
2 Witch. Hail!
3 Witch. Hail!
1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 Witch. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none;

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Mac. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more;

1 By Siue's death, I know, I'm Thane of Glamis;
2 But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
3 A prof'reous gentleman; and, to be King,
4 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
5 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
6 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
7 Upon this blasted heath you flit our way,
8 With such prophetick Greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Mac. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind.—

'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we 'eaten of the insane root,
That takes the Reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
Ban. To th' self same tune, and words; who's here?

2 By Siue's death,— ] The learned note on these words;
3—eaten of the insane root,] and, after much puzzling, he at
Mr. Theobald has a long and length proves from Hector For-
thius, that this root was a berry.

Ward Burton.

SCENE
SCENE V.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, The news of thy success; and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight, His wonders and his prais'd do contend, Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with That, In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day, He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, Nothing afraid of what thy self' didst make, Strange images of death. * As thick as hail, Came Post on Post; and every one did bear Thy praises in his Kingdom's great defence: And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent, To give thee, from our royal Master, thanks; Only to herald thee into his fight, Nor pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour, He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor: In which Addition, hail, most worthy Thane! For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet; But under heavy judgment bears that life, Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was

* — As thick as hail, — This is Mr. Pope's correction. The old copy has,

— As thick as tale

Came Post with Post; — which perhaps is not amiss, meaning that the news came as thick as a tale can travel with the post.

Or we may read, perhaps yet better,

— As thick as tale

Can post with post; — That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted.

Com-
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the Rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treaſons capital, confefs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! [Aside.
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[To Angus.
Do you not hope, your children shall be Kings?

[To Banquo,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
'Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you. [To Rossie and Angus.

Macb. Two truths are told, [Aside.
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen—

[To Rossie and Angus.

6 This supernatural Solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor.
If good, 'tis why do I yield to that information,

5 Might yet enkindle you—] incitement than information.
5 Enkindle, for to stimulate you to seek.
Warburton. 7 —Why do I yield—] Yield;
6 This supernatural Solliciting] not for content, but for to be subdued by.
Solliciting, for information.
Warburton. 7 To yield is, simply, to give way to.

Vol. VI.  C c  Whole
Whole horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs  
Against the use of nature; 9 present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes to my single state of man, that Function  
Is smother’d in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our Partner’s rapt!  
Mach. If Chance will have me King, why, Chance  
may crown me, [Aside.  
Without my stir.

Ban. New Honours, come upon him,  
Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

6 Whole horrid image doth unfix my hair.] But horror does not unfix the hair, but makes it stand stiff and upright. We should read, upfix. Warburton.

To unfix is, to put in motion.  
9 —— present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.] Macbeth, while he is projecting the murder, is thrown into the most agonizing affright at the prospect of it: which soon recovering from, thus he reasons on the nature of his disorder. But imaginings are so far from being more or less than present fears, that they are the same things under different words. Shakespeare certainly wrote,

——— present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.

i.e., when I come to execute this murder, I shall find it much less dreadful than my frightened imagination now presents it to me.

A consideration drawn from the nature of the imagination.  
Warburton.

Present fears are fears of things present, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the imagination presents them while the objects are yet distant. Fears is right.

1 —— single state of man,—]  
The single state of man seems to be used by Shakespeare for an individual, in Opposition to a commonwealth, or conjunct body.

2 —— Function  
Is smother’d in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not.] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me, but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence.
Macb. Come what come may,
    Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour. 4 My dull brain was
wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred where every day I turn
    [To Rossé and Angus.
The leaf to read them.—Let us tow'r'd the King;
Think, upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time,
    [To Banquo,
The Interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. 'Till then, enough. Come, friends.
    [Exeunt.

3 Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.] I suppose every reader is disgusted at the tautology in this passage, Time and the hour, and will therefore willingly believe that Shakespeare wrote it thus,
Come what come may,
    Time! on!—the hour runs thro' the roughest day.
Macbeth is deliberating upon the events which are to befal him, but finding no satisfaction from his own thoughts, he grows impatient of reflection, and resolves to wait the close without harassing himself with conjectures.
Come what come may.
But to shorten the pain of suspense, he calls upon time in the usual style of ardent desire, to quicken his motion.
    Time! on!—
He then comforts himself with the reflection that all his perplexity must have an end,
    —the hour runs through the roughest day.
This conjecture is supported by the passage in the letter to his lady, in which he says, they referred me to the coming on of time, with Hail, King that shalt be.

3 Time and the hour—] Time is painted with an hour-glass in his hand. This occasioned the expression. Warburton.
4 —My dull brain was wrought With things forgot— ] My head was worked, agitated, put into commotion.
MACBETH

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor yet?
Or not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one, that had been * studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That wittiest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. 'Would, thou'dst less deserv'd,

*—studied in his death.]
Instructed in the art of dying.
It was usual to say studied, for learned in science.

5 To find the mind's construction in the face.] The construction of the mind is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakespeare; it implies the frame or disposition of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill.

To find the mind's construction—] The metaphor is taken from the construction of a scheme in any of the arts of prediction.

Warburton.

That
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I've left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Mach. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your Throne, and State, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing,
Safe tow'r'd your Love and Honour.

King.

Save tow'r'd your love and honour.
We do but perform our duty
when we contract all our views
to your service, when we act
with no other principle than re-
gard to your love and honour.

It is probable that this passage
was first corrupted by writing
safe for save, and the lines then
flood thus:

--- doing nothing

Safe tow'r'd your love and honour.

which the next transcriber observ-
ing to be wrong, and yet not being
able to discover the real fault,
alted to the present reading.

Dr. Warburton has since chang-
ed safe to sauf, and Hammer
has altered safer to sauf'd. I am
afraid none of us have hit the
right word.

--- by doing every thing

Safe tow'r'd your love and honour.

This nonentity,
made worse by ill pointing, should
be read thus,

--- by doing every thing.

Fief'd tow'r'd your life and honour.
i.e. their duties being fief'd,
or engaged to the support of, as
King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so. Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must,
Not accompanied, invest him only,
But signs of Nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deserved.—Hence to Inverness;
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The Reft is Labour, which is not us'd for
you;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Ca水肿!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [Aside.
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
9 Let not light see my black and deep desires;

feuda! Tenants to their Lord.
And it was an artful preparation
to aggravate the following mur-
der to make the speaker here
confes, that he was engaged the
protector of the King's life, as
bound by his tenure to preserve
it. WARBURTON.
9 Let not light see my black
and deep desires; ] As the
Poets make the stars the lamps
of Night, and their fires for her
use, and not their own, I take it
for granted that ShakeSpear wrote,
Let not night see, &c.
which mends both the expression
and sense. For light cannot well
be made a person; but night may:
and
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whole care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless Kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. [HE Y met me in the day of success; and
I have learned' by the perfectest report, they
have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I
burnt in desire to question them further, they made them-
selves air, into which they vanished. While I stood rapt
in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who
all-bade me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before,
these wayward sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to the
coming on of time, with hail, King that shalt be! This
have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest Partner
of Greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of re-
joicing, by being ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd
thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

and the verb 'see relates to per-
sonality. The sense is finer; as
it implies, in this reading, an
unwillingness to trust even Night
with his design, tho' she be the
common Baud (as our author
somewhere calls her) to such kind
of secrets.

Neolo peccatis, & fraudibus
objice nubem. Warburton.

This emendation is not at all
necessary; for when the present
reading gives an easy and com-
modious sense, it is not to be al-
tered, even though something
more elegant might be proposed.

by the perfectest report, By
the best intelligence. Dr. War-
burton would read, perfectæ, and
explains report by prædication.

Little regard can be paid to an
emendation that instead of clear-
ing the sense, makes it more dif-
ficult.

C c 4

Glamis
MACBETH.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor— and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illnecfs should attend it. What thou would'st
highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win; thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And That which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wish'dst should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chaftise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden Round,
Which fate, and metaphysical aid, doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

--- Thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, thus thou
must do, if thou have it;
And That, &c.] As the ob-
ject of Macbeth's desire is here
introduced speaking of itself, it
is necessary to read,
--- Thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, thus thou
must do, if thou have me.
Which ferte, and metaphysical
aid, doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.]
For seem, the senfe evidently
directs us to read fick. The crown
to which fate defines thee, and
which preternatural agents en-"nour to beflow upon thee. The
Which fate, and metaphysical
aid, doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.] Metaphysical for supernatural. But
doth seem to have thee crown'd with-
al, is not senfe. To make it fo,
it should be supplied thus, doth
seem defirous to have. But no po-
etic licence would excuse this.
An easy alteration will restore the
poet's true reading,
--- doth seem
To have crown'd thee withal.
I. e. they seem already to have
crown'd thee, and yet thy dispo-
sition at prefent hinders it from
taking effect. WARDBURTON.
What is your tidings?

Mef. The King comes here to night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so, Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mef. So please you, it is true; our Thane is coming, One of my fellows had the speed of him; Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. * The raven himself is hoarse, [Exit Mef.

That
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, all you Spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direct cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctionous visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And * take my milk for gall, you murth'ring minstrels
Where-ever in your sightless substances
* You wait on nature's mischief.—Come, thick night!

present words may stand. The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath to make up his mes-
Sage; to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a meassage would add horableness to the raven.
That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not croak the entrance of Duncan but in a note of unwonted harshness.

5 —mortal thoughts,— ] This expression signifies not the thoughts of mortals, but murderous, dead-
ly, or destructive designs. So in
Act 5th,

H'li fast the mortal sword.
And in another place,
With twenty mortal murderers.

6 — nor keep peace between
Th' eff'ct, and it. — ] The intent of lady Macbeth evidently is to wish that no womanish tend-
erness, or conscionious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other senfe, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakespeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

That no compunctionous visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it.—

To keep pace between may signif-
y to pass between, to intervene.

Pace is on many occasions a fa-
vourite of Shakespeare. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense, but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption?

—nor keep peace between]
Keep peace, for go between simp-
ly. The allusion to officers of justice who keep peace between rioters by going between them.

Warburton.

* —take my milk for gall.]
Take away my milk, and put gail in the place.

7 You wait on nature's mis-
chief.— ] Nature, for hu-
man.

Warburton.

Nature's mischief is mischief done to nature, violation of na-
ture's order committed by wick-
edness.

And
And pall thee in the dunkest smoak of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor hea'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, bold, bold!

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! [Embracing him.
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here to night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never
Shall Sun that morrow see!—
Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent
flower,
But be the serpent under't. He, that's coming,
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.

8 And pall thee—] i. e. wrap thyself in a pall. WARB. Ignorant has here the signification of un-knowing; that is, I feel by anticipation those future honours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be ignorant.

SCENE
MACBETH.

SCENE VIII.

Before Macbeth's Castle-Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rossiter, Angus, and Attendants.

King. THIS Castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting marlet, does approve
By his lov'd Mansionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No juty frieze,
Burtrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreating cradle;
Where they molt breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

[Unto our Gentle Senses.] How odd a character is this of the air that it could recommend itself to all the senses, not excepting the sight and hearing? Without doubt, we should read, Unto our General Sense, meaning the touch or feeling: which not being confined to one part, like the rest of the senses, but extended over the whole body, the poet, by a fine periphrasis, calls the General Sense. Therefore by the air's recommending itself nimbly and frequently, must be understood that it was clear and soft, which properties recreated the fibres, and allisted their vibration. And surely it was a good circumstance in the air of Scotland that it was soft and warm; and this circumstance he would recommend, as appears from the following words,

This guest of Summer,
The temple-haunting marlet—
General has been corrupted to gentle once again in this very play. See Note, Act 3, Scene 5.

W.A.BURTON.

All this coil is to little purpose. Senses are nothing more than each man's sense, as wifes would have been each man's note. Gentle senses is very elegant, as it means pacid, calm, composed, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day.

—marlet,—] This bird is in the old edition called barset.

Enter
Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see! our honour’d Hoistes!
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you should bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap’d up to them,
We rest your Hermits.

King. Where’s the Thane of Cawdor?
We courted him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To’s home before us. Fair and noble Hoistes,
We are your guest to night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness’ pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine Hoist, we love him highly;
And shall continue our graces towards him.
—By your leave, Hoistes.

[Exeunt.

Warburton. I believe yield, or, as it is in
the folio of 1623, yeld, is a cor-
rupted contraction of shield. The
with implores not reward but
protection.

Warburton. I believe yield, or, as it is in
the folio of 1623, yeld, is a cor-
rupted contraction of shield. The
with implores not reward but
protection.
SCENE VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle:

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. * If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if th' assassination
Could trimmel up the consequence, and catch
† With its furcease, succes; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all—Here.
But here, upon this Bank and 6 Shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor; this even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his Host,
Who should against his murth'er shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
7 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd again
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, 8 or heav'n's cherubin hors'd

* If it were done, &c.] A man of learning recommends another punctuation.
If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well.
It were done quickly. If, &c.
† With its furcease, succes;
I think the reasoning requires that we should read,
With its succes, furcease.—
6 Shoal of time.] This is
7 The son's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has School, and Dr. Warburton Shove.
8 or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
Upon the light'se coursiers of the air.] But the cherubin is
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev’ry eye;
That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o’er-leaps itself,
And falls on th’ other———

SCENE X.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?
Lady. He’s almost supp’d; why have you left the
chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask’d for me?

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success is used in this scene with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier, and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them; this argument Shakespeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter: that obligations laid on us by a higher power, could not be overruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves.

Lady.
Lady. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business,
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sort of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest glos,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreft yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the fame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have That,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Lettin' I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor Cat i' th' Adage.
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both;
They've made themselves, and that their fitness now
Do's unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;

2 — Wouldst thou have That,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem? In this there
seems to be no reasoning. I should read,
Or live a coward in thine own esteem
Unless we choose rather,

3 — Wouldst thou leave That.
Like the poor Cat i' th' Adage.
The adage a'duced to, The
cat loves fish, but dares not eat her foot,
Catus amat Piscem, sed non cul
tingeae Plantas.
4 Did then cohere,—] Cor,
here, for suit, fit.
War.
It is addes in the old copy.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,
Lady. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
Where-to the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wasfel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible Feat.
ACT II. SCENE I.

MACBETH's CASTLE.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

BANQUO.

How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too. A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, And yet I would not sleep. Merciful Pow'rs! Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Give me my sword. Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed.

[Macbeth's Cast.] The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the hall, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shews: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cros in his way to bed.
He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,
And sent great largesse to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind Hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three wayward sisters;
To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them,
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. 9 If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you.

[Exit Banquo and Fleance.

SCENE II.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Serv.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,

9 If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, Consent, for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. Warburton.
The handle tow'r'd my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other sense;
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world

And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood.

Certainly, if on the blade, then
on the dudgeon; for dudgeon signifies a small dagger. We should read therefore,

And on the blade of th' dudgeon,——

Warb.

—gouts of blood.] Or drops,
French.

—Now o'er one half the world

Nature seems dead,—] That is, over our hemisphere an action and motion seem to have ceased. This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his Conquest of Mexico.

All things are bust'd as Nature's self lay dard,

The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;

The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,

And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dew's sweet

Even lust and envy sleep!

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakespeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakespeare, nothing but sorcery, lust and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakespeare, looks round.
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain’d sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecat’s offerings: and wither’d Murther,
Alarum’d by his sentinell, the wolf,
Whose howl’s his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin’s ravishing strides, tow’rds his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou found and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about;
And

round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night
of a lover, the other, of a murderer.

+ ——wither’d Murder,
—thux with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin’s ravishing sides
tow’rd his design,
Moves like a ghost.—] This
was the reading of this passage in all the editions before that of
Mr. Pope, who for sides inserted in the text frides, which Mr.
Theobald has tacitly copied from him, tho’ a more proper alteration
might perhaps have been made. A ravishing frides is an
action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage
rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an
image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty
timidity, the stealthy pace of a ravisher creeping into the chamber of a virgin,
and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he
proposes to murder, without awakening him; these he describes as
moving like ghosts, whose progression is so different from frides,
that it has been in all ages represented to be, as Milton expresses it,

Smooth sliding without step.
This hemitick will afford the true reading of this place, which
is, I think, to be corrected thus:

—And wither’d Murder,
—thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin ravishing, strides
tow’rd his design,
Moves like a ghost.—

Tarquin is in this place the general name of a ravisher, and the
sene is, Now is the time in which every one is asleep, but
those who are employed in wickedness; the witch who is sacrificing to H. a
cate, and the ravisher, and the murderer, who, like me, are dealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjusted, he withes with great propriety, in the following lines,
that the earth may not hear his steps.

s With Tarquin’s ravishing
frides,] The justness of this
similitude is not very obvious.
But a stanza, in his poem of Tar-
quin and Lucrece, will explain it.
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives—

[A bell rings.

Words

Now fole upon the time, the
dead of night;
When heavy sleep had closed up
mortal eye;
No convertable star did lend his
light,
No rife but owls and wolves
dead-keeping cries;
Now moves the season that they
may surge;
The sick, lame. Pure thoughts are
dead and silt,
Whilst lust and murder
waste to stain and kill.

Warburton.

6 And take the present horror
from the time,
Which now suits with it.—]

i. e. Let the noise from the
stones take away from this mid-
night season that present horror
which suits so well with what is
going to be acted in it. What
was the horror he means? si-
lence, than which nothing can be
more horrid to the perpetrator
of an atrocious design. This
shows a great knowledge of hu-
nan nature. Warburton.

Of this passage an alteration
was once proposed by me, of
which I have now a less favour-
able opinion, yet will insert it,
as it may perhaps give some hint
to other critics.

And take the present horror from
the time,
Which now suits with it.—] I
believe every one that has atten-
tively read this dreadful soliloquy
is disappointed at the conclusion,
which, if not wholly unintelli-
gible, is, at least, obscure, nor
can be explained into any facts
worthy of the author. I shall
therefore propose a slight altera-
tion.

—Thou soon and swiftly
earst,
Hear not my steps, which way
they walk, for fear
Thy busy conjurer of my
secret-about,
And walk—the present horror of
the time!

That now suits with it.—
Warburton has, in the foregoing
lines, disturbed his imagination
by enumerating all the terrer of
the night; at length he is wrought
up to a degree of frenzy, that
makes him afraid of some super-
natural discovery of his design,
and calls out to the stones not to
betray him, not to declare where
he walks, nor to talk.—As he is
going to say of what, he discov-
ers the absurdity of his sup-
picion, and pauses, but is again
overwhelmed by his guilt, and
concludes, that such are the hor-
rours of the present night, that
the stones may be expected to
cry out against him.

That now suits with it.

He observes in a subsequent
passage, that on such occasions
stones have been known to move.
It is now a very just and strong
picture of a man about to com-
mit a deliberate murder under
the strongest convictions of the
wickedness of his design.

Whether to take horror from
the
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me;
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'ft good-night—he is about it—
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with所做的. I've drugg'd their Poffets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?—what ho!
Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'ed;
And 'tis not done. Th'attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us—hark—! I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. — Had he not resembled

My

be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for tho' ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards present objects, yet the likeness of one past, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural par
sions,
My father as he slept, I had don't—My husband!

_Macb._ I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?

_Lady._ I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

_Macb._ When?

_Lady._ Now.

_Macb._ As I descended?

_Lady._ Ay.

_Macb._ Hark!—who lies i'th' second chamber?

_Lady._ Donalbain.

_Macb._ This is a sorry sight. [Looks on his hands.

_Lady._ A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

_Macb._ There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd, _Murder!_

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

_Lady._ There are two lodg'd together.

_Macb._ One cry'd, _God bless us!_ and, _Amen!_ the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear, I could not say, _Amen,
When they did say, God bless us._

_Lady._ Consider it not so deeply.

_Macb._ But wherefore could not I pronounce, _Amen?_

I had most need of blessing, and _Amen_

Stuck in my throat.

_Lady._ These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

_Macb._ Methought, I heard a voice cry, _Sleep no more!_

Macbeth _doth murther_ Sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd _sleeve of care,

_sions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity._  

_A. Warburton._  

_A _sleeve of care._ A _skein of silk is called a _sleeve of silk, as I learned from Mr. Steward, the ingenious editor of Beaumont and Fletcher._
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second Course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis bath murther'd sleep. And therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy

Thané,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look't on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll 'gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking! [Starting.
How is it with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous sea incarnardine,
Making the green, one red——

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking
[Knock.
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easily is it then? Your confiancy
Hath left you unattended—Hark, more knocking!
[Knock.
Get on your night-gown, left occasion call us,
And shew us to be \textit{v.} archers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. \textit{To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.}
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking. \textit{Would, thou couldst!}
[Exeunt.

\textit{To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.} \textit{i.e.} While
I have the thoughts of this deed it were best not know, or be left
to, myself. This is an answer
to the lady's reproof;
—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

But the Oxford Editor, perceiving neither the sense, nor the
pertinency of the answer, alters it to,
\textit{To unknow my deed, 'twere best not know myself.}

Warburton.

\textbf{Scene}
SCENE IV.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.] Port. Here's a knocking, indeed; if a man were porter of hell's gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knock: Knock, knock, knock.] Who's there, i' th' name of Belzebub? here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll swear for't. [Knock] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? i' th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [Knock] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an English taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor, here you may roast your goose. [Knock] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [Knock] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second

---

1. equivocator: a Jesuit; an order to troublesome to the State in Queen Elizabeth's and King James the First's times. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation.

---

2. English taylor: a French hose, being very short and strait, a taylor must be master of his trade who could steal anything from thence.

---

WARBURTON.
cock, and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth Drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i’th’ very throat o’me; but I required him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took my legs some time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Cur knocking has awak’d him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, Both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I’ve almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I’ll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you: But yet, ’tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, physicks pain; This is the door.

[Made a shift to cast him.] To cast him up, to ease my flomach of him. The equivocation is between cast or throw, as a term of wrestling, and cast or cast up.
Macb. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say, Lamentings heard i'th' air, strange screams of death, And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time.
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some say, the earth was fav'rous and did shak'ye. These lines I think should be rather regulated thus:

--prophecying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustions and confus'd events.
New-hatch'd to th'o' woeful time,
the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night.
Some say the earth
Was fav'rous and did shak'ye.

A prophecy of an event new hatch'd, seems to be a prophecy of an event past. The term new-hatch'd is properly applicable to a bird, and that birds of ill omen should be new-hatch'd to the woeful time, that is, should appear in uncommon numbers, is very consistent with the rest of the prodigies here mentioned, and with the universal disorder into which nature is described as thrown, by the perpetuation of this horrid murder.

And prophecyng with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th'o' woeful time:] Here are groans and screams of death heard in the air. Thus far a strong imagination, arm'd with superstition, might go. But accents terrible of dire combustion, that is, prophesying of them, in articulate sounds or words, is a little too far. However, admit this, we are further told, that these prophecies are new hatch'd to th'o' woeful time; that is, accommodated to the present conjuncture. And this must needs have another author than the air inflamed with meteors. To be short, the cause was this: these signs and noises in a troubled heaven set the old women upon earth a prophesying, and explaining those imaginary omens, which brought back to their frighten'd imaginations those predictions in the mouths of the people, foretelling what would happen when such signs ap-
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time:
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some say, the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

_Macb._ 'Twas a rough night.
_Leu._ My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

_Macd._ O horror! horror! horror!
Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee——
_Macb._ and _Leu._ What's the matter?

appeared. This he finely calls,
New hatching them to the woeful time. Intimating that they had been often hatched or adapted, before to the misfortunes of former times. Shakespeare was well acquainted with the nature of popular superstitious, and has described it so precisely to the point, in a beautiful stanza of his _Venus and Adonis_, that that will be the best comment on this passage.

_Leto._ how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
_With whom careful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies.

Here he plainly tells us, that signs in the heavens gave birth to prophecies on the earth; and tells us how too: It was by infusing fancies into the crazy imaginations of the people. His language likewise is the time; he uses prophecies, as in the passage in question, to signify forebodings.

As this was the effect of superstitious only, we may reckon to meet with it in antiquity; of which the English reader may take the following account from Milton. _History of England_, lib. 2. Of these ensuing troubles, many foretelling signs appeared, certain women in a kind of ecstasy foretold of calamities to come: In the council-house were heard by night barbarous noises; in the theatre, hideous howlings; in the street, horrid sights, &c. By this time I make no doubt but the reader is beforehand with me in conjecturing that Shakespeare wrote,

_Aunts prophesying, &c._
i. e. Matrons, old women. So in _Midsummer Night's Dream_ he says,

_The wisest aunt telling the faddist tale._

Where, we see, he makes them still employed on dismal subjects, fitted to disorder the imagination.

_Warburton._

I believe that no reader will either go before or follow the commentator in this conjecture.
MACBETH.

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece;
Most sacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your fight
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak your felves. Awake! awake!

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the alarum-bell—murther! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself—Up, up, and see
The great Doom's image—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rile up, and walk like frights,
To countenance this horrid.——

SCENE V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak.

Macd. Gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!

—this horrid.—] Here the old editions add, ring the bell, which "bee bald rejected," as a dis-reception to the players. He has been followed by Dr. Warburton.
What, in our house?——

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Mac. I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
     And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance
     I had liv'd a blessed time, for, from this instant,
     There's nothing serious in mortality;
     All is but toys; Renown, and Grace, is dead;
     The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
     Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
     The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
     Is flopt; the very source of it is flopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;
    Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
    So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
    Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;
    No man's life was to be trusted with them.

1 What, in our house?—] This is very fine. Had he been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the King. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself.

Warburton.

2 In the folio, for Macduff is read dear Duffs.
Macb. O!—Yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.  

Macd. Wherefore did you so?  

Mac.b. Who can be wise, amaz’d, temp’rate and  
furious,  
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.  
The expedition of my violent love  
Out-ran the pauser, Rea-son.  
Here, lay Duncan;  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gas’d stab’d look’d like a breach in nature  
For Ruin’s wasteful entrance; there, the murderers  
Steep’d in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech’d with gore. Who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  

---Here, lay Duncan;  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gas’d stab’d look’d like a breach in nature  
For Ruin’s wasteful entrance; ---] Mr. Pope has  
endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting gaery  
blood for golden blood; but it may  
easily be admitted that he who  
could on such an occasion talk  
of lacing the silver skin, would  
lace it with golden blood. No  
amendment can be made to this  
line, of which every word is  
equally faulty, but by a general  
blot.  

It is not improbable, that  
Shakespeare put these forced and  
natural metaphors into the  
mouth of Macbeth as a mark of  
artifice and dissimulation, to  
show the difference between the  
studied language of hypocrisy,  
and the natural outcries of ful-

---His silver skin laced with his golden blood,] The allusion  
is so ridiculous on such an occa- 
sion, that it discovers the de- 
claimer not to be affected in the  
manner he would represent him- 
self. The whole speech is an  
natural mixture of far-fetch’d  
and common-place thoughts,  
that shews him to be acting a  
part.  

---Unmannerly breech’d with gore.---] An unmannerly  
dagger, and a dagger breech’d, or  
as in some editions breech’d with  
gore, are expressions not easily to  
be understood. There are un- 
doubtedly two faults in this pas- 
fage, which I have endeavoured  
to take away by reading,  

---tag---
MACBETH.

Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!— [Seeming to faint.

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady;

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.

* In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,

Against

Unmanly drench'd with gore:—
I saw drench'd with the King's blood the fatal daggers, not only instruments of murder but evidences of cowardice.

Each of these words might easily be confounded with that which I have substituted for it by a hand not exact, a casual blot, or a negligent inspection.

Unmannerly breech'd with gore.—] This nonsenfical account of the state in which the daggers were found, must fairly be read thus,

Unmanly reech'd with gore;

Reech'd, foiled with a dark yellow, which is the colour of any reechy substance, and must be so of steel stain'd with blood. He uses the word very often, as reechy hangings, reechy neck, &c. So that the sense is, that they were unmanly stain'd with blood, and that circumstance added, because often such stains are most honourable.

Warb. Dr. Warburton has perhaps rightly put reech'd for breech'd.

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,

Against the undnroug'd pretence

I fight

Of treat'nous malice.] Pretence, for act. The sense of the whole
i., My innocence places me under the protection of God, and under that shadow, or, from thence, I declare myself an enemy to this, as yet hidden, deed of mischief. This was a very na.
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'mh' hall together.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them.

To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easie. 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. 'This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[Exeunt.

Warburton.

yet undivulg'd, the traitor may
pretend to fix upon me.

7 This murderous shaft that's
foot,
Hath not yet lighted;—] The
design to fix the murder upon
some innocent person, has not yet
taken effect.
MACBETH.

SCENE VI.

The Outside of Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Rosse, with an old Man.

Old Man. There score and ten I can remember well, Within the volume of which time, I've seen Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this fore night Hath trisled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father, Thou seest, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act, Threaten this bloody stage. By th' clock, 'tis day; And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp. Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame, That darkness does the face of earth intomb, When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, Even like the Deed that's done. On Tuesday last, A falcon, towring in her pride of place, Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, a thing most strange and certain! Beauteous and swift, the minions of their Race, Turn'd wild in nature, broke their straits, flung out, Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes, That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

---in her pride of place,] Finely expressed, for confidence in its quality. WARBURTON. very probably, and very poetically.

9 Theobald reads, minions of the race.
Enter Macduff.

—How goes the world, Sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is’t known, who did this more than bloody Deed?
Macd. Thosè, that Macbeth hath slain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!

*What good could they pretend?*
Macd. They were stubborn’d;
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the King’s two Sons,
Are stol’n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the Deed.

Rosse. ’Gainst nature still;
Thriftless ambition! that wilt ravin up
Thine own life’s means.—Then ’tis most like, the so-
vereignty
Will fall upon Macbeth?
Macd. He is already nam’d, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan’s body?
Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his Predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, Cousin, I’ll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,
adieu,
Left our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Farewel, Father.
Old M. God’s benison go with you, and with thosè
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.
[Exeunt.

*What good could they pretend?* to set before themselves
To pretend is here to propose to
themselves, as a motive of action.
ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

THOU hast it now. King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
The weyward women promis’d; and, I fear,
Thou plaid’st most fouly for’t. Yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy Posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope. But, hush. No more.

Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.

Macb. Here’s our chief guest.
Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I’ll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness’
Command upon me; to the which, my Duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir’d
Your good advice, which still hath been both grave

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Shine, for appear with all the
lure of conspicuous truth.

Warburton.

And
And prosperous, in this day's council; but
We'll take to morrow. Is it far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland; not consenting
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of That to morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse. Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And to I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. [Exit Banquo.
Let ev'ry man be master of his time
'Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper-time alone; till then, God be with you.
[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.

SCENE II.

Manent Macbeth, and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?
Ser. They are, my lord, without the Palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us—-To be thus, is
nothing; [Exit servant.
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns That, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
dares,

E e 4 And
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose Being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Anthony's was by Cæsar. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, Prophet like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my gripe
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlinear hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
3 For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind;
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murther'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my Peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,

...as, it is said,
Anthony's was by Cæsar.—? 
Though I would not often assume the critic's privilege of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myself too far in departing from the established reading; yet I cannot but propose the rejection of this passage, which I believe was an infection of some play, that having so much learning as to discover to what Shakespeare alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened the author's force by the intrusion of a remote and unessential image into a speech built from a man wholly possessed with his own present condition, and therefore not at leisure to explain his own allusions to himself. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the lines of Shakespeare close together without any traces of a breach.

My Genius is rebuk'd. He chid the Sisters.
3 For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind; We should read,

...fill'd my mind:
i.e. defiled. Warburton.

This mark of contraction is not necessary. To fill is in the King's Bible.

4 —the common enemy of man.] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source, and therefore though the term enemy of man, applied to the devil,
MACBETH.

To make them Kings, the Seed of Banquo Kings.
Rather than so, 5 come Fate into the lift,
And champion me to th' utterance! — Who's there?

vil, is in itself natural and obvi-
ous, yet some may be pleased
with being informed, that Shake-
peare probably borrowed it from
the first lines of the destruction
of Troy, a book which he is
known to have read.

That this remark may not ap-
pear too trivial, I shall take oc-
casion from it to point out a
beautiful passage of Milton evi-
dently copied from a book of no
greater authority, in describing
the gates of hell. Book 2. v. 879.
he lays,
— On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous reoultry and jar-
ing sound,
Th' internal doors, and on their
kings gates
Burst thunder.

In the history of Don Bellia-
zi, when one of the knights
approaches, as I remember, the
caile of Iavarezar, the gates
are said to open going high
thunder upon their brazen hinges.
5 — cive Fate into the lift,
And champion me to th' utter-
ance!] This passage will be
best explained by translating
it into the language from whence
the only word of difficulty in it
is borrowed. Que la délivie se
rence en lies, et qu'ile me donne
un deh a l'entrance. A chal-
lenge or a combat a l'entrance,
in extremity, was a fix'd term in
the law of arms, used when the
combatants engaged with an ad-
um internecinum, an intention to
defroy each other, in opposition
to trials of skill at festival, or
on other occasions, where the
contest was only for reputation
or a prize. The sense therefore
is, Let Fate, that has fore-doom'd
the exaltation of the sons of Ban-
quo, enter the lifts against me,
with the utmost animosity, in de-
fence of its own decrees, which I
will endeavour to invalidate,
whatever be the danger. 5

Rather than so, come Fate into
the lift,
And champion me to th' utter-
ance!] This is ex-
pressed with great nobleness and
sublimity. The metaphor is
taken from the ancient combat
en champ ece : in which there was
a marshal, who presided over,
and directed all the punctilios of
the ceremonial. Fate is called
upon to discharge this office, and
champion him to th' utterance;
that is, to fight it out to the extre-
mitv, which they called combatre
a cultrace. But he uses the
Scotch word, utterance from cul-
trace, extremity. WAR.

After the former explication,
Dr. Warburton was dehrous to
seem to do something; and he
has therefore made fate the mar-
shal, whom I had made the
champion, and has left Macbeth
to enter the lifts without an op-
ponent.

Enter
Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have consider'd of my speeches, know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self; this I made good to you
In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how crost; the instru-
ments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else that
might
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? 6 are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever.

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mangrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the flow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter; every one

6 are you 6 gospell'd, ]
Are you of that degree of preci-
cile virtue? G speller was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the L.lard: the Puritans of early times, and precursors of Protostitution.
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos’d; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens’d, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
7 So weary with disasters, tugg’d with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on’t.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and 8 in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his Being thrusts
Against my near’st of life; and though I could

7 So weary with disasters,
tugg’d with fortune.] We
see the speaker means to say that
he is weary with struggling with
adverse fortune. But this reading
expresses but half the idea;
viz. of a man tugg’d and haled
by fortune without making re-
ittance. To give the compleat
thought, we should read,
So weary with disastrous
TUGGS with fortune.

This is well expressed, and gives
the reason of his being weary,
because fortune always hitherto
got the better. And that Shake-
Speare knew how to express this
thought, we have an instance in
The Winter’s Tale,
Let myself and Fortune TUGG
for the time to come.

Besides, to be tugg’d with For-
tune, is scarce English. WARB.

Tugg’d with fortune may be,
tugg’d or worried by fortune.

8 — in such bloody distance,

Distance, for enmity. WARB.

With
With bare-fac’d Power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his Fall,
Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives——
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
9 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o’ th’ time,
The moment on’t; for’t must be done to-night,
And something from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a clearness: and with him,
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose abscence is no les material to me
Than is his father’s, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves a part,
I’ll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv’d, my lord.

9 Acquaint you with the perfect
spy o’ th’ time, ] What is
meant by the f’s of the time, it
will be found difficult to explain;
and therefore sense will be cheap-
ly gained by a slight alteration.
—Macbeth is alluding the aflains
that they shall not want direc-
tions to find Banquo, and
therefore says,
I will——
Acquaint you with a perfect spy
’th’ time.
Accordingly a third murderer
joins them afterwards at the place
of action.
Perfect is well informed, or
well informed, as in this play,
Though in your state of honor
I am perfect,
though I am well acquainted with
your quality and rank.

i.e. the critical juncture. WARB.
How the critical juncture is the
spy o’ th’ time I know not, but
think my own conjecture right.
M A C B E T H.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.

[Exeunt Murtherers.

It is concluded.—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to night. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?
Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.
Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be That which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of forrest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should, indeed, have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done, is done.

Macb. We have 'seotch'd the snake, not kill'd it—
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the Dead,

1 —seotch'd. Mr. Thobard.—Vulg. scoch'd.

Whom
Whom we, to gain our Place, have sent to Peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasie.—Duncan is in his Grave;
After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his wort; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on;
Gentle, my lord, sleek o’er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial, ’mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, Love; and so, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance still apply to Banquo.

Present him Eminence, both with eye and tongue,
Unsafe the while, that we must love our honours
In these so flatter’ring streams, and make our faces
Vizors t’our hearts, disguising what they are!—

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know’st, that Banquo, and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them Nature’s copy’s not eternal.

Macb. There’s comfort yet, they are affailable;
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the Bat hath flown
His cloyster’d flight; ere to black Hecat’s summons

The hard-born beetle with his drowsie hums
Hath rung night’s yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What’s to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

has its time of termination li-
limited.

i. e. The beetle hatched in clefts
of wood. So in Anthony and
Cleopatra: They are his thards,
and be their Beetle. WARB.
Till thou applaud the Dead. ⁶ Come, feeling Night, Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day, And with thy bloody and invisible hand Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond, Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the Crow Makes wing to th' rooky wood: Good things of day begin to droop and drowse, Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze. Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still; Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill. So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Park; the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 Mur. ⁷ BUT who did bid thee join with us?


2 Mur. He needs not our Mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches.
The subject of our watch.

⁶ —Come, feeling Night.] Thus the common editions had it; but the old one, feeling, i.e. blinding; which is right. It is a term in Falconry.

⁷ The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this. The perfect spy, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers suborned suspects him of intending to betray them; the other observes, that, by his exact knowledge of what they were to do, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be mistrusted.

3 Mur.
[Banquo within.] Give us light there, ho!  
2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest  
That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are i' th' Court.  
1 Mur. His horses go about.  
3 Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to th' Palace gate  
Make it their Walk.  

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light.  
3 Mur. 'Tis he.  
1 Mur. Stand to't.  
Ban. It will be rain to night.  
1 Mur. Let it come down. [They assault Banquo.  
Ban. Oh, treachery! Fly, Fleance, fly, fly, fly,  
Thou may'st revenge. Oh flave!  
[Dies. Fleance escapes.  
3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?  
1 Mur. Was't not the way?  
3 Mur. There's but One down; the son  
is fled.  
2 Mur. We've lost best half of our affair.  
1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE
SCENE V.

Changes to a Room of State in the Castle.

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rossé, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

**Macb.** You know your own degrees, sit down: At first and last, the hearty welcome.

**Lords.** Thanks to your Majesty.

**Macb.** Our self will mingle with society, And play the humble Host:
Our Hostess keeps her State, but in best time We will require her welcome. [They sit.

**Lady.** Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends, For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

**Macb.** See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i' th' midst.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

[To the Murtherer, aside, at the door.

**Mur.** 'Tis Banquo's then.

---

8 You know your own degree, sit down: At first and last, the hearty welcome.] As this passage stands, not only the numbers are very imperfect, but the sense, if any can be found, weak and contemptible. The numbers will be improved by reading, —sit down at first, And last a hearty welcome.

But for last should then be written next. I believe the true reading is,

You know your own degree, sit down.—To first And last a hearty welcome.

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within. Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and gen'r'al, as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy Doubts and Fears. But Banquo's safe?—

Mur. Ay, my good Lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath Nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear't ourselves again. [Exit Muriberer.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is fold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the fawce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

\footnote{9 'Tis better thee without than he within.] The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than him within.
That is, I am more pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body.

The author might mean, It is better that Banquo's blood was on thy face, than he in this room. Expressions thus imperfect are common in his works.

Macb.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
—Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't please your Highness sit?
Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour
roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,
Whom may I rath'er challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mishance!
Rofe. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full. [Starting.
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that moves your Highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it. Never shake
Thy goary locks at me.
Rofe. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy friends. My Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and 'tend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
[To Macbeth aside.
Macb. Ay, and a bold one; that dare look on That;
Which might appal the Devil.
Lady. 'O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; [Aside.
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
*proper stuff!] This speech
*extend his passion.* is rather too long for the circum-
stances in which it is thrown. It
had begun better at, Shame itself!
M A C B E T H.

Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts, Impostors to true fear, would well become A woman’s story at a winter’s fire, Authoriz’d by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all’s done, You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prythee, see there! Behold! look! lo! how say you?

[Pointing to the Ghost.

Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.—
If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send Tho’se, that we bury, back; our Monuments Shall be the maws of kites. [The Ghost vanishes.

Lady. What? quite unmann’d in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, ’tis olden time,

Ere human Statute purg’d the gentle weal;

— Oh, these flaws and starts, Impostors to true fear, would well become A woman’s story at a winter’s fire, Authoriz’d by her grandam.—]

Flaws are sudden Gufts. The author perhaps wrote,

— These flaws and starts, Impostures true to fear would well become;

A woman’s story,—

These symptoms of terror and amazement might better become Impostures true only to fear, might become a coward: the recital of such falsehoods as no man could credit, whose understanding was not weaken’d by his terrors; tales told by a woman over a fire on the authority of her grandam.

— Oh, these flaws and starts, Impostors to true fear,

These flaws and starts, as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imitators or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well grounded. WARB.

Ere human Statute purg’d the gentle weal; Thus all the editions: I have reform’d the text, general weal: And it is a very fine Periphrasis to signify, ere civil Societies were instituted. For the early murders recorded in Scripture, are here alluded to: and Macbeth’s apologizing for murder from the antiquity of the ex-
Ay, and since too, Murthers hath been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear, the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal Murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange
Than such a murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange Infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, Love and Health
to all!
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full—
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our Duties, and the Pledge:

[The Gbost rises again.

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

example is very natural. The
term he uses again in Timon,
—that his particular to prevent
smell from the gen'ral weal.

WARDURTON.

The gentle weal, is, the peace-
ance's community, the state made
quiet and safe by human sta-
ture.

Mellia sequax per aqebant ocia
| gantes. |

4 And all to all.] i. e. all good
| wishes to all: such as he had |
| named above, love, health and |
| joy. |

WARDURTON.

I once thought it should be
hail to all, but I now think that
the present reading is right.

Ff 3

Macb.
MACBETH.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcan tyger,
Take any shape but That, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,
And dare me to the Defert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, terrible shadow!
Unreal mock'rey, hence! Why, so—Being gone,

[The Ghost vanishes,

I am a man again. Pray you sit still. [The Lords rise.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good Meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

Mach. Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a Summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange.

5 If trembling I inhabit.] This is the original reading, which
Mr. Pope changed to inhibit, which inhibit Dr. Warburton in-
terprets refute. The old reading may stand, at least as well as the
emendation. Suppose we read,
If trembling I evade it.

6 Mach. Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a Summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? Why not? if they be only
like a Summer's cloud? The
speech is given wrong; it is part
of the Lady's foregoing speech;
and, besides that, is a little cor-
r upt. We should read it thus,
—Can't such things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's
cloud,
Without our special wonder?
* i.e. cannot these visions, with-
out so much wonder and amaze-
ment, be presented to the un-
turbed imagination in the man-
ner that air-visions, in summer-
clouds, are presented to a coun-
ton one: which sometimes show
a lion, a cattle, or a promontory.
The thought is fine, and in char-
acter. Overcome is used for de-
ceive.

WARBURTON.

The alteration is introduced
by a misinterpretation. The
meaning is not that *these things
are like a Summer-cloud, but can
such wonders as these pass over
us without wonder, as a casual
Summer-cloud passes over us.

7 You make me strange

Ev'n to the disposition that I
once.] Which in plain Eng-
lish is only, You make me just mad.

WARBURTON.

You produce in me an altera-
tion of mind, which is probably
the expression which our author
intended to paraphrase.

Ey'n
Evn to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold such sights;
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my Lord?
Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrag'd him. At once good night.
Stand not upon the Order of your Going.
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty!
Lady. Good night, to all. [Exeunt Lords.
Macb. It will have blood.—They say, blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, that understand relations, have
By magpies, and by coughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'lt man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'lt thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Augurs, that understand relations.—] By the word relation is understood the connection of effects with causes; to understand relations as an Augur, is to know how those things relate to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence.

Augurs, that understand relations.—] By relations is meant the relation one thing is supposed to bear to another. The ancient soothsayers of all denominations practised their art upon the principle of Analogy. Which analogies were founded in a superstitious philosophy arising out of the nature of ancient idolatry; which would require a volume to explain. If Shake-speare meant what I suppose he did by relations, this shews a very profound knowledge of antiquity. But, after all, in his licentious way, by relations, he might only mean languages, i. e. the languages of birds.

Warburton.
M A C B E T H.

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.

There's not a 9 Thane of them, but in his house I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow, Betimes I will unto the weyward sisters; More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know, By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good All causes shall give way; I am in blood Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand; Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. 1 You lack the season of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use,
We're yet but young in Deed.  [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Heath:

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. W H Y, how now, Hecat', you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are?
Saucy, and overbold! how did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death?
And I, the mistress of your Charms,
The close contriver of all harms,

9 Thane. Mr. Thesbald.—Vulg. one.

1 You lack the season of all nature. Sleep. 1 I take the meaning to be, you want food, which stops, or give the relish to all nature. Indices summæ vitæ condimenti.

2 The editions before Thesbald read, we're yet but young in deed.

Was
MACBETH.

Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a weyward son,
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' th' morning; thither he
Will come, to know his destiny;
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for th' Air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal fatal end;
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the Moon
There hangs a * vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by magick † flights,
Shall raise such artificial spirits,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know, Security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy. [Musick and a Song.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.

[Exeunt.

*—vap'rous drop, profound; †—flights.] Arts; subtle
That is, a drop that has profound, practices.
deep, or hidden qualities.

SCENE
Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts, which can interpret further. Only, I say, things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan was pitied of Macbeth—marry, he was dead:—and the right-valiant Banquo walk’d too late. Whom, you may say, if’t please you, Fleance kill’d, for Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too it was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain. To kill their gracious father? damned fact! How did it grieve Macbeth? did he not straight in pious rage the two delinquents tear, that were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep? Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too; for ’twould have anger’d any heart alive to hear the men deny’t. So that, I say, he has borne all things well; and I do think that had he Duncan’s sons under his key,

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.] As this tragedy, like the rest of Sh. kepeare’s, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason, why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written with a very common form of contraction Lenox and Ang. for which the transcriber, instead of Lenox and Angus, set down Lenox and another Lord. The author had indeed been more indebted to the transcriber’s fidelity and diligence had he committed no errors of greater importance.
As, an't please heav'n, he shall not, they should find
What 'twere to kill a father: so should Fleance.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. 'Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. * The Son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of Birth,
Lives in the English Court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, ⁵ and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an abolute, Sir, not I,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time,
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a care to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift Blessing

⁴ The common editions have
four. Theobald corrected it.
⁵—and receive free honours.]
Free, for grateful. WARB. How can free be grateful? It may
be either honours freely bestowed,
not purchased by crimes, or ho-
nours without slavery, without
dread of a tyrant.

May
MACBETH.
May soon return to this our suffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my pray'rs with him. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. 6 SCENE I.

A dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 WITCH.

THREE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Twice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.


1 Witch.

6 SCENE I.] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the Circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions.

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the Spirit of one of

7 Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.] A cat, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this. When Galinthia was changed into a cat by the Fates, (says Antonius Liberalis, Metam. Cap. 29.) by Witches, (says Pausanias in his Boeotics) Hecate took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues to this day. Hecate, herself too, when Typhon forced all the Gods and Goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a cat. So Ovid,

Peleor Phoebi latuit.

Wareforth.
**MACBETH.**

1 **WITCH.** Round about the cauldron go, In the poison'd entrails throw.

[They march round the cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients as for the preparation of their Charm.

Toad,

of those witches was **Grimalkin**; and when any mischief was to be done the witch bid **Rutterkin** go and try, but once when she would have sent **Rutterkin** to torment a daughter of the countess of **Rutland**, instead of going or flying, he only cried newt, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as **Shakespeare** has taken care to inculcate.

**Thb.** His bark cannot be lost, Yet it scals be temp'st t' st.

The common affections which the malice of witches produced were melancholy, fits, and lots of flesh, which are threatened by one of **Shakespeare**'s witches.

**Wart.** Po'd-nights, nine times nine, Shall he dwindled, peak and pine.

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. **Shakespeare** has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *kiling swine*, and Dr. **Harrrer** observes, that about that time, *a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the ful-


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*Notes:*

- **Grimalkin**
- **Rutterkin**
- **Rutland**
- **Shakespeare**
- **Thb.**
- **Wart.**
- **Harrrer**
- **Kiling swine**
- **Maligning swine**

*Further reading:*

- **De Viribus Animalium** by Albertus Magnus
- **Ditch'd liver'd by a drah**

*Summary:*

The text describes various magical practices and the influence of witches on human affairs, particularly the use of toads and the destruction of cattle. It also references **Shakespeare**'s portrayal of witches in his play.
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelteur'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.

AII. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.

Witch. Fillet of a feney snake;
In the cauldron boile and bake;

they are suppos'd to take up
dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by
the woman whom King James examined, and who had of a
death body that was divided in
one of their assemblies, two finge-
ers for her share. It is observ-
able that Shakespeare, on this
great occasion, which involves
the fate of a king, multiplies
all the circumstances of horror.
The babe, whose finger is used,
must be strangled in its birth;
the gasele must not only be hu-
man, but must have dropped
from a gibbet, the gibbet of a
murderer; and even the fox,
whose blood is used, must have
offended nature by devouring
her own farrow. These are
touches of judgment and genius.

And now about the cauldron
hag——

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Too that mingle may.

And in a former part,
—overhead fisters, hand in
hand——

This do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up
line!

These two passages I have
brought together, because they
both seem subject to the objec-
tion of too much levity for the
solemnity of enchantment, and
may both be shown; by one quo-
tation from Camden's account of
Ireland, to be founded upon a
practice really observed by the
uncivilized natives of that coun-
try. "When any one gets a
fall, says the informer of Cam-
"den, he starts up, and turn-
ing three times to the right digs
a hole in the earth; for they
imagine that there is a spirit
in the ground, and if he falls
sick in two or three days,
they send one of their wo-
men that is skilled in that way
to the place, where she says,
I call thee from the east, west,
north and south, from the
groves, the woods, the rivers,
and the fens, from the fairies
red, black, white." There
was likewise a book written be-
fore the time of Shakespeare, de-
scribing, amongst other prop-
ties, the colours of spirits.

Many other circumstances
might be particularized, in which
Shakespeare has shown his judg-
ment and his knowledge.
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's stings,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a Charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

_All._ Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

_Witch._ Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw, and gulf
Of the ravening salt sea-shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew:
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and flab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

_All._ Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

_Witch._ Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

_Hec._ Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i'th' gains.
And now about the cauldron stings,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Toad, that under the cold stone; 
Days and nights has, thirty one; 
Sweater'd venom sleeping got; 
Boil thou first i th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble; 
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake; 
In the cauldron boil and bake;

They are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King Jarvis examined, and who had of a dead body that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable that Shakespeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the gobbet must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the fox, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own fawn. These are strokes of judgment and genius.

And now about the cauldron song——

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

And in a former part,
—As youward sisters, hand in hand,—

Thus do we about,
Lucky to be, and the rice to mint,
And the rice again to make up wine!

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown; by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country. "When any one gets a fall, says the informer of Camden, he starts up, and turning three times to the right, makes a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he fills it in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where the says, 'I call thee from the east, west, north and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the fairies red, black, white.' There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakespeare, describing, amongst other properties, the colours of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakespeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.
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Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
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For a Charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening salt sea-shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew:
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron ring,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick
Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags? What is't you do? All. A deed without a name. Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, Though you come to know it, answer me. Though you untie the winds, and let them fight Against the churches; though the yeasty waves Confound and swallow navigation up; Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down, Though castles topple on their warders' heads; Though palaces and pyramids do slope Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure Of Nature's Germins tumble all together, Even till destruction sicken, answer me To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.
2 Witch. Demand.
3 Witch. We'll answer.

—yeasty waves] That is, This was substituted by Teobald for Nature's Germs.
MACBETH.

1 Witch. Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths, or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten from the murtherer's gibbet, throw into the flame.

All. Come high or low: Thyself and office deftly show.

[Thunder.

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power——

1 Witch. He knows thy thought.

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff!

Beware the Thane of Fife—dismis me—enough.

[Descends.

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good Caution, thanks.

Thou'lt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more——

1 Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another more potent than the first.

[Thunder.

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn the pow'r of man; for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure, and take a bond of Fate; thou shalt not live, that I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies; and sleep in sight of thunder.

[Thunders.

Vol. VI. Gg Ap.
Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rìges.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow ' the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam-wood to Dunfinane's high hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellious head rife never, 'till the wood
Of Birnam rïse, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the leafe of Nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. —Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[The Cauldron sinks into the Ground.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,

1 _the round_  
And top of Sovereignty?] This _round_ is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The _top_ is the ornament that rises above it.

2 _Rebellious head rïse never,—_  
We should read,

Rebellious head—

_i.e._ Let rebellion never get to a head and be successful till—

and then— WAREURTON.

Mr. Theukald, who first proposed this change, rightly observes, that head means best, or power.

Douglas and the rebels, 
A mi bì and a fearful head they are.

And again, 
His divi-sions—are in thu heads.

Why
Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is this.

[Hautboys.]

1 Witch. Shew!
2 Witch. Shew!
3 Witch. Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart.

Come like shadows, so depart.

[Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and Banquo; the last, with a glass in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!

Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—
A third is like the former—Filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? — Start, eye!
What! will the line stretch out to th'crack of Doom?—
Another yet? — A seventh! I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,

That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.

Horrible sight! nay, now, I see, 'tis true;

2 Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.—] The expression of
Macbeth, that the crown fears his eye-balls, is taken from the me-
method formerly practised of de-
stroying the sight of captives or
competitors, by holding a burn-
ing bunon before the eye, which
dried up its humidity. Whence
the Italian, abasino, to blind.
4 In former editions:

—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is
like the first—
A third is like the former—] As
Macbeth expected to see a train
of kings, and was only enquir-
ing from what race they would
proceed, he could not be fur-
prised that the hair of the se-
cond was bound with gold like
that of the first; he was offend-
ed only that the second resembled
the first, as the first resembled
Banquo, and therefore said,

—and thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is
like the first.

This Dr. Warburton has fol-
lowed.
5 That twofold balls and treble
scepters carry.] This was in-
tended as a compliment to King
James the first, who first united
the two islands and the three
kingdoms under one head; whose
house too was said to be descend-
ed from Banquo.

WARB.
MACBETH.

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

→ Witch. Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, chear we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,
While you perform your antick round,
That this great King may kindly lay,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Mufick.

[The witches dance and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this peni-
cious hour
Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weyward sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horfe. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

— the blood-bolter'd Banquo

Gildon has ridiculously interpret-
ed blood-bolter'd, in a thing he
calls a Glossary, to signify smeared
with dry blood; he might as well
have said with extreme uncien.
Blood bolter'd means one whose
blood hath issued out at many
wounds, as flour of corn paffes
thro' the holes of a sieve. Shakes-
peare used it to infinuate the bar-
barity of Banquo's murderers,
who covered him with wounds.

Warburton.

Mach.
MACBETH.

Macb. [Aside.] 7 Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.
The slytht purpose never is o'er-took,
Unles the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and
done,
The Castle of Macduff I will surprize,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more fights.—Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to Macduff's Castle at Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rossè.

L. Macd. WHAT had he done, to make him fly
the Land?

Rossè. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rossè. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself doth fly. He loves us not,
He wants the 8 nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,

7 Time, thou anticipat'st my
dread exploits.] To antici-
pate is here to present, by taking
away the opportunity.

8 —nat'ral touch;——] Na-
tural sensibility. He is not touch-
ed with natural affection.
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ros. My dearest Cousin,
I pray you, school yourself; but for your husband,
He's noble, wife, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move—I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless,
Ros. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Ros.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?
Son. As birds do, Mother.
L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?
Son. On what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! Thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

9 when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves: —

But sure they did know what they said, that the State esteemed them traitors. Warburton.

1 when we hold rumour

From what we fear—

Warburton.

Son.
Son. Why should I, Mother? poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead for all your Saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to fell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors, that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly;
MACBETH.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I'd done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murthurers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'ft, thou flag-ear'd villain.
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He's kill'd me, mother.
Run away, pray you.
[Exit L. Macduff, crying Murther; Murthurers pursue her.

* To do worse to you were fell cruelty,] Who can doubt it?
But this is not what he would say. A stranger, of ordinary
condition, accosts a woman of
quality without ceremony; and
tells her abruptly, that her life
and her children's lives are in im-
minent danger. But seeing the
effect this had upon her, he adds,
as we should read it,
To fright you thus, methinks, I
am too savage;

To do worship to you were fell
cruelty:
That is, but at this juncture to
waste my time in the gradual
observances due to your rank,
would be the exposing your life
to immediate destruction. To do
worship signified, in the phrase
of that time, to pay observance.

WARBURTON.

To do worse is, to let her
and her children be destroyed
without warning.

1 SCENE
MACBETH.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,

Bestride our down-falln birthdom. Each new morn,

New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it refounds

3 In former editions:

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword;

and, like good men,

Bestride our downfal birth-dom:—] He who can

discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts him to be-

stride his downfal birth-dom, is

a liberty to adhere to the pre-

sent text; but it is probable that

Shakespeare wrote,

—like good men,

Bestride our downfal birth-

dom—

The allusion is to a man from

whom something valuable is a-

bout to be taken by violence, and

who, that he may defend it

without incumbrance, lays it on the

ground, and stands over it with

his weapon in his hand. Our

birthdom, or birthright, says he,

lies on the ground, let us, like

men who are to fight for what is
dearest to them, not abandon it,

but stand over it, and defend it.

This is a strong picture of obsti-
nate resolution. So Falstaff says
to Hal.

When I am down, if thou wilt,

bestride me, so.

Birthm for birth-right is

formed by the same analogy with

masterdom in this play, signifying

the privileges or rights of a mas-

ter.

Perhaps it might be birth-dame

for mother; let us stand over our

mother that lies bleeding on the

ground.

4 Bestride our downfal birth-

dom:—] To protect it from

utter destruction. The allusion

is to the Hyperaspists of the an-
cients, who bestrade their fel-

lows slain in battle, and covered

them with their shields.

WARDURTON.
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllables of colour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wait;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance;
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but some-
thing

6 You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is,

7 A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial Charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell,

8 Though all things foul would bear the brows of
Grace,

Yet Grace must look still so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

5 —and yell'd cut
Like syllables of colour.] This
presents a ridiculous image. But
what is insinuated under it is no-
ble; that the portents and pro-
digies in the skies, of which
mention is made before, shewed
that Heaven sympathised with
Scotland.

6 You may discern of him
through me,—] By Macduff's
answer it appears we should read,
— deserve of him—

Warburton.

7 A good and virtuous nature
may recoil

In an imperial Charge.—] A
good mind may recede from good-
ness in the execution of a royal
commission.

8 Though all things foul, &c.] This is not very clear. The
meaning perhaps is this: My
suspicions cannot injure you, if you
be virtuous, by supposing that a
traitor may put on your virtuous
appearance. I do not say that
your virtuous appearance proves
you a traitor; for virtue must
wear its proper form, though that
form be often counterfeited by vul-
lany.

Mal.
Macbeth.

Mal. Perchance, ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.

9 Why in that raveness left you wife and children,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor Country!
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—* Wear thou thy
wrongs—

* His title is affear'd.—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'rt,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoak;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my Right:
And here from gracious England have I Offer
Of goodly thofunds. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macduff. What should he be?

Mal. 2 It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,

9 Why in that raveness—] fear'd, a law term for con-
Without previous provision, with-
firmed. Pope.
out due preparation, without ma-

* Wear thou thy wrongs—] It is myself I mean, in whom
That is, Poor Country, wear-thou
I know] This conference of
thy wrongs.

Malcolm with Macduff is taken
out of the chronicles of Scotland.

Pope.

That,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confinesless harms.

Mact. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In Evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of ev'ry sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such an one to reign.

Mact. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many,
As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A ftanchless Avarice, that, were I King;
I should cut off the Nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's houfe;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge

3 Sudden, malicious,—] Sud-
én, for capricious. WARB. hasty.

Quar-
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

_Macd._ This Avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons, to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

_Mal._ But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, persev'rance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of Concord into Hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

_Macd._ Oh Scotland! Scotland!
_Mal._ If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

_Macd._ Fit to govern?
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his Breed. Thy royal father
Was a most fainted King; the Queen, that bore thee,
Offner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh, fare thee well!

_4_ —_grows with more pernicious root
_Than summer-seeming lust;_—

_summer-seeming_ has no manner of sense: correct,
_Than summer-teeming lust;_—

_i.e._ The passion, which lasts no longer than the heat of life, and which goes off in the winter of age.

_WARBURTON._

_5_ —_foysons_,_—_] Plenty.

_Pope._

_These_
M A C B E T H.

These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

_Mal._ Macduff, this noble Passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Develish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credules hafte; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarceley have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor Country's, to command;
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward with ten thousand warlike-men,

6 All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, 7 and the chance of goodness

6 All ready at A point,—[A point, may mean all ready
at a time; but Shakepeare meant
more: He meant both time and
place, and certainly wrote,
All ready at appoint.—
_i.e._ At the place appointed, at
the rendezvous. Warburton.
There is no need of change.

7—and the chance of good-

ness

Be like our warranted quarrel?
The chance of goodness, as it is

commonly read, conveys no
sense. If there be not some
more important error in the
passage, it should at least be
pointed thus:

—and the chance of goodness,

Be like our warranted quar-
rel!—

That is, may the event be, of
the goodness of heaven, [pro
justitia divina] answerable to the
caufe.

But
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macc. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

SCENE V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Docl. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls, That stay his cure; their malady convinces The great aisy of art. But, at his Touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend. [Exit.

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.
Macc. What's the Disease he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;
A most miraculous work in this good King, Which often since my here remain in England I've seen him do. How he sollicits heav'n, Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people, All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, The mere despair of surgery, he cures, Hanging a golden Stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers. And 'tis spoken,

But I am inclined to believe that Shakespeare wrote,
—and the chance, O goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel!—

This some of his transcribers wrote with a small e, which another imagined to mean of. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be, and O thou sovereign Goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our case.

—and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction—]

It must be own'd, that Shakespeare is often guilty of strange absurdities in point of history and chronology. Yet here he has artfully avoided one. He had
MACBETH.

To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his Throne,
That speak him full of Grace.

SCENE VI.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here!
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle Cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Mal. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor Country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's Knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

had a mind to hint that the cure
of the Esi was to descend to
the successors in the royal line in
compliment to James the first.
But the Con sever was the first
who pretended to this gift: How
then could it be at that time gen-
nerally spoken of that the gift
was hereditary? this he has solv-
ed by telling us that Edward
had the gift of prophecy along
with it.

WARBURTON,

9 A modern ecstasy— That
is, no more regarded than the
contortions that Fanatics throw
themselves into. The author
was thinking of those of his
own times. WARBURTON,
I believe modern is only foolish
or trifling.

Mal.
Macbeth. What's the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.—
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.—
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech. How
goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witnes'd the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the distant air,
Where Hearing should not catch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The gen'ral cause? or is it a * fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind; that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,

*—fee-grief] A peculiar for- owner. The expression is, at
now: a grief that hath a single least to our ears, very harsh.
Vol. VI.    H h    Keep
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

_Ros._ Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest Sound,
That ever yet they heard.

_Mac._ Hum! I guess at it.

_Ros._ Your Cattle is surpriz'd, your wife and babes Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

_Mal._ Merciful heav'n!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

_Mac._ My children too!——

_Ros._ Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

_Mac._ And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too!

_Ros._ I have said.

_Mal._ Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

_Mac._ He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all? What, all? Oh, hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

_Mal._ Dispute it like a Man.

_Mac._ I shall do so,
But I must also feel it as a Man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful _Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell Slaughter on their souls. Heav'n rest them now!

_Mal._ Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief

---

1 _He has no children._—] It has been observed by an anonymous critic, that this is not said of _Macbeth_, who had children, but of _Malcolm_, who having none, supposed his father can be so easily comforted. 
_Con_
MACBETH.

Convert to wrath. Blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macc. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggar with my tongue. But, gentle heav’n!
Cut short all intermision; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword’s length set him, if he ‘scape,
Then heav’n forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Ante-chamber in Macbeth’s Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watch’d with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it
she last walk’d?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown up-
on her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
write upon’t, read it, afterwards seal it, and again
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-
ing. In this slumber agitation, besides her walking,

And
Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

I o, you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her, stand close.

_Dot._ How came she by that light?

_Gent._ Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

_Dot._ You see, her eyes are open.

_Gent._ Ay, but their sense is shut.

_Dot._ What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

_Gent._ It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

_Lady._ Yet here's a spot.

_Dot._ Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

_Lady._ Out! damned spot; out, I say—One; two; why then, 'tis time to do't—Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?

_Dot._ Do you mark that?

_Lady._ The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now. What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

_Dot._ Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.
Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heav'n knows, what she has known.
Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!
Docè. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.
Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.
Docè. Well, well, well——
Gent. Pray God, it be, Sir.
Docè. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.
Lady. Wash your hands, put on your Night-gown, look not so pale—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his Grave.
Docè. Even so?
Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.
[Exit Lady.
Docè. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Docè. Foul whisp'ring are abroad; unnat'ral deeds do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their Secrets. More needs she the Divine, than the Physician, God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; remove from her the means of all annoyance, and still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.
My mind she's as mated; and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good Doctor.
[Exeunt.

2 My mind she 'as mated,—] Rather astonished, confounded. Conquer'd or subdued. Pope. ed.

SCENE.
MACBETH.

SCENE II.

Changes to a Field, with a Wood at distance.

Enter Monteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. THE English Power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burns in them, for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam-wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming?
Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not. I've a file
Of all the Gentry; there is Siward's son
And many unrough youths, that even now,
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunfruitane he strongly fortifies;
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd Cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murthers sticking on his hands;

Mr. Theobald will needs explain
this expression. It means (says he) the man who has abandoned
himself to despair, who has no
spirit or resolution left. And to
support this sense of mortified
man, he quotes mortified spirit in
another place. But if this was
the meaning, Shakespear had not
wrote the mortified man, but a
mortified man. In a word, by the
mortified man, is meant a Religious; one who has subdued his
passions, is dead to the world, has abandoned it, and all the
affairs of it: an Aesthetic.

WARBURTON.
MACBETH.

Now minutely Revolts upbraids his faith-breath;
Those, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestle's senses to recoil, and start,
* When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we, in our Country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make up our March towards Birnam.

SCENE III.

The Castle of Dunfinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. *BRING me no more Reports. Let them fly all;
'Till Birnam-wood remove to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it,
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, false
Thanes,

* When all that is within him does condemn. demnation.

*BRING me no more Reports, &c.]
Tell me not any more of desirions—
Let all my subjects leave me—I am safe till, &c.

And
And mingle with the English Epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, chou cream’d lown!
Where got’st thou that goose-look?

_Ser._ There are ten thousand—

_Macb._ Geese, villain?

_Ser._ Soldiers, Sir.

_Macb._ Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver’d boy. What soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy soul! those linnen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

_Ser._ The English force, so please you.

_Macb._ Take thy face hence—Seyton!—I’m sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis.ease me now.
I have liv’d long enough: my way of life
Is fall’n into the Sear, the yellow leaf,

---_English Epicures._ The reproach of epicurism, on which
Mr. Thorold has bestowed a note,
is nothing more than a natural
invertebrate actuated by an inhabi-
tant of a barren country, against
those who have more opportuni-
ties of luxury.

---_these linnen cheeks of thine
Are Counsellors to fear._ The
meaning is, they infect others
who see them with cowardice.

---_my way of life
Is fall’n into the Sear._] As
there is no relation between the
way of life, and fallen into the
fear, I am inclined to think that

---_my way of life
—is only an M inverted,
and that it was originally written,
---_my May of life._

I am now passed from the spring
to the autumn of my days, but I am
without those comforts that
should succeed the spriteliness of
bloom, and support me in this mel-
ancholy season.

The author has May in the
same sense elsewhere.

---_my way of life
As fall’n into the Sear._] An
Anonymus would have it,
---_my May of life._
But he did not consider that Mac-
beth is not here speaking of his
rule
MACBETH.

And that, which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be hackt;

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirre the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour,
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Dott. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Gleane the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Dott. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physicke to the dogs, I'll none of it.

rule or government, or of any sudden change; but of the gradual decline of life, as appears from this line.
Come, put my armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the I banes fly from me—
Come, Sir, dispatch—if thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my Land, find her diseas
And purge it to a sound and pristine health;
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say—
What rubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence! Hear't thou of them?
Do. Ay, my good Lord; your royal Preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnam-forest come to Dunsinane.
Do. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear.
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to Birnam-Wood.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son,
Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. COUSINS, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Menti. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

*—but the confident tyrant*

Keeps

spoil'd, the measure in order to
give a tyrant an epithet that does not
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before’t.

Mal. ’Tis his main hope,
9 For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Sew. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
1 What we shall say we have, and what we owe;
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue Strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt Marching.

not belong to him; (namely confi-
cidence, or reposing himself securely
in any thing or person) while they rejected the true one,
expressive of a tyrant’s jealousy
and suspicion, and declarative of
the fact. We must surely read,
—-the confin’d tyrant.

Warburton.
He was confident of success; so
confident that he would not fly,
but endure their setting down before
his castle.
9 For where there is advantage
to be given,
Both more and less have given
him the Revolt: The imperi-
ocy of the expression advantage
to be given, instead of advan-
tage given, and the disagree-
able repetition of the word given
in the next line, incline me to
read,

—where there is a vantage to be gone,
Both more and less have given
him the Revolt.

Advantage or vantage, in the
time of Shakespeare, signified oppor-
tunity. He builds himself and his
soldiers, says Malcolm, in the
castle, because when there is an
opportunity to be gone they all de-
fer him.

More and less is the same with
greater and less. So in the inter-
polated Mandeville, a book of
that age, there is a chapter of
India the more and the less.
1 What we shall say we have,
and what we owe:] i.e.
property and allegiance.

Warburton.
2 Arbitrate is determine.
SCENE V.

Changes to the Castle of Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours.

Macb. 

Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come. Our Castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up;
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them careful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night shriek, and my 3 fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouze and stir,
As life were in't. 4 I have sipt full with horrors;
Dreadness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that Cry?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macb. 5 She should have dy'd hereafter;

---fell of hair] My hairy part, my capillus. Fell is 5. 4 ---I have sipt full with horrors;] The Oxford Editor alters this to, ---suffocated with horrors; And so, for the sake of a polite phrase, has made the speaker talk absurdly. For the thing we suffocated, we behold with uneasiness and horror. But the speaker says, the things he sipt full of, were grown familiar to him, and he viewed them without emotion. 5 WARBURTON. 5 She should have dy'd hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word.] This passage has very unjustly been suspected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what word there would
MACBETH.

There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a Tale,

would have been a time, and that there would or would not be a time for any word seems not a consideration of importance sufficient to transport Macbeth into the following exclamation. I read therefore,
She should have dy'd hereafter.
There would have been a time for—such a world!—
To morrow, &c.
It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is expressed, and may be paraphrased thus: The Queen is dead. Macbeth. Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour; had she loved longer, there would at length have been a time for the honours due to her as a Queen, and that respect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the world—such is the condition of human life, that we always think to-morrow will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All these days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was deparing from them, were like me reckoning on to-morrow.

Such was once my conjecture, but I am now less confident. Macbeth might mean, that there would have been a more convenient time for such a word, for such intelligence, and so fall into the following reflection. We say we send word when we give intelligence.

To the last syllable of recorded time; Recorded time seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of heaven for the period of life. The record of futurity is indeed no accurate expression, but as we only know transations past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of preface, in which future events may be supposed to be written.

The way to dusty death.—)
We should read dusky, as appears from the figurative term lighted. The Oxford Editor has condescended to approve of it.

Dusty is a very natural epithet. The second folio has,
The way to study death.—which Mr. Upton prefers, but it is only an error by an accidental transposition of the types.

Told
MACBETH

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue. Thy story quickly,

Mef. My gracious Lord,
I should report That which, I say, I saw
But know not how to do't.

Mach. Well, say it, Sir.

Mef. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The Wood began to move.


Mef. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Mach. If thou speakest false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not, if thou dost me as much.
—^ I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, 'till Birnam-wood
Do come to Dunfinane,—and now a wood
Comes towards Dunfinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I 'gin to be weary of the Sun;
And with, the state o'th' world were now undone.

I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth — [Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet as it is a phrase without either example, elegance or propriety, it is surely better to read,

I pull in Resolution,—

I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me. It is scarcely necessary to observe how easily pull might be changed into pull by a negligent writer, or mistaken for it by an unskilful printer.

Ring
MACBETH.

Ring the alarum Bell. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least, we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Before Dunfinane.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army with Boughs.

Mal. NOW, near enough. Your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my Cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Brave Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the Tyrant's Power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exe.

[Alarums continued.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he,
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'llt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name,
Than any is in hell. Macb.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred Tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[Fight, and young Siward's slain.
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit,

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; or thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou shouldst be—
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit Alarum.

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord. The Castle's gently render'd;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost professes itself yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We've met with foes,
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, Sir, the Castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

SCENE
SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

To kim, enter Macduff.

Mact. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee.
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg’d
With blood of thine already.

Mact. I’ve no words;
My voice is in my sword! Thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. Alarum.

Mact. Thou losest labour;
As eafe may’t thou the 9 intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crefts,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Mact. Despair thy Charm!
And let the Angel, whom thou still haft serv’d,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother’s womb
Untimely ripp’d.

Mact. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow’d my better part of man;
And be these juggling fiends no more believ’d,
That * palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I’ll not fight with thee.

Mact. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o’th’ time.
We’ll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

_Macb._ I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's Curfe.
Though Birnam-wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, _Macduff_;
And damn'd be he, that first cries, _Hold, enough._

[Execut fighting. _Alarums._

**SCENE VIII.**

Retreat and flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Rossé, Thanes, and Soldiers.

_Mal._ I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.
_Siw._ Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

_Mal._ _Macduff_ is missing, and your noble son.
_Rossé._ Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

_Siw._ Then is he dead?
_Rossé._ Ay, and brought off the field. Your caufe
of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

_Siw._ Had he his hurts before?
_Rossé._ Ay, on the front.
_Siw._ Why then, God's soldier be he!

1 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a
fairer death.

And
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
And so his knell is knoll’d.

Mal. He’s worth more sorrow,
And that I’ll spend for him.

Siv. He’s worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score.
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth’s head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands
Th’ Usurper’s cursed head. The time is free;
I see thee compast with thy Kingdom’s Peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with thy sev’ral loves,
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam’d. What’s more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil’d friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen,
Who, as ’tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else

And so his knell is knoll’d.] This incident is thus related from
Henry of Huntingdon by Camden
in his Remains, from which our
author probably copied it.

When Seyward, the martial
Earl of Northumberland, under-
stood that his son, whom he had
sent in service against the Scotch-
men, was slain, he demanded
whether his wounds were in the
fore part or hinder part of his
body. When it was answered, in
the fore part, he replied, “I am
right glad; neither with I any
other death to me or mine.”

I 1 2

That
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown’d at Scone.

[F l o u r i s h .]  Exeunt omnes.

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its actions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character, the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakespeare’s time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth prefers some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.
C. MARCIUS

CORIOLANUS.

III
Dramatis Personae.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
Titus Lartius, Cominius, } Generals against the Volscians.
Menenius Agrippa, Friend to Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } Tribunes of the People.
Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Young Marcius, Son to Coriolanus,
Conspirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, Mother to Coriolanus.
Virgilia, Wife to Coriolanus.
Valeria, Friend to Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.

The SCENE is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians, and Antiates.

The whole history exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch.

Of this play there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623.

CORIOLANUS.
CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in ROME.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with slaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 Citizen.

Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know, Caius Marcius is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let it be done. Away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patri- cians, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they re-
believed us humanely; but they think, we are too dear. The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes; for the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Citi. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcitus?

ALL. Against him first. He's a very dog to the Com-

2 Citi. Consider you, what services he has done for his Country?

1 Citi. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nav, but speak not maliciously.

1 Citi. I lay unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end. Though soft conformed Men can be content to say, it was for his Country, he did

1 but they think, we are too  

2 Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes;]

Shakespear's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, Let us revenge this with forks ere we become rakes:

For Pikes then signified the same as Forks does now. So Jewell in his own translation of his Apology, turns Christian's ad for-

Oxford Editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great  

Warburton. 1 ere we become Rakes; it is  

plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, as lean as a Rake. Of this proverb the original is obscure. Rake now signi-

ifies a dissipate man, a man worn out with diffease and debauchery. But this signification is, I think, much more modern than the pro-

verb. Rakel, in Sh вы'shick, is laid to mean a cur-dog, and this was probably the first use among us of the word Rake; as lean as a Rake is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed.
it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud; which
he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you ac-
count a vice in him. You must in no way say, he
is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of ac-
cufations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repe-
tition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are those? the
other side o’ th’ City is risen; why stay we praying
here? To the Capitol——

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft——who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath
always lov’d the People.

1 Cit. He’s one honest enough; ’would, all the rest
were so!

Men. What Work’s, my Countrymen, in hand?
Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the Senate;
they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend
to do, which now we’ll shew ‘em in deeds. They say,
poor Suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we
have strong arms too.

Men. Why, Masters, my good Friends, mine ho-
nest Neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, most charitable care
Have the Patricians of you. For your wants,
Your sufferings in this Dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heavens with your slaves, as lift them
Against the Roman State; whole Course will on

The
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand Curbs
Of more strong Links asunder, than can ever
Appear in your Impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your Knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by Calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you flander
The Helms o’th State, who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them as Enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne’er
car’d for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their Store-
houses cram’m’d with grain; make Edicts for Usury,
to support Usurers; repeal daily any wholesome Act
established against the Rich, and provide more pierc-
ing Statutes daily to chain up and restrain the Poor.
If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there’s all
the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond’rous malicious,
Or be accus’d of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose 4 I will venture
To scale’t a little more.

2 Cit. Well,
I’ll hear it, Sir—yet you must not think

4 — I will venture

To scale’t a little more.] Thus all the editions, as Mr.
Theobald confesses, who alters it to scale’t. And for a good rea-
son, because he can find no sense
(hesays) in the common reading.
For as good a reason, I, who can, have restored the old one to its
place. To scale signifying to weigh, examine and apply it.
The author uses it again, in the same sense, in this very play.
Scaling his present bearing

with his past.

And so Fletcher in The Maid in
the Mill,
What scale my invention before
hand? you shall pardon me for
th. t. 

Neither of Dr. Warburton’s
examples afford a sense congru-
ous to the present occasion. In the
passage quoted, to scale may be
to weigh and compare, but where
do we find that to scale is to apply?
If we scale the two critics, I think
Theobald has the advantage.

To
To fob off our disgraces with a Tale.
But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it;—
That only, like a Gulf, it did remain
I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

2 Cit. Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To th' discontented Members, th' mutinous Parts;
That envied his receit; even so most fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you—

2 Cit. Your belly's answer—what!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our fled the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then? 'Fore me, this fellow speaks.

What then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' th' body—

Men. Well,—what then?

5 Disgraces are hardships, injuries.
6 Where for whereas;
7 Which ne'er came from the lungs,—] With a smile not indicating pleasure but contempt.
8 ——even so most fitly,] i.e. exactly.
9 The counsellor heart,—] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. Homo cordatus is a prudent man.
2 Cit. The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small, of what you have little,
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good Friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers; and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate Friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the Court, the Heart, to th' seat o' th' brain.
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And tho' that all at once,
You, my good Friends, (this says the belly) mark me——

2 Cit. Ay, Sir, well, well,

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 Cit. It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their Counsels, and their Cares, digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' th' Common, you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do You think?
You, the great toe of this Assembly!——

2 Cit. I the great toe? Why, the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o’th’lowest, basest, poorest,
of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest foremost:
‘Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead’st first, to win some advantage.—
But make you ready your stiff’ bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:
The one side must have bale.

Scene III.

Enter Caius Marius Coriolanus.

Hail, noble Marius!

Cor. Thanks. What’s the matter, you dissensionous rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Cor. He, that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye Curs,
That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The

1 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead’st first, to win some advantage.—I think we may better read, by an easy change,
Thou rascal that art worst, in blood, to ruin
Lead’st first, to ruin, &c.
Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead thy fellows to ruin, in hope of some advantage.

2 That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.—That they did not like war is evident from the reason assigned, of its frightening them; but why they should not like peace (and the reason of that too is assigned) will be very hard to conceive. Peace, he says, made them proud, by bringing with it an increase of wealth and power, for those are what make a people proud; but then those are what they like but too well, and so must needs like peace the parent of them. This being contrary to what the text says, we may be assured it is corrupt, and that Shakespeare wrote,

i.e. Whom neither peace nor war fits or agrees with, as making
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the Sun. *Your virtue is,*
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice, did it. *Who deserves Greatness,*
Deferves your Hate; and your affections are
A sick man’s appetite, who desires most That
Which would increase his evil. He, that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. *Hang ye—*

*Trust ye?*

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland. What’s the matter,
That in the several places of the City
You cry against the noble Senate, who,
Under the Gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—*What’s their Seeking?*

*Men.* For corn at their own rates, whereof, they say,
The city is well stor’d.

*Cor.* Hang ’em? They say.—
They’ll fit by the fire, and presume to know
What’s done i’ th’ Capitol; who’s like to rise;

*Fletcher’s Maid’s Tragedy;*  
*What look likes you best? War.*  
*That to like is to please, every one knows, but in that sense it is as hard to say why peace should not like the people, as, in the other sense, why the people should not like peace. The truth is, that Coriolanus does not use the two sentences consequentally, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices.*
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and
give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feeble such, as stand not in their Liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. 'They say, there's Grain
enough?
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd Slaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Cor. They are dissolv'd. Hang 'em,
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbs;
That hunger broke some walls—that dogs must eat,—
That meat was made for mouths—that the Gods send not
Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds
They vented their complainings, which being answer'd,
And a Petition granted them, a strange one,
To break the heart of Generosity,
And make bold Power look pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' th' Moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Cor. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—— s'death,
The rabble should have first unroof'd the City,
Ere so prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon Power, and throw forth greater themes
For Insurrection's arguing.

3 — I'd make a quarry
With thousands—] Why a quarry? I suppose, not because
he would pile them square, but because he would give them for
carrion to the birds of prey.

4 — the heart of Generosity,
To give the final blow to the
nobles. Generosity is high birth.

Men.
Men. This is strange.
Cor. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?
Cor. Here. What's the matter?
Mes. The news is, Sir, the Volscians are in arms.
Cor. I'm glad on't, then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best Elders—

SCENE IV.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius,
Titus Lartius, with other Senators.

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately
told us.
The Volscians are in arms.
Cor. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his Nobility,
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together?
Cor. Were half to half the world by th'ears,
and he
Upon my Party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion,
That I am proud to hunt.
1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Cor. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? Stand it out?
Tit. No, Caius Marius,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O true bred!
Sen. Your company to th' Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest Friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on.
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble Lartius——
Sen. Hence! To your homes. Be gone.
[To the Citizens.

Cor. Nay, let them follow.
The Volscians have much corn, take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garnerers. Worshipful Matineers,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.—

[Exeunt.

Citizens steal away. Mienent Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. Was ever man so proud, as is this Marius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the People——

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to * gird the Gods——

Sic. Be-mock the modest Moon,——

* ——to gird——] To sneer;
BRU. The present wars devour him! He is grown too proud, to be so valiant.

SIC. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

BRU. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries-
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius: Oh, if he
Had borne the business—

SIC. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so flicks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

BRU. Come.
Half all Cominius' Honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

7 The present wars devour him; he is grown
To be so valiant.
Mr. Needham says, This is ob-
scurely expressed, but that the
poet's meaning must certainly be
this, that Marcius is so conscious
of, and so elate upon the notion of
his own valour, that he is eaten
up with pride, &c. According
to this critic then, we must
conclude, that when Shakespeare
had a mind to say, A man was
eaten up with pride, he was so
great a blunderer in expression,
as to say, He was eaten up with
courage. But our poet wrote at
another rate, and the blunder is
his critic's. The present wars
devour him, is an imprecation,
and should be so pointed. As
much as to say, May he fall in
these wars! The reason of the
curse is subjoined, for (says the
speaker) having so much pride
with so much valour, his mix-
with increase of honours, is dan-
gerous to the Republic. But
the Oxford Editor alters it to,
Took proud of being so valiant.
And by that means takes away
the reason the speaker gives for
his currying. WARBURTO.
CORIOLANUS.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
*More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our
Counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence—These are the words—I think,
I have the letter here. Yes—here it is.
They have prof a Power, but it is not known
[Reading.

Whether for East or West, The Deearth is great,
The People mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whether 'tis bent. Most likely, 'tis for you.
Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our Army's in the Field.

*More than his singularity, &c.] his powers, and what is his ap-
We will learn what he is to do, pointment.
besides going himself, what are

K k 2

We
CORIOLANUS.

We never yet made doubt, but Rome was ready
to answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
To take in many Towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your Commission, hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli;
If they set down before's, * for the remove
Bring up your Army: but, I think, you'll find,
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I speak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you!

* — FOR THE REMOVE
Bring up your Army: —] The
first part of this sentence is with-
out meaning. The General had
told the Senators that the Romans
had prest a power, which was on
foot. To which the words in
question are the answer of a fe-
nator. And, to make them
pertinent, we should read them
thus,

— FOR THEY REMOVE
Bring up your Army: —
[ i.e. Before that power, already
on foot, be in motion, bring up
your army; then he corrects him-
self, and says, but I believe you
will find your intelligence ground-
less, the Romans are not yet pre-
pared for us. Warburton.

I do not see the nonsensical
impropriety of the old reading.
Says the senator to Aufidius, Go
to your troops, we will garrison
Corioli. If the Romans believe
us, bring up your army to re-
move them. If any change should
be made, I would read,

— for their remove.

Auf.
CORIOLANUS.

Auff. And keep your Honours safe!
1 Sen. Farewel.
2 Sen. Farewel.
All. Farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to Caius Marcius's House in Rome.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia; they sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. Pray you, Daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my Son were my Husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embraces of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of King's entreaties, a Mother should not fell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if Renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek Danger where he was like to find Fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oak. I tell thee, Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a Man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good Report should have been my Son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely. Had I a dozen Sons each in my love

9 brows bound with Oak.] The crown given by the Romans to him that faved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

 alike.
alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Mar-
cius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their Country,
than one voluptuously forfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.  
Vir. 'Beeleach you, give me leave to retire myself.  
Vol. Indeed thou shalt not. 
Methinks, I hither hear your Husband’s Drum; 
I see him pluck Aufidius down by th’ hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him. 
Methinks, I see him stamp thus [stamping.] and call 
thus——

Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,  
Though ye were born in Rome; his bloody brow  
With his mail’d hand then wiping, forth he goes  
Like to a harvest man, that’s talk’d to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.  
Vir. His bloody brow? Oh, Jupiter, no blood!—  
Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,  
Than Gilt his trophy. ‘The breast of Hecuba,  
When she did fuckle Heor, look’d not lovelier  
Than Heor’s forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords contending. Tell Valeria,  
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.  
Vir. Heav’ns blest my Lord from fell Aufidius!  
Vol. He’ll beat Aufidius’ head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies Both, good day to you.  
Vol. Sweet Madam——  
Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship——  
Val. How do you Both? You are manifest House-
keepers. What are you sewing here? a fine spot, in 
good faith. How does your little Son?  
Vir. I thank your Ladyship. Well, good Madam.  
Vol.
Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the Father's Son. I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' Wednesday half an hour together——H'as such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; and caught it again; or whether his Fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it. Oh, I warrant, how he mammockt it!

Vol. One of 's Father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble Child.

Vir. A Crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your Stitchery. I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience. I'll not over the threshold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will with her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to fave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope. Yet they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses's absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave prickig it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

K k 4
Coriolanus.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam—

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a Senator speak it. Thus it is—The Volscians have an army forth, against whom Cominius the General is gone, with one part of our Roman Power. Your Lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their City Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, Lady. As she is now, she will but dexease our better mirth.

Val. In truth, I think, she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet Lady. Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy Solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, Madam; indeed, I must not, I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.

Scene VII.

Changes to the Walls of Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Cor. Yonder comes news. A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Cor. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Cor. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mes. They lye in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Cor. I'll buy him of you,

Lart.
Lort. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him. Lend him you, I will,
For half an hundred years.—Summon the town.

Cor. How far off lye these armies?
Mef. Within a mile and half.
Cor. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They found a Parley. Enter two senators with others on the Walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walls?
1 Sen. No, 'nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drum afar off.
Are bringing forth our Youth. We'll break our Walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up; our Gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushies;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

[Alarum, far off.
There is Aufidius. Lift, what work he makes
Among your cloven army.

Cor. Oh, they are at it!——
Lort. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volscians.

Cor. They fear us not, but issue forth their City,
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave

Titus,
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts;

—nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little.—]
The fende requires it to be read,
—nor a man but fears you less than be.
Or more probably,
—nor a man that fears you more
That's lesser than a little.
Which
CORIOLANUS.

Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscian,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[Alarum; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Marcius.

Cor. All the Contagion of the South light on you,
You shame of Rome! you herd of——Boils and plagues
Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile!—You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that apes would beat? Pluto and Hell!
All hurt behind. Backs red, and faces pale,
With flight, and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of Heaven, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my wars on you. Look to't, come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So now the gates are ope. Now prove good seconds;
*Tis for the followers, fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness, not I.
2 Sol. Nor I.
3 Sol. See, they have shut him in.

[He enters the gates.

[He is shut in.

[Alarum continues.

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter
Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapt to their gates. He is himself alone,
To answer all the City.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!

2 Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius——

A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou waft a soldier
Even to 3 Cato's with, not fierce and terrible
Only in stroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy words,
Thou mad'ft thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 Sol. Look, Sir——

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius.

Let's fetch him off, or 4 make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City.

2 Who, sensible, out-dares —] The old editions read.

Who sensibly out-dares—— Thirlby reads.

Who, sensible, out-does his senseless sword.

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only half
his correction.

3 In the old editions it was,——Calvus' wife.] Plutarch, in the Life of Coriolanus, relates
this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should
carry terror in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet,
hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological
impropriety. Theobald.

4 —make remain—] Is an old manner of speaking, which
means no more than remain.

Hanmer.
Enter certain Romans with Spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
2 Rom. And I this.
3 Rom. A murrain on't, I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Cor. See here these Movers, that do prize their honours
At a crack'd drachm; cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with thofe that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them.
And hark, what noise the General makes!—To him;

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans; then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the City;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Cor. Sir, praise me not.
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.
The blood, I drop, is rather physical
Than dangerous to me.
T' Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair Goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms

5—prize their honours] In the first edition it is,
—prize their hours.
I know not who corrected it. A modern editor, who had made
such an improvement, would have spent half a page in often-
tation of his sagacity.
C O R I O L A N U S.

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!

Cor. Thy friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewel.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius.
—Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Roman Camp.

Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought. We are come off Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, Sirs, We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck, By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard The Charges of our friends. Ye Roman Gods, Lead their successes, as we wish our own; That both our Powers, with smiling fronts encountering.

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice! Thy news?

Mef. The citizens of Corioli have issued, And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle. I saw our Party to the trenches driven, And then I came away.

Com. Thou speak'st truth.

6 —The Roman Gods, &c. and invocation to them, therefore we should read, May give you thankful sacrifice! —Ye Roman Gods. WARBURTON. Me-
Methinks, thou speakest not well. How long is't since?

_Msf._ Above an hour, my lord.

_Com._ 'Tis not a mile. Briefly, we heard their drums. How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring the news so late?

_Msf._ Spies of the Volscians
Held me in chafe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

_Enter Marcius._

_Com._ Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were fled? O Gods!
He has the stamp of _Marcius_, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

_Cor._ Come I too late?

_Com._ The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of _Marcius'_ tongue
From every meaner man.

_Cor._ Come I too late?

_Com._ Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

_Cor._ Oh! let me clip ye
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

_Com._ Flower of Warriors,
How is't with _Titus Lartius_?

_Cor._ As with a man busied about Decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
 Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th'o' other;
Holding _Corioli_ in the name of _Rome_,

7 _Ransoming him, or pitying,—_ i.e. remitting his rans.m.

_Even_
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leash,
To let him flip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me, they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Cor. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth. But for our Gentlemen—
The common file; a plague!—Tribunes for them!
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Cor. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Cor. How lies their battle? Know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates
Of their best trust; o' er them Ausidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Cor. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we'ave shed together, by the Vows
We'ave made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Ausidius, and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with swords advance'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.—

Com. Though I could wish,
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never

8 And that you not delay the present,
9 —swords advance'd,— That delay, for let is, swords lifted high.

Warburton.

Deny
512 CORIOLANUS.

Deny your asking; take your choice of those,
That best can aid your action.

Cor. Those are they,
That most are willing. If any such be here,
As it were sin to doubt, that love this Painting,
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Less for his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life;
And that his Country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or many, if so minded,
Wave thus, t'express his disposition,

[Waving his hand.

And follow Marcus.

[They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.

Oh! Me alone! Make you a sword of me.
If these thews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscians? none of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Tho' thanks to all, must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obeyed; I please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows.
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[Exeunt.

1 — please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out
my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.]

I cannot but suspect this passage
of corruption. Why should they
march, that four might select
those that were best inclin'd?
How would their inclinations be
known? Who were the four that
should select them? Perhaps we
may read,

— please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out
of my Command,
Which men are least inclin'd.

It is easy to conceive that, by a
little negligence, fear might be
changed to four, and least to
best.
SCENE X.

Changes to Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius; Enter with a Lieutenant, other soldiers, and a scout.

Lart. So, let the Ports be guarded. Keep your duties, As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch Those Sentries to our aid; the rest will serve For a short holding; if we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir. Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's. Our guider, come! To the Roman camp conduct us. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.

Changes to the Roman Camp.

Alarum, as in battle. Enter Marcius and Aufidius; at several doors.

Cor. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Africk owns a serpent I abhor More than thy Fame, and envy. Fix thy foot.

Cor. Let the first budger die the other's slave, And the Gods doom him after! Auf. If I fly, Marcius, Halloo me like a Hare.
Cor. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. * Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here

*Here they fight, and certain Voliscians come to the aid of Anfius. Marcius fights, till they be driven in breathless.

Officious, and not valiant!—* you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is founded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius; with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend and shrug;
I' th' end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fluffy Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—We thank the Gods,
Our Rome batb such a soldier!——
Yet cam'th thou to a morwel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

* Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny.\] The Romans boasted themselves descend-
ed from the Trojans, how then was Hector the whip of their progeny? It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scour'd the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the author must have forg-

* You have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.\]

For condemned, we may read con-
temned. You have, to my shame, sent me help which I desist.

Enter
Enter Titus Lartius, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison.
Hadst thou beheld——

Cor. Pray now, no more. My Mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my Country.
He, that has but effect'd his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The Grave of your deserving. Rome must know
The value of her own; twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no les than a traducement,
To hide your Doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Cor. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembred.

Com. * Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the hordes,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Cor. I thank you, General,
But cannot make my heart consent to take

--- Here is the steed, we the caparison. This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, this man performed the action, and not only filled up the show. --- a charter to extol. A privilege to praise her own son. * Should they not. That is, not be remembered.
A bribe, to pay my sword. I do refuse it, 
And stand upon my common part with those 
That have beheld the doing.

[Alas, how frightful! They all cry, Marcius, Marcius! 
cast up their caps and launces: Cominius and Lar- 
tius stand bare.

C.r. May these same instruments, which you pro- 

fane,

Never found more! When drums and trumpets shall 
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities, 
Be made of false-fac'd sooting! When steel grows 
Soft as the parasite's silk, let Hymns be made 
An overture for the wars!—No more, I say; 
For that I have not wash'd my nofe that bled, 
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which, without note 
Here's many elfe have done; you shout me forth 
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd, my little should be dieted 
In praises fauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;

The thought is this, If one 
thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no 
reason but that all the rest which 
depend on it should do so too. 
[If drums and trumpet prove 
flatterers, let the camp bear the 
false face of the city.] And if 
another changes its usual nature, 
that its opposite should do fo too. 
[When steel softens to the con-
dition of the parasite's silk, the 
peaceful hymns of devotion should 
be employed to excite the 
charge.] Now, in the fift in-
stance, the thought, in the com-
mon reading, was entirely lost by 
putting in courts for camps: and 
the latter miserably involved in 
nonsense, by blundering Hymns 
into him. Warburton.
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
to us, that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marius
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the Camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Coriolanus, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the Hoist,
Caius Marius Coriolanus.
Bear th' addition nobly ever.

[Foilets. - Trumpets sound and drums.
Omnès. Caius Marius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ride your Steed, and at all time
To undercrest your good Addition,
To th' fairnes of my Power.

Com. So. To our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Coriolanus; send us to Rome
The Best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The Gods begin to mock me.
I, that but now refus'd most princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my Lord General.

Com. Take it. 'Tis yours. What is't?

6 To undercrest your good Addition.] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. Warburton.

7 To th' fairnes of my Power.] Fairnese, for utmost. Warb.

L 1 3

I know not how fairnese can mean utmost. When two engage on equal terms, we say it is fair; fairnese may therefore be equality; in proportion equal to my power.

8 The Best, — The chief men of Coriolanus.
518 CORIOLÁNUS.

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Ausfidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor Host Freedom.

Com. O well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot——
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.
The blood upon your village dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come. [Exit.

SCENE XII.

Changes to the Camp of the Volsci.

A Flourish. Cornet. Enter Tullus Ausfidius bloody,
with two or three soldiers.

Aus. The town is ta'en!

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good
condition.

Aus. Condition!

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
* Being a Volscian, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I' th' part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee, so often haft thou beat me,

* Being a Volscian, &c.] It may
be just observed, that Shakespeare
calls the Volsc, Volses, which
the modern editors have changed
to the modern termination. I
mention it here, because here the
change has spoiled the measure.

Being a Volsc, be that I am.
Condition?

And
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' Elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True Sword to Sword, I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the Devil.

AUF. Bolder, tho' not so subtle. My valour poiso'n'd,
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall flye out of itself: not sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarrriments all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom against
My hate to Marius. Where I find him, were it

9 ——— for him
Shall flye out of itself: ——— To
mischiefe my valour shou'd
deviate from its own native

generosity.

1 —not sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.
Embarrriments all of fury,
&c.— — The dramatick
art of this speech is great. For
after Auffidius had so generously
received Coriolanus in exile, noth-
ing but the memory of this
speech, which lets one so well
into Auffidius's nature, could make
his after perfidy and baseness at
all probable. But the second
line of this impious rant is cor-
rupt. For tho' indeed, he might
call the assaulting Marius at any
of those facred seafons and places
an embarkment of fury; yet he
could not call the seafons and
places themselves, so. We may
believe therefore that Shakspeare
wrote,

Embarrriments all of fury,
&c. — — i.e. obstacles. Tho' those seafons and places are all obstacles
to my fury, yet. &c. The Oxford Editor has, in his usual way,
refined upon this emendation, in order to make it his own; and
so reads, Embarrriments, not con-
idering how ill this metaphor
agrees with what is said just after
of their lifting up their rot-
ten privilege, which evidently
refers to a wooden bar, not to an
earthen bank. These two Ge-
erals are drawn equally covetous
of glory: But the Volctlan not
scrupulous about the means.
And his immediate repentance,
after the affasinate, well agrees
with such a character. Warb.
C O R I O L A N U S.

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove.

I pray you,
('Tis South the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may pur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir. [Exeunt.

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

R O M E.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.

M E N E N I U S.

The augur tells me, we shall have news to
night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marciius.

Sic. Nature teaches Beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians
would the noble Marciius.

* At home, upon my brother's guard.—] In my own house,
with my brother poiled to pro-
tect him.

2 Pray you, &c.] When the
tribune, in reply to Menenius's
remark on the people's hate of
Coriolanus, had observed that
even beasts know their friends,
Menenius asks, whom does the
wolf love? implying that there
are beasts which love nobody,
and that among those beasts are
the people.

Bru.
Bru. He's a lamb, indeed; that baaes like a bear.
Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You are two old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.
Both. Well, Sir;—
Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?
Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but flor'd with all.
Sic. Especially, in pride.
Bru. And topping all others in boasting.
Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are cenfur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' th' right hand file? Do you?
Bru. Why,—how are we cenfur'd?
Men. Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?
Both. Well, well, Sir, well.
Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little theft of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud.
Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.
Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride—oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh, that you could!
Bru. What then, Sir?
Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as

\[\text{towards the napes of your necks.}\] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he flows his own.
unmeriting, proud, violent, tefty magistrates, alias, fools, as any in Rome.

Sir. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of al-lying Tiber in’t; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; haft and tender-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, I cannot call you Lycurgusses, if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can’t say, your Worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the as in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho’ I must be content to bear with those, that say, you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell you, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcom, follows it, that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson Conspectuicies glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Brus. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves’ caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a Cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-feller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch’d with the colick, you make faces like mummers,

---

4 one that converses more, &c.] Rather a latelier down than an early rifer.
5 bisson, blind, in the old copies, is lefson, restored by Sir Theobald.
6 you wear out a good, &c.] It appears from this whole speech that Shakespeare mistook the office of Prefectus ubiis for the Tribune’s office.
CORIOLANUS.

Yet up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber of the Table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a Grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the *herdsmen of beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius stand aside.

SCENE II.

As Menenius is going out, Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches. For the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

* herdsman of Plebeians. As kings are called nymphs; nym.
Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my Cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look here's a letter from him, the State hath another; his wife, another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night. A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain; there's a letter for you; I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician; the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but Empiric, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh, no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded; I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much. Brings a victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius. He comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd Ausidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Ausidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him

*Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee—* Tho' Menenius is made a prater and a boon companion, yet it was not the design of the poet to have him prophane, and bid Jupiter take his cap. Shakespeare's thought is very different from what his editors dream'd of. He wrote, *Take my cap, Jupiter.*

i.e. I will go offer a libation to thee, for this good news: which was the custom of that time. There is a pleasantry, indeed, in his way of expressing it, very agreeable to his convivial character. But the editors, not knowing the use of this cap, alter'd it to cap. WARBURTON. Shakespeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter.
C O R I O L A N U S. 525

that. If he had slain by him, I would not have been to fidius'd for all the cheeks in Coriol. and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate 'possest of this?—

Vol. Good ladies, let's go: Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, waw.—

Men. True? I'll be sworn, they are true. Where is he wounded?—God save your good Worships.

[To the Tribunes.] Marcius is coming home. He has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. 'Th' shoulder, and 'th' left arm. There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. 'He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine, that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty seven; every gash was an enemy's Grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[A shout and flourish.]

9 Possess, in our author's language, is fully informed.

1 He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck, and two i' th' thigh: there's nine, that I know.] Seven,—one,—and two, and there make but nine? Surely, we may safely affist Menenius in his Arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reason for the cause of it, That directs the emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second one as a needless repetition of the first, and to make a numeral word of too. WARBURTON.
Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervous arm doth lie;
Which being advance'd, declines, and then men die.

SCENE III.

Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and soldiers, and a herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates, where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this. It does offend my heart.

Pray, now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother,—

Cor. Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods For my prosperity.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up.

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd; What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But oh, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

2 Which being advance'd, declines,—] Volumnia, in her boastful strain, says, that her son, to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall.
3 My gracious silence, hail!] The epithet to silence shows it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. Warburton.

Would'lt
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? ah, my Dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet? O my sweet Lady, pardon.

[To Valeria.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! and y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy.—Welcome!

A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.—You are three,
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, Warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius? Ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good Patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings;
But, with them, Change of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To see inherited my very wishes,

* But, with them, Change of honours. * So all the Editions read. But Mr. Theobald has ventured (as he expresses it) to substitute charge. For change, he thinks, is a very poor expression, and communicates but a very poor idea. He had better have told the plain truth, and confessed that it communicated none at all to him: However it has a very good one in itself; and signifies variety of honours; as change of rayment, amongst the writers of that time, signifies variety of rayment. WARD.

And
And the buildings of my fancy; only there's one thing wanting,
Which, I doubt not, but our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good Mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
                        [Exeunt in State, as before.

SCENE IV.

Brutus, and Sicinius, come forward.

Br. All tongues speak of him, and the bleded
fights
Are spectacled to see him. Your pratling nurse
into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks, win-
dows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him; feld-shown Flamins
Do pres among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
Commit the War of white and damask, in

5 Into a rapture—] Rapture, a common term at that time used
for a fit, simply. So, to be rap'd
signified, to be in a fit. WARB.
6 Commit the war of white and damask, in
in nicely guarded checks,—] This commixture of white and
red could not, by any figure of
speech, be called a war, because
it is the agreement and uni n of
the colors that make the beauty.

We should read,
——— the ware of white and
damask——
i.e. the commodity, the mer-
chandise. WARBURTON.

Has the commentator never
heard of roses contending with
lillies for the empire of a lady's
check? The opposition of colours,
though not the commixture, may
be called a war.

Their
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phæbus' burning kisse; such a pother,
* As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
Were flily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our Office may,
During his Power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rate Transport his honours,
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In That there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little question
* As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
The napless Vesture of Humility;
Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. Oh, he would misit, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' th' Gentry,
And the desire o' th' Nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

* As if that whatsoever God,]
That is, as if that God who leads him, whatsoever God he be.
7 From where he should begin and end—] Perhaps it should be read,
From where he should begin t'an end,—

8 As he is proud to do't.} I should rather think the author wrote PRON: because the common reading is scarce senfe or English. Warburton: Proud to do, is the same as, proud of doing, very plain senfe, and very common English.
CORIOLANUS.

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their Pleaders, and
Disproportion'd their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and fore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time, when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep, will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Msf. You're sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be Consul; I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak; the Matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and Maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the Nobles bend'd,
As to Jove's Statue; and the Commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you.  

[Sic. Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for Consulships?

2 Off. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave Fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common People.

2 Off. 'Faith, there have been many great Men that have flatter'd the People, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefor; so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus, neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their dis-
position, and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly fee't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, 'he was'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seek's their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the People, is as bad as That, which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.
2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his Country, and his ascent is no by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the People, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingratitudehul injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from everywhere that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him, he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul; Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscians, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his Country. Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire The present Consul, and last General In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy Work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

2 supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted.] The sense, I think, requires that we should read, unbosnetted. Who have risen only by pulling off their hats to the people. Bonnetted may relate to people, but not without harshness.
Coriolanus

Sen. Speak, good Cominius;
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our State's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Matters o' th' People,
We do request your kindest ear; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what passes here.

Sir. We are convened
Upon a pleasing Treaty; and have hearts
Inclining to honour and advance
The Theam of our Assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the People, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off.

I would, you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Moft willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your People,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak.

[Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.

Nay, keep your place.

Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius;
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our State's defective for requital,
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For 'till the Lex Attinia (the author of which is suppos'd by Si-
gonius, [De veteri Italiae Jure] to have been contemporary with
Quintus Metellus Macedonicus) the
Tribunes had not the privilege of entering the Senate, but had
seats placed for them near the
door on the outside of the house.

Warburton.

5 That's off, that's off.] That
is, that is nothing to the purpose.
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your Honours' pardon.

I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say, how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words,
You sooth not, therefore hurt not; but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' th' Sun,
When the Alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my Nothings monster'd. [Exit Coriolanus.

Men. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying spawn 6 how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one? when you see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice; the Deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feeibly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the Haver; if it be,
The Man, I speak of, cannot in the world
Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,
* When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him; he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i'th' Consul's view
Slew three Opposers; Tarquin's self he met,

6 —how can he flatter.] The
reasoning of Menenius is this:
How can he be expected to prac-
tise flattery to others, who ab-
hors it so much, that he cannot
bear it even when offered to him-
self.

* When Tarquin made a head
for Rome,—] When Tar-
quinn, who had been expelled,
raied a power to recover Rome.
And struck him on his knee; in that day's feats,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd th' best Man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a Sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurcht all swords o' th' garland. For this last,
Before and in Coriol., let me say,
I cannot speak him home; he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so Men obey'd,
And fell below his stern. His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal Gate o' th' City, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Coriol., like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gain pierce
His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigae,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and 'till we call'd
Both Field and City ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy Man!

* Sen. * He cannot but with measure fit the Honours.

---

*every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries.*

The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motions, as
music and a dancer accompany each other.

* The mortal Gate---*

The Gate that was made the scene of death.

* He cannot but with measure fit the Honours.* That is,
no honour will be too great for him; he will shew a mind equal
to any elevation.

Which
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' th' world; he covets less
Than Misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them and is content
To spend his time to end it.

Men. He's right Noble.

Let him be called for.

Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,

that short with, to end it, i. e. to end
this long discourse in one word,
he's right noble. Let him be called
for. This is exactly in character,
and restores the passage to
sense.

I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot
forbear to think that our
author wrote thus,

— he rewards
His deeds with doing them, and
is content
To spend his time, to spend it.
To do great acts for the sake of
doing them; to spend his life, for
the sake of spending it.

It then remains,

That you do speak to th' Peo-
pie.] Coriolanus was ban-
nished U. C. 262. But till the
time of M. Antonius U. C.

393
That you do speak to th' People.

Cor. I beseech you,

Let me o'er-leap that Custom; for I cannot
Put on the Gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrages.
Please you, that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the People must have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't. Pray, fit you to the
Custom,
And take t'ye, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honour with your Form.

Cor. It is a Part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the People.

Bru. Mark you That?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,—
Shew them th'unaking scars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon't.

—We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the People,
Our purpose. To them, and to our noble Consul
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Fleurislo Cornet. Then Exeunt.

393, the Senate chose both the
Consuls: And then the people,
afflicted by the seditious temper of
the Tribunes, got the choice of
one. But if he makes Rome a
Democracy, which at this time
was a perfect Aristocracy; he
sets the balance even in his Ti-
man, and turns Athens, which
was a perfect Democracy, into
an Aristocracy. But it would be
unjust to attribute this entirely to
his ignorance; it sometimes pro-
cceeded from the too powerful
blaze of his imagination, which
when once lighted up, made all
acquired knowledge fade and
disappear before it. For some-
times again we find him, when
occasion serves, not only writing
up to the truth of history, but
fitting his sentiments to the nicest
manners of his peculiar subject,
as well to the dignity of his char-
acters, or the dictates of nature
in general. Warburton.
Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the People.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them Of our proceedings here. On th' market place, I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 Cit. 4 ONCE; if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, Sir, if we will.

3 Cit. 5 We have Power in ourselves to do it, but it is a Power that we have no Power to do; for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thofe wounds, and speak for them: so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monfrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monfter of the multitude; of the which, we

---

4 Once:] Once here means the same as when we say, once for all. Warburton.

5 We have Power in our selves to do it, but it is a Power that we have no Power to do:] I am persuaded this was intended as a ridicule on the Augustine manner of defining free-will at that time in the schools. Warb. A ridicule may be intended, but the sense is clear enough. Power first signifies natural power or force, and then moral power or right. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning.

Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise, That gave thee power to do.—

being
Being Members, should bring our selves to be monstrous Members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once, when We stood up about the Corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

2 Cit. We have been call’d so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversely colour’d; and truly, I think, 7 if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly East, West, North, South; and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all Points o’th Compas.

3 Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

4 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man’s will, ’tis strongly wedg’d up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, ’twould, sure, southward.

5 Cit. Why that way?

6 Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, 8 the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.

7 Cit. You are never without your tricks—You may, you may—

6 many-headed multitude.] Hamner reads, many-headed monster, but without necessity. To be many-headed includes monstrous.

7 if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, &c.] Meaning, though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. This meaning the Oxford Editor has totally discharged, by changing the text thus:

—issue out of our sculls.

8 the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.] A fly satirical insinuation how small a capacity of wit is necessary for that purpose: But every day’s experience of the Sex’s prudent disposal of themselves, may be sufficient to inform us how unjust it is.
3 Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the People, there was never a worthier Man.

Enter Coriolanus in a Gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of Humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues; therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known the worthiest Men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir,—plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,—my wounds—I got them in my Country's service, when Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.

I would, they would forget me, like the Virtues Which our Divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you, In wholsom manner. [Exit.

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.
CORIOLANUS.

1 Cit. We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desire.

2 Cit. Your own desire?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir. 'Twas never my desire yet to trouble the Poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' th' Consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir? I pray, let me ha't. I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, Sir. What say you?

Both Cit. You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir. There's in all two worthy voices begg'd. I have your alms, adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again.—But 'tis no matter.

[Exeunt.

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul. I have here the customary Gown.

1 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your Country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma.—

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends. You have not, indeed, loved the common People.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, Sir, flatter my sworn Brother, the People, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have
have my cap than my heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular Man, and give it bountifully to the Desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be Confus.

2 Cit. We hope to find you our Friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Cit. You have received many wounds for your Country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and to trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily!

[Exeunt.

Cor. Most sweet voices——
Better it is to die, better to starve, Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolvifh Gown should I stand here, To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless Voucher? Custom calls me to’t—— What Custom wills in all things, should we do’t, The dust on antique time would lie unswept, And mountainous error be too highly heart.
For truth to o’er-peer.—Rather than fool it so, Let the high Office and the Honour go To one that would do thus.—I am half through; The one part suffer’d, the other will I do.

9 I will not seal your knowledge] I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing.

1 Why—should I stand here, To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless Voucher?——] Why stand I hear in this ragged apparel to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as make their appearance here, their unnecessary votes. I rather think we should read,

Their needless vouches.
But vouch may serve, as it may perhaps signify either the act or the agent.

—this woolvifh Gown] Signifies this rough biretate gown.

Three
Here come more voices.
Your voices—for your voices I have fought;
Watch’d for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd; battles thrice six
I’ve seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more; your voices.
Indeed, I would be Consul.

1 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man’s voice.

2 Cit. Therefore let him be Consul, the Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the People.


Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You’ve stood your limitation, and the Tribunes
Endue you with the people’s voice. Remains,
That in th’official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The Custom of Request you have discharged;
The people do admit you, and are summon’d
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the Senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I’ll straight do; and, knowing my self again,
Repair to th’ Senate-house.

Men. I’ll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru.
CORIOLANUS:

Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well. [Exeunt Coriol. and Men.

SCENE VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble Weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose this man?
1 Cit. He has our voices, Sir.
Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves!
2 Cit. Amen, Sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3 Cit. Certainly he flouted us down-right.
1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.
2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says, He us'd us scornfully. He should have shew'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's Country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
All. No, no man saw'em.
3 Cit. He said, he'd wounds, which he could shew in private;
And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be Consul, says he, * aged Custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore. When we granted that,
Here was—I thank you for your voices—thank you—

*aged Custom.] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but late-
ly changed the regal for the confuslar government; for Corte-
lans was banisht the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. Warburton.
Your most sweet voices—now you have left your voices,  
I have nothing further with you. Was't this mockery?  
Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?  

Bru. Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd; when he had no Power,  
But was a petty servant to the State,  
He was your enemy; still spake against  
Your liberties, and charters that you bear  
I'th' body of the weal; and now arriving  
At place of potency, and s'way o'th' State,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fat foe to the Plebeians, your voices might  
Be curfes to yourselves. You should have said,  
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for; so his gracious Nature  
Would think upon you for your voices, and  
Translate his malice tow'ards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.  

Sic. Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;  
Or else it would have gall'd his furious nature;  
Which easily endures not article  
Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'n th' advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelected.  

Bru. Did you perceive,

---[ignorant to see't?]--- The Oxford Editor alters ignorant to impotent, not knowing that ignorant at that time signified impotent.

Burton.

That ignorant at any time has, otherwise than consequentially, the same meaning with impotent, I do not know. It has no such meaning in this place. Were you ignorant to see it, is, did you want knowledge to discern it.
He did solicit you in a free contempt,
When he did need your loves, and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the after? and, now again
On him that did not ask, but mock, belkow
Your s'ld-for tongues?

3 Cis. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2 Cis. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that found.

1 Cis. I, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They've chose a Consul that will from them take
Their Liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble,
And on a safer Judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election. 5 Enforce his Pride,
And his old hate to you; besides, forget not,
With what contempt he wore the humble Weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Brut. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
We labour'd, no impediment between,
But that you must cast your election on him.

free contempt.] That is, with contempt open and unre-
frained.  
Enforce his Pride.] Ob-
ject his pride, and enforce the
objection.
Sic. Say, you chose him, more after our command-
ment,
Than guided by your own affections;
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather must do, than what you should do,
Made you against the grain to voice him Consul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngely he began to serve his Country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble House of Marcius; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius; Numa’s daughter’s son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was King;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam’d so for twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

6 And Censorinus, darling of
the people.] This verse I
have supplied: a line having
been certainly left out in this
place, as will appear to any one
who consults the beginning of
Plutarch’s life of Coriolanus,
from whence this passage is di-
rectly translated. Pope.

7 And Censorinus,——
Was his great Ancestor.] Now
the first Censor was created
U.C. 314, and Coriolanus was
banished U. C. 262. The truth is
this, the passage, as Mr. Pope
observes above, was taken from
Plutarch’s life of Coriolanus;
who, speaking of the house of
Coriolanus, takes notice both of
his Ancestors and of his Posterity,
which our author’s haste not giv-
ing him leave to obverse, has
here confounded one with the
other. Another instance of his
inadvertency, from the same
cause, we have in the first part
of Henry IV. where an account
is given of the prisoners took on
the plains of Holmedon.

But the Earl of Fife was not son
to Douglas, but to Robert Duke
of Aulany governor of Scotland.
He took his account from Holing-
head, whose words are, And of
pr’rs, nor among others were these,
Mordack Earl of Fife, son to the
governor Arkimbald, Earl Doug-
las, &c. And he imagined that
the governor and Earl Douglas
were one and the same person.

Warburton.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place we did commend
Your remembrances; but you have found,
* Scaling his present Bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so. Almost all
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Plebeians.

Bru. Let them go on,
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both † observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' th' people,
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

* Scaling his present Bearing
with his past. That is, weighing his past and present beha-

† — observe and answer

The vantage of his anger.]

Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity which his hafty an-
ger will afford us.
ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Street in Rome.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

CORIOLANUS.

Tullus Ausidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was, which caus’d

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volscians stand but as at first,

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon’s again.

Com. They’re worn, Lord Consul, so,

That we shall hardly in our ages see

Their Banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Ausidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse

Against the Volscians, for they had so vilely

Yielded the Town. He is retir’d to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How? What?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might

Be call’d your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there?

To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To Lartius.

N n 3 Enter
Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth! I do despise them;
For they do * prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pa's no further.
Cor. Hah! what is that!
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on. No further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pa's'd the Nobles and the Commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had childrens' voices?
Sen. Tribunes, give way. He shall to th' market place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disdain their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, * why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility;
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call it not a plot.
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,

---prank them in authority] teeth? The metaphor is
Plains, display themselves.
* why rule you not their Mal'tiff upon any one. WARB.

When
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd; 
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them 
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such busines.
Bru. * Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be Consul? By yond clouds, 
Let me deliver so ill as you, and make me 
Your Fellow-Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of That, 
For which the people stir. If you will pass 
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way 
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit; 
Or never be so noble as a Consul, 
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd, let on. * This pal-
tring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus 
Deferv'd this so dishonour'd Rub, laid * falsely 
I th' plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again---
Men. Not now, not now.

* Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.] i.e. 
likely to provide better for the 
security of the commonwealth
than you (whose busines it is) 
will do. To which the reply is 
pertinent,
Why then should I be Consul?
Yet the reflefs humour of refor-
mation in the Oxford Editor dis-
turbs the text to,
Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Cor. Now as I live, I will.
As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons;
But for the mutable rank-scented Many,
*Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themselves; I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and satter'd
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more——
Sen. No more words, we beseech you——
Cor. How!—no more!
Sen. As for my Country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' th' people, as you were a God
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.
Men. What, what, his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By force, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain?

* Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there beh'd themselves;]
Let them look in the mirror

which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves,
Hear you this Triton of the 3 minnows? mark you
His absolute shall?

Com. I was from the canon.

Cor. Shall!
O good, but most unwise Patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless Senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to chuse an officer,
That with his peremptory shall, being but
The horn and noise o’th’monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he’ll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. 7 You’re Plebeians,

3 —minnows?—] i. e. Small fry.

A Minnow is one of the smallest of the river fish, called in some countries a pink.

4 'twas from the canon.] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right.

5 The horn and noise—] Alluding to his having called him Triton before.

6 Then vail your ignorance;—] Ignorance, for impotence; because it makes impotent. The Oxford Editor not understanding this, transposes the whole sentence according to what in his fancy is accuracy. Warburton.

Hamner’s transposition deserves notice.

—If they have power,
Let them have cushions by you;
if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity; if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,

Then vail your ignorance. You are Plebeians, &c.

I neither think the transposition of one editor right, nor the interpretation of the other. The sense is plain enough without supposing ignorance to have any remote or consequential sense.

If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.

7 —You’re Plebeians,

If they be Senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended,
the great’s taste
Must palates theirs.—] These lines may, I think, be made more intelligible by a very slight correction.

—they no less [than Senators]
When, both your voices blended,
the great’s taste
Must palates theirs.

When the taste of the great, the patricians, must palates, must please [or must try] that of the plebeians,
If they be Senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'ft taste
Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate!
And such a one as he, who puts his seat,
His popular seat, against a graver Bench
Than ever known'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the Consuls base; and my soul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.

Cor. Well—On to th' market-place.

Com. Who ever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' th' store-house, gratis, as 'twas us'd

Sometime in Greece:

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the People had more absolute
Power:
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, &c.
The ruin of the State.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthy than their voice. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; resting assured,
They ne'er did service for't; being press'd to th' war,
Even when the navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates; this kind of ser-
ice
Did not deserve corn gratis; being i' th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation,
Which they have often made against the Senate,

---and m: f:ul akes] The
mischief and absurdity of what
is called Imperium in imperio, is
here finely expressed. WARB.

9 They would not thread the
gates; That is, pass them.

We yet say, to thread an alley.

All
All cause unborn, ¹ could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosom-multiplied digest
The Senate's courteisie? let deeds express,
What's like to be their words—We did request it—
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.—Thus we debaue
The nature of our Seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares. fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o'th Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.———

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. ² No, take more;
What may be sworn by. Both Divine and Human
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
T' unrestful sightness; ³ purpose so barr'd, it follows,

¹—could never be the native

Native, for natural birth.

WARBURTON.

Native is here not natural
birth, but natural parent, or cause
of birth. But I would read native, which, without any dis-
tortion of its meaning, suits
the speaker's purpose.

² No, take none.

What may be sworn by, both
divine and human

Seal what I end withal!—]
The false pointing hath made
this unintelligible. It should be
read and pointed thus,
No, take more;
What may be sworn by. Both

³—purpose so barr'd, it fol-

WARBURTON.

Divine and Human
Seal what I end withal!—]
i.e. No, I will still proceed, and
the truth of what I shall say may
be sworn to. And may both
Divine and Human powers [i.
e. the Gods of Rome and Senate]
confirm and support my conclu-
sion.

WARBURTON.

Nothing is done to purpose,—]
This is so like Polonius's elo-
quence, and so much unlike the
rest of Coriolanus's language,
that I am apt to think it spurious.

WARBURTON.

No-
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you, you that will be less fearful than discreet, 
*That love the fundamental part of State 
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer 
A noble life before a long, and with 
To vamp a body with a dangerous physic, 
That's sure of death without; at once pluck out 
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick 
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour 
* Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State 
Of that integrity, 6 which should become it; 
Not having power to do the good it would, 
For th' ill which both controul it.

Brut. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall anwer 
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! Despight o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes? 
On whom depending, their obedience fails 
To th' greater bench. In a Rebellion,

---

4 That love the fundamental part of State

More than you doubt the change of't;—* 1 i.e. Who are so wedded to accustomed forms in the administration, that in your case for the preservation of those, you overlook the danger the constitution incurs by strictly adhering to them. This the speaker, in vindication of his conduct, actually represents to be his case; yet this pertinent observation the Oxford Editor, with one happy dash of his pen, in amending * add to d., entirely abolishes.

Warburton.

To doubt is to fear. The meaning is, You whose zeal pre

dominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the
danger of violent measures, as with the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government.

5 Mangles true judgment,—

Judgment, for government

Warburton.

Judgment is judgment in its common sense, or the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong.

*—which should become it:

Become, for adorn. Ward.

Integrity is in this place found, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it when he mentions the integrity of a metaphor. To become, to suit, to befit.

When
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, 'tis must be meet,
And throw their Power i'th' duft.

_Bru._ Manifest treason——
_Sic._ This a Consul? no.
_Bru._ The Ædiles, ho! Let him be apprehended.  

_[Ædiles enter._

_Sic._ Go, call the people, in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

_[Laying hold on Coriolanus._

_Cor._ Hence, old goat!
_All._ We'll surety him.
_Com._ Ag'd Sir, hands off.
_Cor._ Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
_Sic._ Help me, citizens.

### Scene II.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians, with the Ædiles.

_Men._ On both sides, more respect.
_Sic._ Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.
_Bru._ Seize him, Ædiles.
_All._ Down with him, down with him!

2 _Sen._ Weapons, weapons, weapons!

_[They all hustle about Coriolanus._

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens——what ho!——
_Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
_All._ Peace, peace, peace. Stay, hold, peace!

7 —_it must be meet,[_ Homer reads, And Dr. Warburton follows him, surely without necessity.
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath; Confusion's near, I cannot speak.——You Tribunes, Coriolanus, patience; speak, Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people——Peace.
All. Let's hear our Tribune. Peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties; Marcius would have all from you, Marcius, Whom late you nam'd for Consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie.
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat. Sic. What is the city, but the people?
All. True, the people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd: The people's magistrates.
All. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat; To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our Authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' th' people, in whose power We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold on him; Bear him to th'rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
All. Ple. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
Befeech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word—— Ædiles. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you seem, truly your Country's friends,
And temptately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redres.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock. [Coriolanus draws his sword.

Cor. No; I'll dye here.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come, try upon yourselves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword. Tribunes, withdraw
a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius; help you that be noble, help
him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [Exeunt.

[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the people are beat in.

SCENE III.

Men. Go, get you to your house. Be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The Gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house,
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would, they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they are not,

---very poisonous.] I read, are very poisons.

Text correction 1: persuade him to retire. So Cominarius presently after;

Com. Stand fast, &c. This speech certainly should be given
to Coriolanus; for all his friends

Warburton.

Though
Though calved in the porch o’ th’ Capitol.
Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself take up a brace o’ th’ best of
them; yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now ’tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call’d fool’ry, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o’erbear
What they are us’d to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I’ll try, if my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patcht
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come, away. [Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.

SCENE IV.

1 Sen. This man has marr’d his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for’s power to thunder; his heart’s his mouth,
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.
Here’s goodly work.

2 Sen. I would, they were a bed.

Men. I would, they were in Tiber.—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak ’em fair?

9 One time will owe another]
I know not whether to owe in
this place means to pay by
right, or to be indebted. Either
senate may be admitted. One time,
in which the people are seditions,
will give us power in some other
time: or, this time of the people’s
predominance will run them in
debt: that is, will lay them open
to the law, and expose them here-
after to more servile subjection.

Enter
Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian Rock
With rigorous hands. He hath resifted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of publick Power,
Which he so fets at nought.

Cit. He shall well know,
The noble Tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

All. He shall, be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry hoqock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthinefs,
So can I name his faults——

Sic. Consul?——What Consul?

Men. The Consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He Consul?

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no other harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Tow'rd's her deserving children is enroll'd
In Jocé's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easie.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath loft,
Which I dare vouch, is more than That he hath,
By many an ounce, he dropt it for his Country;
And what is left, to lose it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' th' world.

Sic. * This is clean kam.

Bru. Meekly awry. When he did love his Country,
It honour'd him.

* Sic. The service of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Left his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unfkann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tye leaden pounds t'its heels. Proceed by process,

*Tis is clean kam.] i.e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets Tout va à contrepoist, All goes clean kam. Hence a Kambrel for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder-leg. Ward.

* In former copies:

Men. The service of the foot, &c.] Nothing can be more evident than that this could never be said by Cor. olavus's apologist, and that it was said by one of the Tribunes; I have therefore given it to Sicinius. Ward.

Left
CORIOLANUS.

Left Parties, as he is belov'd, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If 'twere so——

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience,
Our Aediles smote, ourselves refisted? Come——

Men. Consider this; he hath been bred i' th'wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In boul'ted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way; the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
—Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the forum; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you,
Let me desire your company. [To the Senators.] He
must come,
Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray, let's to him.          [Exeunt.

SCENE
Enter Coriolanus, with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hill's on the Tarpeian Rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nobl. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and fell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but o' my ordinance stood up
To speak of Peace or War. [To Vol.] I talk of you,
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
Falser to my nature? rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let it go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The Thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd

3 I muse,—— That is, I
4 —my ordinance— My
wonder, I am at a loss.

Ere
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too rough; You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy, Unless, by not so doing, our good City Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd; I have a heart as little apt as yours, But yet a brain that leads my use of anger To better 'vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:

"Before he should thus stoop to 'th' Herd, but that The violent fit o' th' times craves it as physic For the whole State, I'd put mine armour on, Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to 'th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it for the Gods, Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute,

Tho' therein you can never be too noble, But when Extremities speak. I've heard you say, Honour and policy, like unsever'd Friends, I'th' war do grow together; grant That, and tell me In peace, what each of them by th' other loses, That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush ———

⁵ Before he should thus stoop to 'th' Heart — [ This non- fense should be reformed thus, Before he thus should stoop to 'th' Herd. i. e. the people. Warburton. Men.
Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy, how is't less, or worse,
That it should hold companionship in peace
With Honour, as in War; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. 6 Why force you this?

Vol. Because it lies on you to speak to th' People:
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words
That are but rooted in your tongue; though 7 bafards,
and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required,
I should do so in honour. 8 I am in this
Your Wife, your Son, these Senators, the Nobles.—
And you will rather shew 9 our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard

6 Why force you—] Why urge you.
7 bafards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth. I read,
Of no alliance, therefore bafards.
8 — I am in this
To. — Wife, your Son: the Senators, the Noble.
And To. &c.] The pointing of the printed copy makes stark nonsense of this passage. Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that, in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son; as the Senate, and body of the Patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. Warburton. I rather think the meaning is, I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, you son.
9 — our general lowts] Our common clown.
Of what * that Want might ruin!

*Meth.* Noble Lady!

—Come, go with us, speak fair. You may salve to
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I prythee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch’d it, here be with them,
Thy knee buffing the stones; for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears; waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling; or say to them,
Thou art their Soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,

* —that Want—] The want
of their loves.
† Not *wh. t—] In this place
not seems to signify not only.
‡ —waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting
thy stout heart.] But do any
of the ancient, or modern mat-
ters of elocution prescribe the
waving the head, when they treat
of action? Or how does the
waving the head correct the stout-
ness of the heart, or evidence
humility? Or lastly, where is
the fene or grammar of these
words, Which often, thus, &c.? These
questions are sufficient to
shew that the lines are corrupt.
I would read therefore,

—waving thy hand,
Which often, thus, correcting
thy stout heart.

This is a very proper precept of
action suiting the occasion: Wave
thy hand, says he, and soften
the action of it thus,—then
strike upon thy breast, and by
that action shew the people thou
hast corrected thy stout heart.
All here is fine and proper.

**WARBURTON.**

The correction is ingenious,
yet I think it not right. Head or
hand is indifferent. The hand
is waved to gain attention; the
head is shaken in taken of sor-
row. The word waves suits bet-
ter to the hand, but in consider-
ing the author’s language, too
much stress must not be laid on
propriety against the copies. I
would read thus,

—waving thy head,
With often, thus, correcting thy
stout heart.

That is, shaking thy head, and
striking thy breast. The altera-
tion is slight, and the gesture re-
commended not improper.
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

_Men._ This but done,
Ev'n as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

_Vol._ Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd; altho', I know, thou'dst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery Gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

_Enter Cominius._

_Here is Cominius._

_Com._ I've been i'th' Market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have strong Party, or defend your self
By calmness, or by absence. All's in anger.

_Men._ Only, fair speech.

_Com._ I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

_Vol._ He must and will.

=Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

_Com._ Must I go shew them 3 my unbarbed sconce?  
Must my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this 4 single Plot to lose,
This mould of _Marcius_, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind. To th' Market-place!
You've put me now to such a Part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

_Com._ Come, come, we'll prompt you.

_Vol._ Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet Son; as thou hast said,
My praisès made thee first a Soldier, so,

3 —my un'bared sconce?] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in abdign and neglected dress'd.

4 —single plot—] i.e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transfered to the body, carcasse.
To have my praise for this, perform a Part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my Disposition, and possess me
Some Harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin's voice
That Babies lulls asleep! the smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-toys' tears take up
The glasse of my sight! a Beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,—
Left I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then.
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at Death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou lift;
Thy valiantnefs was mine, thou suck'd it from me;
But own thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content.
Mother, I'm going to the Market-place.
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going.

5 Which quired with my drum.] Which played in concert with my
drum.
6 Tent in my cheeks.] To tent is to take up residence.
7 —to honour mine own truth.] Platon de plaid, auctor.
Pythagoras.

Thy Mother rather feel thy pride,
than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness;—
This is obscure. Perhaps the
means, Go, do thy worst; let me
rather feel the utmost extremity
that thy pride can bring upon us,
than live thus in fear of thy dan-
gerous obstinacy.
Commend me to my Wife. I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.                          [Exit Volumnia.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you. Arm
Your self to answer mildly; for they're prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention; I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.— [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic Power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the People,
And that the Spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sti.
Sic. Assemble presently the People hither,
And, when they hear me say, It shall be so,
I' th' right and strength o' th' Commons, be it either
For Death, for Fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death;
Insisting on the old Prerogative
And Power 9 'th' truth o' th' Cause.
Æd. I will inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a Din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well
Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give' t them.
Bru. Go about it.  [Exit Ædile.
Put him to choler straight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, 1 and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and That is there, 2 which looks
With us to break his neck.

9 — 'th' truth o' th' Cause ]
This is not very easily understood. We might read,
— o'er 'th' truth o' th' Cause.
1 — and to have his word
Of contradiction.— The sentence here falls miserably. He hath
been us'd, says the speaker, ever
to conquer—And what then?—
and to contradict. We should
read and point it thus,
— And to have his word,
off contradiction.
  i.e to have his opinion carry it
without contradiction. Here the
sentence rises elegantly. He used
ever to conquer; nay to conquer
without opposition.  Warn.
To have his word of contra-
tiction is no more than, he is
used to contradict; and to have
his word, that is, not to be op-
posed. We still use of an obsti-
nate disputant, he will have the
last word.
  2 — which looks
With us to break his neck.] A
familiar phrase of that time, sig-
nifying words with us. But the
Oxford Editor understanding the
sentence better than the expression,
gives us here Shakespeare's mean-
ing in his own words. Warn.
To look is to wait or expect.
The sentence, I believe, is, What
he has in his heart is waiting there
to help us to break his neck.

Enter
Enter Coriolanus, Menenius and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the Knave by th' volume:—The honour'd
Gods
Keep Rome in Safety, and the Chairs of Justice
Supply with worthy men, 3 plant love amongst you,
Throng our large Temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

Sen. Amen, amen!
Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye People.
Æd. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience; peace, I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the People's voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content.
To suffer lawful Censure for such Faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, Citizens, he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like Graves i'th holy Church-Yard.

3—plant love amongst you We should read, Throng our large Temples with
Through our large Temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!]

Cor.
Cor. Scratches with briars, fears to move Laughter only.

Men. Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather than envy. You——

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pelt for Consul with full voice,
I’m so dishonour’d, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then. ’Tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contributed to take
From Rome all season’d Office, and to wind
Yourself unto a Power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the People.

Cor. How? Traitor?


Cor. The fires in their lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes fat twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutch’d as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To th’ Rock with him.

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
CORIOLANUS.

Beating your Officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with stroaks, and here defying
Those whose great Power must try him, even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome——

Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of That, that know it.

Cor. You?——

Men. Is this the promise that you made your Mo-
ther?

Com. Know, I pray you——

Cor. I'll know no farther.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, fleing. Pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, good mornow.

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lyes, from time to time
Envy'd against the people; seeking means
To pluck away their Power; * as now at last
Giv'n hostile stroaks, and that is not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the Ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' th' People,
And in the Power of us the Tribunes, we,
Ev'n from this instant, banish him our City;
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome's Gates. I' th' People's Name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away.
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

* —as now at last] Read rather, has now at last.

6 —not in the present] Not stands again for not only.

Com.
CORIOLANUS.

Com. Hear me, my Masters, and my common
Friends——

Sic. He's sentenc'd. No more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been Consul, and can shew for Rome
Her Enemies’ Marks upon me. I do love
My Country's Good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the People and his Country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I
hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcases of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air; I banish you.
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair. Have the power still

My dear wife's estimate, I
love my country beyond the rate
at which I name my dear wife.

Have the power still
To banish your defenders, till
at length,
Your ignorance, which finds not,
till it feels, &c.] Still retain
the power of banishing your
defenders, till your undistinguishing
fear, which can foresee no conse-
guences, leave none in the city but
yourslaves, who are always la-
bouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among
the political maxims of the specu-
lative Harrington, there is one
which he might have borrowed
from this speech: 'The people,
says he, cannot see, but they can
feel. It is not much to the ho-
nour of the people, that they
have the same character of stu-
pidity from their enemy and their
friend. Such was the power of
our author's mind, that he
looked through life in all its re-
lations private and civil.

To
576 CORIOLANUS.
To banish your Defenders, 'till at length,
Your ignorance, which finds not, 'till it feels,
Making but reservation of your selves,
Still your own enemies, deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising then,
For you, the City, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere——

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd; he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sir. Go see him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all delight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come; let us see him out at the gates; come.
The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes!——come.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius,
Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

CORIOLANUS.

COME, leave your tears. A brief farewell. The beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? you were us'd
To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits,

That
CORIOLANUS.

That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the Sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. 9 Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heav'n's! O heav'n's!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman——
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in

Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What! what! what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Refume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and say'd
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewel, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are falter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime General,
I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable stroaks,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot,

9 ———Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning.—] This is
the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have,
for gentle wounded, silently sub-
stituted gently wounded, and Dr. Warburton has explained gently
by nobly. It is good to be sure
of our authour's words before we go about to explain their
meaning.

The sense is, When fortune

Vol. VI. P p My
CORIOLANUS.

My hazards still have been your folace; and
Believe't not lightly, tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your Son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With 'cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. 2 My first Son,
Where will you go? take good Cominius
With thee a while, determine on some course;
More than a wild exposure to each chance,
That starts i' th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thrust forth,
A Cause for thy Repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well.

Thou'lt years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and

3 My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years

1—cautelous baits and practice.] By artful and false tricks, and treason.

2 M. first Son.] Firß, i.e. nobler, most eminent of men. WAR.

3 My friends of noble touch;] i.e. of true metal unalloy'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone. WAR.
From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home. He's gone; and we'll no further.
Vex'd are the Nobles, who, we see, have sided in his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shewn our Power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they stand in their ancient Strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his Mother.
Sc. Let's not meet her,
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say, she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us. Keep on your way.
Vol. Oh, y'are well met.
The hoarded plague o' th' Gods requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[To Brutus.
Vir. [To Sicin.] You shall stay too. I would, I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Pp. 2

Sic.
CORIOLANUS.

* Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool. Is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a Man my Father? * Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words——
Sic. Oh blessed heav’ns!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wife words,
And for Rome’s good—I’ll tell thee what—Yet go——
Nay, but thou shalt stay too—I would, my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Virg. What then? he’d make an end of thy Pol-
terity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would, he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would, he had.
Vol. I would, he had!——’Twas you incens’d the
rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heav’n
Will not have Earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.

* Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool. Is that a shame?
Note but this fool.

Was not a Man my Father? —
The word mankind is used mali-
ciously by the first speaker, and
taken perversely by the second.
A mankind woman is a woman
with the roughness of a man,
and, in an aggravated sense, a
woman ferocious, violent, and
eager to shed blood. In this
sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if
she be mankind. She takes man-
kind for a human creature, and
accordingly cries out,
——Note but this fool.
Vol. Was not a Man my Father?
* ———Hadst thou foxship]
Hadst thou, fool as thou art,
mean cunning enough to banish
Coriolanus?

You’ve
CORIOLANUS.

You've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this.
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far my Son,
This Lady's Husband here, this, do you see,
Whom you have banish'd—does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you,
I wish, the Gods had nothing else to do,

[Exeunt Tribunes.

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,
And, by my troth, have cause. You'll sip with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sip upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno like. Come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me.
Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, Sir. Truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, but my services are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?


Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you,
but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian State to find you out there. You have well fav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There have been in Rome strange insurrections; the People against the Senators, Patricians and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our State thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you; and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's Wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great Oppofer Coriolanus being now in no request of his Country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.
Coriolanus:

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one. The Centurions and their Charges distinctly billeted, * already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly City is this Antium.—City, 'Tis I, that made thy widows; many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars Have I heard groan, and drop; then know Me not, Left that thy Wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. Save you, Sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State, At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you?  

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir. Farewel. [Exit Citizen.

* already in the entertainment,] entertain an army is to take them into pay.

That is, though not actually encamped yet already in pay. To

P 4

Oh,
Oh, world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twine, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a diffusion of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So felllest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their issues. So, with me;—
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's Town I'll enter; if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his Country service.

—So, with me,
My birth-place have I, and my
loves upon
This enemy towne; I'll enter
if he slay me, &c.

The intermediate line seems to be lost, in which, conformably to his former observation, he says, that he has lost his birthplace and his loves upon a petty dispute, and is trying his chance in this enemy towne, he then cries, turning to the house of Aufidius, I'll enter if he slay me.

I have preferred the common reading, because it is, though faulty, yet intelligible, and the original passage, for want of copies, cannot be restored.
SCENE IV.

Changes to a Hall in Ausidius's House.

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 Ser. WINE, wine, wine! What service is here? I think, our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Serving-man.

2 Ser. Where's Catos? my Master calls for him.
Catos.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 Ser. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you. Pray, go to the door. [Exit.
Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being Coriolanus. [Aside.

Enter second Servant.

2 Ser. Whence are you, Sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.
Cor. Away!——
2 Ser. Away?——Get you away.
Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.
2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter
Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What Fellow's this?
1 Ser. A strange one as ever I look'd on. I cannot get him out o'th' house. P'r'ee, call my Master to him.
3 Ser. What have you to do here, Fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.
Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.
3 Ser. What are you?
Cor. A Gentleman.
3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.
Cor. True; for I am.
3 Ser. Pray you, poor Gentleman, take up some other Station, here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid. Come.
Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.]

3 Ser. What, will you not? p'r'ee, tell my Master, what a strange Guest he has here.
2 Ser. And I shall. [Exit second Serving-man.

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou?
Cor. Under the Canopy.
3 Ser. Under the Canopy?
Cor. Ay.
3 Ser. Where's that?
Cor. 'Tis the City of Kites and Crows.
3 Ser. 'Tis the City of Kites and Crows? What an Ass it is! then thou dwell'st with Daws too?
Cor. No, I serve not thy Master.
3 Ser. How, Sir! do you meddle with my Master?
Cor. Ay, 'tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy Mistress. Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher. Hence. [Beats him away.

Enter
Enter Aufidius with a Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

Sir. Here, Sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?

Why speakest not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, yet thou know'st me not, and, seeing me,

Do not yet take me for the man I am,

Necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to Volscian ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what is thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't. Though thy tackle's torn,

Thou shew'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not. Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians,

Great hurt and mischief; thereto witnesses may.

My surname Coriolanus. The painful service,

The extremity dangers, and the drops of blood

She for my thankless Country, are required

But with that name; a good memory,

And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou shouldst bear me; only that name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,

--- A good memory.] The Oxford Editor, not knowing that memory was used at that time for memorial, alters it to memorial.

Warbington.

Pe:-
Permitted by our daftard Nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world
I'd have avoided thee; but in meer spite
To be full quit of those my Banfihers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou haft
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those* maims
Of shame seen through thy Country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy Turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my canker'd Country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn runs of blood out of thy Country's breast,
And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word, thou'lt spoke, hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak to me things divine,
And say, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

9 A heart of wreak in thee,
A heart of relentment.

*———nains
Of shame——] That is, dif-
graceful diminishions of territory.
And
And fear'd the moon with splinters. Here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the Maid I married; never Man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Betrude my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a Power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loose my arm for't. Thou haft beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, slitting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing: Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O come, go in,
And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You blest me, Gods!

Aur. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thy own revenges, take
One half of my Commissiou, and let down
As beft thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy Country's strength and weakness, thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in.
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall

Say
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
Yet, **Marcus**, that was much.—Your hand; most welcome!

**[Exeunt.**

**SCENE V.**

**Enter two Servants.**

1 **Ser.** Here's a strange alteration.

2 **Ser.** By my hand, I had thought to have struck him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 **Ser.** What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 **Ser.** Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 **Ser.** He had so; looking as it were—’would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 **Ser.** So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

1 **Ser.** I think, he is; but a greater Soldier than he, you wot one.

2 **Ser.** Who, my matter?

1 **Ser.** Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 **Ser.** Worth fix of him.

1 **Ser.** Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater Soldier.

2 **Ser.** Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 **Ser.** Ay, and for an assault too.

**Enter**
Enter a third Servant.

3 Ser. Oh, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.


3 Ser. I would not be a Roman, of all nations. I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Ser. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, Caius Marcius.

1 Ser. Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 Ser. I do not say, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 Ser. Come, we are fellows and friends. He was ever too hard for him. I have heard him say so himself.

1 Ser. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't. Before Corioli, he scotcht him and nocht him like a carbonado.

2 Ser. And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 Ser. But, more of thy news;——

3 Ser. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to Mars, set at upper end o'th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a Miftre's of him, 'sanctifies himself with his hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yester-day. For the Other has half, by the Intreaty and Grant of the whole table. 'He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of Rome gates by th' ears. He will

1 sanctifies himself with's hands.] Alluding, improperly, to the act of scoffing upon any strange event.

2 He'll—fowle the porter of Rome gates by th'ears.] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. Souiller, French.
mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 Ser. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Ser. Do't! he will do't. For, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durst not, look you, Sir, shew themselves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 Ser. Directitude? What's that?

3 Ser. But when they shall see, Sir, his Crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Ser. But when goes this forward?

3 Ser. To morrow; to day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon. 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Ser. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Ser. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 Ser. 'Tis so; and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 Ser. 'Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Serv. Reason; because they then less need one

3 his passage poll'd.] That is, bared, cleared.
4 full of vent.] Full of rumour; full of materials for discourse.
5 because they then less need one another:] Shakespeare when he chooses to give us some weighty observation upon human nature, not much to the credit of it, generally (as the intelligent reader may observe) puts it into the mouth of some low buffoon character.
another. The wars, for my money. I hope, to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.
They are rising, they are rising.
Both. In, in, in, in. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

A publick Place in Rome.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him.
"His remedies are tame i'th' present peace,
And quietnes s'oth' People, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here he makes his Friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld
Diffident hands peeping in streets, than see
Our Tradesmen finging in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O he is grown most kind of late. Hail, Sir!
Men. Hail to you both!
Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much mis'd, but with

---His remedies are tame i'th' present peace, The old reading is,
His remedies are tame, the present peace.
I do not understand either line, but fancy it should be read thus,
—neither need we fear him;
His remedies are taken, the present peace,
And quietness to the people.—
The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed according to our author's custom, is this: We need not fear him, the proper remedies against him are taken, by restoring peace and quietness.
his Friends; the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?


His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all; good-e'en to you all.

Cit. Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours:

We wish'd Coriolanus had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [Exeunt Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,

Than when these fellows ran about the streets,

Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i'th' war, but insolent,

O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,

Self-loving.

Sic. And 'affecting one sole Throne,

Without Assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our Lamentation,

If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

---affecting one sole Throne, without Assaylers; without any
Without assistance.] That is, other suffrage.
Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsci with two several Powers
Are entered in the Roman Territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before ’em.

Men. ’Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius’ Banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were in-hell’d when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius!

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The Volsci dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have Record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. Bit he reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Left you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house; some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. ’Tis this slave;

---reason with the fellow] him. In this sense Shakespeare
That is, have some talk with often uses the word.
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes. His raising!
Nothing but his report!

Me\(\text{f.}\) Yes, worthy Sir,
The slave's report is seconced, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Me\(\text{f.}\) It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that \textit{Marcius},
Join'd with \textit{Ausfidius}, leads a Pow'r 'gainst Rome;
And vows Revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!——

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may with
Good \textit{Marcius} home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and \textit{Ausfidius} ⁹ can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

\textit{Enter a Messenger.}

Me\(\text{f.}\) You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by \textit{Caius Marcius},
Associated with \textit{Ausfidius}, rages
Upon our Territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

\textit{Enter Cominius.}

\textit{Com.} Oh, you have made good Work.
\textit{Men.} What news? what news?

\textsuperscript{9}——\textit{can no more atone,}]
This is a very elegant expression, and taken from uniform
strings giving the same \textit{tone or sound}. \textit{Warburton.}

To \textit{atone}, in the active sense, is to \textit{reconcile}, and is so used by
our author. \textit{To atone here,} is
in the neutral sense, \textit{to come to}
\textit{reconciliation}. \textit{To atone} is \textit{to
unite}. \textit{Com.}
Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news? What's the news?

Com. Your Temples * burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bode.

Men. Pray now, the news?
You've made fair work; I fear me. Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be joined with the Volsians,—

Com. If? He is their God; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity than Nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men, that flood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and

2 The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work!

Bnu. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do seemingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

*—burned in their cement.—*
Cement, for cincture or inclosure, because both have the idea of holding together. *W A R B.*
Cement has here its common signification.

* The breath of garlick-eaters.*
To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that
garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deferve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds; his best friends, if they
Shou'd say, Be good to Rome, they charge him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, Beseech you, cease. You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like
beasts,
And coward Nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoist him out o' th' city.

Com. But I fear,

4 They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they,
That made the air unwholsome, when you call

3 They charge him, &c.] Their charge or injunction would shew them insensible of his wrongs, and make them shew like enemies. I read shew, not shewed, like enemies.

4 They'll roar him in again.—] As they booted at his departure, they will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations.

Your
CORIOLANUS: 599
Your flinching, greasy caps, in hunting at
Coriolanus' Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him; I said, 'twas pity.
2 Cit. And so did I.
3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us. That we did, we did for the best;
and tho' we willingly consented to his Banishment,
yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things. You, voices!—
Men. You have made good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The Gods be good to us. Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said, we were i'th' wrong, when
we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all; but come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. 'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. {Exeunt Tribunes.

Qq 4  SCENE
SCENE VIII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than, I thought, he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,
I mean, for your particular, you had not
Join'd in Commission with him; but had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not,
What I can urge against him; though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volscean State,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you, he'll carry
Rome?

Auf.
CORIOLANUS.

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the Repeal, as hafty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
As is the Osprey to the fish, who takes it
By Sovereignty of Nature. First, he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honours even; whether pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man, whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances,
Whereof he was the Lord, or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing; not moving
From th' cask to th' cushion; but commanding peace
Even with the same austeritv and garb,
As he controll'd the war; but one of these,
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd. But he has merit
To choke it in the utterance; so our virtues
Lie in th' interpretation of the time;
And Power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath

5 As is the Osprey.—] Osprey, a kind of eagle, Oififraga. Pope.
6 —whether pride.
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether—] Augusius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the cask or helmet to the cushion or chair of civil authority; but act ed with the same despotism in peace as in war.
7 —He has merit
To choke it in the utterance;—] He has merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it.
8 And Power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair
T'exist what it hath done.}
Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair
T'extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
9 Right's by right fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away; when, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou'rt poor'st of all, then shortly art thou mine.
[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place in Rome.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
with others.

MENENIUS.

NO, I'll not go. You hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his General, who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father;
But what o'that? Go you, that banish'd him,
A mile before his Tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

miserably ill expressed. The sense is, the virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest Tomb in that Chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations. —unto itself most commendable.

i.e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARB.

9 Right's by right FOULE,
This has no manner of sense. We should read,

Right's by right FOULED,
Or, as it is commonly written in English, foiled, from the French, fouler, to tread or trample under foot.

WARBURTON.

I believe rights, like strengths, is a plural noun. I read,

Rights by rights found, strengths by strengths do fail.

That is, by the exertion of one right another right is lamed.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbade all names;
He was a kind of Nothing, titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a name i'th' fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so. You've made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap. A noble memory!
Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd,
Men. Very well,
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And still to nose, th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of those, his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the Moon. We must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient; if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distresses. But, sure, if you
Would be your Country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the infant army we can make,
Might stop our Country-man.
Men. No: I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, tow'rd's Marcus.
Men. Well, and say, that Marcus
Return'd me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief shot
With his unkindness. Say't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest like facts. Therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,

3 He was not taken well, he had not din'd, &c.] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. WARDUPTON. Speed
CORIOLANUS.

605

Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. *I tell you, he does sit in gold; his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his Injury
The Gaoler to his Pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, rise; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to sollicict him
For mercy to his Country. Therefore lets hence,
And with our fair intreaties haife them on. [Exeunt.

4 I tell you, he does sit in
gold;—] He is inthroned in
all the pomp and pride of imper-
ial splendour.

χευλοποιησης Ἀθη— Hom.

5 Bound with an oath to yield
to his conditions:] This is
apparently wrong. Sir T. Han-
mer, and Dr. Warburton after
him, read,

Bound with an oath not to yield
to new conditions.

They might have read more
smoothly,
—to yield no new conditions.
But the whole speech is in confu-
sion, and I suspect something
left out. I should read,

—What he would do;

He sent in writing after; what
he would not,

Bound with an oath. To yield
to his conditions.

Here is I think a chasm. The
speaker's purpose seems to be
this: To yield to his conditions is
ruin, and better cannot be ob-
tained, so that all hope is van.

6 So thall all hope be vain, un-
less his mother

And wife, who (as I hear)
mean to sollicict him

For mercy to his Country.] Un-
less his mother and wife—do
what? the sentence is imperfect.
We should read,

Force mercy to his Country,—

and then all is right. Warr.

SCENE
SCENE II.

Changes to the Volscian Camp.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 Watch. STAY. Whence are you?
2 Watch. Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men. 'Tis well. But, by your leave,
I am an officer of State, and come To speak with Coriolanus.
1 Watch. Whence?
Men. From Rome.
1 Watch. You may not pass, you must return; our General
Will no more hear from thence.
2 Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is 7 Lots to Blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.
1 Watch. Be it so, go back; the virtue of your Name
Is not here passable.
Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover; I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
* For I have ever verified my friends,

7 — Lots to Blanks.] A Lot here is a prize.
8 — with all the fire that ve-
    rity, &c.] Shakespeare's mighty talent in painting the man-
    ners, is especially remarkable in this
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer; nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leaing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 Watch. Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies
in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own,
you should not pass here; no, though it were as vir-
tuous to lie, as to live craftily. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is
Menenius; always factionary of the Party of your
General.

this place. Menenius here, and
Polonius in Hamlet, have much of
the same natural character. The
difference is only accidental. The
one was a senator in a free state;
and the other a courtier, and
minister to a King; which two
circumstances afforded matter for
that inimitable ridicule thrown
over the character of Polonius.
For the rest, there is an equal
complaisance for those they fol-
low; the same disposition to be
a creature; the same love of
prate; the same affection of
wisdom, and forwardness to be
in business. But we must never
believe Shakespeare could make
either of them say, I have veri-
ified my friends with all the size of
verity; nay what is more extra-
ordinary, verified them beyond ve-
ritv. Without doubt he wrote,
For I have ever narrified my
friends,
i.e. made their encomium. This
too agrees with the foregoing
metaphors of book, read, and
constitutes an uniformity amongst
them. From whence the Oxford
Editor took occasion to read mag-

nified: which makes the absur-
dity much worse than he found
it: for, to magnify signifies to
exceed the truth; so that this
critic makes him say he magni-
ified his friend within the size of
verity: i.e. he exceeded truth
even while he kept within it.

Warburton.

If the commentator had given
any example of the word narrify,
the correction would have
been not only received but ap-
plauded. Now, since the new
word stands without authority,
we must try what sense the old
one will afford. To verify is
to establish by testimony. One may
say with propriety, he brought
false witnesses to verify his title.
Shakespeare considered the word
with his usual laxity, as import-
ing rather testimony than truth,
and only meant to say, I bore
witness to my friends with all the
size that verity would suffer.

I must remark, that to magni-
fy signifies to exalt or enlarge,
but not necessarily to enlarge be-
yond the truth.

2 Watch.
2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say, you have; I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can't thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 Watch. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very Defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the one coined by Shakspear out of French, which they understood not. It is in his Tarquin and Lucrece, where he is speaking of the office and empire of time, and the effects it produces in the world,

Time's glory is—

To fill with worm-holes flax, monuments,
To stem oblivion with decay of things;
To blot old books and alter their contexts;
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs.

The two last words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiment here advanced, which is concerning the decay, not the repairs, of time. The poet certainly wrote,

To dry the old oak's sap, and parish springs.

i.e. dry up springs, from the French, turir or tariissement, exsaturantes.
CORIOLANUS.

the pallied intercession of such a decay'd Dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

1 Watch. Come. My Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

1 Watch. My General cares not for you. * Back, I say, go; left I let forth your half pint of Blood;—back, that's the utmost of your having. Back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

* Back, I say, go; left I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.

wereacere, exspectatio: These words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

I have inserted this note, because it contains an apology for many others. It is not denied that many French words were mingled in the time of Elizabeth with our language, which have since been ejected, and that any which are known to have been then in use may be properly recalled when they will help the sense. But when a word is to be admitted, the first question should be, by whom was it ever received? in what book can it be shewn? If it cannot be proved to have been in use, the reasons which can justify its reception must be stronger than any criticism will often have to bring. Even in this certain emendation the new word is very liable to contest. I should read,

—and perish springs.

The verb perish is commonly neutral, but in conversation is often used actively, and why not in the works of a writer negligent beyond all others of grammatical niceties?

* Back, I say, go; left I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back. As these words are read and pointed, the sentence [that's the utmost of your having] signifies, you are like to get no further. Whereas the author evidently intended it to refer to the half pint of blood he speaks of, and to mean, that that was all he had in his veins. The thought is humorous; and to disembarass it from the corrupt expression, we should read and point it thus, Left I let forth your half pint of blood: that's the utmost of your having. Back, back. WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning never was mistaken, and therefore do not change the reading.
Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you. You shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a Jack-gardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus; 'tis guess but my entertainment with him; if thou stand'st not in the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueler in suffering. Behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious Gods fit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! Oh my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee, but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sights; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countr ymen. The good Gods affwage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee—

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others. * Though I owe My revenge properly, remission lyes In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate Forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than Pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Give him a letter.]

---

*—Guess but my entertainment
+—I read, Guess by my entertainment with li., if thou
*—Thou how I owe
+—Though I owe

My revenge properly.] Though

I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volscians are conjoined.

And
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [Exit.

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 Watch. Now, Sir, is your name Menenius?
2 Watch. 'Tis a Spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.
1 Watch. Do you hear, how we are shent for keeping your Greatness back?
2 Watch. What cause do you think, I have to swoon? Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General. For such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you're so slight. He, that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another; let your General do his worst. For you, be what you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away—[Exit.

1 Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him.
2 Watch. The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[Exeunt Watch.

SCENE III.

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the Walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our Host. My Partner in this action, You must report to th' Volscian lords, how plainly I've born this business.

Auf. Only their Ends you have respected; stop Your ears against the general front of Rome; Never admitted private whisper, no, Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.
Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whole old love, I have,
Tho' I shew'd sow'ly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more, a very little
I've yielded to. Fresh embassie, and suits,
Nor from the State, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[Shout within,
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
In the same time 'tis made? I will not—

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius,
with Attendants all in Mourning.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of Nature break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obdurate. [Virgiliacourtesie.
What is that creature's worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows,
{Volumnia bows.

As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries,—Deny not. Let the Volscian
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gooting to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

—Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg.
Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull Actor now,  
I have forgot my Part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,  
For That, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss  
I carried from thee, Dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You Gods! I prate;  
And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i'th'earth; [kneels:  
Of thy deep duty more impression shew  
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest!  
Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint  
I kneel before thee, and improperly  
Shew duty as mistaken all the while  
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?  
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillop the stars; then, let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun,  
Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
What cannot be, flight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,  
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?  

[Pointing to Valeria.

5 The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpreta-
tion of her husband's words. He  
says, These eyes are not the same,  
meaning, that he saw things with  
other eyes, or other dispositions. She lays hold on the word eyes,  
to turn his attention on their  
present appearance.
The noble sister of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the isle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Diana's temple. Dear Valeria!—

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

[Shewing young Marcius,
Which by thy interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The God of soldiers,

With the consent of supream Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with Nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And faving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me

Disnifs my soldiers, or capitulate

Again with Rome's Mechanicks. Tell me not,
Wherein I seem unnatural; desire not
T'allay my rages and revenges, with

Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more; no more.

You've said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but That

7 The noble sister of Poplicola, Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking.

8 Epitome of yours, I read, Epitome of you. An epitome of you which enlarged by the commentaries of time may equal you in magnitude.

9 With the consent of supream Jove. This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome.
Which you deny already. Yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore hear us.
Cor. Ausidius, and you Volscians, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since thy flight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

2 Constrain them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country’s bowels out; and to poor we,
Thine enmity’s most capital; thou barr’st us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
Where we’re bound, together with thy victory,
Where we’re bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An eminent calamity, thou’st we had
Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our street; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country’s ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children’s blood. For my self, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, ’till
These wars determine. If I can’t persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread

2 Constrain them weep, and the eye to weep, and the heart to
shake—] That is, constrain shake.
C O R I O L A N U S.

(Truf to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this Boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me:
I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to see.
I've sat too long. —

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscians whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your Honour. No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volscians
May say, This mercy we have shew'd; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all hail to thee; and cry, Be blest
For making up this Peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The End of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit,
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a Name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curfes:
Whole Chronicle thus writ,—The man was noble,
But with his last attempt be wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhor'd. Speak to me, son,
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the Gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt,
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man

---the fine strains---] The niceties, the refinements.

And yet to charge thy sulphur—] We should read charge. The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful.

---4---

Still
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, Boy;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to his mother, yet here he lets me prate
'Like one i'th Stocks.' Thou'st never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any politeness;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my Request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away.
Down, Ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To's sir-name Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; down; and end;
This is the last. So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold us.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
'Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny.' Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother:
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch.
I'm husht, until our City be as fire;
And then, I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!——

[Her hands, silent.

What have you done? behold the heav'n's do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene,
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to Rome;
But for your son—believe it, oh, believe it——

5 Like one i'th' Stocks.—] Keep me in a state of ignominy, talking to no purpose.
6 Does reason our petition—— Does argue for us and our petition.

Most
Moost dangrously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. Let it come.—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were;

And, Sir, it is no little thing to make

Mine eyes to sweat Compassion. But, good Sir,

What peace you'll make, advise me; for my part

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray you

Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!—

Auf. I'm glad, thou'lt set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee; out of That I'll work

Myself a former fortune.[Aside.

[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you shall bear [To Vol. Virg. &c.

A better witness back than words, which we,

On like conditions will have counter-feal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

7 I'll work

My self a former fortune.] I

will take advantage of this con-

cession to restore myself to my

former credit and power.

8 Cor. —Come, enter with

us. Ladies, you deserve, &c.]

This speech beginning at, La-

dies, you deserve—which is ab-

furdy given to Coriolanus, be-

longs to Aufidius. For it cannot

be suppos'd that the other, a-

midst all the disorder of violent

and contrary passions, could be

calm and disengaged enough to

make so gallant a compliment to

the ladies. Let us farther ob-

serve from this speech where he

says,
CORIOLANUS. 619
To have a Temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this Peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.
The Forum, in Rome.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. SEE you yond coin o’th’ Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in’t; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is’t possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcus is grown from man to dragon; he has wings, he’s more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov’d his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face fours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in State as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding.

9 than an eight years old horse.] going note he was said to fit in
Subintelligitur remembers his dam. gold. The phrase, as a thing made
- Warburton. for Alexander, means, as one
' He sits in state.] In the fore-
made to resemble Alexander.
He wants nothing of a God, but Eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark, what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor City find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news. The Ladies have prevail'd.
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone. A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' Expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art certain, this is true? Is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the Sun is fire. Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an Arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;

[Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.]
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes, Ta-
C O R I O L A N U S: 621
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans
Make the Sun dance. Hark you! [A shout within.
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the Ladies. This Volume
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full; of Tribunes, such as you,
A Sea and Land full. You've pray'd well to day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[Sound still, with the shouts.
Sic. First, the Gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Mef. Sir, we have all great caufe to give great
thanks.
Sic. They're near the City?
Mef. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [Exeunt.

Enter two Senators, with ladies, passing over the stage;
with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our Patrones, the Life of Rome.
Call all our Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires; strewn flowers before them;
Unshout the noise, that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother.
Cry,—welcome, Ladies, welcome! [Exeunt.
All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome!——
[A flourish with drums and trumpets.

S C E N E
SCENE V.

Changes to a publick Place in Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords o' th' City, I am here;
Deliver them this paper; having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the Commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuse,
The city-ports by this hath enter'd; and
Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.—Most
welcome!

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

1 Con. How is it with our General?
Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
And with his charity flain.
2 Con. Most noble Sir,
If yet you hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.
3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the Fall of either
Makes the Survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,

He
CORIOLANUS.

He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping——

AUF. That I would have spoke of;
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Prefented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his desigments
In mine own person; holpe to reape the Fame,
Which he did make all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong; 'till, at the last,
I leem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and, at last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we looked
For no less Spoil, than Glory——

AUF. There was it,
For which my finews shall be stretch'd upon him;
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his Fall. But, hark!

[Drums and Trumpets sound, with great shouts
of the people.

1 Con. Your native Town you enter'd like a Post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the Air with noise.

2 He wag'd me with his countenance,—] This is obscure.
The meaning, I think, is, he
presribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought
me sufficiently rewarded with good looks.

2 For which my finews shall be stretch'd—] This is the point
on which I will attack him with
my utmost abilities.
And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
Giving him glory.

Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Say no more,
Here come the lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

You're most welcome home.
I have not deserv'd it.
But worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
We have.

And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easie fines; but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, *answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.
He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drums and colours;
the Commons being with him.

Hail, lords. I am return'd, your soldier;
No more infected with my Country's love,

---answering us expences; making the coil of the
With our own charges] That war is its recompence.
is, rewarding us with our own

Than
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils, we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the Antiquus,
Than shame to th' Romans and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,
Together with the seal o' th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

AUS. Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

COR. Traitor!—how now!—

AUS. Ay; traitor, Marcus.

COR. Marcus!

AUS. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus; dost thou think,
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You Lords and Heads o' th' State, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say, your city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Council o' th' war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That Pages blush'd at him; and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

COR. Hear'st thou, Mars!—

AUS. Name not the God! thou boy of tears!—

COR. Ha!

AUS. No more.

COR. Measureless liar, thou haft made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!—

Ven. VI.  S f  Par-
CORIOLANUS.

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I'm forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this Cur the Lie; and his own Notion,
Who wears my stripes imprest upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his Grave, shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscians, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.
Alone I did it. Boy!——

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

[The Croud speak promiscuously.

He kill'd my son,—my daughter,—kill'd my cousin,—
He kill'd my father.—

2 Lord. Peace,—no outrage—peace——
The man is noble, and 's his Fame folds in
This Orb o' th' earth; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious Hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cr. O that I had him,
With six Aufidius's, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword——

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[The conspirators all draw, and kill Marcius,
who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble Masters, hear me speak.

7 —his fame folds in
This orb o' th' earth.—] His fame overspreads the world.

1 Lor.
Lord. O Tullus—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat Valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him—masters all, be quiet; Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know, as in this rage Provok'd by him you cannot, the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded As the most noble Corse, that ever Herald Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up: Help three o' th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one. Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully. Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he Hath widowed and unchilded many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead March sounded.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnio; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity, and tribunitian insolence in Bruteus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.